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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. 1, 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.

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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.
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Boots and shoes made and repaired as cheap as the cheapest. Nov. 1, 1875 tf

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Prescriptions carefully filled at short notice. jn7 tf.

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

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

TWO LIVES.

Born—he grew to manhood fair,
Weak—he strayed from mother's care,
Mad—he wed a woman low,
Drunk—he dealt a deadly blow,
Irung—he broke a mother's heart,
Wrong—o'en from the very start.

Born—he grew to manhood fair,
Strong—he prized a mother's care,
Loved—he wed a maiden pure,
Kind—he helped the needy poor,
Dead—is mourned by every one,
Good—oh, true and faithful son!

Bill and the Widow.

An Interesting Story.

"Wife," said Ed. Wilbur one morning as he sat stirring his coffee with one hand, holding a plum cake on his knee with the other, and looked across the table into the bright eyes of his neat little wife, "wouldn't it be a good joke to get bachelor Bill Smiley to take Widow Watson to Forepaugh's show next week?"

"You can't do it, Ed; he won't ask her; he's so awful shy. Why, he came by here the other morning when I was hanging out some clothes and he looked over the fence and spoke, but when I shook out a night gown he blushed like a girl and was away."

"I think I can manage it," said Ed; "but I will have to lie a little. But then it wouldn't be much harm under the circumstances, for I know she likes him, and he don't dislike her; but as you say, he's so shy. I'll just go over to his place to borrow some bags of him, and if I don't bag him before I come back don't kiss me for a week, Nellie."

So saying, Ed started, and while he is passing on, we will take a look at Bill Smiley. He was rather a good-looking fellow, though his hair and whiskers showed some gray hairs, and had a set of artificial teeth. Every one said he was a good soul, and so he was. He had as good a hundred acre farm as any in Virginia, with a new house and everything comfortable, and if he wanted a wife, many a girl would have jumped at the chance like a rooster on a grasshopper. But Bill was so bashful, and when Susan Berrybottle, who he was so sweet on, though he never said "boo" to her, got married to old Watson, he drew in his head like an old mud turtle into his shell, and there was no getting him out again, though it had been noticed that since Susan had become a widow he had paid more attention to his clothes, and had been very regular in his visits to the church the fair widow attended. But here comes Ed Wilbur.

"Good morning, Mr. Smiley."

"Good morning, Mr. Wilbur, what is the news your way?"

"Oh, nothing particular, that I know of," said Ed, "only the show, that everybody is talking about, and everybody and his girl is going to. I was over to old Sockrider's last night, and I see his son Gus has got a new buggy, and was scrubbing up his harness, and he's got that white-faced colt of his as slick as a seal. I understand he thinks of taking Widow Watson to the show. He's been hanging around there a good deal of late, but I'd just cut him out, I would. Susan is a nice little woman, and deserves a better man than that pup of a fellow, though. I would not blame her much either if she takes him, for she must be dreadful lonesome; and then she has to let her farm out on shares, and it isn't half worked, and no one else seems to have the spunk to speak to her. By jingo! if I were a single man I'd show a thing or two."

So saying Ed borrowed some bags and started around the corner of the barn, where he listened knowing that the bachelor had a habit of talking to himself when anything worried him. "Confound that young Sockrider!" said Bill "what business has he there, I'd like to know? Got a new buggy, has he? So have I, and new harness, too; and his horse can't get in sight of mine, and I declare I have half a mind to—yes, I will go this very night and ask her to go to the show with me. I'll show Ed Wilbur that I ain't such a calf as he thinks, if old Watson did get the start in the first place." Ed could scarce help laughing outright, but he hastily put the bags on his shoulder, and with a low chuckle at his success, started home to tell the news to Nellie, and about five o'clock that evening they saw Bill go by with his horse and buggy, on his way to the widow's. He jogged along quietly, thinking of the old singing school days—and what a pretty girl Susan was then; and wondered inwardly if he would have more courage to talk up to her, until at distance of about a mile of her house he came to a bridge over a large creek, and it so happened that just as he came to the middle of the bridge he gave a tremendous sneeze, and blew his teeth out of his mouth clear over the dash board, and striking a plank they rolled over the side of the bridge and dropped in three feet of water. Words cannot do justice to poor Bill, or paint the expression on his face as he sat there, completely dumfounded at this startling piece of ill luck. After a while he stepped out of his buggy and getting down on his hands and knees looked into the water.

"Yes, there they were," at the bottom, with a crowd of little fishes rubbing their noses against them, and Bill wished to goodness that his nose was as close for one second. His beautiful teeth that had cost him so much, and the show coming on, and no time to get another set—and the widow—and young Sockrider. Well, he must try and get them somehow, and no time to loose, for some one might come along and ask him what he was fooling around there for. He had no notion of spoiling his good clothes by wading in with them on, and besides if he did that, he could not go to the widow's that night, so he took a look up and down the road to see that no one was in sight, and then quickly undressed himself, laying his clothes in the buggy to keep them clean. Then he ran around to the bank, and waded into the ice-cold water, but his teeth did not chatter in his head—he only wished they could. Quietly he waded along so as not to stur up the mud, and when he got to the right spot, he droped under the water, and came up with his teeth in his hand, and replaced them in his mouth.

But hark! What noise is that? A wagon, and a little dog barking with all its might, and his horse is starting. "Whoa! whoa! stop, you brute, you; stop." But stop he would not, and went off at a spanking pace, with the unfortunate bachelor after him, and the little dog yelping after the bachelor. Bill was certainly in capital running costume, but though he strained every nerve, he could not touch the buggy or reach the lines that were dragging on the ground. After a while his plug hat shook off the seat, and the hind wheel went over it, making it as flat as a pancake. Bill snatched it as he ran, and after jamming his fist into it, stuck it, all dusty and dipped, on his head.

And now he saw the widow's house on the hill, and what, oh, what will he do? Then his coat fell out; he slipped it on, and then making a desperate spurt, he clutched the back of the seat, and scrambled in, and pulled the buffalo robe over his legs, and stuffed the other things beneath. Now the horse happened to be one that he got from Squire Moore, and he got it from the widow, and the horse took it into his head to stop at her gate, which Bill had no power to prevent, as hadn't possession of the reins, besides he was too busy buttoning his coat up to his chin to think of doing much else. The widow heard the rattle of the wheels and looked out, and seeing that it was Smiley, and that he did not attempt to get out, she went to the gate to see what he wanted, and there she stood with her white arms on the top of the gate, and her face right toward him, while the cold chills ran down his shirtless back clear to his bare feet beneath the buffalo robe; and the water from his hair and the dust from his hat combined to make some nice little streams of mud that came trickling down his face. She asked him to come in.

"No, he was in a hurry," he said.

Still he did not attempt to go. He did not like to ask her to pick up the reins for him, because he did not know what excuse to make for not doing so himself. Then he looked down the road behind him and saw a white-faced horse coming, and at once surmising that it was Gus Sockrider he resolved to do or die, and hurriedly told his errand.

The widow would be delighted to go, of course she would. 'But wouldn't he come in."

"No, he was in a hurry," he said; "had to go to Mr. Green's place."

"Oh," said the widow, "you are going to Green's, are you? Why, I was just going there myself to get one of the girls to help me quilt. Just wait a second till I get my bonnet and shawl and I'll ride over with you," and away she skipped.

"Thunder and lightning!" said Bill, and he hastily clutched his pants from beneath his feet and prepared to wiggle into them, when a light wagon, drawn by the white-faced horse, driven by a boy, came along and stopped beside him. The boy held up a pair of boots in one hand and a pair of socks in the other, and just as the widow reached the gate again, he said:

"Here's your boots and socks, Mr. Smiley, that you left on the bridge when you were in swimming."

"You're mistaken," said Bill, "they are not mine."

"Why," said the boy, "ain't you the man that had the race after the horse just now?"

"No sir, I am not. You had better go on about your business."

Bill sighed at the loss of his Sunday boots, and turning to the widow said: "Just pick up the lines, will you, please; this brute of a horse is forever switching them out of my hands."

The widow complied; and then he pulled one end of the robe cautiously down, and she got in.

"What a lovely evening," said she, "and so warm, I don't think we need the robe over us, do we?"

You see she had on a nice dress and a new pair of gaiters, and she wanted to show them.

"Oh, my!" said Bill, earnestly, "you will find it chilly riding. I wouldn't have you catch cold for the world."

She seemed pleased with his tender care for her health, and contented herself with sticking one of her little feet out, with a long silk neck tie over the end of it.

"What is that, Mr. Smiley, a neck tie?"

"Yes," said he, "I bought it the other day and must have left it in the buggy. Never mind it."

"But," said she, "it was so careless;" and stooping over she picked it up and made a motion to stuff it between them. Bill felt her hand going down, and making a dive after it clutched it in his hand and held it hard and fast.

Then they went on quite a distance, he still holding her soft little hand and wondering what he should do when he got to Green's, and she wondering why he didn't say something nice to her as well as squeeze her hand, and why his coat was buttoned up so tight on such a warm evening, and what made his face and hat so dirty, until, as they were going down a little hill, one of the traces came unhitched, and they had to stop.

"Oh, murder!" said Bill, "what next?"

"What is the matter, Mr. Smiley?" asked the widow with a start that came very near jerking the robe off his knees.

"One of the traces is off," said he.

"Well, why don't you get out and put it on?"

"I can't," said Bill; "I've got—that is I haven't got—oh, dear, I am so sick! What shall I do?"

"Why Willie," said she tenderly, "what is the matter? do tell me," and looking into his pale face she thought he was going to faint, so she got out her smelling bottle and pulling the stopper out with her teeth, she stuck it to his nose. Bill was just taking his breath for a mighty sigh, and the pungent odor made him throw his head back so far that he lost his balance and fell over the low backed buggy. The little woman gave a scream as his bare legs flew past her head, and covering her face with her hands gave to tears—or smiles—it was hard to tell which. Bill was "right side up" in a moment, and was leaning over the back of the seat humbly apologizing and explaining, when Ed Wilbur, with his wife and baby, drove up behind and stopped. Poor Bill felt that he would rather have been shot than to have Ed Wilbur catch him in such a scrape, but there was no help for it now, so he called Ed to him and whispered in his ear. Ed like to burst with suppressed laughter, and he beckoned to his wife to drive up, and after saying something to her he helped the widow out of Bill's buggy into his, and the two women went on leaving the two men behind. Bill lost no time in arranging his toilet as well as he could, and then, with great persuasion, Ed got him to go home with him, and hunting up slippers and socks, and getting him washed and combed, had him quite presentable when the ladies arrived. I need not tell how the story was wormed out of bashful Bill, and how they all laughed as they sat at the tea table that night, but will conclude by saying that they went to the show together, and Bill has no fear of Gus Sockrider now. This is the story of Bill and the Widow, just as I heard it from Wilbur. For further information ask Wilbur.

In an Ecstasy Because his Wife was Hanged.

Sir Walter Scott used to be fond of telling the following story of his cousin "Watty." Watty aforesaid was a midshipman in the navy. On a certain occasion he and his messmates had gone on shore at Portsmouth and had overstayed their leave, besides spending their money and running up a bill at a tavern at the Point. Their ship made signal for sailing, peremptorily calling all hands on board, but when they would have started, the landlady said:

"No, gentlemen, you cannot escape without paying your reckoning." And to confirm her words she called a bailiff and his posse to take charge of them.

The midshipman felt they were in bad scrape and begged to be released.

"No, no," said the resolute matron, "I must be satisfied in some way. You must be aware, gentlemen, that you will be totally ruined and disgraced if you do not go on board in time."

They groaned bitterly, for they knew she spoke the truth.

"Well," she continued, "I'll give you all a chance. I am so circumstanced here that I cannot well carry on my business as a single woman, and I must contrive somehow to get a husband, or, at all events, I must be able to produce a marriage certificate. Now, the only terms upon which I will set you free are that one of you will consent to marry me! I don't care a snap which it is; but, by all that is holy, one of you I will have for a husband, or else you all go to jail and your ship sails without you."

The vixon was not to be coaxed nor treated. Tears and prayers were of no avail. After a time the poor middies agreed to draw lots. Watty drew the matrimonial slip of doom. No time was to be lost. The marriage license was speedily procured and they went to the nearest church, where the knot was tied. The bride on her return to the tavern gave them a good dinner, with plenty of wine, and then sent them off in her wherry. Of her own accord she had proposed to her husband, that as the marriage certificate was her chief prize, he was at liberty to live apart from her forever if he so chose.

The ship sailed, and the young gentlemen religiously adhered to the oath of secrecy they had made previous to drawing lots. A year after, at Jamaica, a file of English papers reached the midshipman's berth, and Watty, who was carelessly looking them over, was attracted by the account of a robbery and murder, and the execution of the culprits at Portsmouth. Suddenly leaping to his feet, and waving the paper above his head, forgetful of his oath in the excitement of ecstasy, he cried out: "Thank Heaven! My wife is hanged!"

Said his honor, "Mr. Peters, why don't you sit down?" "I don't sit down any more, sir." "But you must." "I can't, sir." "Why can't you?" "Well, sir, she said we both couldn't sit in one chair, and I tried to demonstrate that we could, and she picked me up and sat me on a red-hot stove, and—I don't think I care to sit down, if it please the Court." The Court agreed with the witness.

Because an oyster knows when to shut its mouth, there is no occasion to brag about its advantage over a woman. If a woman's mouth were as big as an oyster's, she'd shut hers too.

Down the Sierras.

The Fastest Driver in California.

A short time before I left Santa Barbara, says a correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, I chanced to take a few hours' ride on the stage to a little town called Rincon, where I spent several days shell-gathering. There was on the box beside the driver another man, a driver off duty a few days for a hunt and fishing frolic. He amused me very much by his stories. In speaking of the anticipated fast railroad trip, he told me of a ride he once had down the mountains. Said he: "If I do say it myself, I am known as the fastest driver in California. Whenever they want fast driving they send for Charlie Crowel. I drove Bowen and Richardson and all them follows over the Sierras; but the tallest time I ever made was when a wager of ten thousand dollars was pending between the old California Stage Company and the Pioneer Stage Company. I drove for the California. The track was from Virginia City to San Francisco. Old Lent—you know Lent, one of the richest men in the State them days—well, he telegraphed me to drive him fifty-five miles of the way. Says he: 'Have your horses and everything ready to start at a flash.' Says he: 'Get a good ready, and I'll pay the bill.' I knew Lent you know; I knew what he meant by a good deal abroad. I wasn't drunk, an' I wasn't sober. I just had enough to make me determine to win the job or go to the devil. I strapped myself on to the box and Lent and two other fellows jumped into the stage, and I laid my whip on. There was six horses, as fine flesh as you ever seen. Them horses was worth $10,000. I just laid on the whip at every jump. I never took off the whip during the whole fifty miles. We was going down grade, down the Sierras; the road was pretty rocky, and sometimes I didn't skip the chasms, a thousand feet deep, by more than two inches. It makes my flesh crawl now to think of it, but then I was just nerved up to do anything, and we come down that grade a fluking. I had sent word to Taylor (he is now superintendent of the 'Coast line'). I sent word to him to have his coach and horses ready, and when he seen me a coming, if I couldn't pull up my horses to follow right after me down the road till I checked up. So Taylor, he was all ready and he was to drive the next fifty miles, and he seen me a coming, and he said he thought of John Gilpin, and Jehu, and says he 'hell to blazes, if I don't think Charlie's mad,' says he 'them horses can't check up till they run into the Pacific Ocean,' and he starts down the road and me after him, and we run each other five miles before we could pull up and change passengers. I was black and blue all over, but I made fifty-five miles in' four hours; the time's on record or I wouldn't tell it. That's the fastest time ever made with a stage coach. The California beat by one hour and twenty minutes the whole distance. The Pioneer gained on us in the bay. Our company owned an ocean steamer, but she couldn't keep up with the high pressure North-River boat. She wasn't built for shallow water, but for all that we landed our passengers in 'Frisco just an hour and twenty minutes before the old Pioneer came steaming in.

"The company gave me this fine gold watch for the driving I did that day. Says Lent, says he, 'Charlie, you saved us,' says he, 'and Lent says it.' Says he, I never took such a ride. Half the time I didn't know whether I was in or out of the coach, and I was brusied from head to foot like jelly, but all the time says I to the other boys, Charlie knows what he's about.' Says he, 'He's the best whip in these diggin's,' says he. Whenever I mean business I send for Charlie Crowel, and he'll drive to the devil if I want him to.'"

"But," said Crowel, after a bit, "I wouldn't take that ride again for all the money in this State. I wonder I wasn't killed. I can't see what saved me. I was just full enough to be a fool, that's the truth of it; but for all that I got the gold watch, and a reputation for driving faster than the devil, and I have pride enough not to go back on my record.

"I have been driving twenty-five years, and never hurt any one nor had any accident happen." As a specimen of stage travel I think this driving of Crowel's entitled to a place beside the time of the "lightning train."

A FUNERAL ORATION.—Alexandre Dumas was not one of those orators who so readily turn the grave-mound into a rostrum. When Frederick Soulie was buried, they asked Dumas, on the ground, to pronounce the funeral oration. "Impossible!" he replied, "I have not the heart to make pretty phrases here." Anthony Berand had prepared a long speech and said to Dumas. "I will speak, but you are the most famous person present and cannot avoid saying something." "Well," said Dumas "I will begin and you must interrupt me." Dumas began: "By the side of this tomb where repose the mortal remains of him whom we all mourn"——Berand sprang forward. "Tears choke his utterance," he cried; "the tears of Alexandre Dumas on the grave of Frederick Soulie! What tribute more eloquent?" and he proceeded to reel off the oration he had prepared two days before.

The idea that women are akin to the angels loses force after a man has seen a party of six of the seraphic beings engaged in enfilading a dish of baked beans.

A Mean Device.

There were a score or more of women gathered together at Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a good-hearted man and respectable citizen, though he is rather skeptical about some things. The women had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was at once appealed to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and Graham added:

"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a $10 bill, and, as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" they chorused.

"And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, "there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you can make oath that you have combed your children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blacked the cook-stove, and made the beds, I'll donate this $10."

"I have," answered two of the crowed, and the rest said:

"Why, now, Mr. Johnson!"

"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, this money is your," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants this 'X' goes to the society!" said Johnson.

"Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pair of stockings in this room that don't need darning I'll hand over the money!" he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members; and as you are not a member, I beg that you will withdraw and let us proceed with the routine business."—*Washington Chronicle.*

Tight Fits.

Louis Jennings writes from London, June 20, to the New York *World:* Last Tuesday over 15,000 persons were assembled at Lord's to witness a game at cricket, the annual match between Oxford and Cambridge, in which Oxford came very decidedly out at the little end of the horn. I doubt whether the ladies took much interest in the game, but they must have found enough to admire in each other's "pull-back" dresses, which are certainly calculated to startle the unregenerate male mind. Some of these dresses are now pulled back to that degree that sitting down is them must be simply impossible. As the English woman is seldom constructed on a very slight or fragile scale, the effect of a costume which reveals the outline of the whole figure is calculated to considerably astonish weak nerves. I saw a couple of young girls coming out of the Royal Academy to-day, and at first I really thought that a brace of statuary had been endowed with motion, and had walked down from their pedestals into the street. For the dresses were of a light and gauzy material and the pull-back was simply stupendous, and—but perhaps I had'nt better enter any further into the subject, for some people are rather particular and they might not like it. I may go so far as to say that the streets of London, or the fashionable evening parties, seldom presented more to interest the curious eye than they do at present. I should be afraid to describe an evening dress which I saw the other night; you might say that my letters had been condemned as improper, and that you had lost several subscribers in consequence. If the next change in fashion is not in a totally different direction, artists will not find it necessary to go to the statuary in the British Museum, or elsewhere, to study the human form divine.

Cause and Cure of Sick Headache.

Dr. W. W. Hall writes thus in the Illustrated Christian Weekly concerning sick headache: This complaint is most liable to affect those who have dark skin, black hair and eyes, and are troubled with a confined condition of the system; it is brought on usually by cold feet, too much eating and too little exercise; it is often brought on by a bad cold. It is not confined to age, sex, season or constitution; it sometimes is inherited, "runs in families." The excess of bile in the liver is always the fundamental cause of the disease. Its prevention is as follows: Cultivate constant cleanliness of the whole skin from toe to crown; sleep in well ventilated chambers; dress so as never to allow a chill to come over you; never allow the feet to remain uncomfortably cold for five minutes; spend three or four hours every day in the open air; never allow a confined condition for a single day; eat regularly thrice a day at not less than five hours' interval, not an atom between; avoid coffee, sweet milk, porter, pork, fats and sugars—for these all tend to engender a billious state of the system—and confine your eating to fruits, berries, grapes, melons, coarse bread, lean meats and vegetables.

It is a great comfort to bald-headed men in these red-hot, star-spangled, centennial days to reflect that the eagle, too, is bald-headed. Style is no-hair.

Business Hours in England and America.

There are few facts in the business life of America which strike an Englishman more forcibly than the absorbing character of each man's pursuits and the severity of the labor to which he subjects himself. In London the tradesmen can scarcely be said to have commenced the business of the day before 9 A. M., the only exceptions being those who minister to the early breakfast wants of the community. The merchant is rarely at his office before 10 in the morning, and the clerks and secretaries in the government establishments are not at their posts much before 11 A. M. The amount of work accomplished by the two last named classes is interrupted by a frequent gossip, the perusal of a newspaper and a prolonged lunch, and nearly all quit their desks for the day at 4 P. M. The American employe, on the other hand, is often at his office at 8 A. M., many tradesmen open their stores at 6 or 7 A. M., and during the long day the attention to duty is incessant, only broken by half an hour allotted to lunch. Perhaps there is too much work done on one side and too little on the other. In America we press into the twenty-four hours as much severe labor as the human frame can bear; in England men do as little as they possibly can.

My personal experiences of the public offices is not great, but I accepted a position in the India Office for a few month during the tenancy of the Secretaryship by the Duke of Argyll, and this is how the work was done: On entering upon my duties I inquired at what hour I might be expected to be present. The Assistant Secretary turned to the senior clerk of the department and asked him at what hour he usually came. "Oh," he replied, "about ten—an easy ten—say half past ten." "Good," I rejoined; "I will be here at half past ten." The next day I was at my post. Not a soul had arrived. There is an office for the messengers, as they are called, in each corridor, of which there are six in the India Office. I asked the head messenger, an old man of sixty, when the clerks might be expected. "Sir," he replied, "they rarely come before eleven o'clock, and often later." Sure enough, it was a quarter past eleven before they began to drop in. To change their coats, arrange their papers and interchange matutinal civilities occupied the time until noon. Then the work began.—*Prof. Siddons in the Galaxy for August.*

Seeing the Exhibition.

The different impressions brought back from the centennial are very amusing and illustrative of human nature. It is singular how generally people appreciate and get good out of the exhibition in proportion to their mental cultivation and power of study. The mere hungerer for an overwhelming succession of surprises is almost universally disappointed. The untutored surprise of the tropical potentate, when he first beheld ice, is a type of the indolent, but thrilling, satisfaction which many visitors expect to enjoy to the full for weeks at the centennial. Consequently, they rush through all the buildings, the first day, looking for something that mind never before conceived of in its crushing novelty. They see miles of cotton cloth, carpets, sewing-machines, "crockery," acres of pictures, etc., but they pass by all of these vulgar things, since they cannot be the object they have gone out for to see. Not finding it in the 30 miles of the main building or in the Art hall, or in the Machinery building, they begin to fear that they have been deceived, and spur through all the rest like death on a pale horse, lest their foolish ideal should quite elude them. The chase closes with night, and the angry disappointee retires from the field, vows he has "seen nothing he couldn't see at home," and takes the morning train for Burgtown. His vacant mind did not take a sufficient interest in anything to really observe it and find out what it was there for. He went it through all with a less cultivated sense than a Newfoundland dog would exercise. On the other hand, to those accustomed to study and observation, the real pleasure begins with a more deliberate survey. A general survey seems almost necessary at the outset, because it gives one with limited time some opportunity to discriminate in its apportionment. Such a survey is for almost every one oppressive and disappointing. Every visitor has his crude fore-impressions corrected in some points, and correction somehow has a depressing effect on the tone of the human system. With the second day, however, and the beginning of closer observation, this feeling vanishes, and the exhilaration of the pursuit is thenceforward keen and the sense of the magnitude and value of the exhibition cumulative. While one can see much in a week, and retire with a measure of satisfaction, it is said that each successive week for a longer period increases the personal interest of the intelligent observer.—*Springfield Republican.*

An imposing spectacle, even for this year, is the Danbury woman who has been married six times. The sixth marriage occurred last week. The evening before the auspicious day, he was with her, and as he departed, she said, "Be around prompt to-morrow. It's a habit of mine to have these things done on time."

"Mike, and is it yourself that can be after tellin' me how they make ice-crame?" "In troth I can. Don't they bake them in cowld ovens, to be sure?"

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