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—FOR THE—
Farmer, Business Man, and Family Circle.
ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.
FRANK S. DEMENT,
PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

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SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE, No. 3, I. I.

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 of N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE,

No. 2, I. O. O. F., meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesday evenings of 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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Physician and Surgeon.
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Physician and Druggist.
☞ Prescriptions carefully filled at short notice. ja7-tf

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Chronic Diseases and Diseases of Women and Children a specialty.
Office hours day and night; always ready when duty calls. Aug.25,'76-tf

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Highest cash price paid for County orders.

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Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Special attention given to cases in the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City. 5apr1872-tf

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Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Nov. 1, 1875-tf

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MAIN ST., OREGON, CITY OREGON.
An assortment of watches, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' Weight Clocks, all of which are warranted to be as represented. ☞ Repairing done on short notice; and thankful for past patronage.
Cash paid for County Orders.

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PICTURE FRAMES, MOULDINGS AND MISCELLANEOUS GOODS.
FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
☞ At the Post Office, Main Street, east side. nov1.'75-tf

IMPERIAL MILLS.
LaRocque, Savier & Co.,
OREGON CITY.
Keep constantly on hand for sale Flour, Middlings, Bran and Chicken Feed. Parties purchasing feed must furnish the sack.

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

MILLER, CHURCH & CO.
PAY THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR
WHEAT,
At all times, at the
OREGON CITY MILLS.
And have on hand FEED and FLOUR to sell, at market rates. Parties desiring Feed must furnish sacks. nov12-tf

TO FRUIT-GROWERS.
THE ALDEN FRUIT PRESERVING Company of Oregon City will pay the
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE
For PLUMS, PEARS and APPLES.
Mr. Thos. Charman is authorized to purchase for the Company.
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Oregon City, July 28, 1875-tf

OREGON CITY BREWERY.
HENRY HUMBEL,
HAVING purchased the above Brewery, wishes to inform the public that he is now prepared to manufacture a No 1 quality of
LAGER BEER.
As good as can be obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled.

Do Your Best.

The heart and mind of man to man
Must differ, it is true,
And so the deed our neighbor does
Perchance we ne'er could do;
And thus, in climbing fortune's height
To reach the fame in store,
If people only do their best,
The world will ask no more.

Does then the little humming bird
Its tender song forsake,
Because the nightingale's sweet voice
May softer music make?
Or does the tiny, twinkling star,
Which lends to earth its light,
Repine because some kindred orb
May chance to burn more bright?

And so thro' life we find that some
Are clad in praise and fame,
While others meekly plod along,
With naught to gild their name;
But when each life is recon'd up,
Its doings counted o'er,
If we can say, "I did my best,"
Our God will ask no more.

—*N. O. Picayune.*

A Double Harvest.

A farmer sat at his kitchen door,
Smoking his noonday pipe,
And over the fields his eyes were cast,
Where the grain so golden ripe,
Nodded away
Through the summer day,
With shadows and sunshine hard at play.

Down by the gate the farmer saw
(And he chuckled low in glee)
Two, who whispered together there;
"So!" said the farmer; "I see!
If I guess aright,
And their skies are bright,
There'll be harvesting soon with main and might."

The weeks went by, and the old barn groaned
With the might of harvest store;
But the farmer laughed, for well he knew
There remained one harvest more,
Since Cupid had sown,
With grain of his own,
A crop that love must harvest alone.

The farmer sat at his kitchen door,
When the evening meal was done,
And he laid a kiss on his daughter's brow,
And welcomed his new-found son;
And the harvest time,
With wedding bells chime,
Sang its lays into merry rhyme.

Some Experiments with Fire.

BY M. QUAD.

I knew him for months and months, and yet I did not know his name. I called him "Spon," and he answered to it as readily as he would have answered to any other. He was small of stature, bent with age, and his scanty locks were as white as snow.

Most men took him to be a beggar, or some old man waiting to die. When I came to know him I found that he had a little old shop on a quiet street, and that he had not a relation on earth. I cannot name the shop. It was not a tailor-shop, or a shoe-shop, or a junk shop, and yet it was all three, and he kept herbs and medicines besides. No one liked him, and yet all respected him. He was reserved, and yet he was free to answer questions. He gave his history to all honest inquirers, and yet they really learned nothing about him.

Such was my strange old man. One night a fire broke out in a building designed for a drug store. The store was furnished with walnut shelving and counters, and pine ceiling. Everything had been oiled and some of it varnished, and the store would have been occupied in another week. The fire was under good headway when discovered, and the whole interior was burned out.

"What caused it?" I asked a fireman after the flames had been extinguished.

"Some one set fire to it," he answered.

"If you say that you lie!" cried a strange voice, and we looked up and found my strange old man. That was our introduction. I laughed at him, but he maintained such a serious look that my curiosity was aroused and I inquired:

"Why do you say that?"

"Come with me," he answered, and he would not let go my arm until we stood at the door of his little old shop. We went in and sat down, and presently he commenced:

"It was neither accident nor incendiarism. There was no stove there to drop a spark, and doors and windows were locked against incendiaries. It was simply a case of spontaneous combustion. The light, dry woods were soaked with oil, the floor covered with rags and shavings, and not even a pane of glass out to ventilate the room."

I was not a believer in spontaneous combustion, and I made light of his remarks.

"Come here to-morrow and I will convince you," he answered, and after some further discussion I went away. He had spoken of spontaneous combustion; I named him "Spon." He was old; I called him "Old Spon."

Old Spon was a character for a sketch, and hoping to find him full of anecdote and adventure, and smiling at the absurdity of his theory, I called at his shop the next day as requested. He was ready for me, and he took up the subject at once.

"I am going to reproduce that drug store," he said, pointing around the room. "Here is a box, shavings, oil and rags. Let me prove to you that it does not need fire to make fire."

He had some fine walnut and pine shavings, and some bits of dry board. He poured boiled linseed oil and a little varnish on these, some more on the rags, and then nailed all up in a starch-box.

"This is the drug store," he said, as he placed it on the counter, and you shall have an explanation of the fire. It is now noon; come here at 9 o'clock this evening.

I went away and almost forgot him until evening. When I reached his shop he was in good spirits and his face wore a bland smile.

"Put your hand on the box," he said. I obeyed, and to my great surprise found it warm—almost hot.

"You will have to wait an hour," he continued as we sat down; "combustion has already commenced."

So it had. There was a smell of burning cotton and heated wood, and within fifteen minutes after my arrival smoke poured from the box and was soon followed by flame. I could not take his word that he had not meddled with the box, and each little jet of flame leaping from the box was a theory in itself to support the main theory.

"You may receive it as a fact that, when oil and shavings and rags come together, a fire will result," he said. "Had I not allowed the box to stand here in the draft the flames would have consumed it two hours ago."

Within the next week we repeated the same experiment, with the same result, and we produced spontaneous combustion with oiled shavings alone and then with oiled rags. Since that time I have witnessed three fires in buildings which originated from oiled rags. Two of these were in paint stores, where the rags had been thrown in a heap on the floor, and the third was in a grocery store, where oil had accidentally been spilled on a heap of paper rags. The shop or factory or store which does not provide an iron chest for its greasy rags will sooner or later suffer from fire.

One day, not long after our first experiments, I met Old Spon on the street and we walked together. We passed by an old house which had just been converted into a store room for the reception of paper rags, and a large lot was just then being taken in. The old man looked into the building, then carefully noted the windows, and as he walked on he said:

"They are building a bonfire there!"

"How?" I asked.

"Every pane of glass is in place, the doors shut tightly, and there is no escape for the heat engendered by the rags," he replied. "If they do not secure ventilation, the building will burn within a week!"

He was right. On the third night after that—a close, sultry night—the old house was discovered to be on fire. The firemen gathered so promptly that the building was not greatly damaged, and they called it an incendiary fire. Old Spon was on hand and we found the identical sack in which combustion occurred—a sack containing several pieces of old silk, a quantity of paper and many pieces of old cotton. The flame had run up the side of the house and shown itself before half the sack was consumed, and we could trace it as easily as any one may trace the course of a highway.

About a month after this I had business in a large picture frame factory. I met Old Spon at the corner, and while I was in the factory office the old man went "mousing" through the various departments. Returning, he said to the superintendent:

"If your men are not more careful you will burn out here some day."

"How—why?" asked the official.

Old Spon led us to the room where the oil-finished frames were being finished up. It was a small, close room; the floor was spattered with oil; scores of oiled frames were hanging on the walls; there was a bushel or more of oiled rags on the floor and benches.

"We never have a stove here, even in winter," said the superintendent, as he looked around.

"Each one of those rags is a stove," replied the old man. "The windows are up now and the hot air has a chance to escape, but put them down and spontaneous combustion will fire the factory within six hours."

The superintendent smiled contemptuously as he turned to me, and on the way out he wanted to know if my old friend was not an escaped lunatic.

To follow this case through, I will add that one cold day in October, the employees of the finishing room put down the windows and left them down when they went home at six o'clock. At ten o'clock in the evening an alarm of fire was turned in from the factory, and the flames created damage to the amount of $3,000 before being conquered. One could trace the origin of the fire directly to the finishing room. That room was all ablaze before any other portion of the factory was touched. The cynical superintendent became a believer in spontaneous combustion, and the oiled rags are now thrown into iron boxes for the night.

A case in which spontaneous combustion could be more clearly traced soon occurred. A woman used a piece of old cotton and some linseed oil to brighten up the table of her sewing machine. Through her carelessness the rag afterwards found its way into the basket of soiled clothes, which was kept in a close closet. That night, within six hours after placing the rag in the closet, the house became filled with the smoke, and an investigation proved that the clothes-basket was on fire.

Old Spon was delighted when he heard of the incident. This made the third case of spontaneous combustion from oiled rags, and he was prepared to prove that rags alone would ignite under certain conditions. He went to a paper dealer's and selected several pounds of rags, some flannel, some cotton, some silk and a few bits of velvet, as a family might make up a "rag-bag" in the course of three months. These rags were placed in a soap-box, which had been provided with a glass end, and the box was placed in the window where it had the full strength of the sun. Within two hours the glass began to grow dim, and in three hours the rags were smoking. We waited another hour, and then the old man made an air-hole in the top of the box, raised the glass a little, and a forked tongue of flame leaped out of the hole and the box burned! We had indeed spontaneous combustion by shutting off ventilation. The woolen and the velvet had engendered the heat, the silk had acted as a telegraph wire for it, and the cotton, old and soft as down, had struck the spark.

A lot of paper rags hung in a tight closet, or piled up in a store where there is no ventilation, will sooner or later start a fire. There are dealers who know this, and who would as soon think of throwing a lighted match into cotton-batting as of closing the storage-room against ventilation. The lower sash of at least one window should be taken out during the summer, and it would be better to leave an opposite one raised a few inches, so as to secure a strong draught. A few months since some oiled rags in the basement of a Detroit picture store took fire on a hot Sunday morning and called out the fire department, although one of the basement windows was open for ventilation. It was through this window that the smoke poured and gave the first alarm.

At the Detroit House of Correction, in December, 1870, one of the prisoners employed in the chair-finishing room, piled up a bundle of oiled rags in a corner as the bell rang for close of working hours, and at eight o'clock, only two hours after, the shop was fired by spontaneous combustion and several thousand dollars damage done. The room was close, contained many chairs just finished, and as soon as the rags were piled and packed together the foundation was laid for a destructive conflagration.

The Detroit Car and Manufacturing Works, during a period of three years, had three fires from spontaneous combustion, each fire being traced to oiled rags. That establishment is now provided with iron boxes for storage of rags, and on one occasion a fire took place in one of these boxes, the result of spontaneous combustion, and burned up all the rags.

About two years ago, one winter evening, the watchman at the Michigan Central Railroad car shops, located a short distance below the company's passenger depot in the city of Detroit, passed through the pattern and wood shop and found everything safe and quiet. Fifteen minutes later he was alarmed by the smell of smoke, and while mounting the stair leading to the second story of the shop, the flames burst out in one end and the entire shop was destroyed within an hour. A pattern-maker had used some oil and a rag just before six o'clock to oil a pattern just finished, and he had probably flung the rag among the shavings. There was no stove in that end of the shop, smoking was prohibited, and no one had a doubt that the conflagration was brought about through the medium of that oiled rag.

But spontaneous combustion does not depend upon the presence of oiled rags and shavings. Three or four years ago, at seven o'clock in the evening, the front windows, blinds, glass and sash, of a Detroit wholesale dry goods house were blown into the street with a noise like the rumble of thunder, and the store was ablaze in an instant. The porter left the store an hour before the explosion and a policeman tried the doors not ten minutes previously. The gas had all been turned off, the steam pipes were nearly cold, and there was no light around the store. There was no smell of gas, no oils nor fluids inside, and it was a wonder to most minds how the fire caught. The house had an immense stock of dry goods, and when closed for the night the store was like a dry-kiln. The heat thrown out by the goods was like gas, and finally became powerful enough to force its way out. A gas-light was burning in front, and when the hot air struck this the fire traveled back into the store like a flash of lightning. The very same thing occurred soon after at another store on another street, and the circumstances pointed so strongly to spontaneous combustion as the agent that each fire was recorded under that heading in the record-book of the fire department.

My old friend made another experiment. Procuring a bottle of liquid "warranted to remove grease, printer's ink, etc.," from any sort of fabric, he exhausted the contents in pouring them over cotton rags and pieces of worsted dress goods and bits of woolen. These pieces were placed in a box, as ladies would hang their dresses in a closet, and in less than five hours the box was on fire. The liquid contained turpentine, and perhaps benzine, and was almost as dangerous as gunpowder. Bits of cloth saturated with liquids no doubt often find their way into paper rag sacks, and in time they are almost certain to become the agents of a disastrous conflagration.

It is claimed and denied with equal vehemence that steam-pipes are and are not the agents of conflagrations. My old friend and I have made more than a score of experiments, with varying success. Where steam-pipes ran along a well-ventilated room we have placed bits of cotton and paper on them and left them there for weeks, to lift them up unscorched by contact. Again, where the pipes ran along a brick wall, unbroken by windows for a long distance, and where the room was close, we have scorched pine blocks as black as tar in two days. We have never succeeded in producing actual fire, but have heated the blocks to such a degree that they could not be held in the hand. In a factory where there is much dust and poor ventilation, a bit of iron can be made so hot by leaving it on the steam pipes for a while that it will start a fire among shavings or rags if knocked off. Steam-heating is doubtless the safest method of warming factories, stores and dwellings, but it has its dangers unless ventilation is provided for. There is warmth and heat there, and it is warmth and heat which paves the way for a blaze. The thoughtlessness of an employe in dropping an oily rag or a handful of shavings upon steam pipes or in close proximity, may not burn the building to-morrow, but a conflagration will sooner or later come.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CARPENTER, who was always prognosticating evil to himself, was one day upon the roof of a five-story building upon which rain had fallen. The roof being slippery, he lost his footing, and as he was descending towards the eaves, he exclaimed, "Just as I told you!" Catching, however, on an iron spout, he kicked off his shoes, and regained a place of safety, when he thus delivered himself: "I knowed it; there's a pair of shoes gone."

ALWAYS ready to take the stump—The dentist.

Diseases of Our Own Causing.

On an average, one-half of the number of out-patients treated by a hospital-surgeon suffer from diseases due primarily to a want of knowledge of the laws of health and cleanliness. 1. The ignorance of hygienic laws, which affects so disastrously the health of the rich as well as the poor, exists chiefly in regard to dress, ablution, and ventilation. This statement may, at first, appear startling, but an enumeration of the diseases that can be constantly traced to the above causes will show upon how sound a basis the statement rests. The following are examples: Varicose ulcers from dress; skin-diseases from want of cleanliness; chest-diseases and fevers from defective ventilation. The vast number of ulcerated legs treated in the out-patient department of hospitals, in workhouse infirmaries, and in private practice, arise from varicose veins. Now, a varicose ulcer is caused by a distended condition of the veins of the leg, which have to sustain the pressure of the blood caused by gravitation. In varicose veins, the valves which help to support the column of blood are to a great extent destroyed, through the veins having been distended by mechanical obstruction to the free return of the blood from the extremities, thereby distending the lower veins and separating the edges of the valves. Thus, the weight of an uninterrupted column has to be borne by the veins. This, of course, causes further distention, giving rise to congestion of the capillaries of the skin, and causing swelling, eczema, and ultimately ulceration. This is the varicose ulcer so common in the laboring classes. It is always difficult to heal, and often impossible, except by prolonged rest in bed. Hence it is the dread of the surgeon, and the cause of misery to thousands. Varicose ulcers are seldom admitted into general hospitals, so that hundreds of poor families are driven to the workhouse, and such cases form a majority in the workhouse infirmary. The most frequent and flagrant cause of obstruction is the ordinary elastic garter. Children should never wear them at all, as the stockings can be perfectly well kept up by attachment of elastic straps to the waistband. If garters are worn, it is important to know how to apply them with the least risk of harm; at the bend of the knee the superficial veins of the leg unite, and go deeply into the under part of the thigh beneath the ham-string tendons. Thus a ligature below the knee obstructs all the superficial veins, but if the constriction is above, the ham-string tendons keep the pressure off the veins which return the blood from the legs; unfortunately, most people, in ignorance of the above facts, apply the garter below the knee. Again, in nine out of ten laboring men, we find a piece of cord or a buckled strap tightly applied below the knee, for what reason I could never learn. Elastic bands are the most injurious. They follow the movements of the muscles, and never relax their pressure on the veins. Non-elastic bands during muscular exertion become considerably relaxed at intervals, and allow a freer circulation of the blood.—*Thomas Bond, in Popular Science Monthly.*

LITTLE CHILDREN.—Children are the poetry of the world—the fresh flowers of our hearts and homes—little conjurors, with their "natural magic," evoking by spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think—if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but grown-up men and women, how we should long for the sight of a little child. Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office is "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children," and draw "the disobedient to the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life.

SALT BEEF.—To salt beef for long keeping, first, thoroughly rub salt into it and let it remain in bulk for twenty-four hours, to draw off the blood; second, take up, letting it drain, and pack as desired; third, have ready a brine prepared as follows: For one hundred pounds of beef, use seven pounds of salt; saltpetre and cayenne, each one ounce; treacle, one quart; soft water, eight gallons. Boil and skim well, and when cold pour it over the beef.

SOAP MAKING.—A farmer says: After the family soap has been made in the spring, the grease that accumulates and laid aside during the summer often gets maggoty. To avoid this, the following is a good plan: Have a kettle full of lye, and throw all bacon rinds, etc., into this kettle, and when fall comes you will be surprised at the nice lot of soft soap you will have; and even if a rat falls in, will be changed into soap just the same.

A CHILD'S BED.—A child's bed should slope a little from the head to the foot, so that the head may be a little higher than the feet. But never bend the neck to get the head on a pillow. This makes the child round-shouldered, cramps the veins and arteries, and inteferes with the free circulation of the blood. Even when the child is several years old, the pillow should be thin, and made of hair, not feathers.

MILK FOR BOWEL COMPLAINT.—The London *Milk Journal* says that a pint of milk heated a little, but not boiled, taken every four hours, will check the most violent diarrhœa, stomach ache, incipient cholera and dysentery.

Mary Miller.

The Detroit police are ahead again.

Mary Miller, the most notorious and successful shop-lifter in the United States, was captured in this city yesterday by Superintendent Rogers and Detective John B. Stadler, almost in the very act of plying her calling.

For a long time the police of New York, Boston, Chicago, and, in fact, most of the large cities in the East, West and Northwest have been on the watch for this woman, but she proved too clever for them until she invaded Michigan.

A few years ago she was taken in Grand Rapids for theft and sentenced to the Detroit House of Correction for three years. She served her time and afterward went to St. Paul, from which point she carried on her operations until her capture in this city yesterday.

She is said to be the leader of an organized gang whose ramifications extend from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and the police cherish a legend that during her career of crime Mrs. Miller has personally stolen and disposed of upwards of $150,000 worth of goods.

"Why," said Superintendent Rogers yesterday in conversation with a reporter of the *Free Press*, "this woman is the smartest thief in America. She will go into any wholesale dry goods house and get away with $500 worth of goods in a day. Fact. She has actually been known to do it, and that, too, right in the face and eyes of men especially employed to watch her."

"When did she arrive in Detroit?" inquired the reporter.

"Wednesday noon."

"How did you know she was here?"

"O, we have a way of posting ourselves as to the movements of such distinguished characters, and not one of them has ever tumbled to the way in which we get on to them."

"Have you a picture of the Miller?" persisted the reporter.

"No, we haven't one just now (with a sly twinkle), but we hope to have one before long."

"Has she been operating in Detroit?"

"I should rather think so. Just step into my office and I'll show you."

The reporter followed the Chief into the inner sanctum at headquarters, and there saw spread out on a table dry goods enough to fill an ordinary sized packing trunk. They were laid off in neat little piles, and upon further inquiry the reporter learned that the entire lay-out had been stolen by Mrs. Miller in this city within twenty-four hours after her arrival, the victims being Edson, Moore & Co., Chas. Root & Co., and J. K. Burnham & Co.

The plunder which belongs to Edson, Moore & Co. consists of twenty-five boxes of sewing-silk, five pieces of veil goods and several smaller articles. The Chas. Root & Co. pile includes five pieces of silk binding and a whole piece of mohair dress goods. At J. K. Burnham & Co.'s she had gathered in a large quantity of lace, two pieces of inserting, half a dozen baby bibs, a lot of silk handkerchiefs and mufflers, four pieces of braid, and several articles of fine underwear.

"Tell me," said the reporter, "how you managed to catch so clever a thief."

"Well, I'll tell you the whole story and you can do what you like with the facts," replied the Chief. "We have been on the lookout for this woman some time. Wednesday night Mr. Stadler and I learned that she had arrived, and our first step was to ascertain whether her visit here meant business or not. We soon found out that she was stopping at the Franklin House, and that she had what the fly cops call a "stall" with her. By "stall" is meant in this case Mrs. Miller's son, a young man of good appearance, who personates the country merchant in want of a stock of goods. Their mode of working a town is bold and simple, and only the most expert shoplifters succeed on this plan. They first get their eyes on a number of wholesale houses. The old woman wears a dress in which is a pocket (or a cavern you might more appropriately call it), of at least two-bushel capacity. Over this dress she wears a long waterproof cloak, and for that reason she usually selects rainy or threatening weather for her heaviest ventures, in order that no suspicion may attach to her style of dress. Her son, who, you remember, is the country merchant, goes with her into a wholesale house, exhibits his memoranda of goods wanted, and while he engages the salesman in conversation or in exhibiting goods, the old woman employs herself in stowing away valuable articles; and you may be very sure she makes the most of her time, as witness the results of to-day's work."

"I see you know her method, but please to tell me the exact manner of her capture," said the interlocutor.

"Well, as I indicated before, we felt morally certain that she had come to Detroit on a business expedition, and when we saw her and her son coming out of Edson, Moore & Co.'s about noon we knew they had finished their morning's work. So Stadler and I started leisurely toward the Franklin House. The Millers went up Jefferson avenue to Randolph street and down Larned street toward the hotel. We met them on Larned, between Bates and Randolph. I interviewed the mother while Stadler pald his addresses to the son."

"What did they say when you made known your business?"

"The youngster blustered indignantly, but the old woman took in the situation with the philosophy of the veteran she is, and held her tongue."

"Did you let them go to the hotel?"

"No. We took them directly to the Central Station. I told Mrs. Miller to disgorge. She wanted to know how we knew her name, but finally concluded that inasmuch as we were acquainted with it it would be of no use to stand off. She turned out the Edson, Moore & Co. plunder you see here, acknowledged her calling and identity, and was led off to a cell, where she will be kept until taken before the Police Justice. The son will also be held and a joint complaint will be made against them."

"Where did you find the plunder taken from the other stores?"

"That was stowed away in her room at the hotel. You see every time she made a haul she went to her room and unloaded, and that accounts for the fact that we only found on her person the goods last stolen."

"How does she manage to dispose of so much property?"

"Why, she has "fences" (buyers of stolen property) all over the country. It is possible she may have intended to dispose of her Detroit harvest right here. I am not sure as to that; but the plan she has usually pursued is to go on stealing until she has a trunk full and then ship it to some one of her numerous fences. She never stays in a town longer than two or three days at most, and in nine cases in ten she is hundreds of miles away before the merchants discover their losses."

"One would naturally conclude that she is now in a fair way to renew her former acquaintance with the House of Correction," said the reporter.

"Y-e-s; the case has a leaning that way," replied the Chief, with an affectionate glance at his array of "evidence" on the table.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Woman's Love.

There is a morbid sentiment in society, that, in a kind of an abstract manner, glorifies a great criminal, and he who can boast of "one virtue and a thousand crimes," has a hold upon the memory of the public that can not easily be shaken off. In like manner the plebeian boor who burned the Temple of Diana was more famous than the royal architect who reared it. An instance in point was the marriage in Council Bluffs yesterday of "Sandy," alias George Melville, whose swindling games and greater crimes, and his frequent marvelous escapes from death by bullet and halter, have made him famous throughout the entire West. Bewitched by the fatalities that have always followed the man, discovering some good points that gleamed out of his dark career of crime, and admiring in him those very qualities that have made him an outcast in society, a woman has followed him, often with her presence, always with her love, and yesterday she sealed the compact existing between them by marrying him under the most humiliating circumstances.

To those who have not the prior knowledge of him, Sandy will be remembered by the people of this community by his attempt with Clinton to swindle an old man by selling a lot of spurious gold coins in exchange for greenbacks. It will be remembered that the men were both arrested and were tried before the United States Commissioner at Council Bluffs, and "Sandy" sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the Iowa Penitentiary. While awaiting trial, or rather while being conducted to the Justices' Court for the preliminary examination, Sandy attempted to escape from the officer, in two different instances, and was shot at and hit by the officer, in the latter case being wounded so badly that it was reported that he could not recover. As these troubles collected around Sandy, the love of the woman who has at last married him, grew stronger, and she haunted the jail like a spectre, finally gaining the permission of the officer, she entered and nursed him through the hour when his life was despaired of, and at last when the stern decree of the law interposed its edict, and declared that they should be separated by the stronger, firmer bars of the State Penitentiary, the woman sought and obtained the privilege of the officers to marry him before he was taken from her. The necessary arrangements were made, and the two strangely matched beings were married in the Jail, the ceremony being performed by a Justice of the Peace. The witnesses were the prisoners, who were ordered to remain as the rear end of the hall, and a few persons who were permitted to look inside through the grates of the front door. It was a queer spectacle, and shows what a woman will do for the man she loves. There was Sandy, alias Melville, or as she claims Melody, being the name under which he was married, just ready to be shackled, preparatory to starting for Fort Madison, where he is to serve a term of five years' imprisonment. There was a woman, young, and of attractive appearance, clinging to a criminal, willing and auxious to bear his name and share with him all the obloquy attached thereto. But then such is woman's nature, and such has it always been from the time of Eve. As they stood there assuming the obligations of the marriage vow, the thought was well defined in each mind how different it would have been had the relation of the parties been reversed, and the woman the criminal instead of the man. The chances are, in a case of that kind, that the man, even if he had been the cause of committing the crime, would have deserted her in the last extremity, and left her to bear her disgrace alone, and probably have felt a secret joy that he was able to place the blame all on her.—*Omaha Herald.*

TURKISH PRINCESSES CHOOSING HUSBANDS.—The Paris *Temps* states that the husbands of the Princesses of the imperial house of Turkey are known by "the generic name of Damats." A Damat is generally a young Bey of good family, to whose appearance a princess takes a fancy, for these ladies have the agreeable privilege of choosing their lords, and it is one which is not unfrequently exercised, greatly to the mortification of the latter. "I could cite an instance," says the writer, "where a very handsome young man was rightfully disgusted at being pitched upon by a Princess of thirty summers, whose blear eyes had a diabolical aspect." But appeal or resistance was useless. He had to surrender. The compensation lies in appointments and allowances.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.—Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy, on hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars of heaven. —*Chalmers.*

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