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THE COAST MAIL.

Vol. II. MARSHFIELD, OR., SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1880. No. 26.

The Coast Mail.

DEVOTED TO

ALL LIVE ISSUES.

THE INTERESTS OF SOUTHERN OREGON ALWAYS FOREMOST.

The Development of our Mines, the Improvement of our harbors, and railroad communication with the Interior, specialities.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

State of Oregon.

Governor,	W. W. Thayer
Secretary of State,	R. P. Earhart
Treasurer,	E. Hursh
Supt. Public Schools,	J. L. Powell

2d *Judicial District.*

Judge,	J. F. Watson
District Attorney,	S. H. Hazard

Coos County.

County Judge,	J. H. Nosler
Commissioners,	John Kenyon R. C. Dement
Sheriff	A. G. Aiken
Clerk,	Alex. Stauff
Treasurer,	D. Morse, Jr
Assessor,	John Lane
School Superintendent,	J. F. Moore
Coroner,	T. C. Mackey

Curry County.

County Judge,	Delos Woodruff
Commissioners.	P. Hughes J. A. Cooley
Sheriff,	A. H. Moore
Clerk,	Walter Sutton
School Supt.,	A. M. Gillespie
Treasurer,	M. B. Gibson
Coroner,	Thos. Cunningham

The Reliable Man.

Kate Thorn, in N. Y. Weekly.

The reliable man is always there when he is wanted. You do not have to send to twenty different places after him; if he is not at home, his wife can tell you where he is. The reliable man always tells his mission to his wife.

He is not fool enough to marry a woman he cannot trust.

He is not much of a talker, but he thinks a great deal. He looks at a subject in all its bearings. His judgments are unbiased. If he should be elected Governor, he will carry State affairs with a just and firm hand.

In private life, he will always have plenty of kindling-wood ready in the morning. No running around in the cold for him, before he has made his toilet. He won't be likely to whip his children when they don't deserve it. He can bear allusion to a religious or political belief, which does not accord with his own, without going into tantrums.

He can give advice, and keep his temper if it is not taken and followed.

He knows there are people in the world beside himself. He believes that this planet will continue to be run with a moderate degree of success after he shall sleep with his fathers.

He never tells what he would have done, "if he had only been there."

If he makes you a promise, you know that he will keep it, unless he dies before the time for its redemption. If he states a fact for a fact, you can credit the statement. If he sells you a horse, and warrants him sound, you need not look for a spavin or a ringbone, after the first day's hard driving.

His word is as good as his bond. He is honest; you can trust him to do as he agrees. You need not watch him, he will do just as well without it. He has respect unto himself, and would be ashamed to have his own soul convict him of dishonesty.

If you are in trouble, you know you can expect help from him. If you are "down in the world," he will stand by you. If other friends have forsaken you he will uphold and support you.

In society, the reliable man is worth his weight in gold. In the church he is invaluable; he will pass the contribution box when the wardens are laid up with bad colds; he will take care of the minister's house when he goes away for a day's pleasuring; he will help the ladies put down the new vestry carpet, and he is ready to stir the oyster stew, or tend the elevator from the kitchen, when the society have an "old folks' supper."

All the girls like him, all the boys respect him, and his wife is proud of him, and lays great stress on what "my husband" says—for she knows he is reliable. And we devoutly wish there were more like him.

FIVE hundred of Sitting Bull's band from the other side of the international boundary came in a few days ago and surrendered to Lieut. Whistler, representing General Miles. The Indians were in a starving condition and were fed and cared for. It is said that more are about to come in.

FLOODS in Wisconsin have done much damage to property, and 16,000,000 of logs have broken loose; loss in Chippewa valley estimated a $1,000,000; dams breaking, towns inundated, and houses and barns lost in the country.

NOTWITHSTANDING an increase of $40,000,000 in San Francisco property valuation this year, it is estimated that the tax levy next year will be two dollars on the hundred for city and county property.

That Boy.

Little Rock Gazette.

The other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tattered vail, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by an unconscious sigh.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush."

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moments silence, "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald."

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Sometime, maybe."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence the boy exclaimed, "Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush I'll whip you when I get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

"Here, you young hedge-hog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush I'll have the conductor put you off train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll slap you if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I'm bald-headed I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose and exclaimed: "Madam, when you travel, leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto I always thought the old prophet was very cruel for calling the she-bears to kill children for making sport of his head, but I am now forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here."

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy, and the mother leaned back and blew a tired sigh from her lips.

The Moquis Indians.

The Moquis Indians of Arizona, numbering seventeen hundred, live in seven villages on the tops of three cliffs or headlands that rise more than six hundred feet above the plains. Why they choose these unhandy places is a mystery. On reaching the villages, says a recent visitor, one finds one's self on a flat ledge of bare rock, which extends out from the main table nearly half a mile in length, and from ten feet to perhaps three hundred feet in width. The sides are almost perpendicular. The most populous of these villages, Walla-pi, is on the extreme end of the rock, where the width is not over a hundred feet. The water for all purposes is carried on the backs of the men and women from a spring near the foot of mountain, a distance of nearly a mile, while the wood is brought eight miles. Here these people have lived longer than they can tell, even from their traditions; and hitherto they have been adverse to a change of location, notwithstanding the difficulty of obtaining their necessary supplies and the distance from their fields and herds.

SWARMS of grasshoppers have appeared in the Willow Creek country, Happy Canyon and the Walla Walla valley. There is talk among the farmers of cutting their grain for hay, to save it from the ravages of these pests.

Anecdote of a Boston Lawyer.

Boston Cor, Waterbury American.

One occasionally sees the form of the venerable Henry W. Paine as he walks with mind absorbed in his work to and from his office and the courts, and is forced to admire and almost love the man from the sweet, genial smile which occasionally passes over his features, and from the grave, courteous manner with which he replies to the salutations of all who greet him. As a lawyer, particularly in matters pertaining to real estate, he ranks at the head of his profession, and as a man he is chivalrous and generous to the extreme, a perfect "old school" gentleman. It is a pleasure to lawyers and laymen alike to witness him conducting a case, and although his contempt for our supreme court is well known, it seldom manifests itself during a trial. Innumerable are the stories told of this contempt. Some years ago he tried a case for a lady client, but did not received a decision in his favor, although justice and equity would have warranted it. As he and his client were leaving the court room, the lady, who is well known as an exponent of woman's rights, said to him, "That was rank injustice." "Certainly, madame," Mr. Paine replied. "Mr. Paine," the lady continued, "when we women get a chance to sit on that bench such injustice will not be possible." With one of his rich, rare smiles the great lawyer said: "Madame, never expect to see a greater set of old woman than are at present on the Massachusetts supreme court bench." A short time ago, while on his way to Cambridge, he was observed by one of the younger and lesser lights of the bar, who was acquainted with him, reading a sheep-covered book, and the young man, catching his eye, said: "Ah! Mr. Paine, reading law? I thought you knew the law, and it was for youngsters to study it." Gravely he replied, "I am not reading law, I am reading one of the decisions of the Massachusetts supreme court." The test, however, of all, whose accuracy is vouched for by many persons, is a little passage at arms between Mr. Paine and the Chief-Justice. During a trial Mr. Paine, while calmly arguing a legal point to the full bench, was interrupted by Chief-Justice Gray, who said, "Mr. Paine, you know that is not the law of this State." Without the change of a muscle, without an elevation of his voice, with only a little pallor about the temples to show that he felt the insult, Henry W. Paine said: "I beg your honor's pardon. It *was* the law in this commonwealth until your honor just spoke." The emphasis on the was, the nice discrimination between "your honors," the full bench, and "your honor," who had criticised him, caused the burly Chief-Justice's face to assume a redder tint than high living had already implanted on it.

Individuality.

Whoever you be, be that. Be yourself. Believing in one's self is not *per se* the development of selfishness. By no means. It is using self, but, not necessarily therefore, for self. It may be in devotion to the interests of all mankind. "Selfishness" affirms the end, but "self-reliance" the means. And what better, more available, more natural means? It is using the capital God gave you. Wise is the man who employed his own, without borrowing his neighbor's You can better wield your weapons than another's. The armor of Saul bore down David. Then strike with your own hands in your own way. Don't try to force another man's style, bearing, genius, into your own flesh and blood. It will never fit. "What God has joined together let no man put asunder." Next to your honor, preserve your individuality. Do not sink it into a standard fashioned by society, or attempt to model it after another. That other may be a great and good man, but he never became so by becoming some one else. Fully develop your strength by culture. Brace strongly the weak places. Polish, if you will, the sharp edges and angles of your eccentricities, but never move out of the house, and clear across the way into somebody's else. Stick to the old homestead where you were born. There you will be at ease, and able to move about in confidence and grace. When you find a man trying to think, eat, and sleep like another, instead of just simply thinking, eating and sleeping, with no thought of another, you will find one handicapped for life.

THE Democrats of Baker county elect Travillion Sheriff, and Parker Clerk. The Republicans elect Kellogg Treasurer, and Dooley, Representative.

The Fiend and His Lawn-Mower.

Detroit Free Press.

"Whirr-r-r-r!"

Blast him!

"Z-z-z-z-z-z!"

Blast him again!

"R-r-r-r-r-r!"

Turn over in bed and vow that you will shoot his hens, poison his dog and leave fish bones where his cat will find them and choke to death.

Why?

Why, that tripple-plated, bomb-proof, iron coated and hard-hatted next door man who went to bed at sundown for no other purpose than to get up at 5 a. m., and gallop his old lawn-mower around!

"Rattle! Whirr! Bang! Wr-rr-rr!"

Oh! he's there! He simply stopped for a moment to spit on his hands and get ready for a new twist. Just 5 o'clock by the bells, and some fool of a doctor has told him that the morning air is good for him! He knows that he is disturbing every man, woman and child within a block of him; but what does he care?

"Clickety-to-clickety-click—click!"

There he goes! He's got his coat off, his pants in his boot-legs, and he's thinking how nice it must be to live in the country and canter around over the dew-wet sward. County be hanged! Lawn-mowers and next door neighbors be hanged! The man who sold him that lauw-mower warranted it to be noiseless. Just remember that when you get shooting! Noiseless—oh, yes!

"M-m-m-m! Bur-r-r-r! Z-z-z-ze!"

The baby wakes up with a howl. Why shouldn't he? Can a baby stand more than a horse? Everybody wakes up. If you think people can sleep on and dream of the gates of heaven while a man is pounding sheet iron with a hammer, you have lived in vain.

"G-u-r-r——!"

Good. His old machine has struck a stone. Hope the contact has wrenched off every wheel, twisted every spring out of place, and flung the villain head over heels against the fence! Nobody but a villain would have a lawn to mow in the first place, and nobody but a mutton head would go sloshing around on an empty stomach in this malarious climate. His health? What is his health compared to the peace of his neighbors? Who cares whether he gets fat and lives on, or grows lean and dies? He ought—!

"Clickety-te-click-click click!"

There he goes, the old machine, making more noise than ever! Hit him with a brick. No, don't do it! Such a man as that couldn't appreciate a decent clip on the ear with a missile made by human hands. Draw a bead on him with a shot gun? Never! Keep your ammunition for owls. Owls have sense enough to stick by the roost until seven o'clock. Argue with him? Not much; you couldn't convince such a man that he ought to be run over by a drove of Texas steers any more than you could make a Turk believe that he ought to pay 100 cents on the dollar.

"Gur-g-g-g! z-z-z-z! Bang! Rattle-r-r-rip!"

Let him alone! There is a Providence, and that Providence sometimes gives a villain rope to play with, just to see 'im squirm when he is brought up with a sharp turn. That mower may explode. If not, the morning air may bring on sore throat, toothache, neuralgia and colds. May he have them all jump in on him at once and stand by him like an Indian's memory, and may every neighbor whom he has disturbed by his villainous noise grow fat and sleek and rich, and live to beat him for the only office he ever cared for."

Land Office Order.

The Commissioners of the General Land Office, being informed that newspapers have charged exorbitant prices for publication of land notices, issues a circular in which he says: I therefore direct that the maximum charges for publication of notices of application for patent to mineral lands shall not exceed fifteen (15) dollars; and for publication of citations in contests or hearings involving the character of lands, ten(10) dollars.

You are hereby instructed to promulgate this order by mailing a copy of this circular to each of the newspapers published within your land district; and you will report to me all cases in which it shall come to your knowledge that an excess in said rates shall have been charged.

IT is estimated that the time wasted by women of the United States in looking under the beds for men at night if devoted to work would result, in a year's time, in making 17,000 pairs of suspenders for the heathen.

The Next Legislature.

The Legislature which will assemble next September will be Republican in both branches. The representation of the several counties will be as follows: The names marked with a * are Democrats.

SENATE—HOLD OVER SENATORS

Baker—*I. D. Haines.

Clatsop, Columbia and Tillamook—C. W. Fulton.

Clackamas—J. T. Apperson.

Grant—*Thos. Davidson.

Jackson—J. E. Ross.

Lane—*R. B. Cochran.

Linn—*J. H. Smith, *W. R. Bilyeu.

Multnomah—Sol Hirsch.

Marion—Wm. Waldo, J. W. Grim.

Umatilla—*S. M. Pennington.

Yamhill—*C. H. Burch.

ELECTED TO FILL VACANCIES.

Benton—E. Woodard.

Marion—N. B. Knight.

ELECTED FOR REGULAR TERM.

Benton and Polk—*R. Clow.

Clackamas—W. A. Starkweather.

Coos and Curry—*J. M. Siglin.

Douglas—Geo. W. Colvig, D. W. Stearns.

Josephine—*John B. Sifers.

Lane—*T. G. Hendricks.

Linn—N. B. Humphrey.

Multnomah—Jos. Simon, A. W. Waters.

Polk—J. D. Lee.

Union—*Dunham Wright.

Wasco and Lake—*N. H. Gates.

Washington—R. H. Tyson.

Yamhill—W. J. McConnell.

Republicans, 16; Democrats, 13; Independent, 1.

HOUSE.

Baker—*L. B. Blanchart, *A. J. Lawrence.

Benton—F. M. Wadsworth, G. A. Waggoner, *Allen Parker.

Clackamas—H. Will, George Prosser, A. C. Wilbur, R. J. Sharp.

Clatsop and Tillamook—F. J. Taylor.

Columbia—*Thomas Hodgkins.

Coos—Wm. Morris.

Coos and Curry—Raleigh Scott.

Douglas—B. B. Brockway, L. D. Montgomery, M. Spencer, *T. Barnard

Grant—J. J. Worcester.

Jackson—*Mingus, *A. C. Stanley.

Josephine—*G. B. Caldwell.

Lake—O. A. Stearns.

Lane—J. W. Harpole, A. J. Zumwalt, *J. M Thompson, *J. C. Wallace

Linn—S. A Dawson, Wm. Paul, *J. R. Schooling, *Geo. E. Chamberlain, *H. Shelton, *Jacob Newman.

Marion—T. Ford, W. M. Collard, D. W. Craig, T. T. Geer, John Minto, Henry Smith.

Multnomah—O. P. S. Plummer, F. E. Meyer, C. P. Yates, W. S. Beebe, Frank Payne, J. D. Biles, Penumbra Kelley.

Polk—F. A. Patterson, Wm. Savage, *M. L. Pipes.

Umatilla—*J. K. Kelly, *O. T. Thompson.

Union—*Jerry Tuttle, *J. J. Blevens.

Wasco—Z. F. Moody, *J. H. Bird.

Washington—W. R. Barrett, J. L. Smith, L. Patterson.

Yamhill—Lee Laughlin, D. O. Durham, *Wm. Galloway.

RECAPITULATION.

Senate—Republicans,	16
Democrats,	13
Independent,	1
House—Republicans,	39
Democrats,	21

Republican majority in Senate, 2; in the House, 18: on joint ballot, 20.

A Useful Machine.

The Milwaukee *Sun* says Sam Medill has invented a device to prevent market men from palming off old eggs for fresh ones. The invention is thus described: He proposes to arrange a rubber stamp in the nest of every hen, with a movable date. This stamp is arranged with a pad which is saturated with indelible ink. When the hen lays an egg, as is well known, she kicks slightly with her hind leg. An electric disk is arranged so that her foot touches it, when the stamp turns over on the ink-pad, and then revolves, stamping the date on the egg. The hen then goes off about her business, the farmer's hired girl removes the egg, replaces the stamp, which is ready for another. On each evening, after the hens have retired to their downy roost with the roosters, the date of the stamp is arranged to the following day, and the good work goes on. In this way there can be no cheating. You go to the grocery and ask for fresh eggs, and the grocery man says he has some eggs of the vintage of January 29, 1880, for instance. You look at them, and there are the figures, which cannot lie. With this method it is an object for the man to get rid of his eggs, knowing that tomorrow may be too late.

WM. HUTCHINSON, a barber in San Francisco, in a fit of jealousy, on the 14th inst., stabbed his wife in the head and breast, inflicting dangerous wounds.

A MURDEROUS row occurred on the 14th inst., on El Sobrante ranch, Contra Costa county, California, in which one man was cut with a hatchet and another shot dead.

The Education of Wild Beasts.

The veteran animal tamer, Alfred Still, says that too much whipping makes a wild animal sulky and vicious, but a certain amount of whipping is necessary. To train a wild beast, he said recently, you must 'first make its acquaintance from the outside of the cage, and get the animal acquainted with your face; but above all, with your voice. They become accustomed to voices sooner than faces, and are governed more by sound than by sight. Having got accustomed to your beast, and they accustomed to you, your next step is to train them to their tricks. Though these tricks are simple, they require a great deal of time and patience and a good deal of whipping to accomplish them. The lions are the smartest of the wild beasts. You can train a lion to do the ordinary tricks of the trade: jumping through hoops and gates, standing on his hind legs and so on—in about five weeks' constant work. It will require about a week longer to teach a lioness, and a leopard, which comes next to a lion in intelligence, about six weeks to learn the same feats. It takes about seven or eight weeks to teach a tiger, and a tigress from eight to nine weeks while you can keep on beating and teaching a hyena for four months before you can do much with him. The most difficult thing to do is to teach a wild beast to let you lie down on him without his trying to make you lie in him by eating you up. Kindness—that is, anything but ordinary civility is absolutely thrown away upon a wild beast. With a tiger or tigress, especially, all affection is literally wasted. A tigress is as likely to eat you up after an intimate acquaintance of six years as one of six weeks. As a rule, the whip is the most efficacious instrument for training. It can be used quickly and it hurts. If I were to drop my whip the beasts would fancy I had lost all my power over them and would pounce first on the whip and then go for me. The four tigresses trained in that cage are estimated to be worth $32,000; but a good tiger, unbroken, is not worth more than $2,500. Lions are worth about $2,000 to $2,500 each; panthers, $600; jaguars, $400; hyenas, $250, if untrained; leopards, $250 to $400, according to their kind.'

The Columbia Channel.

The *Astorian* has long been trying to impress upon the authorities the necessity for deepening the channel at the mouth of the Columbia river. In support of its representations the last issue contains the following:

The ship *Wildwood*, after a splendid run of 114 days from New York to the mouth of the Columbia river, is now detained at Baker's bay because there is not sufficient depth in the channel, even at high water, between Chinook point and the east end of Sand island, to allow of her being towed to this port. She is drawing twenty-one feet five inches, and has to be either lightered where she lays in Baker's bay, or wait for a spring tide. When will those residents of our State who have influence at Washington, and who have all their interests centered in it, have their eyes opened to the fact that to render the improvements above Astoria, on which so much money has been expended, available steps must be taken to deepen the channel at the mouth of the river. We believe that any opposition to this being done from any individual or community in the State of Oregon is a clear case of prejudiced blindness and a lack of knowledge of the actual merit of the question.

Work of the Session.

During the session of Congress which terminated on the 16th, 1,197 bills and joint resolutions were introduced in the Senate, and 4,288 bills and joint resolutions in the House of Representatives. The number introduced during the first, or extra, session were respectively 773 and 2,526, making a grand total of 8,784 bill introduced thus far during Congress. At the House adjournment, besides the great number of measures not yet reported from the committees, there remained about 800 bills and joint resolutions on the Senate calendar, and about 1,400 bills and joint resolutions on the House calendar, including some 900 pension and other private bills, which have been reported by committees, with recommendations for passage.

GEN. ODELL, State Printer-elect, has gone to Eastern Oregon on a surveying expedition.

COL. GORDON, an English officer, has gone to China to persuade the Chinese not to engage in a war with Russia.

English Model Prisons.

From Mr. James Greenwood's account of the 'silent system' in vogue in English prisons, is extracted the following: 'It is an offence for a prisoner to speak one word, and he is never addressed except in whispers, so that he may be in prison two years without hearing the natural sound of the human voice. The effect of this is so terrible on the mind that prisoners will speak out in desperation, at the risk of any punishment, rather than endure that horrible silence. The prisoners never see one another, but remain in perpetual solitude. One poor wretch, driven to despair by nine months' solitude and silence, recklessly broke out in Mr. Greenwood's presence, 'For God's sake, governor, put me in another cell. Put me somewhere else. I have counted the bricks in the cell I am in till my eyes ache.' There is a fine hole in each cell, and as the wardens wear shoes of India rubber soles, the prisoners can never be sure of being alone. Those condemned to the treadmill have to ascend 1,200 steps every alternate twenty minutes for six hours. And this is a place so hot and close that prisoners often lose in prespiration three stone in as many months. Every day the prisoners are taken to the chapel, so arranged that they can see no one save the chaplin, and him only through an iron grating. And thus is the order of devotion observed. Wardens are constantly on the watch lest for a single instant they thro' the whole of the service depart from the rigid rule of 'eyes right.' They must look steadily at the preacher, must raise and lower their prayer-book with elbows squared and all at once, like soldiers at drill. They may not scrape their feet without having afterwards to explain the movement. They scarcely wink an eye or sigh without danger of rebuke or punishment. God help them, poor wretches.'

Amusing Incident.

San Jose Mercury.

A son of Henry Ward Beecher is freight clerk on the steamer Oregon, that plies between San Francisco and Portland. He is an exemplary young man, and, we believe, a faithful and competent officer. In his office, on board the steamer, hangs a fine picture of his father, the great Plymouth Church light and world-famous preacher. These facts culminate in an amusing incident on a recent trip of the Oregon. A meddlesome passenger, who was evidently not grounded in the conviction that Theodore, Elizabeth and Frank Moulton all testified falsely in the great trial, sauntered up to the clerk's office, and discovering the picture, which he recognized, remarked to the clerk: "Well, that's a nice picture for a young man to have about him. I would advise you, my friend, to turn that thing with the face to the—" A sudden flash of resentment in the face of the young man made him pause; and when the words quickly followed, "I want you to understand, sir, that that picture is the likeness of my father," the meddlesome passenger had a sudden call to some other part of the ship.

A New Volcanic Terror.

A dispatch from the City of Mexico says: The volcano Colima now in active eruption, is a grand and magnificent sight. The first symptoms of activity were manifested Sunday. There were low rumblings and subterranean mutterings, and the mountain shook and trembled. The eruption at night is full of splendor and grandure. Last night lurid flames shot up from the crater of the volcano, illuminating the darkness for miles around. Incandescent stones are also thrown up, together with showers of ashes, which darken the atmosphere in the day time. The fire, smoke, ashes and stones are accompanied by dreadful subterranean thunderings and frightful and unearthly noises under the volcano, together with quakings of the earth. It reminds the spectator of the description of the judgment day. The sublimity of the scene is equal to the terror it inspires. Inhabitants of the villages and towns in the vicinity of the mountain are in a state of panic and terror. They are indeed in danger in case of a flow of lava.

WHILE a Leadville lawyer was cross-examining a woman who was on the witness stand, recently, she exclaimed: "I am a lady, and by thunder don't you forget it."

THE decrease in the public debt, during the month of May, is nearly $16,000,000.

MORRIS, a County Judge in Texas, was murdered in his courtroom a short time since by a saloon-keeper named Taylor.