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D. C. IRELAND. E. L. E. WHITE.

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PUBLISHERS.

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An Atlantic Oasis.

Out in the Atlantic, over twelve hundred miles from Land's End and about six hundred miles due west from Lisbon, lies the beautiful island of St. Michael's, the largest of the nine islands forming the archipelago of the Azores. It is beautiful in its variety of mountain, lake, and valley scenery, in the rich verdure of its cultivated lands, its equable, mild climate, and in its wonderful thermal springs. The principal commerce of St. Michael's is the orange crop. The mode of picking and packing remains unaltered since early days. The city of Ponta Delgada, the capital of the island, is set in the midst of orange gardens, and the air in the early mornings or late in the evenings comes laden to you with the fragrance of the orange blossoms.

Either in the town or suburbs you see the gates of many orange gardens invitingly open, and you will be politely invited to walk in and help yourself to flowers and fruit. If you are a stranger the "cabeca," or head man of the garden, will bring you a bunch of lovely camellias and a branch on which hang clusters of ripe oranges, and invite you to be seated on a garden bench for though it is the month of February you can enjoy sitting out of doors. There you can watch the juvenile toilers sorting the fruit and the dried leaves of the Indian corn. The picker can eat as many oranges as he pleases, and take away every evening a bag or basket full of fruit that has fallen from the trees, which he sells at thirty or forty for a penny.—*Leisure Hours.*

Hancock Defeated.

When Hancock was stationed in this city in 1858-61, as quartermaster of the southern district of California, he was an athlete of no small pretensions. Among the animals used for transportation, and over which he had charge, were a number of camels, some of which were the possessors of vicious tempers. One, a large buck, was a continual source of trouble, and he generally made it lively for the unlucky individual who had occasion to go within the inclosure in which he was confined. On one occasion Hancock went into the corral on some matter of business, but as soon as the old camel saw him he started on the dead run for his unlucky victim. The man who has since become famous on many a hard-fought battle ground did not quail from the attack of his formidable antagonist, and soon a Græco-Roman wrestling match of the most approved style was taking place, that would cause even the redoubtable Muldoon to pale with envy. The hero of Gettysburg, with a haven't-got-long-to-live expression on his face, was first thrown into the air, his heels pointing straight toward the heavens and the next moment hurled with irresistible force to the earth. Several rounds were fought without Hancock losing his grip, but the camel was just getting into the right trim for an all-day fight, and, being within a few feet of the fence, Hancock watched his opportunity and suddenly released his hold and started for the house. How he got over the ten-foot fence has never been satisfactorily settled, and as Hancock was always reticent on the subject, it will probably never be explained, unless, at this late day, he unbosoms himself.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Samuel J. Tilden erected his own monument by his splendid benefactions. It is fortunate that he did so, as otherwise his grave would probably have been left unmarked by the city for which he has done so much—at least until sufficient contributions could have been levied upon the people of the outlying and much-derided provinces.

Jenny Lind's daughter is coming to "dear America." She is spoken of as having a marvelous voice, much resembling that of her mother.

Stories of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Dr. Holmes does not save his bright thoughts for print and the public, but is often so witty while chatting with one or two friends as was ever the autocrat or professor of the breakfast table. A young physician once asked him for a suitable motto. "Small favors gratefully received," was the witty response. He was complaining in a comical way to a lady of the minute portion of honey that was given to him at a hotel tea. "A mere trifle; the work of a very young bee in an idle half hour." "Did they give you no comb, Doctor?" she laughingly inquired. "Possibly one tooth, madam!" Several of the now famous writers and lecturers of Boston were speaking of their lecture experiences, when the subject of pay was brought up. Each man of the company was certain that he had received the smallest sum. But Dr. Holmes made a climax by saying: "Listen, gentlemen. I had engaged to give a lecture for \$5. After it was over a grave-looking deacon came to me and said, 'Mr. Holmes, we agreed to give you \$5, but your talk wasn't just what we expected, and I guess that ten-fifty will dew.'"—*Youth's Companion.*

Garden of Eden Rocks.

Since the days of the "forty acres and a mule" dodge, if a month has passed away without some ridiculous fraud being practiced upon the colored people here, your correspondent fails to remember it. The latest and most absurd was brought to light to-day, when a colored man, with his eyes dancing with delight, came in to show me a treasure that he had just bought in the shape of "a rock from the Garden of Eden."

It looked like a small piece of slate, was highly perfumed with musk and packed in a small paste-board box. He had bought it from a white woman, who told him that she was from the Garden of Eden, and was the only living agent for the sale of the rocks. She had thousands of them put up in similar paper boxes, and sold them through the country at 25 cents each. She has sold several hundred in Columbia. The *Times-Star* correspondent tried to buy the colored man's rock, but he resolutely refused ten times its price. A big revival is in progress among the colored Methodists of this city, and the aforesaid white woman is reaping a rich harvest in the sale of her "Garden of Eden rocks" among the ignorant enthusiasts.—*Columbia (S. C.) Cor. Cincinnati Times-Star.*

A Novel Institution.

A novel and salubrious institution has been established in New York City. It is known as "The New York Labor Exchange and Lodge." Its manager is Mr. D. M. Davidson. We may gather its purpose from the following "bill of fare:"

Absolutely clean "square" meals.....10c.
Clothes cleaned by fumigation..... 5c.
Hot soda or sulphur bath..... 5c.
Shave or hair cut..... 15c.
Absolutely clean beds..... 15c.
Fumigation and bath compulsory the first night and every week to insure cleanliness.

It is intended to "assist" honest men who have hard luck in finding employment. It is said people come there in a horrible condition of filth, but the compulsory bath for their persons and the summer fumigation of their clothing is a purifying process that restores a sense of self-respect and they start out in the morning in search of work with a renewed spirit of manhood.

Although not a self-supporting enterprise yet, Mr. Davidson thinks it soon will be, but its beneficent effects are such that it has the sympathy and support of the best people in the city. Davidson claims that it has already saved hundreds of men from ruin.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

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WHAT WE GUARANTEE
FOR THE DRESS GOODS OF OUR
MANUFACTURE.

To be made from the very best material, by skillful workmen, with the latest and most approved machinery, and to be the cheapest goods in the market when service is considered.

Are so thoroughly finished that they can be worn in damp weather, or in a shower, without fear of being ruined by curling or shrinking.

The manufacturing, dyeing and finishing is done in such a manner, that the goods can be washed if desired without the least injury to fabric.

Our goods are wool dyed, and colors as fast as the purest dyes and greatest care and skill can make them.

Goods show just what they are and will be until worn out, as there is no weighting, stiffening, or artificial lustre used to increase the weight or finish; as is the case with a large class of goods in the market, but which disappears after a few days' service.

As manufacturers we have taken great pains to supply an article in every way reliable, and unsurpassed by similar goods, either foreign or domestic, and would respectfully ask an examination of the various styles and shades to be found on sale by merchants who are agents for the goods.

All goods of our manufacture should bear the name and trade mark of
BROADHEAD WORSTED MILLS,

Jamestown, N. Y.