se river they waded far, se shallows with laugh and shout, ag at last on the meks that lay has the aftermoon tide was out.

ne of the sea—it was in their eyes; id of the sun—it was in their hair. arises they laughed, df2 the maidens brave; by should they tremble, why need they care?

tagged and rushing, as dark as right, Joly a tutting of foam for crown, are at the base of the rocks so bare, trove the fierce breakers to pull them down. cases each maides her aunny head roudly as empress her crown of gold; sughingly mocking the breaken' rage, affird, defeated by maidens bold.

Ab, they forget that the side had turged! Slyly and softly it quickly ran Into the river now drained so low Over the shallows and up the sand.

Only a noiselessly rolling stream, Only the turn of the evening tide; Gratly it moved on the gentlest dream— When the maids saw it, hope quickly died, Higher and higher it swiftly stele, Covering ledges and beach of send; Deeper and deeper its waters 101'ed, Carrying sorros to illose on land.

Ah, there is gold in the surf to-night!
Twined in the silver of ocean's huam —
Clasping each other two maidens drift;
While as the moonlight each face of stone!
—Congregationalis

### SHOOTING THE RATIDS.

[From Cassell's Magazine.] "Curious, isn't it, how the old customs st hold their own? Here is the fashion of penance by pilgrimage still in vogue, with the additional aggravation of calling it 'traveling for pleasure." "Well, Edward," said a sweet voice, "that's a very pretty compliment to us-vour companions.

I think I ought to make you do penance for "That's right, Miss Wentworth, keep him in order," chimed in a third speaker, "However, going abroad has his one advantage for us Engish, that the re we can ish, that the re we can sometimes venture to seem amused without thereby committing the seven deadly sins in one."

Such was the chin which passed among the group of four-two ladies and two gentlemen-neated at lunch on the balcony of the Hotel du Rhin, at Schaffhausen, one sunny aftermoon in the month of May. The first speaker was a fine looking young man of three-and-twenty, whose comely features, dark, curling hair and tall, well-shaped figure amply bore out the name of "Handsome Ned," given him by his intimates.
Young, rich and good looking, popular with the
high and low, in the plentitude of health and
vigor, lately betrothed to the charming girl
whose soft, instrons eyes were watching him half
tenderly, half archly from the other side of the board—Viscount Montague might fairly account himself an extremely lucky fellow. But upon that bright, young face, and manly as it was, brooded the doomed look that haunts one in the portraits of Montrose, of Claverhouse, of Charles ominously bearing out the gloomy tradition rrent among the elders of his native country, that "the last of the Montagues" was so in a double sense, and that with him the grand old line which had left its mark upon every age of English history since the days of the Tudors was

somed to pass away forever. Beside him sat his inseparable associate, Sed-Burdett, whose square, muscular figure and frank, sunburnt face, looked the embodiment of Young England at its best. Side by side the two young men had abot buffalces on America prai-ries, stalked moose through Canada forests, "bowled over" royal tigers in Bengal, and hob-Frank, sunburst face, looked the embodiment of Young England at its best. Side by side the two young men had abot buffalces on America prairies, stalked moose through Canada forests, "bowled over" royal tigers in Bengal, and hob nobbed with negro kings on the coast of Africa, and they were now, faule de micus, escorting the "Flower of Kent" and her mother on the inevitable tour through Switzerland, not without a sceret hope that some unscaled mountain might afford them a chance of breaking their necks in the good old British way.

"Did you see how old Johann eyed me as he Morning at last—a bright, breezy, glorious

afford them a change of breaking their necks in the good old British way.

"Did you see how old Johann eyed me as he brought in the lunch?" said Montague. "He's evidently a devout believer in the Continental creed, that an Englishman's natural pastime is to knock somebody down, or set a house on fire, or make a heavy bet that he'll jump headforements out of the window, and then do it forthwith."

In the good old British way.

Morning at last—a bright, breezy, glorious summer morning, over which all things in earth and heaven seemed to rejoice. The blue skies, the waving woods, the green sunny slopes, the throad bright stream of the great river itself, all seemed to smile a welcome to the eyes that might soon be closed forever. Even the two English seemed to smile a welcome to the eyes that might soon be closed forever. Even the two English seemed to smile a welcome to the eyes that might seemed to smile a welcome to the great river itself, all seemed to smile as welcome to the great river itself, all seemed to smile as welcome and heaven seemed to rejoice. The blue skies, the waving woods, the great river itself, all seemed to smile as welcome to the first the window, and then do it forthward the wholesome impulse, and the key of the monent went by—forever.

Morning at last—a bright, breezy, glorious summer morning, over which all things in earth and heaven seemed to rejoice. The blue skies, the waving woods, the great river itself, all the wholesome impulse, and the literature went by—forever.

"Or," laughed Burdett, "just what Dr Buchsuan said to me yesterday: 'Mein Herr, those countrymen of yours!' When I was prac-ticing in Saxony, I had no peace for them! First in the laughest was a supervised by the property of the prothing in the morning, kling! kling! at my door."
"What is it?" "An Englander, who has broken
his leg in trying to scale the Teufels-horn, which
no one ever ascended yet." I set the Herr
Englander's leg and am making him comfortable,
when kling! king! series. "What wom?" when king! king! again, "What now?" "An Englander nearly drowned in swimming across the Elbe on a wager." I wrap the Herr Englander in hot blankets and bring him to. Before half an hour is over, kling! kling! once more. "Mein Herr! what's the matter?" "An Englander, who has broken a blood vessel in trying mid he couldn't." "Mein Herr, I am sorry to have to say it, but your countrymen are equally devoid of fear and reason."

devoid of fear and reason.

"But you won't do any more of these horrible things now, Edward," said Marion Wentworth, entreatingly, "you promised to be more careful, you know, while you were with us,"

"Don't be frightened my child," answered the increase with his ary langue "believe me.

viscount, with his gay langh: "believe me, I right yet."
bave no intention of being killed any sooner than is necessary. Would you believe it, Sed? this unreasonable young woman is making hereaf miserable, and daily expecting a notification to attend my funeral, on no better grounds than that overhise the state of t an old monk's prophecy."

"An old monk's prophecy?" echoed Burdett,

"What, haven't you heard of it?" cried Mon-"Well, this is a treat, to find one man to whom that story's new. You must know (as whom that story's new. You must know (as those fellows in Sanford and Merton keep saying) that the estate which Harry the Eighth bostowed upon my respective ancestor, Sir An-thony Browne, included Battle Albey and the lands belonging to it, and mighty sh, work he made of the poor old monks, if all cales be true. But after they were expelled, it began to be whispered that one monk still remained in the old walls, and that he was not to be driven out by either king or lord."
"My word," cried Burdett, "that's just the Black Friar of Norman Stone over again. Do

you remember with what dramatic energy our old tutor used to repeat that verse:

He still rotains his sway,
For he is still the Church's heir, Whose may be the lay.

Amundeville is lord by day.

But the monk is lord by night. Nor wine nor wassel can raise a vassal To question that friar's right."

"Weil," pursued Mentague, "when my worthy forefather came into his property, the first thing he did was to give a big dinner in the great hall of Battle Abbey (if he found it half as tiresome as the dinner I had to give when I came of some has the imposity must have been its own avenger). some as the dinner I had to give when I came of any, the impiety must have been its own avenger), and they lighted up the old place with a perfect his soft forches, and held high revet till midnight And then all of a sudden, a chill of blast wind came meaning through the hall, making all the cid banners and mail coats along the wall clank and rustle; and the hugh door swung alowly open, and in the midst of the guests, no one sould see whence or how, appeared the shrouded figure of a till monk. It glided like a shadow up to the dise where my ancestor was scated, and said, in a deep, hellow voice that secunded to make the very torches grow pale as it spoke:

the very torches grow pale as it spoke:

"Anthony of Cowerrey! thou hast enriched
thy self with the spoils of God's Church, and for
this deed His judgments are upon thee and
thine. As mow melts in the sunshine, so shall this deed His judgments are the property of the hard comes; and it shall the race decay, until the end comes; and it shall the race decay, until the end comes; and it shall the race decay, until the end comes; and it shall the race decay, in one day, by fire and by water?"

It was strange enough to note how Montague's light tone despensed into tregic solemnity as the desard take proceeded, and how the shadowy impress of doon on his handsome face came out press of doon on his handsome face came out press of doon on his handsome face came out press of doon on his handsome face came out press of doon on his handsome face came out press of doon on his handsome face one out press of doon on his handsome face with a value of doon on his handsome face one out press of doon on his handsome face with a shall the state of the face of the face of the subject, spoke to him.

"Walter, when did you say the night illumination of the falls was to be?"

Thursday week, gracious lady; but it will div be as good as the one we had last year, on they and a hig boat over the falls, hung all at with lanteres."

Was there anybody in her?" asked Montague, but do you say, milerd?" gasped the old with a starp of anamement.

"Was there anybody in the boat?"

"The boat, inition? The boat went over the alls, I tell you?"

"Well, why shouldn't somebody go with her keep her straight?"

"Why," echoed Johann, geaded beyond endurance. "Bocause we Rhinelanders are no fon er of being drowned than ather people. I've seen many a sifly thing done in my time, but a shooting the Schaffhausen Falls in a boat is a thing I've never seen yet and never shall."

The endden gleam in Montagne's dark eye and the glow on his handsome features sufficiently betrayed the wild thought suggested to him by the bonest German's last words. The significant glance exchanged between him and Burdelt showed that the same idea was in the minds of both, though the latter accompanied his look with a warning gesture, reminding the reckies viscount of the effect which the words that were just about to break from his lips would have upjust about to break from his lips would have up-on the two ladies. But when they had retired, Montague could contain himself no longer. "Glorious idea! We'll do it—ch, Sed!"

"Glorious idea! We'll de it—ch, Sed?"
"Do it? I should think we would! After the "Gusule d'Enfer' Rapids in Canada, this thing'll be a joke. 'Never seen it yet, and never shall,' ch? We'll give Mr. Johann another story to tell to-morrow, one that'll last longer than any of his present stock."

Our two heroes were not the men to loiter over any enterprise, however desperate, upon which they had once resolved, and they lost not a momentia setting out in quest of a boat. But a moment in setting out in quest of a love un-to find one was no easy matter. Some were un-seaworthy; others failed to please the critical eye of Sodley Burdett, who, with all his recklessness, knew better than to leave any chance uncared for in a match where life itself was the stake. More than one conscientious native, on learning the nature of the proposed expedition, flatly re-fused to have anything to do with it, nor was it. till late in the afternoon that they at length met with a less scrupulous individual, who, on re-ceiving the full value of his boat in advance, and a handsome gratuity for the use of her, consented to let the "English madmen" have their way. He agreed to leave the boat in readiness at a

convenient spot, and then took his leave.

It was considerably past 11 o'clock that night, and Burdett, unmindful of the tough work that awaited him next morning, was preparing for bed, when Montague (who slept in the next room) burst in, with a flush of unusual excitement in his face.

ment in his face.

"Sed, old fellow, we must alter our time of starting. Those meddlesome asses, the local authorities, are going to put a spoke in our wheel."

"Do you mean that they'll try to stop us?" asked Burdett, with the natural amassement of an Englishman at any one presuming to oppose his will.

"I do, indeed! That prating fool of a boatsman (see if I don't punch his head when it's all I came through the hall just now I heard the landlady say to her husband: 'Ought we to let them go 7. It's really no better than suicide!' and the old sinner answered with a chuckle: 'Be easy, my Gretchen—when these young distracted ones get to their boat, they will find it in charge of certain Gerichte-Diener (policemen) who are less foolish than they, and no harm will

"Just like their confounded cheek !" cried Burdett. "What shall we do then?"
"Do? Why, set the alarm clock two hours earlier (I am safe to bear it where I am), and start at 4 instead of 6; and we'll just meet the

minions of the law on our way back to break-nast, and a jolly sell it'll be for them. My word, every mortal thing seems to have conspired against this venture of ours; but 1'll go through with it, no matter who stands in the way." For a moment a thrill of superstitons awe shot through the heart of Sedley Burdett. Could it be that these countless hindrances were really a last barrier vainly opposing the final impulse which was hurrying them both to destruction? The unnatural excitement of his comrade's mannor, the feverish luster of his eye, the heated flush n his usually pale face, were all terribly sugges-

athletes, absorbed as they were in their perilous enterprise, telt the influence of the hour, and ttered with involuntary admiration :

"What a royal day !" "What a royal day?

One vigurous stroke sent the light boat far out into the swift, dark current, down which it shot like an arrow from a bow. Rocks, trees and houses seemed racing past on either side. No need to strain at the oars now! all that could be done with them was to keep the boat's bow per-fectly straight, so as to offer as little space as pos-sible to the rush of a current which seemed well able to carry away an entire city.

Suddenly there came a dizzy plunge—a shock

that threw both men from their places and then all around was one boiling whirt of foam, and the boat was flung to and fro, and dashed up and down, amid an uproar that seemed to rend the very sky. For one feverish moment life and death seemed to hang by a hair; and then the two daring men found themselves floating in on the little line of calm water that separated the Tirst fall from the worst peril of the second.

"Hurrah!" shouted Montague, gleefully, "who says it can't be done now? Keep her head straight, Sed, my boy, and we'll come out all

The triumphant cheer was answered by a cry The triumphant clear was answered by a dry of dismay from the shore, and the two oursmen, looking up, beheld Marion Wentworth rushing distractedly towards the edge of the high bank that overbung the second fall, followed by Montague's English servant. At the sound of his betroited's voice, Montague turned his face to betrothed's voice, Montague turned his face to wards her and waved his hand cheerily; and seldom has any painter conceived such a picture as the one at that moment branded forever on the memory of those who saw it. The stern black rocks on either hand, decked with living green by the scrubs that clung to their craggy sides; the vast hill of leaping foam, half way down the vast hill of leaping foam, half way down which the frail boat hovered like a leaf; the rainbow arch that spanned the black howling gulf beneath; the glory of the sunrise stealing softly into the pure, peaceful sky, in strange contrast with the rock-rending uproar below; the stalwart figures of the two gallant lads, straining every nerve to achieve their perilous task; the handsome, reckless face of the "last of the Montagues," with a gay smile on its short curved lip, and an ominious glitter in its large dark eyes. "Good morning, my pet!" eried he, gayly; "you are just in time for the end of the play."

These were the last words that Viscount Montague ever spoke. That momentary negligence had allowed the boat's head to deviate slightly from the direct line, and in an instant the whiri of the current threw its exposed side full against the tremendous rash of the cataract. One frantic

the tremendous rush of the cataract. One frantic struggle to regain the lost ground, and then boat and men vanished forever into the mists of the

and men vanished for rearing aby as below. From that fatal hour, life was over for the "Flower of Kent." All that remained of the once bright and beautiful girl, was a pale, silent, joyless phantom—a body, as it were, without a soul. Neither the tender care of her heart-broken soul. Neither the tenuer care of a seconplished mother, or the skill of the most accomplished physicians, nor even the sight of her dead lover's runsed home (the burning of which, on the very day of its master's death, fulfilled, by a sheer coincidence the diamai prediction), availed aught to break that deadly lothargy, which she endured to break that deadly lothargy, which she endured for the brief remainder of her life, checkered only by the spanns of convulsive agony invaria-bly produced by the one sound which her car still had power to recognize—the sound of rush

ing waters. Bethlehem, N. H., is now full of hay fever victims. They don't escape the disease altogether, but it don't tackle em so severely as at home. The language heard at the hotel there is peculiar. A guest will throw his eyes heavenward and remark; "Id loogs like raid thisand remark. In lower series anatcheece mordig." "Yes," replies another, "I thig—aitchuuuu—I thig—aacheec!—yes, I thig we'll have sub—I ratschuuu—fallig weather be—cheeceeaitsch!-fore evedig.

A little boy, the son of an orthodox Presbyterian, recently listened attentively to some conversation in regard to Jesus having been a Jew. At last he could stand it no longer and broke out with: "Well, I don't see how that could be, when God, his father, was a Presby-

### J. Wilkes Booth's Captor.

Captain Edward P. Doherty, who commanded the detachment of New York cavalry which pursued and captured John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, is now a city contractor at New Orleans, He says that the stories about Booth's being still alive are all bosh, for he knew Booth personally, saw him die, and knows that, four years after Booth's body was buried in a penitentiary cell at Washington Arsenal, it was delivered to his relatives, and now lies in the family vault near Baltimore. Captain Doherty has given a reporter of the New Orleans Picayune a graphic description of Booth's capture, which he accomplished with a force of twenty-five cavalrymen and two citizen detectives. The Captain's com-mand was stationed at Germantown, Virginia, at the time, and he was informed that Booth and his associates were in the neighborhood of Fredricksburg, where no troops had been stationed for some time. But Capt. Doherty learned after he had started that a regiment of Union cavalry had already gone to Fredericksburg, and he at once made for the south side of the Rappahannock. The Court-house the evening before, Lieuten-Mosby's command going with them. The woman said that one of the party (Booth) courting the daughter of hotel-keeper Goldman at Bowling Green, 18 miles distant, all hands had probably gone there. Captain Doherty at once sent the orderly to guide them to Bowling Green, sur- fit. rounding him with a guard with drawn pistols, that his neighbors might think

that he was forced to do it. The party rode directly to Bowling Green, passing the house of one Garret on the way, where Booth and Harold were stooping, and took to the woods unnoticed. But Captain Doherty and his men found Lieutenant Jet at Goldman's Hotel, and making him believe that he knew all about his movements for the last three days, and threatening to hang him if he lied, the Captain got him to own up that Booth had stopped at Gar-Jet was forced to guide the command back, and when they got within a quarter of a mile of the house the Captain went on ahead to survey the premises, placed six men as a patrol in the rear of the house and stables and surrounded the house with the rest. Garrett said that Booth and Harold went to the woods the afternoon before, but one of the sons was finally forced to confess that they had returned and were hidden in the barn. Sergeant Boston Corbett was at once ordered to dismount the force, detail a few to watch the house, and surround the barn with the rest. The barn was locked, but one of the Garrett boys was found hiding in the orchard with the keys in his pocket, and Captain Doherty called on those inside to come out and surrender.

At first there was no reply, but when the threat was made to burn the barn, Booth called out, "What do you take us for?" Captain Doherty replied, "It don't make any difference what I take you for, I'm going to arrest you." Booth answered, "Boys, fetch me a stretcher another stain in our glorious banner." Captain Doherty heard whispered conversation between Booth and Harrold from the inside, after which Booth said aloud, "I am crippled and alone, give me a chance for my life; draw your men np at twenty-five paces and I will come out." Captain Doherty replied, "I didn't come here to fight, but to capture

I have fifty men here and can do After a dead silence of about five minutes, Booth said in a very sarcastic tone, "Oh, Captain, there's a man here that wants to surrender awful bad." Captain Doherty replied, "You had better do the same and come out." Booth-No I have not made up my mind. Captain Doherty, partly opening the door—"Let him hand out his arms." Booth—"He has no arms." Captain Doherty—"I know exactly what you've Booth-"I own all the arms, and may have to use them on you gentlemen." Harrold had approached the door, when Captain Doherty said to him, "Let me see your hands." Harrold put both hands out through the door, and seizing them, the Captain handed him over to the corporal.

While Captain Doherty was taking Harold out of the front door the barn had been fired in the rear. The flames burst out suddenly, and Booth took a position in the center of the barn facing the door. He pointed his carbine in the direction of Harold and Captain Doherty, when Sergeant Corbett, who was stationed at one of the opening in the barn to the left of Booth, observing the movement, leveled a large-sized Colt's revolver at Booth and fired. He intended to hit Booth in the arm to disable him, but the ball entered his neck, about one inch from the same place where Booth shot President Lincoln. Captain Doherty supposed that Booth had shot himself rather than surrender, and the officers rushed into the barn. Booth stood with the carbine between his legs, and one of his crutches having dropped, and as he was about falling forward, Captain Doherty caught him around the body and carried him outside of the barn. The heat becoming too intense, Captain Doherty ordered him removed under the veranda of the Garrett mansion. diers were then dispatched in different directions for doctors, but only one, Dr. Urquart, could be found. He arrived about 6 A. M., and after probing the wound, pronounced it fatal, the ball having ranged upward, cutting a vital part. From the time Booth was shot, at 5 o'clock, until he expired, two hours later, he spoke but once, and that was to Captain Doherty shortly before 6 o'clock, when he said, "Hands." Captain Doherty lifted up his hands, Booth looked at them for an instant, and shaking his head, exclaimed, "Useless, useless." A short time after he became unconscious and so remained until he

The government had offered \$100,000 for Booth's capture, and Baltimore and Washington 850,000 more. Washington's offered reward is now in litigation before the Supreme Court, the District Court having decided against the claim, on the ground that the city had no au-thority to offer the reward. Baltimore refused to pay her reward point blank, and the claim against her has lapsed by limitation. The government paid \$75,000 of its reward, Captain Doherty receiving \$7500, the two citizen detectives \$4000 each, Sergeants Boston, Corbett and Wandell \$2200 each, Chief Detective Lafayette C. Baker, of the War Department, \$3750, and the cavalrymen the rest of the \$75,000 pro rata.

### Lincoln and Seymour.

Howard Carroll's Times biography of Horatio Seymour brings out the following letters between Mr. Lincoln and the great war Governor, which have not before been published, and which the accompanying statement of Mr. Carroll makes as interesting as they are valuable. Mr. Carroll says:

If any further proof be needed of the fact that President Lincoln and Governor Seymour were thoroughly in accord, so far as their official relations were concerned, and that they were united in their efforts to put down the rebellion-a fact which has more than once been dis-puted—it will be found in the following quaintly warded and characteristic letter from the Republican President and the reply to that letter which was sent by the Democratic Governor. Both communications were written in the strictest confidence, and they are now for the first time given to the public.

[Private and Confidential.] EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, March 23, 1863. His Excellency Governor Seymour: You and I are substantially strangers, and I captain and an orderly proceeded ahead of the command to Port Conway ferry, where they showed Mrs. Rollins, the ing, am at the head of a nation which is ferryman's wife, the photograph of Booth, Harrold and Surrat, representing of the greatest State in that nation. Booth, Harrold and Surrat, representing of the greatest State in that nation. them as rebel friends who were still unaware of Lee's surrender. Mrs. Rollins and integrity, I assume and besaid that Booth and Harrold had hired lieve there cannot be a difference of purher husband to take them to Orange pose between you and me. If we should Court house the evening before, Lieuten-ants Burbridge, Ruggles and Jet of that such difference should be as small as possible, that it should not be enhanced by unjust suspicions on one side was wounded in the leg, and as Jet was or the other. In the performance of my duty the co-operation of your State, as that of others is needed—in fact, is in-dispensable. This alone is sufficient reason why I should wish to be at a good after his command, and, after the last understanding with you. Please write load of horses had been ferried across, he me at least as long a letter as this-of arrested Ferryman Rollins and got him | course, saying in it just what you think Yours, very truly,

A. LINCOLN. To this communication Horatio Seymour made the following reply: STATE OF NEW YORK,

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, ALBANY, April 14, 1863. )
DEAR SIR: I have delayed answering your letter for some days with a view of preparing a paper in which I wish to state clearly the aspect of public affairs from the standpoint I occupy I do not claim any superior wisdom, but I am confident the opinions I hold are entertained by one-half of the population of the Northern States. I have been prevented from giving my views in the manner I intended by a pressure of official duties, which at the present stage of the legislative session of this State confine me to the Executive Chamber until each midnight; after the adjournment, which will soon take place, I will give you, without reserve, my opinion and purposes with regard to the condition of our unhappy country.

meantime, I assure you that no In the political resentments, no personal pur-poses, will turn me aside from the pathway I have marked out for myself. intend to show those charged with the ver tickled its heels with a straw. administration of public affairs a due deference and respect, and to give to them a just and generous support in all measures they may adopt within the scope of their constitutional powers. For the preservation of

fice of interest, passion or prejudice.

Truly yours, HORATIO SEYMOUR.

To His Excellency, Abraham Lincoln. It will be noticed that this letter contemplates a further and longer commu nication from the Governor to the President. The events attending the invasion of Pennsylvania by Lee rendered such a writing unnecessary. The Governor testified by his acts his anxiety to aid the General Government. After those actsand I use his own words-he "could not well write without seeming to boast of what had been done." In connection with the correspondence, however, it is worthy of particular note that Governor Seymour, in addition to the Hon. Simon Cameron and one other distinguished man with whom I have conversed on the subject, is firmly convinced that there was at one time what can only be called a conspiracy, set on foot and engaged in by a number of Republican leaders, to force President Lincoln out of the White

To show that Abraham Lincoln was disposed to be of the same mind as Horatio Seymour was during the war, is to establish the ex-President's title to statesmanship and patriotism, in history, and to vindicate him from the charge of being no better or worse than his party. - Albany Argus.

## Family Troubles.

John Donohue was angry when the policeman brought him to the bar of the Police Court for assaulting his wife, and he was loud in his denunciation of the laws that "interfare wud the proivate roights and divarsions of every mar ried man.

'What did you strike your wife for? asked Justice Morgan, "Because she wanted chastisin", and as I'm her suparior, I'd loike to know

who has a better roight. But you have no right to lay your

hands upon her in anger.
"Haven't I though? An' who's to be boss I'd loike to know?" "You are. If she is doing wrong you

must reason with her."
"Rasun wud her! Musha, but that's purty talk now. Rason! Begorra, she'd give you rason over the gob wud the poker. "I never shtruck him in my loife, Yer

Wurchup," said Mrs. Donohue, shading her black eye with her hand. "Ay coorse ye didn't, because I hot ye such a welt in the face that ye cudn't." "Mr. Donohue, I'll send you to the island for six months.'

"Now, that's reasonable enough; but there's one requesht I want to make. "What is that?" "I don't want you to be dischargin' me in a couple of weeks, because she gets sorry an' comes croyin' to beg me off.

"All right. You'll stay there."
"Thank ye, sor," said he, moving off to the prison. "Sure, whin she sint me up before six months I was put in the bakery, an' on'y for the ould fool beggin' for me discharge I'd be a foine Frinch baker be this tointe, makin' lots o' money at mixin' fancy dough."

"Ah here are sermons in stones!" enthusiastically exclaimed the Rev. Plannet, picking up a fine fossil out of a lios vein. "See, Mr. Cooper, the name of the Lord is written upon this adamant!" "Then put it down, sir-quick!" cried cooper, with a mischievous twinkle in his left eye. "Why so?" asked Mr. Plannett, somewhat agitatedly. "Because," and the humorously inclined individual looked very impressive, "because it is written that thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vuin!" conversation lagged after that.

### DOMESTIC RECIPES.

SPICED CURRANTS.—Five pounds of currants, three pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of cloves, two of cinnamon. Simmer five or six hours.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS.-To re move grease from carpets and restore colors, take a handful of crushed soap bark to a pail of water. Scrub the spots and sponge the carpet all over.

WITTE CUP CAKE .- One and a half cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, whites of four eggs, one cup of corn starch, one cup of flour, half a teaspoonful of soda, one of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of extract of

WHITEWASH THAT WILL NOT RUB OVE. To every pail of whitewash prepared in the ordinary way, add a pint of flour made into starch or paste. To the whitewash for the hen house, add gas tar, one gill to the pailful. This will prevent or disperse lice.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING. - Take eight tablespoonfuls of flour, one quart of milk, a little salt and four eggs; half an hour before the meat is done put the batter in the dish; after the meat is taken up brown a little more. Serve as a side dish with meat. TOMATO PIE. Stew green tomatoes

with very little water until tender, and for each pie allow one tablespoonful of butter, three of sugar and a little nut-meg. Bake between two crusts. The quantity of butter and sugar given is for a medium-sized pie, FRIED TOMATORS. - Take tomatoes cold

stewed and well seasoned, add to them sufficient fine bread crumbs to enable on to form into cake, fry in butter to a light brown. Fresh tomatoes, sliced and roll in fine crumbs, after salting them. fried in the same manner, are very ROOT BEER. Take a quantity

sarsaparilla root and sassafras bark and some hops and boil till the strength is extracted. To three gallons of the iquor, after it is strained, add one quart of molasses and a quart of yeast. After standing in a warm place eight or ten hours, strain again and bottle. It will be fit for use the next day.

MOCK LEMON PIE. To a teacupful of pieplant stewed to a pulp, take a cup two thirds full of sugar, two tablespoon fuls of lemon extract and the volk of one egg; mix altogether and to bake in a plate lined with crust; omit the top crust; beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, stir in a little sugar, and when the pie is done spread on the frosting and return to the oven to brown slightly.

A boy, apparently very much agitated rushed into a house and said to the lady 'I don't want ter alarm ver, but I've got big news. The man sent me up from the livery-stable to tell yer." "Good heav ens! what is it?" "Why, you know you little boy Aleck, what the man can't keep onten the livery stable 'round the cor-ner?" "Yes, well?" "I told Aleck just now not to go inter the stable among the horses, but he wouldn't mind me." "Oh, dear! what has happened?" "He said he wanted ter see what a mule 'ud do wher heavens!" gasped the lady, and clung to the mantel for support. "Well, sir, yer boy Aleck got a straw, snuck up behind a sorrel mule, tickled him on the heels, The lady started for the door. an'---"An' the blamed critter never lifted this Union I am ready to make any sacri-the of interest passion or prejudice. As switched its tail. It's a mighty good thing for Aleck that he didn't, too; an' I thought I'd come up an' tell yer." And

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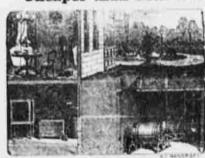
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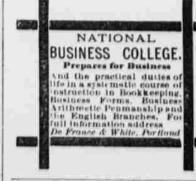
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