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—FOR THE—
Farmer, Business Man, and Family Circle.
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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.

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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.

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

Morning, Noon, and Evening.

She came like the morning, so fresh and so fair,
With brow sullied neither by sorrow or care;
So gentle, so tender, angelic, and bright,
She seemed one unearthly—a being of light.

Not a sigh had escaped from that bosom of snow.
She dreamed not of sorrow, she thought not of woe;
She knew not that men could so faithlessly smile,
Or the vows of a lover be prompted by guile.

I knew her as such in her morning of life,
But the noontide was passed amid sorrow and strife;
That form once so bright, and that face once so fair,
Were faded and worn by the furrows of care.

That love-beaming eye, which with gayety shone,
Its sweetness was left, but its brightness was gone;
She smiled, but how alter'd, how holy, how faint,
Once she smiled like a fairy, but now like a saint.

I saw her again, but the struggle was past,
And the end of her sorrows drew near to the last;
Her look was resigned and her beauty so bright,
For a space was restored like a heavenly light.

We deem'd that she slept, but her spirit was flown,
The best flower of creation was perished and gone.
The morning was calm and the noontide was wild,
But the evening of life like the sleep of a child.

The Diamond Ring.

"Roxie, Roxie, child!"

A young girl, lovely as the morning, disengaged herself from the laughing group around her, to reply to the lady who called her.

"Well, auntie?" she said, with a backward toss of the softest, brightest curls, and a look of saucy defiance out of arch, hazel-brown eyes.

"What was that I heard you say just now?"

Roxie colored, but looked saucy still, and laughed.

"I don't care," she said, pouting very becomingly the next moment; "I do like Frank Thorley, although he is papa's clerk. I shouldn't have said so, only Ellen Richmond was making fun of what she calls his assurance in dancing with me so often to-night."

"I wouldn't dance with him again, my dear."

"Why not, pray?" Roxie exclaimed, elevating her graceful eyebrows.

"Because you are a very pretty girl, and he is a very handsome, impressionable young man. You may do him much harm."

"I?"

"Such flattering preference as you are evincing for young Thorley's society is enough to turn any young man's head; and coming from a girl in your position, to a man in his, is calculated to do harm. Take my advice, Roxie; he already sees no one in the room but you. Lavish your witcheries on some one less liable to lose his wits in consequence of them."

Roxie turned away from her aunt a little pettishly, and stole from under her thick lashes a furtive glance in young Thorley's direction. He was, indeed, watching her, with his heart in his handsome eyes; and the vain little beauty flushed with pleasure.

It was not long before Frank Thorley asked her to dance with him again.

"He is so handsome and graceful, and so entertaining," Roxie mused, during the instant's hesitation. "I *will* dance with him—there!"

And away she floated in airy circles.

"It can't do any harm," she continued, with some inward misgiving, as her eyes met auntie's mildly disapproving look, or fell beneath the impassioned and almost too frankly admiring glance of her companion; "of course he knows I am particularly kind to him, because he's papa's clerk; and he can't be so ridiculous as to fall in love with me really, and it isn't likely we shall ever be together this way again."

Miss Roxie, however, was mistaken in her calculations. She had indulged a momentary whim, and had insisted upon his attending her party.

As a consequence, somebody else invited him, and then somebody else, and he was so handsome and entertaining—such a graceful addition to any circle—that before the winter was over, he had become very popular, and received more invitations than he was able to accept. Roxie was surprised, but secretly pleased at this, and at the continuance of his undisguised and almost romantic devotion to herself. Roxie accepted this devotion with occasional reluctance, occasional misgiving as to where it was to end; but she liked it too well to lose, and was perhaps more interested at heart than she realized herself.

Imagine her consternation when Frank Thorley asked her to *marry* him!

"I—I'm sorry, Frank," she murmured, almost incoherently, as she dropped into a seat.

Thorley's eyes flashed momentarily.

"You've done a wicked thing, Miss Roxie Lyle," he said. "If ever woman led man to believe she loved him, you did me."

Roxie stopped him there with a haughty gesture, and an angry, "You forget yourself, Mr. Thorley;" and she swept imperially past him, back to the drawing-room she had quitted a moment before on his arm.

Mr. Vincent Lyle was at the head of one of the oldest firms in the city. He was a man of sterling integrity and uprightness himself, and sternly severe upon any dereliction in another. His clerks were all liberally paid; and a young man who could obtain a situation, be it ever so subordinate, with Lyle & Co., was considered to have secured an uncommonly good start in life. Dishonesty or unfaithfulness among the clerks of the firm was rare; partly because of the discrimination exercised in engaging them, partly because of the severe and summary reckoning exacted from the few offenders.

Mr. Vincent Lyle was not inclined therefore to deal leniently with the author of some small but daring speculation that had been going on of late. Woe to the guilty one, when he discovered him; and from the searching investigation he was making, he was likely to do that soon. The matter worried him so long it baffled him; and he was sitting in his luxurious library at home, pondering it, when Frank Thorley sent in a note to him.

The merchant started, as he read, muttering:

"Sharp fellow, Thorley. I wasn't deceived in him! Show him up, John."

Mr. Lyle shook hands with him warmly when he came in; but Thorley seemed strangely reluctant, and not noticing the seat the merchant offered him, remained standing on the hearth opposite, his face pale and his eyes in an unwonted glitter.

"Glad to see you, Thorley, glad to see you. Shan't forget it if you can give me any clew to the author of this scandalous business," Lyle said.

"Behold him," Frank said, getting whiter yet.

Mr. Lyle stared.

"It was I who stole your money," Frank repeated, with a half desperate emphasis on the obnoxious word in the sentence.

Mr. Lyle stared incredulously a few moments still, before he could realize the stupendousness of the fact. He was terribly angry then. The very fact that he had been so ready to vouch for young Thorley made his unfaithfulness doubly culpable. He remembered suddenly the gay life the young man had been leading of late, vague rumors of which had reached his ears, and said sternly, as soon as he could master his voice enough:

"If you come here, thinking to move me to thoughts of clemency, you will find yourself mistaken."

"Not for myself, Mr. Lyle," he said at last, speaking with difficulty; "but for my mother's sake I do ask your clemency; not to retain me in your employment, but to give me a chance to begin again somewhere else."

"And serve some one else as you have me?" the merchant exclaimed, with ironical anger. "It is rather late to think of your mother, young man."

"I know it, sir. If I had suffered no other love to enter my heart but love her, I should not stand here the guilty wretch I am to-night. Yet for her sake spare me. I am her only son—her only support. If you expose me you strike her to the heart."

Mr. Lyle made an impatient movement.

"I tell you, you should have thought of this before. It is too late now; you have had your chance and abused it wickedly. You must take the consequences."

Thorley was trembling, and he could hardly stand.

"Mr. Lyle," he said, huskily, "do you know how old I am? I am nineteen, sir, and I never touched a farthing that was not my own before."

"It is time to end this," Mr. Lyle said, rising and approaching the bell.

"Wait one moment, sir," Frank Thorley said, passing between him and the bell-pull; and his desperate, anguished look stayed Mr. Lyle an instant. "Shall I tell you who tempted me to do this—whose beautiful face came between me and right, and lured me on to ruin? As you hope for mercy hereafter, sir, hear me! Hear how I came to fall, and then refuse to be merciful, if you can."

"I am listening," said the merchant.

"I never saw London till two years ago, and you yourself have commended me for withstanding its temptations. You know, sir, that I neither drink nor gamble. The smallness of the amount I have taken must prove that your money was not spent in that way. You have been pleased to be very kind to me, sir. Do you remember urging upon me the acceptance of an invitation to a party given by your daughter? I was reluctant, but I went, and from that hour my fate was sealed. The most fascinating as well as the most heartless of coquettes did not scorn to set her snares for me, to dazzle me with her loveliness, and lure me with her smiles. There is no intoxication like the first love of youth, sir; don't you know that? There is no frenzy like that inspired by a woman who makes you love her. I lived in a delirium; I was mad on account of this woman whom I loved, and who seemed to love me, and I incurred a debt for her—a debt which, in a wild moment, a moment when I had just been scornfully cast off by her—I paid with your money."

"What was your debt?" Mr. Lyle asked, briefly.

"It was for a ring."

"A ring with a diamond set in a cluster of rubies?" the merchant asked, with a flash of remembrance.

"Yes, sir," Thorley said, reluctantly.

The merchant sat down, and, motioning Thorley to a seat, remained some moments thoughtful, and with his face averted. Then, touching the bell, he waited, while Frank Thorley covered his face with his hands.

"Tell Miss Roxie I wish to see her here," he said to the servant who answered his summons.

Roxie was just going out, and she came dressed as she was for the party, fleecy white floating about her like cloud-wreaths, her lips red, her cheeks aglow, and her eyes sparkling.

She reddened somewhat at the sight of Frank Thorley's ghastly face.

"Did you send for me, papa?" she asked of her father, who sat with his face in shadow.

For reply, he reached and took her ungloved hand in his. It was a dainty hand, slender, small, and white, and glittering with rings. He put his finger upon one, a small diamond surrounded by rubies, and lifted his glance to hers.

Roxie shrank a little, and looked as though she were going to cry.

Turning toward Frank Thorley, Mr. Lyle said: "Upon one condition I will forgive you. Repeat what you have just said to me, in the presence of this misguided girl."

Poor Frank Thorley! Perhaps he thought even exposure would be preferable to such humiliation before her whom he loved. Perhaps a second thought of his mother came and nerved him. He hesitated only a moment, and told his story with a half desperate, half sarcastic eloquence, that took the vivid color out of Roxie's brilliant face, and left it white and scared.

"Won't you forgive me, Frank?" she cried, and clung to her father with a burst of sobs.

"Will you forgive her, Frank Thorley, or not?" demanded Mr. Lyle.

"Heaven knows I forgive her, sir, as I hope to be forgiven."

"Thank you, sir. I think she has wronged you more than you wronged me, and I will show you, young man, how I can forgive, to-morrow."

But when the morrow came, Frank Thorley had left London, with his mother; and vain were all Mr. Lyle's efforts to discover him.

Years passed. There came a financial crash; and though everybody supposed Lyle & Co. to be established on too firm a basis to be shaken, they were not able to outride the storm.

Scrupulously honest now as ever, Mr. Lyle gave up everything; made no effort to save so much as Roxie's piano from going under the hammer.

"Never mind, papa," she said softly to him that last night before the sale; "we have still each other, and I am young. Perhaps I may find some use now for those accomplishments you have lavished upon me so freely. You didn't think," she added, with an attempt at gayety, "that you were putting money by when you were spending it on me, did you?"

"Heaven knows what is to become of us!" moaned the unhappy merchant. "To-morrow at this time we shall have no right even to the roof that shelters our heads. But Heaven bless you, my child, for this sweet courage. It is something to have so brave a child. You have been used to such freedom from care, though, Roxie. I wish you had married, dear, and you would have had a home now."

"I have got you, papa, and there's nobody I like better."

"Nobody, Roxie?"

The soft cheeks flushed a little and the red lips trembled.

"Don't ask me, papa. There's nobody now," she said, hiding her face on his shoulder.

"Was it some one who went away?"

"Yes," faintly.

"I thought so, dear. It's like you women to love the man they have wronged most."

The two hid away in the remotest corner of the house while the auction was going on the next day, and Roxie exerted herself incredibly to sustain her father's heavy heart. He grew old fast in those few hours. This losing his home seemed to hurt him cruelly.

The sale was over, and they still sat there alone, waiting, perhaps, to see if some friend would not come to speak a word of counsel or comfort in this trying hour.

There was a hesitating knock at the door presently, and a gentleman came in.

Mr. Lyle, seeing that it was a stranger, said: "You are, perhaps, the new proprietor?"

The stranger bowed and said, "I bought everything in trust for a friend of Mr. Lyle's, who requested me to say to him that his home was as much his now as it ever was."

Mr. Lyle lifted his head and looked at the man, and from him to Roxie, in a sort of bewilderment.

"What does he mean, Roxie?"

Roxie had come forward breathless, her face red and white in swift changes.

"Papa," she cried, running to him and sobbing upon his neck, "it's Frank Thorley."

"No, no, Roxie," the merchant said, incredulously.

"It is Frank Thorley, sir," Frank said, now coming nearer; "and he wishes fervently that he had come sooner. I am a rich man, Mr. Lyle, thanks to you for giving me another chance in life, and I have come ready to discharge my obligation to you with my all. I have nothing, sir, that is not yours also."

"Don't, Frank! I was only just, scarcely that; it seems good to see you, though, like the face of an old friend. We haven't many friends now, you know."

Roxie had not spoken. It seemed she could not lift her face from her father's arm. But when Frank asked, gently:

"Have *you* no welcome for me, Roxie?"

"Have you forgiven me yet?" she asked, looking up suddenly.

"I have never married," he said, in a low voice; "and you——"

"Nor I," flushing and trembling.

"Roxie"—with sudden heat and eagerness—"I have loved you all these years."

"And I you."

The new firm is Lyle and Thorley. Frank would have it so.

WITTY WITNESS.—A lawyer, to be a good cross-examiner, must have a quick wit, and be always ready to use it. But, quick as he may be, he sometimes finds his match, especially when a woman is on the witness-stand.

"Oh, you say this gentleman was about fifty-five," said Canning to a pert young woman in the witness-box, "and I suppose now you consider yourself to be a pretty good judge of people's ages, eh? Ah, just so. Well, now, how old should you take me to be?"

"Judging by your appearance, sir," replied the witness, "I should take you to be about sixty. By your questions, I should suppose you were about sixteen."

Whether counsel had any more questions for this lady is not recorded.

ABOUT four hundred shanties are far out on the ice in Saginaw bay. These structures are made of thin wood, lined with heavy building paper, and rest on runners, so that they may be moved readily. The inhabitants are fishermen, who cut holes through the ice and capture great quantities of fish. The population is over a thousand, and there are stores, saloons, and a hotel in this strange village, which will last probably until March.

The First Steamboat.

In August, 1807, the first steamboat sailed up the Hudson. Those who saw the *Clermont* as, under the command of her inventor, Robert Fulton, she sailed against wind and tide, regarded her with wonder and anxiety, not unmixed, in some cases, with fear.

Newspapers were not abundant in those days, and the news of the previous day was not served up with the breakfast; consequently, many of the residents on the river's banks and the boatmen, also, were wholly ignorant of the strange craft which Fulton had built.

The farmer ran home to tell his wife and neighbors that he had seen the devil going up the river in a saw-mill.

The *Clermont* used dry pine for fuel, which sent forth a column of flame many feet above the top of the smoke-stack. When stirred up, the fuel shot forth volumes of sparks. In the night her appearance was not unlike what several groups of Indians, camped on the banks, called her, "The fire spirit, breathing forth flame and smoke, and lighting its path by its own fires."

Far down the river the crews of sloops saw the singular light. As it came nearer, they discerned that it shone from a huge craft sailing in the teeth of the wind, and against an ebb tide. Strange noises of jarring machinery and a fierce beating of the water, as with boards, were heard. What was it? Some ran below decks to escape the terrible sight. Others fell on their knees, and prayed for deliverance from the monster.

One ancient Dutchman, long an oracle in the village, almost dropped his precious pipe as the fire-boat passed, ejaculating, "Dunder and Blicksen!"

When the *Clermont* settled down to her work of carrying passengers and freight, the owners and captains of sloops found their business seriously diminished. One man, a noted captain, determined to build a boat that would beat the *Clermont*. He argued that as man power was cheaper and more efficient than steam power, his boat should be propelled by brawny arms and horny hands.

The boat was built in Esobus Creek, at Rondout on the Hudson. It had two side paddle-wheels, each of which was to be turned by a long wooden shaft working a crank. To each shaft was fitted a dozen wooden handles, by which the men were to work the shaft, turn the paddles, and thus propel the boat.

The boat when finished was moved down to the mouth of the creek, and the crew shipped, and a watch kept for the appearance of the *Clermont*. One morning she hove in sight. Immediately the lines of the man-power boat were cast off. The brawny arms and horny hands strained at the shafts, slowly the paddles revolved, still more slowly the boat moved forward a few hundred feet and—stopped.

The strain was too much for the endurance of human muscle. The *Clermont* steamed by, and the disappointed captain sullenly acknowledged that steam and iron were too much for arms and hands.

FOUR-FOOTED MAIL CARRIERS.—Between two of the remote towns of Michigan the mails are carried by means of dog teams. The sledge is simply a thin, flexible board, six or seven feet long, and a foot or more in width, turned up at one end to enable it to rise over obstacles in the path. Along the edge, on either side, is a low rail, to which the load is securely bound with cords. The burden carried usually consists of the bags, a few blankets, rarely a tent, provisions for a few days, a small axe, and a few other articles essential to this primitive mode of locomotion. The driver never rides, as his weight is too much for the strength of the animals and the frail sledge. The dogs are not noble looking animals, by any means. The truth is they are mangy curs, which are "driven" by being called on by the driver in advance, stimulated to some degree of speed by a famishing process and various ingenious kinds of torture, and occasionally helped along by propulsive aid from behind. Their weekly advent in Marquette is still the source of wondering curiosity and intense admiration of a large group of dirty urchins, who have a lingering love of the antique. One of the small attendants usually precedes the train on snow shoes, either to encourage the dogs to a greater speed, or to break the path and remove obstacles, as the road is narrow and circuitous.

UMBRELLAS IN AFRICA.—Umbrellas or, rather, parasols are the badges of royalty in Africa. King Coffee's umbrella was one of the most noted trophies taken by the English in the Abyssinian war. This, however, was a shabby affair in comparison with the handsome and gigantic sunshades just manufactured, to the number of forty, by a Glasgow firm. They have been ordered by a mercantile house in the same city, and are intended to be given as presents to African chiefs, with whom the merchants in question do business. Three of these parasols, or palanquins, as they are also called, are about thirty feet in circumference and the remainder about eighteen feet. They are covered with a rich variegated damask silk, fringed round the edges, ornamented with a gilt ball at the top, and lined with finished cloth. The handle, which is of lance-wood, is armed with a spike, for tenting purposes, and a bayonet joint at the end of the stick renders the whole more portable.

AN official estimate has just been made of the revenue of China. It is stated to amount to $125,000,000, raised by taxes on land, grain, the transit of goods, foreign imports, etc., and by the sale of ranks and degrees. Of this amount, $75,000,000, it is estimated, is spent upon the army. These amounts are irrespective of local dues, requisitions in kind, and of direct plunder on the part of Chinese officials. A remarkable feature of the budget is the small amount raised by land tax—only $30,000,000.

WE breathe easier now. The new counterfeit $1,000 notes now in circulation can be detected by their "greasy feel." It eats into an editor's salary fearfully to get "stuck" with four or five such notes in a week.—*Norr. Herald.*

Robinson Crusoe.

The iconoclasts have robbed us of William Tell and reduced Pocahontas to a prosaic savage, and now it is pleasant to give them a Roland for their Oliver by establishing the real existence of a hero of fiction heretofore regarded as a myth. The story of Robinson Crusoe made its appearance in 1719. The rare simplicity of the style, the naturalness of the incidents, the interest sustained throughout and the excellent lessons inculcated, gave it instant popularity, which it has always retained; and to-day, after the lapse of one hundred and fifty years, no similar production possesses such charms for the youthful reader.

Defoe was a fierce partisan in the struggle of thirty years' duration, which gave constitutional liberty to England, and this, together with his great literary success, aroused the enmity and envy which pursued him relentlessly through life.

The charge that he had stolen his materials from the narrative of Alexander Selkirk proceeded from his enemies, but was totally unfounded. Selkirk voluntarily went ashore on the island when it was frequented by ships, and the duration of his exile was a matter of his own choice. The incidents of his story bear no particular resemblance to those of Crusoe's life. Peter Serrano, who was shipwrecked on an island in the Carribean Sea, in the sixteenth century, and whose story is related in Gorcilaso's "History of Peru," published in London about the year 1700, probably gave Defoe the foundation of his romance.

Defoe aimed, above all else, at probability, and the story does not contain any inconsistency nor an impossible incident. The title has been taken for granted as the invention of the greatest novelist, but this is incorrect. It was stated some time since in a magazine article that Defoe first met with the name Robinson Crusoe on a tombstone in a graveyard at Lynn Regis, an important English seaport. The rarity of the name, and possibly the fact that its owner had been a sailor, commended it for his purpose. The Crusoe family is an old one in Lynn, and there is no other family of the name known than the one which hails from that locality. Curiously enough, they have usually been seafaring people.

During the war between France and Great Britain, in the early part of the present century, John Crusoe, of Lynn Regis, was in the navy and participated in the glorious action of Trafalgar. In 1815 he emigrated to America and settled at Fayetteville, N. C., where he resided for many years. A diary of his voyages, in his own handwriting, is in our possession, and gives evidence of scholarship and a mind of more than ordinary calibre.

In 1835 Captain Crusoe revisited Europe, and his diary is filled with interesting incidents of his journey. His grandchildren are now, and have been for some years, highly esteemed residents of the town of Versailles, and one of them bears the name of Robinson Du Brutz Crusoe. From this gentleman we learn that Robinson has always been a family name with his people, and this is confirmed by the diary of Captain Crusoe, who speaks of a nephew named Robinson, whom he saw on a visit to Lynn Regis in 1835.

These facts we believe to be perfectly authentic and reliable. The antiquarians are welcome to give them full investigation. Meanwhile, Versailles may let the outside world bubble with centennial enthusiasm and political excitement, content in the possession of a genuine Crusoe.

SELF-MADE MEN.—Relative to Cardinal Antonelli, there appears to be a pleasure manifested in stating from what a modest family he sprang. What does this prove? Have not the majority of celebrated men risen from the most humble positions in the social scale to reach the most elevated? Demosthenes was the son of a blacksmith, Virgil of a baker, Horace of a freedman, Theophrastes of a salesman, Amyot of a currier, La Moth of a hatter, J. B. Rosseau of a shoemaker, Moliere of an upholsterer, Quinaut of a working baker, Flechier of a tallow chandler, Rollin of a cutler, Massillon of a tanner, J. J. Rosseau, Dupont, and Beaumarchais of watchmakers. Was not Homer a mendicant? Francois Arago had a farmer for his father, Canova was attached to the service of the house of Falieri, Columbus was the son of a wood-carder, Cook of a peasant, Copernicus of a baker, D'Alembert (a foundling) was reared by a draper, and Franklin and Fulton started from much more miserable positions in life. Jacquard was the offspring of a weaver, Herschel was a street musician, Monge the son of a hay dealer, Bernard Palissy and Leplace were the children of peasants, and Volta was brought up on charity. Sixtus V. was a herder of pigs, and Colbert was the son of a cloth merchant. —*Galignani.*

COME ALONG.—The *Providence Press* relates the following story of a gallant colonel of a Rhode Island regiment during the earlier portion of his military life: "The regiment being at 'order arms,' our colonel desired to put the column in position. He therefore gave the order 'Forward march!' and rode off without looking behind him. No man moved in the ranks, and, after riding a short distance, the colonel discovered this fact. He turned, saying, 'What have I done now?' and was informed that it was impossible, from a military standpoint, for a column to move when at 'order arms.' 'O, well,' rejoined the matter-of-fact colonel, 'pick up them things and come along.' They came."

AT a recent meeting of clergymen in Washington City, statistics were adduced showing that there are 500 professional gamblers to 140 ministers of the gospel, and more money invested in gambling than in building churches. We think, however, these figures hardly do the gamblers justice.

IT took only eleven days to revise the constitution of New Hampshire, but it cost the State $20,000.

The First Steam Whistle.

The story of the first steam whistle on the Missouri river is amusing. Its introduction dates back to 1844. At that time the settlers on the Missouri river were in the habit of making regular yearly visits to St. Louis to do their trading for themselves and friends. They were not provided with daily intercourse with the outside world, and many who lived back from the river seldom, if ever, saw a steamboat more than once a year. It happened that during the fall of 1844 the new steamboat *Lexington* started up the Missouri river loaded down to the guards with freight. Among the passengers were Judge Joseph C. Ranson, now of this city; Theodore Warner, of Lexington; Ben. Holliday, afterward the famous overland stage proprietor; Col. Pomeroy, of Lexington, and a planter of Platte county named George Yocum.

The steamer *Lexington* was provided with a steam-whistle—the first used on the Missouri river—and as it happened no one knew about it except Warner, who was a wag and a lover of a joke. The night after leaving St. Louis the passengers were collected together in the cabin, when the talk turned upon steamboat explosions, then very common.

"I feel perfectly safe on this boat," said Warner.

"Why?" inquired Yocum, the planter.

"Why?" echoed the rest of the company.

"I will tell you why," said the wag, "This boat is provided with a new patent safety-valve, which notifies the passengers on board when it is about to blow up. It is a concern which makes a most unearthly noise, and when you hear it it is time to get back aft or jump overboard."

Notwithstanding the fact that Warner told his story with the most solemn and earnest countenance, some were skeptical. Not so, however, with the planter. Next morning, when the *Lexington* was steaming up the long, straight stretch of river just below Washington, Mo., the passengers were at breakfast. The meal had been called, and all were busily engaged in doing justice to the kind of meals they were accustomed to serve on steamboats in those days. Suddenly the whistle commenced to blow, the first time on the trip. The passengers looked at each other a moment, and horror and dismay spread itself over their faces. The first man to realize the situation and act was Yocum, the planter, who, with hair erect and blanched face, jumped up, crying as he pulled over one after another of the passengers:

"Run, run for your lives; the old thing's going to burst. Follow me and let's save ourselves."

Of course there was a stampede for the rear of the boat, and it was only by the exertions of some of the crew that the more excited were restrained from jumping into the river.—*Kansas City Times.*

The Orator and the Newspaper.

In its remarks upon Mr. Jonathan Wild, the Easy Chair has not alluded to a theory which has been recently put forth, that newspapers are taking the place of orators. There is an apparent reason for the remark. For in a country where newspapers daily at morning and evening discuss every public question in every way, and where newspaper reporters conduct investigations into every kind of subject, it might be supposed that nothing remained for the speaker when the writer had finished his task. But it is singular that the theorist did not remember one of several things. Reading a written word and hearing the same word spoken are by no means the same. A hundred people read a statement or an argument in a newspaper, but they are not conscious of its force until they hear it from living lips. Moreover, the most familiar thing in print have a fresh charm in the hearing, which may be inexplicable, but is certainly undeniable. The Easy Chair had heard Mr. Wendell Phillips deliver word for word a lecture which had been long printed in a book, and which it knew perfectly. Yet it listened with as much delight as a child listened to a story in which it corrects the teller.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A DONKEY RACE.—The officers of a cavalry regiment stationed at a dull English garrison town, lately got up a donkey race for their amusement, and very amusing it proved to be. One donkey took the lead from the start, and rapidly neared the goal amid the wildest shouting. When within a few feet of the winning-post his rider thought to put on a fine spurt, and so gave the beast the spur, but with disastrous effect. The brute put his head down, kicked furiously, stopped dead short, and would not budge an inch! Those who were running second and third saw their comrade's difficulty, and redoubled their efforts. Slowly but surely they came along, every stride bringing them nearer to the goal! At last the rider of donkey number one came to the conclusion that some action ought to be taken, and that at once. Should he let the prize slip from his hands, when it seemed almost within his grasp? He sprang to the ground without a moment's hesitation, and seizing his steed's tail, put it over his shoulder, and dragged the unwilling animal backwards past the post! An objection was lodged, but the decision was given in favor of the winner.

BOTANICAL GARDEN.—Mount Holyoke Seminary, at South Hadley, Mass., proposes to establish next spring a scientific botanical garden on a large scale. It is to be kept by a professional gardener, under the supervision of Miss Shattuck, the long-time botanist of the institution. A great variety of seeds and germs is now being collected for the purpose, which already includes many rare sorts. A collection which was procured at the Centennial contained Egyptian corn, lentils, castor-oil beans, rice, barley, etc. The school now numbers 265 pupils and 30 teachers.

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