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### LITTLE BROOK.

Sunny lawn and grassy meadow,
Fairy lakelet glistening bright,
Murmuring brook and slopes in meadow,
Steal upon the charmed sight.

Here the ripening clusters gather,
There the russet apples fall,
Bright parterres of gold and scarlet—
Autumn sunlight over all!

Ah, how rich in peace and beauty
Thou sweet home of genius rare!
Fame and faith and love and duty
Find a resting ever here.

God be in thee, lovely homestead!
God be with ye, gentle friends!
In a home still brighter, sweeter,
May we meet when this life ends!

## Old Tales Retold.

### Frankenstein, or the Monster Man.

Robert Walton, sailing from Archangel, on an Arctic voyage, found his ship surrounded by vast fields of ice. On a July day he and his crew were amazed to see a being which had the shape of a man, but apparently of gigantic stature, drive rapidly past in a sledge drawn by dogs, and finally disappear in the distance. The next morning they rescued from a floating fragment of ice a nearly frozen, dreadfully emaciated man, who had ventured thus far in pursuit of the wild figure seen the day before, for which he spent hours on deck watching in vain. His gentle nature and frequent gloom aroused the sympathies of Captain Walton, whose kindness led the stranger at last to a recital of his misfortunes.

By birth a Gevenese of distinguished family, Victor Frankenstein was brought up, by the tenderest parents, with a beautiful little Italian cousin, Elizabeth Lavenza, who was gay and playful as a summer insect. Henry Clerval, a boy of singular talent and fancy, was another intimate associate of his sports and studies. At thirteen, Victor had become a reader of Albertus Magnus and Paracelsus, and sought to raise ghosts and devils. Four years later his mother died, joining his hand and Elizabeth's on her death bed.

Victor soon after departed for the University of Ingolstedt, where he made remarkable progress in the study of chemistry and occult science At last, animated by an almost supernatural enthusiasm, he spent among corpses days and nights of incredible labor and fatigue, and finally actually discovered the cause of generation and life, nay, more, he became capable of bestowing animation upon lifeless matter!

Dizzy with delight, he resolved to make a being of gigantic size, fully eight feet high, for which he collected bopes from the charnal houses, and disturbed with profane fingers the tremendous secrets of the human frame. Winter, spring and summer passed, till on a dreary night in November, he infused the spark of being into the lifeless thing.

The dull, yellow eyes of the creature opened, it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs. Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the muscles and arteries. His hair, black and flowing, and his teeth of pearly white, only formed a horrid contrast with his watery eyes, shriveled complexion, and straight, black lips. Breathless with terror, Victor rushed away, and soon slept from sheer fatigue. In dreams he held the corpse of his mother in his arms, and saw the grave-worms crawling on the shroud. Starting from sleep, he beheld by his bed the wretch he had created, his eyes fixed and his jaws open, while a hideous grin wrinkled his cheeks.

Victor escaped from the house and dared not return, though drenched by the rain. With the morning came his friend Clerval, whom he hailed with delight. The monster, happily, had disappeared, but the strain of fatigue and terror had brought on a nervous fever, through which his friend nursed him faithfully. Though chemistry had become abhorrent to Frankenstein, he remained at the University after his recovery, and in time regained his usual cheerfulness. Then came a letter from his father, with horrible tidings of the murder of his little brother William, who was found stretched on the grass, livid and motionless, the print of the murderer's fingers on his neck. Hastening home he visited the scene of the crime during a terrible thunderstorm by night. A figure stole from behind a clump of trees; a flash of lightning illuminated the gigantic and hideous form to which Victor had given life, Could this be (Frankenstein shuddered) the murderer of the child. Its mere presence was irresistible proof; but, before he could pursue, the fiend had escaped.

Meantime, Justine Moritz, a devoted adherent of the Frankenstein family, had been accused; a miniature stolen from the dead child was found in her possession; she was tried condemned, slain! Sleep fled from Victor's eyes; he wandered like an evil spirit, for he had committed deeds of mischief beyond description horrible, and more, much more, he persuaded himself, remained behind. After two months of wretchedness, all the Frankensteins made an excursion to the valley of the Chamonni, and, upon the glacier, Victor encountered his evil offspring, whose countenance bespoke bitter anguish combined with disdain and malignity, while its unearthly ugliness, rendered it almost too horrible for human eyes.

"Devil!" cried Victor, "do you dare approach me? Begone, vile insect, or, rather, stay, that I may trample you to dust! The tortures of hell are too mild a venture for your crimes."

"Be calm," said the demon; "remember that I am thy creature. I was benevolent and good; misery made me a fiend; make me happy and I shall again be virtuous."

"Begone!" repeated Victor.

"How can I move thee?" cried the fiend. "Believe me, Frankenstein, my soul glowed with love and humanity; but am I not alone, miserably alone? Listen to my tale, and then, if you can, destroy the work of your hands."

At last Victor consented, followed his odious companion to a wretched hut, and listened to his story.

Brought into existence by the disastrous arts of Frankenstein, this strange creature had wandered aimlessly abroad, living upon berries and fruits, and slowly acquiring a knowledge of the common phenomena of nature and life. Venturing into a village he was attacked, grievously bruised with stones, and driven to take refuge in a hovel, from which he could observe the occupants of a neighboring cottage. These were Felix and Agatha Delacey and their blind father, and their mutual affection and evident sorrows touched the poor wanderer's heart, though it was long before he comprehended their story. Gradually he learned to understand their speech, and found that they had all been exiled penniless from France, for aiding the escape from prison of a Turkish merchant unjustly condemned to death. This Turk had pledged the hand of his daughter, Saphie, to Felix, but had basely broken his promise. She, however, refused to follow her father and suddenly appeared at the cottage to the joy of all the inmates and their unknown watcher, who by diligent attention learned finally to speak and even to read their language. With the increase of knowledge he longed for companionship, and at last revealed himself to the happy family, only to be met with the terror of Agatha and Saphie, and the furious blows of Felix. Rage and revenge then took possession of him, and he burned to the ground the cottage which the terrified inmates had hastily abandoned. Resuming his wanderings, he rescued a young girl from drowning, but a rustic tore her from his arms and wounded him with a gun. Inflamed by this cruelty, he vowed "eternal hatred and vengeance to all mankind." Determining to seek his creator and demand justice from him, he journeyed to Geneva, and in the invirons of the city he met a beautiful boy, who screamed, called him an ogre, and threatened him with the vengeance of his papa, the syndic, M. Frankenstein.

"Frankenstein! You belong then to my enemy; you shall be my first victim." The fiend grasped the child's throat and it lay dead in a moment, while the miniature from its bosom he hid unobserved in the dress of a young woman passing near.

Finishing his story, the monster demanded of Frankenstein that he should create for him a companion, a female of the same species and with the same defects. Refusing at first, Victor at last consented upon a solemn oath from the fiend to quit Europe forever.

With Clerval, Frankenstein visited Scotland, and on one of the remotest Orkney's began his inexpressibly repugnant task. The demon appeared one night at the casement, with a ghastly grin upon his lips. Seized with madness, Victor tore to pieces the thing on which he was engaged, and with a howl of devilish dispare and revenge, the wretch withdrew. Soon he returned, and after bitter reproaches, vanished again, exclaiming—

"I go, but remember, *I shall be with you on your wedding night!*"

Upon reaching the mainland the unhappy Frankenstein was arrested on a charge of murdering a young man found dead with the black marks of fingers on his throat. Being led to the coffin, he saw stretched before him the lifeless body of Henry Clerval! For two months the heart-broken Victor lay in jail, raving with fever. Upon proof that he was on the Orkneys when the corpse was found, he was finally released, and returned to Geneva and Elizabeth.

Married, after some delay, to this beautiful and affectionate cousin, the wedding day passed serene and almost happy; but, as night appeared, a thousand fears arose. Grasping with his right hand a pistol concealed in his bosom, he waited for the fiend. Suddenly he heard a shrill and dreadful scream from Elizabeth's room. He rushed in. Great God. Why did he not then expire? Lifeless across the bed, her pale, distorted face half covered by her hair, lay the monster's latest victim, the mark of the fatal fingers on her! At the window the fiend himself jeered at the husband's agony.

Victor fired, but the demon escaped with the swiftness of lightning.

Under these accumulated horrors Frankenstein's father sunk and died. His miserable son, after months of madness passed in a solitary sell, regained his reason, and, over the graves of the dead, swore revenge upon the cursed and hellish monster of his own creation. Then, as he knelt, a fiendish laugh rang in his ears, and abhorred voice whispered, "Miserable wretch!" and the broad moon arose and shone upon a distorted and flying form.

Victor pursued—down the Rhone—across the Mediterranean—through the Black Sea—amid the wilds of Tartary and Russia; but still the scoffing devil eluded him. Stealing a sledge and dogs, the hunted fiend set out upon the frozen sea, and still Victor followed, buoyed up by the hope of vengeance. At last he beheld the monster in the distance before him—his heart bounded with a terrible joy—when suddenly a tumultuous sea, with the shock of an earthquake, cracked the ice, rolled between him and his enemy, and left the baffled pursuer drifting on the shattered fragment from which Captain Walton saved him.

Frankenstein's terrific story cardled the blood of his rescuer with horror, while the apparition he had himself seen convinced the captain of its truth. Nothing was left undone that could soothe his unhappy guest, but all in vain. Danger from the mountains of surrounding ice now began to threaten them all. The eloquence of Frankenstein checked the sailors discontent for a time, but at least Walton yielded to their fears, and set sail for England, his plans of discovery blasted by the cowardice of his followers. Frankenstein, exhausted by his labors and sufferings, vainly resolved to renew the pursuit, and, reluctantly abandoned his last hope for vengeance, and resigned himself to death, and passed away with a gentle smile upon his lips. At midnight the startled captain found, hanging over the coffin, an uncouth and gigantic form, with a face of appalling hideousness distorted by uncontrollable passion.

"Oh Frankenstein!" the monster cried; "generous and self-devoted being! Alas! he is cold; he may not answer me."

"Your repentance is now superfluous," interposed the agitated captain.

"And did you dream," cried the stricken fiend, "that I was dead to remorse? He suffered not the ten thousandth portion of the anguish that was mine. I have murdered the helpless; I have strangled the innocent; I have devoted my creator to misery. There he lies white and cold, in death! You hate me, but your abhorrence cannot equal that with which I regard myself. Fear not that I shall be the instrument of future mishief. Soon I shall die; I shall ascend my funeral pile; my ashes will be wept into the sea by the winds. My spirit will sleep in peace; or, if it thinks, it will surely not think thus. Farewell!"

He sprang from the cabin window, as he said this, upon the ice-raft which lay close to the vessel, and was soon borne away by the waves and lost in darkness and distance.

## Fair Hair and Blue Eyes in Germany.

For a long time the idea of a German, more particularly of a German lady, was that he or she had blue eyes and fair hair. The Germans themselves have frequently protested against this sweeping assertion, and the careful examination of a German regiment or of a German school would have sufficed to show the strong admixture of black hair and brown eyes. But anthropologists went on asserting their own views, formed on what they called their own long experience, till at last the public insisted on having the matter settled by a regular census. Government assented, and on a certain day every school in Prussia had to make a return of the black and blue and brown color of the children's eyes. Many of the pupils came home on that day, telling their parents, with a mysterious air, that their eyes and hair and skin had been examined at school. Some of the parents thought it an undue interference with their rights, but the thing was done, and angry protests against what the Government commands or allows to be done are of little avail in Germany. After a short time, the results of this anthropological commission have been published, and they are, at all events, curious, though, perhaps, not of much scientific value. The number of persons examined in Prussia amounted to 4,127,756. Out of that number 4,070,923 were under fourteen years of age. With regard to the color of their eyes, 42.97 per cent. had blue, 24.31 per cent. brown eyes. With regard to the color of the hair, 72 per cent. had blonde, 26 per cent. brown, and 1.21 per cent. black hair. With regard to the color of the skin. Prussia has only 6.53 per cent. of brunette complexion. In Bavaria the brunette complexion claims 15 per cent., the black hair 5 per cent., the brown hair 41 per cent. and the fair hair 54 per cent.; and it is argued from this that the darker complexion in Germany came from the south— rather a bold generalization, if one considers the mixture of tribes in Germany, even at so late a time as the invasion of the Barbarians info the Roman Empire. The report contains a number of curious observations; for instance, that nearly one third of the Jewish school children are fair, which would certainly not be the impression left upon a casual spectator by the ordinary run of the Jewish population.

Young women seem to do pretty well in business in Chicago. A real estate agency was recently established there by one who cleared $500 the first month. On the same street is the Chicago office of a large real estate dealer who lives in Baltimore, the business of which is all transacted by a woman, who has managed it for a number of years, and that very successfully. As argument in favor of women engaging in public life or business for a successive number of years, and yet preserving all the innate and outward delicacy of true womanhood, both the above are strong ones, especially in the case of the last mentioned lady, who is said to be gentle and womanly almost to afault.

Information is wanted of the whereabouts of Amos Blakeslee. In 1870 he lived half a mile from the Chehalis river, and about 80 miles from Gray's Harbor. Address Anson W. Heeley, Winsted, Connecticut, or James Woodruff, Waitsburg, W. T.

"No girl gets along well without a mother," says a moral exchange. This may be true; but hereabou's girls work harder to get mothers-in-law than they do to get mothers.

## Love of Learning.

One great defect in systems of school education is the lack of proper stimulus to the pupil. Abundant inducements are held out. The child daily hears of the value of education; is told how men get rich and happy by it, and how they are degraded and worthless without it. Ambition is appealed to, and vanity is cultivated by rewards, prizes and school honors, and sharp words and stinging lashes are added, to push the unwilling laggards forward up the hill of science. Considerable knowledge is imparted undor this treatment. Pupils progress with perhaps a fair understanding of the branches necessary for the ordinary transactions of life; but how many leave school with a love for learning, a thirst to know more, a determination to go on improving? On the contrary, is it not to the average boy like closing a prison door behind hind him and emerging into liberty when he leaves the school-room, and enters the office or the counting-house? In after years he may lament wasted opportunities, and as he discovers the commercial value of education, he may regret not having remained longer a pupil, that he may be better fitted for his work, but he has no real love for books, no aspiration for higher culture for its own sake.

This need not be. A child is naturally eager to learn. His ten thousand questions are the torment of an unappreciative and unskilful parent. If from the first he was taught how to find answers to his questions from observation and from books, and as his curiosity was kept amused and properly directed, instead of being persistently snubbed down, he would need no promise of "good marks" or medals or prizes to make him studious.

At school he is set to tasks in which he can have little interest. What does he care whether the equator runs north and south or east and west; or what are the boundaries of Kamschatka; or who was third king of the Egyptians? Let him begin work at a point where his interest is awakened, then lead him by short steps to enlarge his field of inquiry, and his faculties will be sharpened.

The actual sum of knowledge gained at school is nothing compared with the value of learning implanted and a proper guidance given to the sources where information may be gained. Under such treatment it will soon matter little whether he remains in the school-room or not. The springs have been set in motion which will not let him rest; a healthy appetite sharpened, which he will seek to gratify, and for which there are abundant supplies. Not the mere successful winner of prizes, who has ambitiously led his class, but the lover of learning becomes the leader of thought.

### Sleep and Dreaming.

Do we sleep without dreaming? The question has been discussed both by ancients and moderns. Hippocrates, Plato, Liebnitz, Deslartes,. Cabanis and other eminent physicians and philosophers take the affirmative. They hold, substantially, that it is the body which sleeps, the soul that dreams; that the former needs rest and the latter does no; that, while physically fettered, the soul's natural expression is in dream. The soul being immortal, incapable, independent of stay or stop, must necessarily and perpetually dream. Because we do not remember our dreams is no proof that we do not have them. Persons on waking will feel confident that they have not dreamed, and yet during the day some outward happening or passing though will by force of association recall the dreams they had entirely forgotten. It is even questionable if dreams ever go entirely out of memory. They may not be recollected for a week, a month or a year, but they are some time though in so vague and shadowy a manner as to lose their identity.—[*Montreal Gazette.*

The effects of tobacco smoking, as described by the *Scientific American*, are discoloring of the teeth by carbon, excitement of the salivary glands by the ammonia, headache and lassitude from the carbonic acid, disease of the heart from the carbonic oxide, nausea from the bitter extract, and a tainting of the breath by the volatile empyreumatic substance. The system may become used to these things, yet it is made lilable to consumption, nervous exhaustion, paralysis, and other ailments. To sum up the evils, "Effects of individuals likewise affect communities, these in turn influence the nation. No person that smokes can be in perfect health, and an imperfect organism cannot reproduce a perfect one. Therefore it is logical to conclude that, were smoking the practice of every individual of a nation, then that people would degenerate into a physically inferior race."

POLYGAMY.—Whether, considering their natural jealousy, which is proverbial, the Mexican women could be subjugated to polygamy may well be doubted, but certain it is that the men will make the effort if ever the doctrines of Brigham Young take a strong foothold in this republic. The Mexican women are greatly in excess of the men; so much so that the disproportion is immense. Leading Mexican minds are now seriously pondering over this problem, for so unequal a division of the sexes produces startling social results. Within the near future, Mexico will be a polygamic empire if not frustrated by the United States.

Bessie Turner is now a waiter in a New York restaurant.

## All Sorts.

Friday is an unlucky day—for fishes.

Information. Are grass widows liable to take the hay fever.

When a man looks moody is it a sign that he favors a revival?"

All men are not homeless, but some men are home less than others.

The society of a dumb man is a great boon just now. He can't talk politics, anyhow.

To get up a handkerchief flirtation: Rule first, get two handkerchiefs and two fools.

One of the reasons that a side-saddle resembles a four quart jug is because it holds a gallon.

"Mary, my love, this apple dumpling is not half done," Wife: "Well then finish it, my dear."

Placards on the Boston street-cars declare that "This car can't wait for ladies to kiss good-bye."

An Irish lover remarks that it is a great comfort to be alone, "especially if yer sweat heart is wid ye."

The newsboy got pretty near the level fact: "'Ere's yer extra. Full account of the defeat uv Peter Cooper!"

There is a man in Colorado who signs himself "T. Pot." It is said that the least thing makes him boil over.

"Red as a Rose is She," applies now-a-days, to every woman on the street—that is, every woman who goes in for dress.

A Chicago belle who wore No. 8 gaiters was converted by reading the tract entitled. "How beautiful are the feet of the righteous."

Miss Alcott calls the Transcendentalists inspired lunatics. She ought to know, for her father was the biggest trog in that pond.

The habit of wearing a mass of false hair is gradually passing away, the little that is worn is so arranged as to give the impression of a natural growth only.

When you find a man whose voice is clear and whose eyes are wide open you may know that he was in jail and couldn't shout over the election returns.

Young ladies should not be deceived by this moderated weather into leaving off their belt buckles. There is a dampness in the air which should be guarded against.

Information wanted as the whereabouts of any article which did not receive the highest award at the Centennial. Needn't be particular about inclosing stamp.

Observe a young father trying to appease a bawling baby, and you will witness ingenuity enough in ten minutes to make you think that man ought to be an inventor.

"Do try and talk a little common sense!" exclaimed a sarcastic young lady to a visitor. "Oh!," was the reply; "but wouldn't that be taking an unfair advantage of you?"

A Connecticutt school marm, who was recently kissed in the dark by mistake, explained her omission to use any light for nearly two weeks on the ground of hard times.

In Half Moon Bay, California, there is a Spanish lady, Eusebia by name, who is 110 years of age. When in San Francisco the other day she was accompanied by her little son, aged eighty.

The Waterbury *American* has come to the conclusion that "woman is man's superior in courage and daring." The editor is a very honest man. He was married a little over a month ago.

When they take the next census in Arkansas they will miss Peter Dayton. The old man found a package and threw it into the stove to see whether it was powder or not. It wasn't sand.

"If you can't keep awake," said a parson to one of his hearers, "when you are drowsy, why don't you take a pinch of snuff?" "I think," was the reply, "the snuff should be put into the sermon.

"Men," said Adam Smith, "are naturally unsentimental. A man will scoop the bottom out of an egg without thinking that the mother of that egg is perhaps a hundred miles away, in the rain."

The first time Jerrold saw a celebrated song writer, the latter said to him: "Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" "Oh, yes," "I've all the confidence but I haevn't the guinea."

Mrs. Mary Mathews, of San Francisco, who has consented to accept $75,000 for herself and $10,000 for each of her five children from the Singer estate, is in the East. Mary shows her good sense.

Forward and loquacious youth, "By Jove, you know, upon my word, if I were to see a ghost, you know, I would be a chattering idiot for the rest of my life." Ingenuous Maiden: "Haven't you seen a ghost?"

When you see a young man and woman leaning over a garden gate in the twilight and hear a sound like the "squash" of a potato bug 'neath the farmer's heel, you instinctively feel that there has been a climax of two souls.

"Susan," said a girl looking out of the upper story of a grocery store, addressing another girl who was trying to enter at the front door, "we have all been to prayer meeting and been converted; so when you want lager on Sunday you will have to come in at the back door."

## A Practical Temperance Lecture.

A Cincinnati man of good position and exellent business abilities, a few years ago fell into dessolute habits, and spent most of his time lounging around bar-rooms while his family suffered for the necessaries of life. His wife at last driven to desperation, resolved to make another attempt to save him, and so one day not long ago he was startled by her entrance into a saloon where he sat playing cards with a party of boon companions. The woman took no notice of her husband, but boldly walked up to to the counter and called for a glass of beer. Turning to the crowd she said: 'Come gentlemen, and have a drink with me. If beer is good for men, it certainly ought to be for women,' and though the crowd was a little startled, as representative bummers, none of them except the husband, were unprepared to accept the invitation.

The drink was disposed of, when the lady ordered a second for the crowd, but made a very wry face as she struggled to get through with it. Setting he half-emptied glass on the counter, she said, 'I don't like beer; what else have you got?' The woman who officiated at the bar enumerated the varieties. 'I believe I'll try Tom and Jerry was the answer, and the crowd willingly helped her to dispose of a round of that also, her husband, meanwhile smiling desperately a sickly smile, with an effort to show that he thought the affair a good joke. Taking a seat then at one of the dirty tables, she sat down and said, 'Gentlemen I've got some money here that I have no other use for, let's play a game of seven-up, at two dollars a game?" And somebody played with her and at the same time instructed her in the game, and she lost of course, but 'manfully' paid every time, and as often treated the crowd as she lost. Finally as her utterance became thick and her head rolled to either side, and her conversation grew maudlin, her husband was able to stand it no longer. He rose from his seat and induced her to accompany him home, and arm in arm they started. Whatever of good the lesson may continue to work, it has certainly effected something toward his reclamation, for he has not been seen in a bar-room since.

### The Flow of Speech.

Though we all employ speech, says the *Popular Science Monthly*, yet we differ in ease and agreeableness of utterance. The voice is weak or powerful, as determined by the mode of action of the respiratory organs. The timbre is shary, harsh, sweet or harminious; this is determined by the conformation of the resonant cavities. Whatever quality of voice we happen to have naturally, is to be preserved, though it may be improved by constant attention to the ear, by steady observation, finally by training. Speech does not flow from its source with the same ease in all classes; here the mind is master, and mental qualities differ from one another to a far greater extent than physical aptitudes. Some persons express themselves without difficulty or hesitation—their thinking faculty acts as a continuous force; others seem to grasp a word or a phrase here and there—their thinking faculty is fluctuating, confused, undecided. A certain feeling of constraint produces stuttering, stammering. It used to be supposed that stuttering is the result of grave defects of the vocal organs, but such is not the case at all; this infirmity has its seat in the mind, and it may be cured or mitigated by systematic effort. It is shown by statistics that Provence, Languedoc, and Guiene contain a greater portion of stammerers in their population than any other portions of France. This statement, when first I saw it, was a surprise to me; it has always been thought that no one could possibly falter in his speech who was born near the Garonne.

HOSPITALITY IN TEXAS.—In no city in the United States, says the San Antonio *Herald*, is the travel-stained, weary traveler taken as good care of as he is in a San Antonio hotel. The manners and customs of the guests are carefally studied. A young man from the frontier, stopping at one of our hotels, told the clerk the other evening that he was going to be out late. "Just wait a minute," replied the accomodating clerk, and he rushed off, but soon reappeared with a large envelope, which he placed in the guest's breast pocket, with the remark: "That is a bond for your appearance before the Recorder, properly signed. As soon as you are arrested for being drunk and disorderly, just give the bond to the policeman, mention my name to him, and he will bring you home in a hack. Good-night! God bless you!"

A LITTLE DELAY ONLY.—Last Sunday evening, says a French papper, a man considerably more than half drunk presented himself at the police station.

Official—"Well, what do you want?"

Inebriate—"I want to be locked up."

O.—"Why?"

I.—"O, I get drunk every Sunday am locked up at night, but to-night I couldn't find any officer to take me up, so I thought I would come myself."

The sergeant reflects a moment, then replies sententiously:

"If you are able to find the road to the police station by yourself, you are not drunk enough to be locked up. Come back in an hour or so."

The Olympia *Standard* has entered on its XVII volume, and it has our best wishes for future prosperity.

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