

CLIPPINGS.

In 1861, when Lincoln was inaugurated, Douglas stood behind him and held his hat; and if either Mr. Hayes or Mr. Tilden is fairly and honestly shown to have a majority of the electoral vote, in either case we advise his defeated competitor to be present at the inauguration and follow the example of Mr. Douglas."

An unappointed wretch says Boston girls generally write poems on the immortality of the soul until they are old enough to swing on the garden gate with a young man of honorable intentions.

Here is an excellent rule: "Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad or indifferent; nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly."

"Oh, mamma, that's Capt. Jones' knock! I know he has come to ask me to be his wife!" "Well, my dear, you must accept him." "But I thought you hated him so!" "Hate him! I do—so much so that I intend to be his mother-in-law." Revenge is sweet, especially to women.

A young lady reader from a distance, anxious to keep posted in the fashions, writes us that she is going to a ball and wants to know what she shall wear. You had better wear clothes, dear!

A New Jersey pedagogue justifies the corporal punishment of children on Biblical grounds. He says that when the Queen of Sheba came so far to learn of Solomon, it is manifest she must have been struck with a ruler.

All hair pins look alike to men, but let a wife go off on a visit and come home and find a hair pin near the gate, and she can't wait a minute to turn red in the face.

The fashion books inform us that striped stockings still hold their own which an exchange says is a very pretty thing to do. They have had an upward tendency since the cold weather began.

"Py schimminy, how dot boy studies de languages!" is what a delightful elderly German said when his four year old son called him a bleary-eyed son of a saw horse.

Judgment has been obtained against the bondsmen in the Geer case for about \$7,000.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Standing on the Post-office steps the other day and looking down on the group of smaller boys who wanted to know why he had plasters on his face and his arm in a sling:

"I don't care whether you are Democrats or Republicans, nor how much you holler on the streets; but don't put two ounces of powder into an old dinner horn, and think you've got the biggest cannon in town."

"Did you?" asked a small newsboy. "Did I? Go up to my house and see the dent in the ground where I came down—see mother's left leg—see my old goat in a corner of the yard, waiting for a New York surgeon to come and pick the powder out of his nose! You move on, small boy."

SLEEP AS A MEDICINE.—A physician says that the cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness and uneasiness. It will restore vigor to an over-worked brain. It will build up and make strong a weak body. It will cure a headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed, we make a long list of nervous maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to promote weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room; a clear conscience and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as will secure sleep; otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.

Hon. S. B. Edwards of Nez Perce county was born in Dark county, Ohio, and was raised in Indiana. His occupation is that of a farmer. He was married in Salem, Oregon, in 1869. He resides in Paradise Valley, where he was, until recently, postmaster. Mr. Edwards is one of the people—one of Idaho's best citizens and is fully up to the mark of a vigilant and faithful representative.—Boise Statesman.

CASCADES CANAL.—Col. Wilson who has returned from a visit to the Cascades reports the survey of the proposed canal, as getting along rapidly and successfully, and will be completed in about four weeks.—Portland Standard.

GRUMBLING ABOUT NEWS-PAPERS.

Grumbling about newspapers, says the Boston Traveler, is as ancient as newspapers themselves. And notwithstanding the multiplication of these modern conveniences and the sleepless efforts of publishers to adapt their papers to every variety of taste and every grade of sentiment, affording, one might think, ample opportunity to readers to suit themselves perfectly—yet there is still, perhaps, as much grumbling about newspapers as there ever was. We suppose it does not often occur to the grumblers that possibly they themselves may be at fault, may be unreasonable, may exact impossibilities, may be out of humor, may have a fit of indigestion or spleen, or may be stupid or unappreciative. It may never occur to them that the men who toil night and day to furnish them the latest news and the greatest variety of information and entertainment, are mortal, and sometimes tire themselves, and get sleepy and cross and stupid, and forgetful and careless, and need, and deserve, too, some consideration and even sympathy from those for whom they unceasingly work.

Fault finding readers do not consider that everything that is made by human brains and hands, must, of necessity, be imperfect, however strong the desire and however earnest the effort to have it faultless. And above all they forget that a newspaper cannot be made for general circulation and yet, in everything, exactly suit any one person. A thoroughly good, enterprising newspaper, is really like a well-spread table. It contains variety as well as quantity; something for every taste and enough of each kind to satisfy any reasonable appetite. It is not expected that any guest of a table should eat of every dish provided. It is not supposed for a moment that every dish will be palatable to every guest or agree with every one's digestion; but it is thought, and reasonably, too, that from the abundant bill of fare every guest can select enough that will be digestible and agreeable to make a substantial and satisfactory meal. Just so with every well edited newspaper. No man is expected to read everything in the paper or to like everything if he reads it; but every man is expected to find enough that is good and useful and acceptable and agreeable in the ample columns spread out before him, to be a full equivalent for what the paper costs; and if he happens to find on the carte an article which offends his taste, or is in opposition to his views, he has just to let that alone and leave it for another, whom it will just suit, and for whose taste it was gotten up. In choosing his paper one should do just as he does in choosing his restaurant; he should select one whose general style suits him, and when his taste changes or the character of the paper deteriorates, he should change and try another; but never fret himself or vex his neighbors by grumbling and scolding about his newspaper which, after all, is just about as necessary to his comfort as his dinner.

SINCERITY.—Give us sincere friends or none. This hollow glitter of smiles and words—compliments that mean nothing—protestations of affection as solid as the froth from champagne—invitations that are but pretty sentences, uttered because such things are customary—are all worthless. There is no need for them.

There are a number of middle aged gentlemen, who thinking themselves endowed by nature with oratorical ability, visit Sunday schools to display their speech making qualities. One of these gentlemen had a round of four or five schools which he visited regularly and as regularly bored, ending his orations invariably with Amen! While visiting one of the schools, the superintendent, out of courtesy, asked him if he desired to say a few words to the school. "Wa'al yes, I'll say a word or two!" and straightening himself up, he began: "Wa'al, chil'un, the superintendent wants me ter speak to yer! Neow what shall I say—what shall I talk about?" A bright little fellow, about four years of age, sitting in the front seat, who had evidently heard the orator before jumped to his feet and lisped out loud enough to be heard all over the school-room. "They 'Amen' and thit down!"—Standard.

We have examined the books of the Territorial Comptroller, and Territorial Treasurer, and find them to have been properly kept. We find the indebtedness of the Territory, on December 1st, 1876, to be as follows:

Coin indebtedness.....	\$71,385 45
Currency.....	72,461 57
Total amount.....	143,847 02
Less amount currency in Treasury.....	\$15,854 75

We regret to say that our Territorial debt seems to be increasing rather than diminishing.—Grand Jury of 3d District.

"VIC'S" MARRIAGE NOTICE.

The numerous friends of Vic. Trevitt, in this city, will read with interest the following notice taken from the Pioneer and Democrat, published Sept. 30, 1854. It was considered a good joke on him then, and will lose nothing by a reperusal after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century.

MARRIED.—On Saturday at the residence of his Excellency, Stock Whitley, Governor and commander-in-chief of all the hostiles east of the mountains, by the Right Rev. Father Bussassi, Gen. Victor Trevitt, to her Ladyship, the honorable Eugenie Isabella Victoria Clementina Kangarooia Antelopeia Banderstockershindershoven Spiderator, cousin german to Stock Whitley, Esq., aforesaid. We are particular in consequence of the high standing (by blood, fortune and otherwise) of the parties, to say nothing of the very liberal allowance of the good things forwarded to us, such as cricket cheese, fern roots, dried antelope liver, etc., etc., and in digesting the same we earnestly pray for the happy couple, a long life and a fruitful one. At last accounts the parties were doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances. The happy bridegroom being nearly allied by lineal decent to the Asiatic nobility, they are expected to visit Turkey during the tour. Ladies in Central Asia would do well to anticipate his visit, inasmuch as he has a decided leaning in that direction. The papers in Prince Charlotte's Island, Patagonia and Central Africa will please copy; as those localities are to be visited in the bridal tour.—Reprint of Portland Standard.

Hon. Frank Points of Nez Perce county, is a native of northern portion of the State of Alabama. He is a miner by occupation and is forty-four years old, resides on the Palouse river and is unmarried. Mr. Points is one of the best representative men in the body of which he is a member.—Boise Statesman.

J. K. VINCENT,
AUCTIONEER,
LEWISTON, I. T.
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Promptly and Faithfully. 1-tf

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LEWISTON, I. T.
Call and see them. WEISGERBER BROS.
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DEALER IN
WATCHES, JEWELRY
AND PLATED-WARE.
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ALL ORDERS SENT BY EXPRESS WILL
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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
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OF ALL KINDS.

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Glassware, Cutlery, Tobacco, Miners' Goods,
Etc., Etc., Etc. 1-tf

LEWISTON BAKERY,
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LEWISTON, I. T.

BREAD, PIES AND CAKES; ALSO GRO-
ceries, Confectionery, Liquors and Cigars.
CONRAD WINTSCH,
S. WILDENTHALER.
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PITCH, OAKUM, AM-
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HOLD ARTICLES,
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Give "The Neighbor" a Call.
Lewiston, Oct., 21, 1876. 1-tf

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