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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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WILL attend promptly to Collections, and payment of taxes in Stearns and Benon Counties. Special attention given to cases before the Local and General Land Offices.
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NEW YORK
ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE CO.
Insures against accidents of *of all kinds*. $10 per year secures $10 weekly compensation if injured, and $2,000 in event of death. Other sums in proportion.
J. E. WEST, Agent,
v42-3m St. Cloud, Minn.

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J. M. ROSENBERGER,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER & NEWSDEALER
Has always on hand a Fine Assortment of
Books and Stationery.
—ALSO—
THE LATEST PAPERS & MAGAZINES
THE STANDARD SCHOOLBOOKS,
And everything usually found in a first class Bookstore. v6n18-tf

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[FROM LIVERPOOL.]
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Neatly Fixed and Warranted.
Old Verge and Lupine Watches made into New English Patent Levers at a small cost.
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—AND—
QUEENSWARE,
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ST. PAUL, MINN.

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DEALERS IN
WINES, LIQUORS
And Cigars,
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We are manufacturing a superior quality of
MALT VINEGAR,
which we will sell at
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL,
at reasonable prices.
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Manufactory opposite the bridge at Funk's Brewery, St. Cloud, Minn. v8n37

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Corner of 3d and Wabashaw sts., opposite the Bridge

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CARPET HALL,
225 Third street, St. Paul.
DEALER in Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings, Curtain Materials and Trimmings, Upholstering and Furnishing Goods, Window Shades, Wall Paper, Mattresses, Feathers, &c. v7n40-1y

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I HAVE removed to my new shop near the Bridge, where I am prepared to do all kinds of work in the Carriagemaking line. Wagons, carriages and sleighs made in a neat and substantial manner at low rates. Particular attention paid to repairing. v8-tf

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PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
Will attend to the practice of Medicine and Surgery in all their various branches.
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ST. CLOUD, MINN.
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New and Popular Publications,
ALSO, THE STANDARD WORKS,
STATIONERY,
Fancy Goods, Toys.
And a great variety of new and fashionable
Jewelry & Silver-Ware,
CAKE BASKETS,
CASTORS, SPOONS, FORKS,
And, in short, everything in this line.
All to be sold at St. Paul prices.
We are pleased to show goods. Call at
The New Book and Fancy Goods Store,
Opposite N. P. Clarke & Co.'s.
v8n16-1y J. E. WEST.

GROCERIES
AND
PROVISIONS.
We have now on hand and are receiving a full and complete stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries, such as
TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, SYRUPS, DRIED FRUITS, GREEN APPLES, TUBS, PAILS, BROOMS, SOAP, CANDLES, MACKERAL, COD FISH, WHITE FISH, DRIED FISH, SALT, VINEGAR, SPICES, NUTS, *Can'd* FRUITS
At Wholesale and Retail.
100 BBLS. SALT,
Fresh and in prime order.
50 Barrels Winter Apples.
The highest cash price will be paid for
FURS AND HIDES.
A CHOICE LOT OF LIQUORS.
For sale by MURPHY & SPENCER,
Lahr's Block, St. Germain street.
v8n20-1y ST. CLOUD, MINN.

UNION MILLS
Flour and Feed Store.
THE Proprietors of the above Mills have opened a Store in "Gorton's Building," on Washington avenue, where a constant supply of
FLOUR,
FEED,
&c., &c.,
May be found.
The highest price paid in cash for wheat
St. Cloud, May 26th, 1864. v6n44.

RUDOLPH SCHŒNEMANN,
WATCHMAKER,
St. Germaine Street,
ST. CLOUD, MINN.
A GOOD assortment of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry always on hand. Galvanizing done. Repairing neatly done and warranted for one year. nly
A large lot of Spectacles for sale.

WOMAN'S LIFE PRESERVER
WARREN'S CHEMICAL SOAP.
THE BEST & CHEAPEST.
Can be made in Ten Minutes!
Family and Township rights for sale.
Inquire of JOS. GOYETTE,
v8n21-1y St. Cloud, Minn.

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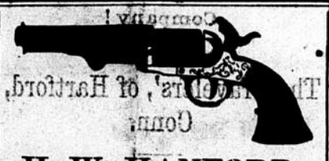
INSURANCE COMPANY.
This Company insures property of all kinds against loss or damage by FIRE, on favorable terms.
Losses adjusted and promptly paid.
J. E. WEST, Agent.
v8n24-1y St. Cloud, Minn.

NEW LIQUOR STORE!
We are just receiving and will offer for sale at our new Store-room, opposite the new Catholic Church, on St. Germaine street, the largest assortment, and best selection of pure Brandy, Rum, Gin, wheat, rye, corn and old Bourbon Whisky, Stomach Bitters, &c., ever brought into this market, which we promise to sell at very low prices. We respectfully invite all dealers in these articles to call and examine for themselves.
v8n11 J. LANDWER & SON.

OLD PAPERS for sale at THIS OFFICE.



H. W. HANFORD,
DEALER IN
Repeating and Revolving
FIRE ARMS,
ENGLISH SHOT-GUNS,
METALIC CARTRIDGES,
POWDER, SHOT, LEAD, CAPS
Pocket and Hunting Knives,
Hunters' Patent Day or Night Pocket Compasses,
Fishing Tackle,
and every variety of
Sportsmens' and Hunters' Goods,
which we will guarantee to
SELL AS LOW
as any house in the West.
v8n36-1y H. W. HANFORD.

THE NEW ORGAN FOR PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

From the Boston Traveler.

The musical public, both of New York and Boston, have for some months been awaiting in impatient expectation the completion of a great organ, which the Messrs Hook of this city have been engaged in constructing for the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn. The organ is now complete, and has been on exhibition for several days past at the manufactory, where ample opportunity has been afforded those interested to hear and judge of its merits. This instrument is the largest ever built in America, exceeding in size the organ in Tremont Temple and Church of the Immaculate Conception of this city, and Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, made by the same builders. It not only combines all the merits of these organs, and the peculiarities of construction and voicing which have given to them great reputation, but the best features of the modern French, German and English organs, with new stops and mechanical appliances, are here introduced, modified and improved, in accordance with the large experience and practice which this firm have enjoyed. The result is an organ worthy of the name, in the possession of which the society for whom it is intended may have reason to rejoice, for certain it is that nothing comparable with it exists at present either in New York or Brooklyn.

The case is of black walnut, with pipes of burnished metal, the *Tuba* pipes—surmounted by bells, like those of large trumpets—grouped together, projecting from the top on either side, with a novel and pleasing effect. The design is one of singular beauty, combining the most familiar features of classical architecture, and we are pleased to observe that the grotesque features so prominent in some recently constructed organs have been carefully avoided. The organ has four complete manuals, with pedal of full compass. It contains 3,403 pipes and 65 stops, which are disposed in the following manner: 15 in the great organ, 15 in the swell, 9 in the choir, 6 in the solo, 7 pedal, and 13 mechanical. There are, in addition, combination pedals, and a grand crescendo movement, by means of which the valve of every pipe in the organ may be gradually opened or closed at the will of the performer, without at all disturbing the combination which may be in use at the time, and operating alike on each manual singly, or upon all coupled together—an indicator placed in front showing always the exact number of registers in use. Four new stops are introduced for the first time into an American organ, which we can only name, without describing in detail, viz: the *Euphona* in the swell, *Tuba Mirabilis* and *Vox Angelica* in the solo, and *Violone* in the pedal.

In compass, it extends from the C, technically termed 32-foot C, which is an octave lower than the lowest C of a grand piano-forte, to A in alt, an octave higher than its highest note—in other words its compass is two octaves greater than a grand piano.

In all the mechanism of this organ, which is most ingeniously arranged and skillfully constructed, the movements are made by pneumatic power, the operation of the keys, the valves opening to the pipes, and the slides upon the wind chests, all being effected by small pneumatic engines worked by delicate trackers, traversing its length, breadth, and height, and concentrating within easy grasp of the performer.

The power is supplied by a hydraulic engine, which sets in motion four pairs of huge bellows, of different pressures, one each for the three manuals and pedals: these are further assisted in their operations by combination reservoirs arranged after the most approved French method.—These blowers are automatic in their action, giving energetic and forcible motion when the full organ is used, or easy and gentle, scarcely moving if but a single stop is drawn.

We understand that the organ will be immediately taken down, packed, and shipped to its final destination in Plymouth Church, where it will be ready for exhibition in about six weeks.

—H. F. Remington, of Springfield, Mass., has obtained a patent for a paper shirt—to be got up for the modest sum of twenty-five cents, and to be sweat-proof.

AMONG THE LAURELS.

BY MRS. AKERS.

The sunset's gorgeous dyes
Paled slowly from the skies,
And the clear heaven was waiting for the stars,
As side by side we strayed
Adown a sylvan glade,
And found our pathway crossed by rustic bars.

Beyond the barrier lay
A green and tempting way,
Arched with fair laurel-trees, a-bloom and tall,—
Their cups of tender snow
Touched with a rosy glow,
And warm sweet shadows trembling over all.

The chestnuts sung and sighed,
The solemn oaks replied,
And distant pine-trees crooned in slumberous tones;
While music low and clear
Gushed from the darkness near,
Where a shy brook went tinkling over stones.

Soft mosses, damp and sweet,
Allured our waiting feet, [bloom,
And brambles veiled their thorns with treacherous
While tiny flocks of flowers,
Which own no name of ours,
Added their mite of beauty and perfume.

And hark! a hidden bird—
To sudden utterance stirred,
As by a gushing love too great to bear
With voiceless silence long—
Burst into passionate song,
Filling with his sweet trouble all the air.

Then one, whose eager soul
Could brook no slight control,
Said, "Let us thread this pleasant path, dear friend,—
If thus the way can be
So beautiful to see,
How much more beautiful must be the *end!*

"Follow! this solitude
May shrine the haunted wood,
Storied so sweetly in romance and rhyme,—
Secure from human ill,
And rarely peopled still
By Fauns and Dryads of the olden time.

"A spot of hallowed ground
By mortal yet unfound,
Sacred to nymph and sylvan deity,—
Where foiled Apollo glides,
And bashful Daphne hides
Safe in the shelter of her laurel-tree!"

"Forbear!" the other cried—
"O, leave the way untried!
Those joys are sweetest which we only guess,
And the impatient soul,
That seeks to grasp the whole,
Defeats itself by its own eagerness.

"Let us not rudely shake
The dew-drop from the brake
Fringing the borders of this haunted dell;
And the delights which are—
The present and the far—
Lose half their charm by being known too well!

"And he mistakes who tries
To search all mysteries,—
Who leaves no cup undrained, no path untracked;
Who seeks to know too much
Brushes with eager touch
The bloom of fancy from the brier of Fact.

"Keep one fair myth aloof
From the hard and actual proof;
Preserve some dear delusions as they seem,
Since the reality,
How bright soe'er it be,
Shows dull and cold beside our marvellous dream.

"Leave this white page unscored,
This rare realm unexplored,
And let dear Fancy roam there as she will;
Whatever page we turn,
However much we learn,
Let there be something left to dream of still!"

Wherefore, for aught we know,
The golden apples grow
In the green vale to which that pathway leads;
The spirits of the wood
Still haunt its solitude,
And Pan sits piping there among the reeds!

—*Atlantic Monthly for May.*

OUR CINCINNATI LETTER.

Weather—Cincinnati in its Various Shades—Location of the City—Parks, Buildings, Trades, Amusements, &c.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, May 2d, 1866.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT.—I presume you are luxuriating in the cool, winterish* atmosphere of your hyperborean locality, and, no doubt, uttering a silent wish occasionally for the fickle April airs and the balmy, fragrant breezes of May we are now favored with in this part of the country. Do not complain. The climate of your beautiful State is far superior to ours, and if Minnesota winters drag their slow length through five long months they are at least preferable to the parody on winter which we are blessed with. I say "blessed," for that which tries our health, endurance, temper, patience and piety, the orthodox say is a blessing. This climate tries all these and "I hope to be blessed," of course—if I subject myself to another Ohio winter's wear and tear. Who would not rather have winter extended two months here and thus avoid the all-sorts and nothing-ing-long weather we have from 1st February to May? An unanimous "aye" is responded; but, alas! the earth will not revolve north-westerly, and we must go ourselves, do we wish to get genuine weather done up in simon-pure, unadulterated packages.

Fearing you may surmise I have "weather on the brain," I will intimate that I have *weathered* the subject completely and will pursue the original intention I had before being influenced by the weather.

Cincinnati, Queen City of the West, Porkopolis, Stinktown and Smokyburg, are names given by persons, as they please, to this city. The commercial traveler says, Cincinnati. The merchant, residenter and drummer blandly say, "The Queen City." The dealers in pork, bacon, sides and hams, and the manufactures of candles, oils and soap say, "Porkopolis, sir! Porkopolis!" The individual who unwittingly wanders near Deer creek, at the east end of the city, finds himself in the neighborhood of pork houses, bone-boiling establishments, and lard, oil, soap and candle factories, retraces his steps and holding his nose, murmurs nasally, "Stinktown." All agree it is Smokyburg, and I say it is a good second edition of Pittsburg.

Many years ago our geographies told us Cincinnati was situated on the Ohio river, and, I would also add, on a flat or bottom land extending along the river some three miles, and running back from one to two miles, to a range of high hills, which enclose the city on three sides in the form of a semicircle. Within this small space are packed the dense mass of brick and stone buildings, the narrow streets and scarcely ten-foot-wide alleys, and the nearly two hundred thousand people that make up this active, energetic, go-ahead, live city. So limited is space in the city, that but one small park has been laid out for a breathing place. This park is about the bigness of two squares, and is in the center of the city. A project is now on foot, and will soon be realized, for laying out an immense park on top of one of the high hills (Mount Adams, I believe) back of the city. It is to be called Lincoln Park. This place of resort will be grand and beautiful when completed, as the hills are from six to eight hundred feet in heighth, overlooking the city, many miles of the broad and winding Ohio, and the surrounding country. Fulton, an enterprising manufacturing place, an outgrowth of Cincinnati, lying east, just above on the river, seems almost at one's feet from this lofty place. Covington and Newport, just opposite in Kentucky, appear like a continuation of the city, the streets being laid out exactly similar and running to the river directly opposite.

Cincinnati, though deficient in breathing places for her inhabitants, can boast of many fine buildings—blocks of splendidly constructed stores, and elegant private residences. As fine specimens of architecture and those which occupy prominent places as ornaments to the city, I would mention: Custom House and Post Office, Masonic Hall, Court House, First Presbyterian church, the Cathedral and Jewish temple. Pike's Opera House, lately burned, was one of the grand ornaments and the pride of Cincinnati. The Burnet and Spencer are the finest hotel buildings.—There are four depots, the largest and most commodious of which is the Indianapolis depot. Seven lines of railroad run to and from the city. The Miami canal terminates here. Steamboats connect with all points on the Ohio, Cumberland, Mississippi and Arkansas rivers. One need have no fears of not being able to go away from this city, for daily can one go in any direction. Cincinnati, from its central position, is handy to the whole country. This position is the secret of her immense trade with the south and southwest, and her own immediate vicinity—Ohio, Indiana and Southern Illinois. The most extensive business carried on are groceries, provisions and hardware. An immense amount of capital is employed in manufacturing purposes, and I believe in this respect this city stands the third in the Union. In the one article of stoves, she manufactures more than any city in the country. Steamboat building, the making of carriages, buggies, immense quantities of furniture, etc., are branches largely carried on. I will not mention hogs, for it is a notorious fact that there are vast quantities of pork packed here each season employing thousands of men and involving an immense outlay of capital.

The city is supplied with water from the Ohio river. Three large and powerful engines which pump in aggregate nearly six hundred gallons at every revolution, force the water into a distributing reservoir situated half way up Mount Adams. The water works are fine specimens of mechanical art, and are visited by hundreds daily. The Ohio river at this place is being bridged by an immense wire structure, said to be the longest span in this country. It is not yet completed, and the wires which are stretched across from the massive stone piers two hundred feet high have the appearance of a spider's web, and scarcely able to support their own weight. It is purposed to have the bridge completed by next fall.

The paid fire department of this city, with its steam engines, is the most efficient and complete in this country. Cincinnati was the pioneer in this movement, and now has it reduced to such system and perfection, that it is the admiration of all who witness the quietness and rapidity with which a fire is controlled and extinguished. I witnessed the working of twelve fire engines at the burning of Pike's Opera house. Some of them worked at that fire twenty-four hours without stopping, each engine throwing two heavy solid streams on the burning mass. To give an idea of the water used, I would state that the amount was estimated at over six million gallons. Commend us to a paid fire department and powerful steam fire engines, all insurance companies will say.

We have now three theatres in this city, two of which, the National and Wood's, are giving performances; the third, Mozart Hall, is occupied by the "Cork opera," or Negro Minstrels. The Academy of Music, a small elegant theatre is also occupied by a minstrel troupe. Theatricals seem to be on the wane here; managers are not making their everlasting fortunes. I hardly think this city will support more than one good theatre; though possibly two might "eke out a precarious existence." There are occasionally circuses, menageries and innumerable side shows here, and the "elephant," tusks, trunk, tail and all can most generally be found and seen, as in all large cities.

I fear I have trespassed upon the "crowded state of your columns" too much already, and hope to be more brief, more local, and less general hereafter in my letters from the Queen city.

ARDEBY.

*All but the "winterish."—ED. DEM.

LETTER FROM FORT GARRY.

The Indians—Where they Are—Gen. Corse and Col. Adams—The Best Mode of treating with the Indians.

FT. GARRY, B. N. A., April 23d, 1866.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT.—I see among several of the U. S. papers, articles relative to the "Mission of General Corse to Ft. Abercrombie," and stating that the difficult problem regarding Indians was solved, or was in process of successful solution, &c. Now, the plain facts of the matter are these; a few of the Sioux, whether heretofore friendly or otherwise, have given themselves up, but whether through the efforts of General Corse, or fear of General Starvation, I wont pretend to say, but am inclined to *think* the latter General had more to do with it than the former. But be that as it may, if Gen. Corse, has, through the agency of the other General, got a few more of the red devils tight, he had better keep them, and not trust too much to appearances, or jump too quick at conclusions regarding the "solution" part of the problem.

There is at this time a large body of Indians collected in different localities on this side of the lines, and as they suppose, (and not without some show of reason) perfectly safe from the Americans. These Indians are well known, and acknowledge themselves to be, the very worst of the whole lot who were engaged in the massacre of 1862, and display no hesitation in boasting (and before the Americans, too,) of the part they as individuals took in the outrages, &c., during the outbreak. And some of them know full well that if they are once caught the other side the lines, a short shrift, and a long rope would be their portion, and the crimes that some of them are guilty of, are such as never could be forgotten and forgiven, either by God or man. Now comes a letter which Mr. Chief Factor Clare received by the last mail from Colonel Adams of the United States Army at Fort Abercrombie, regarding the Sioux now living about the Turtle Mountain and other localities near the frontier. In that letter Colonel Adams intimates that he has been authorised by Brevet Major General Corse, commanding the district of Min. to use every possible means to induce the hostile Sioux to surrender themselves at Fort Abercrombie, and to grant the Sioux protection and entire absolution for all past offences in the event of their giving themselves up; and Col. Adams asks aid of such influence from the Settlement as could be brought to bear upon the Sioux to accede to the proposals he had made.

Now if this letter or any of the influence which can be brought to bear by any of the people of this settlement, has the desired effect of bringing this body of Indians to Col. Adams' feet and asking pardon upon the bended knee, I shall miss my guess, My reasons are these:

Firstly, I don't think the Indians will believe a word of it.

Secondly, The Indians believe that when Gen. Corse once gets his hand upon them, "good bye pardon," and they don't go a cent on that.

Thirdly and lastly, They will not believe that Gen. Corse has the authority (neither do I) to treat with them on those terms, viz: full pardon for all past offences and protection for all future ones.

I am well satisfied of the fact that the people here are in favor of using any and every means to induce the Sioux to make and ratify a treaty of peace with the American government, for when Mr. Clare called a meeting of the council (or legislators) and laid before them this letter of Col. Adams, they decided to give power to Judge Black and Mr. Clare to supply what provisions might be necessary to carry the Sioux to Fort Abercrombie and to commission some settler or settlers of position to accompany the Sioux to Fort Abercrombie and introduce them to the General commanding the United States Troops as surrendering according to the provisions of the letter of Colonel Adams.

The Council have done that much and can do no more. The Sioux are here billeted upon them like an unwelcome visitor, and they are obliged to make a virtue of necessity and let them remain, to be contented with what they do, and be thankful that they don't do more, for they have not the power to get rid of them, if they had the will.

Of one thing I am morally certain, that the only way to effect a treaty of peace with these Indians is to *treat with them here*, upon neutral ground, where they can meet upon equal terms, and the one have no advantage over the other. And here I would offer a bit of advice to Gen. Corse, or whoever has the authority to treat with them, (and as it is gratis, he need have no scruples about taking it.) Appoint some week or day, sufficiently distant to enable both parties to make all the necessary preparation, when he or a Commissioner duly authorized will meet the Indians here upon neutral ground, and have a big talk over the whole affair, and my word for it, the whole thing can be arranged in less than one-half the time, with one-third the trouble, one-quarter the expense, *and less than one-eighth the blow*, than it takes to send off a company of soldiers in the dead of winter to gobble up a few, poor, miserable devils who are half-starved and have not the means of locomotion, even if they wanted to run never so bad from a blue jacket.

It may be that the General has arrived at the true solution of the Indian problem, but if he has, I am very much mistaken.

It's all very nice to talk about putting the Indians on to the reserve land and giving them tools and cattle, and building nice houses, and all that sort of things, and it looks very pretty on paper, and sounds very nice to those Eastern philanthropists who think the Indian is all that is noble, generous, brave &c., &c, but you "cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," neither can you turn an Indian into a first-class farmer.

I have been among Indians a great deal during the past fifteen years; thus far my experience goes to prove that the more you civilize an Indian the bigger rascal you make of him. From all that I can learn about those that are here, the worst ones among them and those that were guilty of the worst crimes during the outbreak are those that had the advantages of a Christian education. I do not pretend to explain the cause, I only notice the effect. There are instances, I will admit, where a civilized Indian has turned out a Christian and a useful member of society; but they are like "hens' teeth," very rare, and where you will find one that turns out this way, you will find a thousand that are just their very antipodes.

Now, a word more to the General, and I am done. If you send a commissioner up here to treat with them, don't send up some Second Lieutenant all "flammed out" in shoulder-straps and brass buttons, with an idea that he is bigger than U. S. G., nor rush into the other extreme and send some old, antiquated trader, whom the Indians would not believe if he were to swear on a stack of bibles as big as a steamboat.—But send some man whom they can trust, who has never deceived them, and I will warrant it will be much easier accomplished than if Col. Adams wrote letters to them a whole month. SPECS.

—"Husband, I don't know where this boy got his bad temper; I'm sure not from me."

"No, my dear, for I don't find that you have lost any."

—"Pray, Miss C.," said a gentleman the other evening, "why are ladies so fond of officers?" "How stupid!" replied she; "is it not natural that a lady should like a good offer sir?"

—Bayard Taylor is exploring New York, and writing descriptions of the nastiest localities for *The Nation*.

—A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out white spots.