A L Bancroft

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SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE NO. 3, I. O. O. F., Meets every Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main street. Members of the Order are invited to attend. By order N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 2, I. O. O. F., Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesday evenings each month, at 7½ o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

MULTNOMAH LODGE NO. 4, A. F. & A. M., Holds its regular communications on the First and Third Saturdays in each month, at 7 o'clock from the 20th of September to the 20th of March; and 7½ o'clock from the 20th of March to the 20th of September. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend.
By order of W. M.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT NO. 4, I. O. O. F., Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on the First and Third Tuesday of each month. Patriarchs in good standing are invited to attend.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. W. NORRIS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office Up-Stairs in Charman's Brick, Main Street. tf

DR. JOHN WELCH DENTIST, OFFICE IN OREGON CITY, OREGON. Highest Cash Price Paid for County Orders.

HUELAT & EASTHAM, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. PORTLAND—In Opitz's new brick, 30 First street. OREGON CITY—Charman's brick, up stairs. sept24tf

JOHNSON & McCOWN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT-LAW. Oregon City, Oregon. Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Special attention given to cases in the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City. 5apr1872-tf.

L. T. BARIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, *OREGON CITY, : : OREGON.* Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Nov. 1, 1875, tf

JOHN M. BACON, IMPORTER AND DEALER In Books, Stationery, Perfumery, etc., etc. Oregon City, Oregon. At the Post Office, Main street, east side.

W. H. HIGHFIELD. Established since '49. One door north of Pope's Hall. Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon. An assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' Weight Clocks all of which are warranted to be as represented. Repairing done on short notice, and thankful for past patronage. Cash paid for County Orders

J. H. SHEPARD, Boot and Shoe Store, One door north of Ackerman Bros. Boots and shoes made and repaired as cheap as the cheapest. Nov. 1, 1875 tf

CHAS. KNIGHT, CANBY, OREGON. PHYSICIAN AND DRUGGIST. Prescriptions carefully filled at sho r notice. jn7 tf.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the stockholders of the Oregon City Manufacturing Company will hold their Annual Meeting for the election of Directors at their office in Oregon City on Saturday July 8th 1876. R. JACOB, Prst. June 7th, wt M. A. STRATTON, Sec.

MILLER, MARSHALL & CO., PAY THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR WHEAT, at all times, at the Oregon City Mills, And have on hand FEED and FLOUR to sell, at market rates. Parties desiring Feed, must furnish sacks. nov12tf

Spaniels.

"A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree,
The more you beat 'em, the better they be."

[From the London Queen.]

Our women are in danger of becoming tyrants rather than slaves, and the demands made by the weaker are growing almost as excessive as have been in foretime the requirements enforced by the stronger. But with all this the nature which some call womanly and others spaniel-like still exists among us, Heaven be praised!—and we have yet left to us a few low-voiced, gentle, tender-hearted women who find their highest joy in self-suppression and affection, in giving up their own desires for the good of others, and devoting themselves to the service of those they love.

Neither rancor nor revenge enters into the soul of her whom her deriders call a spaniel, her admirers womanly. Even where she has been ill-treated she can forgive; and the divine precept of seventy times seven seems to her a law of loveliness by which greater things are to be attained than the childish pleasure of manifesting "a high spirit" and a determination "not to be put upon." She asks for nothing beyond the leave to love, the privilege to bless; and they who are most sorrowful are they who lie nearest to her heart, and for whom her soul goes out with tenderest yearning. To her the joy of life is found rather in loving and worshiping than in being loved and worshiped; and, were she able to choose, she would prefer to lie in the shadow of her husband's greatness rather than that he should be overshadowed by her own. What gifts and graces belong to her she uses as flowers in the chaplet with which she crowns her beloved; and for his sake rather than her own rejoices in her beauty, her wit, her acquirements, her intellect, as making his life the richer because hers is the lovelier. If trouble come upon them, she is brave that he may not be saddened; if trouble comes between them, she bears her share in silence; and even when ill-usage rouses her to dignity, self-protection and defense, it never rouses her to resentment or retaliation. To the offer of repentance she answers back with forgiveness; and only repeated failures can convince her that her trust has been misplaced, that her tenderness is misunderstood, and that if she would be true to herself and her ideal, she must abandon all hope of influencing to better things that terrible failure—the real. And this is the hardest lesson which life can set a woman of this kind to learn; the bitterest chapter of that whole tear-stained book of experience in which we all have to read our daily service of sorrow and disappointment. But it is learnt after a time even by the "spaniel;" and when repentance has become a mockery, her forgiveness refuses to be its sport. It is the old story of the pitcher and the well over again. After repeated journeyings the day of final destruction comes; and the poor fool who trusted to the indestructibility even of Christian forbearance, womanly allowance, gets for his reward a handful of clay fragments instead of the pure water from which he thought to drink his fill when and however he desired.

People make grand mistakes about the morale of the spaniel woman. They do not see her motives, and they therefore project an impossible and non-existing individuality from the false base-lines which they have imagined as the plan on which she is built. Take a woman of natural affectionateness and of unselfishness acquired by principle—a woman who desires to be just in her judgments, not warped by the purely personal effects of actions, and wishful to see things as they are in themselves, not only as they touch her—well, such a woman almost certainly appears as a spaniel to those who know her merely superficially, who do not give her credit for principles, and who see only the broad facts of temperament. Unselfishness, acquired at cost and practiced with daily striving, is read off as servility—a quality which no one need give himself the trouble to "manage"—a quality which is the camel whose patient strength no last straw can break. Because she accepts patiently she is handled roughly, and then there is blank amazement and outcry when she shows herself capable of being hurt, when she refuses to allow herself to be pained simply for another's pleasure, not for his good, nor yet by misadventure. While she could say to herself, "He did not mean it," she looked up to her master with patient, loving eyes, and bore the pain that had been inflicted without even a whine of remonstrance. When that pleasant fancy is no longer possible, and she knows herself to be the mere victim of his caprice, the sport of his cruelty, the subject of a worse torture than bodily vivisection, then she takes her stand and keeps it; and the person most amazed at the repudiation is the one who has caused it. Then he finds that the caresses, once so powerful, fall dead; that the sweet words, once a compelling charm, are like dry husks rattling futilely in the air; that flatteries and fondnesses, the food of love in the days gone by, are seen to be what they are—mere snares for the fond, loving heart, lures by which it is expected that she shall become once more a prey to the conqueror; and then the poor spaniel woman, too often broken hearted, takes refuge in the barren peace of self-respect, and breaks forever the spell which had so long both bound and blinded her.

But with this loving, self-repressive and tender-hearted woman—the woman whose nature is affectionate, and whose unselfishness is a matter of principle—there is also the true spaniel; the woman who has absolutely no self-respect anywhere, but who "lets herself go" as the very sport and creature of stronger man, without the power to repress, on the one hand, or assert on the other, and whose want of womanly dignity is her shame and not her glory. Passive, unresisting, she seems almost to offer herself as the slave whom the overseer may lash at his pleasure, sure of no complaint to be made to men or angels. As a woman of the lower class, she is half-killed by her brutal husband, whom, however, she shields from the observation of intrusive justice, and swears he is a good husband to her, barring the drink. As "the drink" is his normal condition, it is rather puzzling to know what time is left for him to be the good husband of her legend; but that this is her pleasure to believe is manifest from her life. Give her the power of escape, and she refuses it, preferring her brutal master, even with the chance of being kicked to death, some dark night, when the drink is more potent than usual, and there is no one by to save her, rather than leave him for security of life and its attendant loneliness apart from him. Even her children do not rouse this kind of spaniel woman to active measures against her master; and the story of Griselda is repeated, to this day, in many a court and alley, where the happiness and well-being of the family are sacrificed that a masterful brute may have his fling, and not be let or hindered in his course. Women of this kind have been known to follow their husbands and lovers to Australia, in the days when transportation drafted off our home villainy and made a clean sweep of felons. Bearing always the marks of former ill-usage, and knowing, if their dense wits could know anything, that the future would repeat the past, instead of thanking Heaven for their deliverance, and accepting it as the turning point for better things of their lives, they hugged their chains only the more closely, and gave up everything that life held dear and precious for them here at home, to follow their proprietor to exile.

A Leap-Year Anecdote.

The story of the marriage of Lamartine, the great French poet and statesman, is one of romantic interest. The lady was of an English family named Birch, and very wealthy. She first fell in love with the poet from reading his "Meditations Poetiques." She was slightly past the bloom of youth but still young and fair. She read and re-read the "Meditations," and nursed the tender sentiment in secret. At length she saw Lamartine in Genoa, and her love became a part of her very life. Not long after this she was made acquainted with the fact that the poet was suffering, even to unhappiness, from the embarrassed state of his pecuniary affairs. Miss Birch was not long in deciding upon her course. She would not allow the happiness of a lifetime to slip from her if she could prevent it. She wrote to the poet a frank and womanly letter, acknowledging her deep interest and profound respect, and offering him the bulk of her fortune, if he were willing to accept it. Of course, Lamartine could not but suspect the truth. Deeply touched by her generosity, he called upon her, and found her to be not only fair to look upon, but a woman of a brilliant literary and artistic education. He made an offer of his hand and heart, and was promptly and gladly accepted, and in after years Alfonse De Lamartine owed not more to his wife's wealth than to her sustaining love and inspiring enthusiasm.

HOW WE SHOW OUR INDEPENDENCE. It is beginning to be noticed that in this Centennial year we are the victims of a mania for imitating the English in everything that will bear imitation. Thus we take English names for our hotels, our yachts, our horses, and everything that requires a name. English fashions in men's clothing have long been a national nuisance. It has even decended to shame of our own honest American goods. Ask a tailor for American cassimere and he will shrug his shoulders and decry the quality. Let him have his own way and he will show you American goods and tell you they are English and all right. Take the coaching business, and it is "aw, aw, me! and demme! or my lud or miladi" to a degree positively sickening. The lady passengers on the Pelham coach must wear English-made costumes and ape English styles. The men must tip a fee to driver and guard—though the first is a wealthy man and the latter well paid for his horn-blowing—with the same grace that he would fee a boot-black in the Langham in London. This is an extraordinary way of celebrating American deliverance from British tyranny.

The American vandal has gone to the Centennial with his family. The Ledger has seen him and his tribe in the art galleries, and says they "seem to think it necessary to feel the fine pieces of sculpture with their hands, to tap the statuary and bronzes with the ferrules of their parasols and sticks in order to make sure of the materials they are made of, and to poke their umbrellas at the paintings to give emphasis to the points of the observations they make."

His teeth began to chatter over the ice-cream. He buttoned up his jacket and swallowed another mouthful, that settled it. He jumped up from the table and started to where the sun could shine on him, exclaiming, "Whoopee! Plenty cold glub! No cookee nuff! Fleeze belly all same like ice wagon.

How the Ladies Fish.

There's generally about six of them in the bunch (says an exchange), with light dresses on, and they have three poles with as many hooks and lines among them.

As soon as they get to the river they look for a good place to get down on the rafts and the most venturesome one sticks her boot heels in the bank and makes two careful step-downs; then she suddenly finds herself at the bottom with both hands in the water and a feeling that everybody in this wide world is looking at her, and she never tells anybody how she got there. The other girls, profiting by her example, turn around and go down the bank on their hands and toes, backwards.

Then they scamper over the rafts until they find a shallow place where they can see the fish, and shout:

"Oh! I see one."

"Where?"

"There."

"Oh! my, so he is."

"Let's catch him."

"Who's got them baits?"

"You lazy thing, you're sitting on my pole."

"Show me the wretch that stole my worm."

All these exclamations are gotton off in a tone that awakens every echo within a mile round, and sends every fish within 3 acres square into galloping hysterics. Then the girls by superhuman exertions manage to get a worm on the hook, and "throw in" with a splash like the launching of a wash-tub, and await the result. When a silver-fin comes along and nibbles the bait they pull up with a jerk, that, had an unfortunate fish weighing less than fifteen pounds been on the hook, would have landed it in the neighborhood of 3 or 4 miles in the country. After a while a feeble-minded sunfish contrives to get fastened on the hook of a timid woman, and she gives vent to her tongue:

"Oh! something's got my hook!"

"Pull up, you little idiot!" shout five excited voices as poles and hooks are dropped and they rush to the rescue. The girl with the bite gives a spasmodic jerk, which sends the unfortunate sunny into the air the full length of 40 feet of line, and he comes down on the nearest curly head with a damp flop, that sets the girl to clawing as though there were bumblebees in her hair.

"Och! murder! take it away. Ogh! the nasty thing!"

Then they hold up their skirts and gather about that fish as it skips over the logs, one all the time holding the line in both hands, with her foot on the pole as though she had an evil-disposed goat at the other end. They talk over it.

"How ever will he get off?"

"Ain't it pretty?"

"Wonder if it ain't dry?"

"Poor little thing; let's put it back."

"How will we get the hook from it?"

"Pick it up," says a girl who backs rapidly out of the circle.

"Good gracious, I'm afraid of it. There, its opening its mouth at me."

Just then the sunny wiggles off the hook and disappears between two logs into the water, and the girls try for another bite.

But the sun comes down and fries the backs of their necks, and they get their headaches in the party and they all get cross and scold at the fish like so many magpies. If any unwary club dares show himself in the water they poke at him with poles, much to his disgust. Finally they get mad all over and throw their poles away, hunt up the lunch basket climb up into the woods, where they sit around on the grass and caterpillars, and eat enough dried beef and rusk and hard-boiled eggs to give a wood-horse the nightmare; of which they compare notes about their beaux until sundown, when they go home and plant envy in the hearts of all their muslin delaine friends by telling what "just a splendid time" they had.

EDIBILITY OF RATS.—I myself have eaten rats (says an English clergyman), and found them good eating. I was on board ship at the time, and it was found necessary to smoke the hold out to get rid of the rats that infested the ship. Three hundred and ninety rats were found suffocated round the fires. A French third mate, who was on board, proposed to cook, and actually did cook, some of the finest of them. These I tasted, and indeed ate of them. Chiefly the hind legs were eaten. They were exceedingly white delicate and tender, and, as far as I remember, put me in mind of chicken, with a slight flavor of game about it. I would not object to eat them perfectly prepared, and should regard such food as a great boon after salt-junk and pickled pork of six years' storing. Speaking of this to a country friend of ours—a lady—she informed me that her husband once had a pie made of rats. They were caught in a barn where the wheat was just threshed, so that they were very nice and tender from their feeding.

A wealthy, untitled Englishman is a suitor for the hand of the Marquis of Lorne's sister, and he attended the ball given to the Prince of Wales by the British Minister in Madrid. The Prince does not approve the matrimonial choice of his brother-in-law's sister, and expressed his dissatisfaction at seeing the young man at the ball. The Minister ascertained that the objectionable guest had not been formally invited, and ordered him to leave.

Seven members of the Boston bar have been convicted of crimes within a year.

A Patriotic Jury.

Mr. Charles M. Lee was a well-known criminal lawyer of Rochester, New York he summed up a case with a superfluity of gesture and an affluence of perspiration that would have astonished even John Graham in his vehement and melting moods.

Lee was defending an old Revolutionary soldier for passing a forged promissory note for some thirty dollars.

There was hardly the faintest doubt of his guilt, but Lee contrived to get before the jury the fact that the accused when a dare-devil of nineteen was one of the storming party that followed Mad Anthony Wayne in his desperate assault on Stony Point, and helped to carry the wounded general into the fort during that terrible fight.

In summing up, Lee, after getting over the ugly points of the evidence as best he could, undertook to carry the jury by escalade, on the ground of the prisoner's Revolutionary services.

He described in graphic language the bloody attack on Stony Point, the impetuous valor of Wayne, the daring exploit of client, and wound up with this stunning interrogatory:

"Gentlemen of the jury, will you send to the State Prison, for passing a contemptible thirty-dollar forged note, an old hero of three score and ten, who, in his youth cheered the heart of his country, in the darkest hours of the Revolution, by storming Stony Point?"

This was a poser.

The chins of some of the jury quivered, but the foreman, a bluff farmer, put on an air which seemed to say, that storming Point was a good thing enough in its line, but what had that to do with passing this forged note?

After being out a couple of hours, the jury returned to the court room, when the clerk went through the usual formula:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have."

"Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, because he stormed Stony Point!" thundered the stalwart foreman, who, it was afterwards learned, was the last to come to an agreement.

The audience applauded, the crier rapped to order, the district attorney objected to the recording of the verdict and the judge sent the jury on again, telling the foreman, in a rather sharp tone, that they must find an unconditional verdict of guilty or not guilty.

After an absence of a few minutes, they returned, when the foreman rendered a simple verdict of not guilty, adding, however, as he dropped into his seat:

"It was a good thing though, judge, for the old Revolutionary cuss that he stormed Stony Point!"

Chances of Life.

From some elaborate tables drawn up by Dr. Farr, it would seem, as far as can be made out, there are certain very critical periods in our career. A baby, for instance, has a very small chance for growing up. But, on the other hand, the period between the tenth and fifteeth years inclusively is that in which the death average is the smallest. At about thirty-five we must begin to take care of ourselves. At this period constitutional changes set in; our hair and teeth begin to fail us; our digestion is no longer what it used to be; we lose the vigor of youth and neglect out-door exercise; above all, the cares of life begin to make themselves perceptibly felt. It is this time that deaths from suicide take a marked place in the returns of mortality, and there is also considerable reason to believe that habits of intemperance are apt to suddenly develop themselves. The picture, however, has its sunshiny side. It would take, of course, a professed actuary to deduce from Dr. Farr's tables their exact result. It appears, however, that if a man tides over his fiftieth year he may make tolerably certain of living to seventy; while, if he reaches his seventy-fifth year, there is a very strong presumption that he will either turn his ninetieth birthday or very near it. A still more interesting question is opened by the series of tables which show the average mortality in different professions and pursuits. Gamekeepers are, for obvious reasons, the healthiest class of our whole population; clergymen and agricultural laborers come next, and are followed by barristers; solicitors and business men are less fortunate, while at the extreme end of the scale come unhealthy pursuits, such as printing and file grinding.

THE LAST OF TWO CULPRITS.—Jim Kavanagh, formerly member of Congress from Montana, was telling the other day that on one occasion there were seven standing on empty boxes, and with ropes round their necks, under the limbs of a tree, just ready to be hanged. One of them, a German, began to cry bitterly as he thought that he was about to die. The man next to him was an Irishman, who was much bothered by the German's weeping. So hitching his foot to one side, he gave the German's box a push, leaving him swinging in the air, and said: "Stop, you big sucker, won't you?" But the same act toppled over his own box; he could not regain his footing, and, with a laugh at the trick he was playing on the German, he, too, swung into eternity.

A Passaic father wants to know "what will keep a respectable but poor young man from hanging round the front of the house?" Tell him the girl is sitting on the back fence.

Detecting a Murderer by Means of Bloodhounds.

The London papers publish the details of a remarkable murder, the perpetrator of which has been detected in a most singular manner. The victim was a little girl aged only seven years and the suspected murderer was a barber named Fish. The trunk of the body of the victim was found in an open field, and the discovery of the skull was made in a most extraordinary manner. The officers secured the services of the owner of two bloodhounds and set out with the dogs and their owner to the place where the trunk of the body was found, to see if any scent of the remaining portion of the body could be found. The dogs did not appear to scent anything. They were taken to where the legs of the child were found, but without any result. They returned and it was then decided to have the dogs taken to Fish's shop and the shop of a barber named Whitehead, who also had been suspected. The detectives entered the premises of the two barbers simultaneously, and one of them remained at Fish's shop while the other establishment was examined. From the movements of the dog the police had no reason to suppose that anything was concealed there, and the dogs proceeded to Fish's premises, in which there are two rooms below and two above. The bloodhounds immediately on entering the house began to sniff all round, and evidently scented something. Then the officers and dogs went up stairs, and the bloodhounds at once scented up the chimney of the front room, and the owner of the dog put his hand up the chimney and pulled down from the recess of the draught-hole the skull and some other portions of a child wrapped in a paper covered with blood. From a medical examination it was evident that the head had recently been burned, and but two teeth were remaining in the lower jaw. The prisoner was fairly overwhelmed and confessed that he committed the murder and, without being aided by any one, mutilated the body and dispersed the remains.

A Good Time to Improve or Buy Sheep.

Sheep are now cheaper than at any previous time in the history of the State. Large numbers have changed hands at one dollar a head, and still they are offered for sale. Establishments are being constructed for killing sheep merely for the pelts and tallow. The causes of this depression in the price of sheep are the low prices of wool and the scarcity of range for large flocks. The former cause will undoubtedly pass away as a change in the manufacturing interests of the country improve and wool regains its former price. But the latter cause—the scarcity of range for large flocks—will continue and grow more each year as agriculture and cultivation take possession of the now untilled and vacant lands. The present circumstances are most favorable to the improvement of our flocks. Let our sheep owners, while reducing the number, improve the quality of their sheep, and they will in the end be the gainers by the operation. Now is a good time also for farmers generally to invest in a few sheep to be kept on their farms after the manner of the Eastern farmers. Every farm should have a few sheep on it to supply the family and the workmen with fresh meat, and to act as weed killers on the fields and summer fallows. Every farm of one hundred and sixty acres can, if well managed, keep in good condition fifty head of sheep upon what is ordinarily wasted, or on what ordinarily requires a good portion of the time and labor of one man to keep in subjection, namely, the weeds. The meat and wool of these sheep and their increase can be made at net profits. Fifty sheep can now be bought for fifty dollars less than the average meat bill of the medium farmers of the State. The increase from fifty ewes will furnish the fresh meat in the future and save this fifty dollars, and the wool will sell for enough to buy the farmer two or three suits of clothes each year, while the sheep will save the wages of one man on the farm by consuming the weeds.—*Sacramento Record-Union.*

Playing for Heavy Stakes.

Washington gossip says that the biggest game of cards ever played in this country took place recently in that city. Two politicians of national reputation, a member of a great banking house in London, and John Chamberlain, the well known turfman, sat down to a quiet seance at 'draw,' in one of our leading hotels. The play grew heavy as time passed, and the interest became so intense that the sitting lasted thirty-six hours, at the close of which Chamberlain was winner to the amount of $140,000. He celebrated his victory by a grand dinner a few nights afterward. Precautions were taken to keep the affair secret, but it leaked out notwithstanding.

Many years ago gamblers say that a game involving nearly as large an amount of money was played in this city. The game was "Boston," and the contestants were Ben Wood and John Morrissey.—*N. Y. Star.*

There is never a miser who does not intend to make a handsome expenditure some day; death comes, and the intention is carried out by his heirs. This is the history of more than one king of my acquaintance.—*Voltaire.*

Mexico offers $60,000 to any one who will establish a woollen factory there with a capital of $100,000.

All Sorts.

The widow's might: Her tongue.

Wise men argue causes, and fools decide them.

The cats of the Isle of Man are without tails.

A truism: An expensive wife makes a pensive husband.

The favorite flower for wedding bonnets—Marry-gold.

Next to a diary the most difficult thing to keep is a lead pencil.

A clear conscience is the best law, and temperance the best physic.

Many adorn the tombs of those whom, living, they persecuted with envy.

Advice to fishmongers in warm weather—"Deal gently with the herring."

A printer invariably gets out of sorts when he reaches the bottom of his case.

Marriage is described by a French cynic as a tiresome book with a very fine preface.

A friend that "sticketh closer than a brother" during warm weather—your flannel shirt.

Why is "naming the day" for the wedding like a naval battle? Because it's a marry-time engagement.

"Your quond—m friend," was the way a young lady of Chicago signed a letter to a former schoolmate.

He who leaves but one cat to grow where two cats grew before is a public benefactor, and deserves the blessings of the community.

Young men, as a general thing, don't like a set-back in life; but a "pull-back" in life makes all the difference in the world.

A woman in Macon, Ala., had twins twice, and then triplets; and after the last lot her husband ran away, and has not returned.

Dupes, indeed, are many; but of all dupes there are none so fatally situated as he who lives in undue terror of being duped.

Electricity has replaced gas in lighting a railroad depot in Paris, and the experiment is satisfactory as to practicability and cheapness.

How to raise cats: First catch your cats; then put them into a barrel, and explode a can of nitro-glyeerine under them. It never fails to raise them.

And now comes a Boston woman who, to out-do her fashionable sisters with their twenty-button gloves, has invented and wears forty-button stockings.

In a French translation of Shakespeare, the passage, "Frailty, thy name is woman," is translated, "Mademoiselle Frailty is the name of the lady."

A philosopher asserts that the reason why ladies' teeth decay sooner than gentlemen's is because of the friction of the tongue and the sweetness of the lips.

Montreal burglars have added chemistry to their curriculum. They apply a test to silverware, and leave plated articles with a note to "Shiey thes yere at catts."

When Fuchs received the news that he would not be hung he buried his face in his hands, burst into tears, and murmured, "Vell, dot's good. I guess ve haf some bier."

A wag, in "what he knows about farming," gives a very good plan to remove widows' weeds. He says a good-looking man has only to say "Wilt thou?" and they wilt.

At a recent address to female candidates for confirmation the vicar of Kensington, England, requested them to so arrange their hair that the bishop might really lay his hands on their heads.

"I could kill you for two cents!" shouted an enraged man to an offending neighbor. It was an ugly threat, but it sounded good. It shows that we are getting down to ante-bellum prices.

Blonde hair is growing less popular every year. It seems that a brunette always has the advantage of being able to button her shoes with a hair-pin and put it back into her hair without wiping it.

To destroy potato bugs—mix one gallon of prussic acid with three ounces of rendrock, stir well and administer a tablespoonful every hour and a half until the bug shows signs of weakening. Then stamp on him.

An enterprising firm of photographers advertise a new series of photographs in miniature. This ought to take. Most of us have friends of whom it may be said that the less we see of them the better we like them.

It is asserted by an eminent English physician that by the timely administration of the hypophosites of lime or soda, consumption can be stamped out as thoroughly as small-pox by vaccination.

Smith and Brown, running opposite ways around a corner, struck each other. Oh, dear! how you made my head ring," said Smith. "That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown. "But didn't yours ring?" "No." "That's a sign it's cracked," said his friend.

An impecunious but ingenious tramp has left the colored population of Georgetown, Texas, poor in pocket and sore in body by initiating them, at two dollars and a half a head, into "a lodge of Free Masons." The principal part of the ceremony, next to paying the fee, consisted in tying the candidate on a table, face downward, and branding him with a hot poker.

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