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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.

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Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.
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IMPERIAL MILLS,
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Oregon City.
Keep constantly on hand for sale Flour, Middlings, Bran and Chicken Feed. Parties purchasing feed must furnish the sack.

BETTER THINGS.

Better to smell the violet cool, than sip the glowing wine;
Better to hark a hidden brook, than watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of gentle heart, than beauty's favors proud;
Better the rose's living seed, than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness, than bask in love all day;
Better the fountain in the heart, than the fountain by the way.

Better be fed by mother's hand, than eat alone at will;
Better to trust in God, than say, "My goods my storehouse fill."

Better to be a little wise, than in knowledge to abound;
Better to teach a child, than toil to fill perfection's round.

Better to sit at a master's feet, than thrill a listening state;
Better suspect thou art proud, than be sure that thou are great.

Better to walk the realm unseen. than watch the hour's event;
Better the "Well done!" at the last, than the air with shouting rent.

Better to have a quiet grief, than a hurrying delight;
Better the twilight of the dawn, than the noonday burning bright.

Better a death when work is done, than earth's most favored birth;
Better a child in God's great house, than the king of all the earth.

A Texas Marriage.

A letter to the New York *Sun* from Home Creek, Coleman County, Texas June 12, says: Fifty miles from Fort Worth our party found themselves on one of the most delightful stretches of prairie land in Western Texas. It was three days' journey to the Twin Mountains, and, as we had plenty of time to join Col. Holland's party on their return, we concluded to accompany Capt. Hardy Parker, of the Lafitte ranche, and three of his friends, to what he termed one of the liveliest weddings that ever "jostled the State o' Texas."

"Who's to be married?" was asked.

"Old Jaquette's daughter. We call him 'Don' for short. We call her 'Reenie;' and the chap that's goin' to get here is old Uvalde's son 'Mig,' 'the blood, that saved her from a pack of Mexican hounds up the valley of the Rio, Pecos about six months ago. News of this weddin' has been going the rounds of the frontier for some time, and it's calculated that the Twin Mountains will be shaken up before it's over."

So we set off over the pampas, through heavily timbered districts, along small streams, on our way to the home of Jaquette's 20,000 acres, located in the shadow of the beautiful hills above named. At last we halted in front of the long low building, the home of the Jaquette family, a distant relative of the original Austin, who was the largest landholder in his time in Texas.

Our horses was cared for, and we were introduced to the Don. He was 50 years of age; in looks he seemed but 35. Straight as an arrow, cold as an ice-berg, black-eyed and black-haired, he looked a lord and master over all his people. The wife was bent and gray, but must have been beautiful in her younger years. Fully fifty young representative Texas drovers were in tents and in the outbuildings waiting for the morrow.

At 10 o'clock next day everything was prepared. We were shown into a large room of the house that looked more like a forest than a parlor. We were told to take refreshments lightly before the wedding ceremony. We were then conducted to the park or garden, a magnificent grove of cedar, pine, some orange, and maple.

Guests from far and wide had arrived in wagons and on horseback. Backwoods maidens and stalwart cattle-keepers, in staid and gay colors, sun-bonnets and buckskins, were chatting and gossiping under the trees, the same as church audiences in civilization. Everybody seemed to have clusters of flowers, and for a time those rough and sturdy men of the plains suffered their broad sombreros to be ornamented with wreaths and their brows bound with gay handkerchiefs by fair and gentle hands.

The relatives of the bride were on one side of the garden. Her cousins were mounted on pure white horses. The relatives of the groom were on the opposite, a noble-looking body of people. Even here was to be seen the out-cropping of rude frontier society. Both families were immensely wealthy, and for a long time were jealous rivals. The union of the two children was to unite two of the largest landed estates in Western Texas, and terminate further rivalry between the two families. Both houses, therefore, kept a respectful distance, and one vied with the other in frontier dress and display.

Finally a trumpet sounded and the eyes of the hundred people present were turned toward the mansion. A procession came from the front door, such as these frontiersmen had probably never seen in all their lives. First came two ministers, Revs. Thomas and Henriques,, who had come 200 miles to perform the marriage ceremony. Following came Don Jaquette; by his side walked his daughter, the bride; then came the mother of the young Uvalde, and by her side walked the groom, and behind them came the groom's father and the bride's mother. A few more ladies and gentlemen followed. In the centre of the garden was a beautiful bower of evergreen, and beneath this the marriage ceremony was performed.

I was permitted to have a position well up in front. I first noticed the surpassing beauty of the bride. She was dark as her father, and her eyes were moist with silver tears, shadowed by heavy brows and lashes. Her raven black hair hung in curly ringlets down her back, and two white sprays of orange blossoms were worn among them. Her dress was of white satin, trimmed with gold, reaching just to her ankles; white satin boots covered her small feet and a necklace of pearls encircled her white round neck. She stood about 5 feet 8 inches in height, yet looked small beside the tall and well-shaped man who was to be her husband. He was dressed in a buckskin suit, richly ornamented. The suit came from the Cherokee country. He had long, brown hair, sharp gray eyes, regular features, and was a handsome man, standing 6 feet 3 inches and weighing 280 pounds.

The procession ranged around the ministers in the form of a half circle the bride and groom in the center. They all stood on white-haired hides, specially tanned for the occasion. Before the ceremony the father of the bride made a signal, and two men came forward with a box and placed it at the feet of the younger couple. That box contained $10,000 in gold. The groom's father also made a signal, and another box of $10,000 in gold was brought forward. Then followed the presentation of titles and deeds of a vast estate, in all amounting to about 5,000 acres of the best land in Western Texas. After this the minister married them in a simple style according to the forms and ceremonies of the Methodist Church.

The wedding ring was of heavy gold, and in return the bride presented her husband with a breastpin.

When the benediction was pronounced, the young Texan rangers crowded out the old people, and with their broad palms they shook the happy pair heartily by the hands.

"Make way," said the groom, "give the boys a chance. Every one of you come forward, right here, I want to see you all have a good time."

The brawny arms of the cattle drovers were extended in joyous congratulations, the music of the violin, banjo and tambourine struck up, and in a few moments the grove resembled a beautiful ball-room.

Among the company were four or five beautiful octoroons in red dresses, low-necked waists, red slippers, black hair with red roses as their only ornaments. They formed a set with as many wild-looking cattle-owners, and they danced a cotillion with the ease and grace of Mexican dancers. In another group were several guitar-players, all women, who were singing and playing. A pretty young maiden and a lad were executing a double "Texan fling," an uncouth, fantastic turn and twist, that requires plenty of action and strength in the limbs. Bashful young men retired and indulged in a mustang race; others had a quoiting match, and still others threw knives, jumped, ran, elevated heavy weights and the rest of the men stood aside and talked of the sports of the chase, politics and the cattle trade. Refreshments followed in close order. Wine and whisky were in boundless profusion. Songs were sung, and the violin, guitar, accordeon, tambourine, and flute sounded louder and louder.

The grove was the scene of joy and hilarity at noon when the horn was sounded and the announcement for dinner was made. The repast was plain but substantial. All there was to eat was piled upon the tables. Enough had been prepared to feed 500 people. Two young oxen had been roasted, and vegetables had been provided in the same lavish manner. The cellar was filled with wine, native and foreign, and the groom chuckled inwardly as he whispered to a friend that he intended to send them all home with a bug in their ear.

While they were at dinner, opportunity was given to look at some of the presents. The groom had received a fine Mexican saddle, a pair of heavy pistols, a bridle made of plaited hair, a beautiful silver-mounted rifle, a plaited-hair lasso, silver flask, long dagger, pair of high top boots of alligator leather, set of rifle accoutrements, silver tobacco-box, silver-plated spurs, and many other articles that are used by drovers and hunters. Not a single article of jewelry was given to him. The only thing that approached household goods was a magnificent panther skin to be used as a robe. The bride received a magnificent little mustang of fine proportions, cream-colored mane and tail, and high bred; then she had a beautiful saddle and bridle; a cage of beautiful tropical birds; a fine St. Bernard dog; a pair of twin calves, as white and as beautiful as the driven snow; a pet fawn; a globe of beautiful gold fish, that were brought all the way from New Orleans by an agent of that city; together with a variety of bracelets, rings, ear-drops, and two beautiful coral necklaces, studded with diamonds; a large gold cross, and a diamond-studded watch and chain.

After dinner there was a wild time. Such examples of reckless riding had rarely if ever been seen in this section of Texas. The guests were not intoxicated, but had imbibed sufficient to make them reckless enough to undertake anything. The racing was exciting, yet fraught with danger. The maidens applauded and shouted at the top of their voices, as the herders dashed by on their fiery mustangs. Then there was more music and dancing, and thus the sport was continued until 4 o'clock, when they departed, after wishing the couple long life, happiness, and prosperity.

When the parents of the bride were ready to depart, the groom mounted his horse, and the young wife vaulted into her own saddle by the aid of the strong arm of her husband, and the party rapidly galloped away to their home, where the young couple were to spend a week, and, then return, to commence life in earnest.

Spiritualistic Phenomena.

The persuasive spirit of Katie King, which so deeply influenced Mr. Wallace and other men of science and note in England, was unable to cope with the the unsparing rigors of our climate, and turned out to be a very simple deception. The more recent wonders of the same kind also have been deprived of their miraculous character. Indeed, the grave trouble with the phenomena has always been their ludicrous character. There are, however instances of singular responses made by the "mediums" to certain questions, evidences of knowledge of things peculiarly intimate and personal, which are curious and surprising, and for the explanation of which the key seems not to have been found. These, however, may fairly be classed with all well-attested phenomena of the night side of nature. And as many other apparently inexplicable phenomena occurring at the same time and under the same circumstances are attributed by the operators to spiritual agencies, but prove to be the result of exceedingly material forces, it is illogical to assume that the rest can not have a similar explanation. Many, fortunately require none. The poetry of the departed Shakspeare and the wisdom of the translated Bacon or Franklin are plainly due to lunar influences not in heaven, but upon earth. Consolation administered by spry table legs, and assurances of immortality proceeding from tambourines, happily do not cry for explanation. They explain themselves. Signor Blitz could give such spirits odds and win the game.

One of the recent avatars was that of a woman who, being tied fast, was in some manner waited upon by mysterious agencies, which did what no living person could do who could not use arms, hands, feet or body. As usual, the things were done behind a screen. The "spirits" are not content with their own invisibility. The laws of the spiritual world, it seems, require that the "medium" through whom they manifest themselve should be invisible also. If a guitar is played, it must be in a box or cabinet, or in the dark, or behind a screen. Why the spirits of heavenly light fear the light of earth, or the spirits of just men made perfect are unwilling to confront the gaze of very unjust and imperfect men, doth not appear. The medium can only assure us that it is part of the mystery. Doubtless there are many honest people who went to the exhibitions of the medium, paying money at the door, and who came away firmly convinced that they had witnessed supernatural phenomena. For how could a woman with her hands tied behind her back train a guitar, put a pail upon her head, drive a nail into a board, blow a flageolet, or tie a knot in a band around her neck?

These were precisely the questions which Mr. W. Irving Bishop undertook to answer. That such things could be done by spirits he did not propose to question. He would only show that they could be done by men and women also. If he could do this, the "sapernatural" element would vanish, and the medium would be compelled to prove that they were not done by her clever self behind the screen. If, again, she could not prove this, she must be considered an exposed "humbug," and "spiritualism" would have severely suffered, as when poor Katie King yielded to the pitiless confession of Mrs. Somebody in Philadelphia. Mr. Irving Bishop did what he promised. In company with a committee of well known citizens of New York of high character, he appeared upon the platform at Chickering Hall. He was placed in a chair, and his hands were tied closely to a ring in a post behind him, and his neck was tied to another, as if he were about to undergo the punishment of the garrote. His feet were also tied together with a rope, the end of which was held by a spectator. A tambourine was then laid upon his lap, with several bells, and, like the medium, he was then hidden by a curtain drawn before him. Instantly the tambourine sounded, the bells rang, and both tambourine and bells came flying over the curtain, which was at once withdrawn, and Mr. Bishop was found closely tied. It was obviously mysterious, and probably the work of spirits. Perhaps Plato and Galileo were thus illustrating the immortality of the soul.

A board with a nail and hammer was placed by his side, the curtain was drawn, and instantly hammering was heard. The curtain was pulled back; Mr. Bishop was tied close, and the spirits had hammered the nail fast into the board. A pail was placed upon his lap, the curtain drawn to supply the proper spiritual conditions, and the next moment he was seen with the pail, like a night-cap, upon his head. A doll was cut from paper, a guitar was played, water was drunk from a tumbler on his knee, while his feet were held fast and his neck tied close to a ring behind him. All was done behind a screen, and if it was not spirits, what was it? It is the question which very honest and intelligent and scientific men have asked. No man bound in this manner could possibly do these things. But they are done. No human collusion is possible. What does them? "My hands," answered Mr. Bishop. And forthwith, bound as he was, and in full view of the audience, he repeated what he had done behind the curtain, and showed that it was due to suppleness, agility, great quickness, and self possession. Alas for Plato and Galileo! Supernaturalism? Spiritual agencies? Does the courteous reader recall the concluding words of Dr. Brownson's *Charles Elwood*, "And Elizabeth—will you tell me nothing of her? Pardon me: I have planted wild flowers upon her grave and watered them with my tears."—*Harper's Magazine for August.*

Opposed to Slang.

The "Reform Club" is the tittle of a new society in this city, organized by young ladies for the purpose of discouraging the use of "slang phrases" in conversation. At a recent meeting, while a member was addressing the society, she inadvertantly made use of the expression "awful nice," and was called to order by a sister member for transgressing the rules.

"In what way have I transgressed?" asked the speaker, blushing deeply.

"You said it would be 'awful nice' to admit young gentlemen to our deliberations," replied the other.

"Well, wouldn't it be?" returned the speaker; "you know you said yourself, no longer ago than yesterday, that—"

"Yes, I know; but you said 'awful nice.' That's slang."

"Well," said the speaker tartly, "if you are going to be so awful nice about it, perhaps it is; but I wouldn't say anything if I were you. Didn't you tell Patsie Brimover, this morning, to pull down her basque?"

"No, I didn't," retorted the other, her face growing crimson; "and Patsie Brimover will say I didn't. She won't go back on me."

"This is a nice racket you are giving us," cried the president, after rapping both speakers to order. "Let us talk, what is the object of this society?"

"To discourage slang," cried a dozen voices.

"K-rect," said the president, "go on with the funeral."

A member rose to explain that she had been fined at the last meeting for saying "awful nice" herself, but she hadn't the "stamps to pay it now—would settle, however, in the sweet by and by."

"That'll be all right," said the president, "pay when you get the ducats."

Another member asked if a young lady could say "old splendid" without subjecting herself to a fine.

"You bet she can't," said the president, who was the original founder of the society, and therefore appealed to when any nice question was to be decided.

"Then," said the speaker, "I move that Nellie Pew come down with the dust, for I heard her say that her bean was 'just old splendid.'"

Nellie's face was in a blaze as she cried:

"Well, if my bean was such an old hair-pin as your feller is, I wouldn't say it."

"Shoot the chinning," cried the president.

But the confusion was too great to be delayed. Nellie's blood was up; some sided with her and others against her, and amid the babel that followed could be heard such exclamations as 'dry up,' 'nice blackberry you are,' 'wipe off your chin,' 'hire a hall,' etc., when a motion to adjourn was carried 'by a large majority.'

Gambling at Monaco.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, speaking of the gambling at Monaco, says: We beg respectfully to call your attention to one of the greatest evils that afflict our coast towns, and one the consequences of which are felt over the whole world. We refer to the gaming tables at Monaco. As we speak in the general interest of public morality, we trust it will please you to read this letter, and that you will share our just anxiety for the future. During the last three years twenty ruined gamesters have destroyed themselves either at Nice or in the environs; and even at Monaco itself, within a short time, four deaths have been the result of gambling. Many foreigners, bringing with them large sums of money, are every winter obliged to leave the place after having lost all they possessed. The Court of Assiz in the Maritime of Alps has, so to speak, no session in which the prisoners do not plead, in extenuation of their offences, the losses they have suffered at Monaco. The Correctional Tribunal at Nice has condemned in the course of the last few years many persons who, unable to pay their hotel bills after they had lost everything at Monaco, had become sharpers and thieves. The precautions taken by the proprietors of the tables are strong confirmation of what we say. No inhabitants owing allegiance to Monaco are admitted to the tables. This prohibition extends in the case of Government servants to the casine itself. Information can be easily obtained from the foreign consuls in the neighborhood showing how many people in high social positions have been reduced to distress by these gaming tables, and compelled to have recourse to the assistance of the consuls in discharging their debts and getting the means of returning to their homes. The play at Monaco tends to a kind of life which is a complete negation of all divine and human laws. We may especially call your attention to the looseness of habits displayed in open day in our promenades. In the object we are pursuing we know the difficulties that surround us; but, confident in the righteousness of the cause in which we are engaged, and full of hope for your assistance, we do not hesitate in our task, for we know it is for the moral welfare of society.

A sequel to the recent excitement in lard—The earthquake in Greece.

Dom Pedro.

There came an energetic ring at the door-bell the other morning, and we descended the stairs and grappled the door-knob. A middle-aged man with sinister countenance and ginister breath, stood before us.

"I am Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil," he said.

"Ah!" we replied, how's the Empress?"

"Never mind the Empress," he rejoined; "just give your undivided attention to the Emperor for a few minutes. You see, since leaving Brazil I've become a little short up for means, and am making an effort to raise the wind, as the Americans say. I am selling the Centennial spelling-book. I met a party down town who said you were an editor, and needed a spelling-book badly, and—"

"What else did he tell you?" we interrupted.

"He said you had a wife who was orthographically shaky, and eleven children who should each have one of my books by all means."

"Anything else?"

"Well, yes. He said that you wore old clothes and pretended to be poor, but that you in reality were a foreign prince, with gold enough to sink a canal boat, and that if approached by royalty you would unbosom yourself, and, as the Americans say, 'come down'."

"That isn't all he told, is it?"

"No—he also informed me that you had wine in your cellar that was made in the time of the first Crusade, and that you would invite me in and fill me so full of pound-cake and the juice of the ancient grape that I would be compelled to get into one of your most luxurious beds and remain over night."

"Then you are the Emperor of Brazil, are you?"

"I am—the simon-pure, bona fide Emperor of Brazil."

"Well, Pedro, as you came along the fence there, did you notice a section of it that swings on hinges?"

"Why, of course I did. You mean the gate, I suppose. How do you expect I got into the yard?"

"We thought perhaps that as you were an Emperor, you spurned to walk through an ordinary gate, and crawled under the fence. Now, Pedro, old boy, let's see if you can get through that gate again without knocking any of the paint off the posts."

He started slowly down the path, but stopped presently, and by the movement of his lips we judged that he was indulging in silent anathemas. We quietly picked up a brick, and he moved on again and was soon out of sight. That is the only way to deal with Centennial spelling-book emperors.—*Franklin (Ky.) Patriot.*

Mutually Caring for Each Other.

The Oakland (Cal.) *Transcript* gives the following pleasant story: "There has lived in this city for the past few years a quiet, modest gentleman, by the name of Peter Miller. He has resided in this State twenty years, worked in the mines, and part of the time at his trade, carpentering. Years ago he commenced to send home to his widowed mother, living in Michigan, what he could afford to spare from his earnings. Being a bachelor, he could not brook the idea of having the idol of his heart toil in her declining years, consequently he sent her money from time to time, making no entry of it, but presuming his worthy relative would use it as she deemed proper. After years of absence his mother kept writing for him to return, but like other old Californans he was proud, and did not desire to go back until he had sufficient to 'show' that he was from the golden State. Time works changes, so it did with Peter; he found himself about a month ago without labor—'strapped,' to use the common term—and the surroundings neither pleasant nor satisfactory. He was unwell, and the friends of his youth back in the Wolverine districts. He wrote to his mother that he could not conceal his pride any longer, and stated the situation; if he had money he would return, but he had to make it. Monday last he received a check for $500, and in the letter was stated that the money he had been sending home for years had been invested in real estate, and that he had better come back and take charge of his property, which is worth over $40,000.

Banting has been out-done in the art of reducing the too ponderous frame to reasonable proportions, a doctor in Delaware having found a remedy for obesity which requires no change of diet. He says the Sargossa or Gulf weed, which is cast up in large quantities all along our coast, is a safe cure for too greaty adiposity. A tea is made of the weed, which should be carefully washed before steeping, and is drank *ad libitum*. The doctor tried it on himself, taking no other drinks, and in a few weeks was relieved of an uncomforable corpulence. Those stouter persons for whom he prescribed it lost from twelve to thirty pounds within a few weeks' time.

THE EYELASHES AND EYEBROWS.—In Circassia and Georgia, Persia and India, one of the mother's earliest cares is to promote the growth of her children's eyelashes by tipping and removing the fine gossamer like points with a pair of scissors when they are asleep. by repeating this every six weeks, they become, in time, long, close, finely curved, and of a sleeky gloss. The practice never fails to produce the desired effect, and it is particularly useful, when, owing to inflammation of the eyes, the lashes have been thinned and stunted.

Only His Habit.

A Main street drug store hired a new soda fountain boy the other day, and after the boy had been instructed how to work the aparatus, the proprietor added:

"Now, you see this faucet up here? Well, there is brandy behind that, and when a man comes in and winks and says he'll take a little ho-hum in his, you will know that he means brandy."

Everything worked all right until about noon yesterday. Several men dropped in, said "ho-hum," got their brandy and soda, and the boy saw no cloud in his horizon. At noon the brandy bottle was empty, the drug store man at his dinner, and it didn't do any good to "ho-hum" around that fountain. Along came a man who had perspired till all the color in his suspenders could be seen on his linen coat, and as he stood before the fountain, waiting his turn, he winked at the boy. He had a habit of winking his left eye, and he winked at the fountain as much as he did at the boy. The lad however called out:

"Haven't any brandy left—have to take syrup!"

The man was a good man. He winked again in his amazement, and the boy replied:

"Didn't I tell you we hadn't any brandy left? D'ye s'pose I'd lie about it?"

"My—my son, you—you shouldn't—shouldn't—" stammered the good man as all looked at him, and lo! in his embarrassment he winked again.

"Can I make brandy out of sarsaparilla and pineapple syrup?" yelled the boy. "I tell you you've got to take plain soda till the boss comes back!"

"I—I didn't want any brandy," gasped the man.

"Well, we don't keep anything stronger in the fountain, and I couldn't tell whisky from arnica if I was to look on the shelves!" growled the boy. "You'll find what you want in the saloon around the corner."

The winker winked all around the crowd, tried to explain his position, and then hustled out and boarded a street car.

A Tradition of Saratoga Lake.

There is an Indian superstition attached to this lake which probably had its source in its remarkable loneliness and tranquillity. The Mohawks believed that its stillness was sacred to the Great Spirit, and that if a human voice uttered a sound upon its waters, the canoe of the offenders would instantly sink. A story is told of and English woman, in the early days of the first settlers, who had occasion to cross this lake with a party of Indians, who, before embarking, warned her most impressively of the spell. It was a silent, breathless day, and the canoe shot over the surface of the lake like an arrow. About half a mile from the shore, near the center of the lake, the woman wishing to convince the Indians of the erroneousness of their superstition, uttered a loud cry. The countenances of the Indians fell instantly to the deepest gloom. After a minute's pause, however, they redoubled their exertions, and in frowning silence drove the light bark swiftly over the waters. They reached the shore in safety, and drew up the canoe, when the woman rallied the chief of his credulity. "The Great Spirit is merciful," answered the scornful Mohawk; "he knows that a white woman can not hold her tongue!"

Alphabet of Proverbs.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

Confession of a fault makes half amends.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.

Foolish fear doubles danger.

God reaches us good things by our own hands.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

Knavery is the worst trade.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.

One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.

Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.

Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.

Richest is he that wants least.

Small faults indulged are little thieves.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

Upright walking is sure walking.

Virtue and happiness are near akin.

Wise men make more opportunities than they find.

You never lose by doing a good turn.

THE CHAMPION.—William Sexton, the champion billiard player, was, ten years ago, a bootblack in Burlington, Vt. His sister is now a waiter at the American House in that city. His sudden rise to fame and honor reminds one of Mark Twain's bitter repinings at his slothfulness in youth. If I had been an early riser," he says, "where might I be now?" Keeping store, no doubt, and respected by all.

Gen. Stark, vice president of the N. P. railroad, came up from San Francisco on the Dakota to Tacoma, and will remain about two weeks. His decision in regard to the building of the branch road to the Puyallup coal mines will be final, and it is anticipated that he will report favorably upon the matter.

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