

The Albany Register.

VOLUME XIII.

ALBANY, OREGON, DECEMBER 17, 1880.

NO. 12.



CENTAURO LINIMENT
Always cures and never disappoints.
The world's great Pain-Reliever for Man and Beast. Cheap, quick and reliable.

FITCHER'S CASTORIA is not Narcotic. Children grow fat upon it. Mothers like, and Physicians recommend CASTORIA. It regulates the Bowels, cures Wind Colic, allays Feverishness and destroys Worms.

WELDE MEYER'S CATARRH Cure, a Constitutional Antidote for this terrible malady, by Absorption. The most Important Discovery since Vaccination. Other remedies may relieve Catarrh, this cures at any stage before Consumption sets in.

Albany Furniture House.
JAMES DANNALS,
Manufacturer and Dealer in FURNITURE.

SPRING MATTRESSES,
Extension Centre Tables,
Pillar Extension, etc.

CHAIRS.
Walnut and Hardwood Chairs of all kinds.

FURNITURE HOUSE.
I am thankful for past patronage, and intend to make it to the interest of all residents of this city and vicinity to come and see me.

Cream Candy Factory.
C. W. OSBORN,
First street, opposite McEwan's.

French and American CANDIES,
NUTS, TOBACCO, CIGARS.

Collegiate Institute,
Albany, Oregon.

The Second Term will open on Wednesday, Sept. 1st, 1880.

OLD Great chance to make money. We need a person to every town in the State to sell our goods. Full directions sent free.

ALBANY
Collegiate Institute,
Albany, Oregon.

To Draw or Not to Draw.

"To draw, or not to draw, that's the question." Whether it is safer in the player to take the awful risk of skinning for a straight, Or standing Pat to raise "on all the limit. And thus, by bluffing, get it. To draw, to skin: Not more—and by that skin to get a full Or two pair, or the fastest, bouncing kings That luck is heir to." 'Tis a custom. Devoutly to be wished. To draw, to skin. To skin! perchance to bust—aye, there's the rub. For in that draw of three, what cards may come. When we have shuffled off th' uncertain pack. Must give us pause. There's the respect Which makes calamity of a bobtail fluff. For who would bear the overwhelming blind.

The reckless straddle, the wait on the edge. The insolence of Pat hands, and the bluff That patient merit of the bluffer takes. When he himself might be much better off By simply passing. Who would trys up hold. And go out on a small progressive raise. But that the dread of something after all. The undiscovered ace—full, to whose strength Such hazards must bow—puzzles the will And makes us rather—keep the chips we Than be curious about hands we know not of. That bluffing does make towards us all. And thus the native hue of a four-heart flush. And speculators in a jack-pot's wealth. With this regard, their interest turn away. And lose the right to open."

Two Engagements.

In a large, square, old-fashioned house—such as our fathers used to build when solidity was more sought after than utility—lived Philip Manson and his sister Esther. Philip had reached the mature age of 40, and Esther was close to him. Still, each had pursued a solitary pathway through life, seeking no companionship save that of the other till there was reason to believe that they would continue to follow the same course till in the fullness of time they were gathered into the family tomb—the receptacle of many generations of the Manson family. There was more reason to think so, since they took care to commend an unmarried life, not only by example, but by precept.

"No," said Philip, when assailed on this subject by a match-making lady; "marrying may be very good for some people, but I could not bear to have my habits broken in upon, and my white hair laid together by the introduction of a wife."

"I have a sister who is devoted to me, and whilst she lives I shall need no other." As for Miss Esther, she often declared that she would never make a slave of herself for any man living. If other women were foolish enough to give up their independence, and to themselves to a man, for no other earthly purpose than to burden themselves with cares and toils from morning till night, she had no objection. Her brother and she had always lived together peacefully and happily, and she did not think she could not make any change for the better.

Of course, it was insinuated by those whose opinions differed widely from Miss Estier's that in adopting this opinion she was only making a virtue of necessity, and that it was best to be contented with one's lot, provided there was no chance of improving it. But Esther did not bear these remarks, and so was not disturbed by them. She continued to live in the old house with her brother. They kept no domestic, since Esther rather plumed herself on her house-keeping qualities, and there was really but little to do. So, as her brother was usually absent during the day, she was left for the most part to the companionship of her own thoughts, unless some neighbor chanced to call in—a thing, by the way, of rather rare occurrence, since most of the neighbors had large families of their own, which necessarily confined them at home.

Early one afternoon just after Esther Manson had completed her task of clearing away the dinner dishes, and storing them away in the cupboard after a thorough washing, she was startled by a rap at the door. Somewhat surprised by a caller at this unusual hour she answered the summons. She was a little apprehensive that it was a neighbor who had of late proved very troublesome from her habit of borrowing articles, and owing, it is to be presumed, to a habitual forgetfulness, neglecting to return them.

"I hope," she mused, "that it is Mr. Bailey, she will be wanting to borrow something that I have not got." She opened the door; but no Mrs. Bailey presented herself to her expectant gaze—a gentleman of 45, carefully, may elegant-dressed, stood before her.

"I beg your pardon for intruding, madame," said he, as he noticed Esther's look of surprise; "but can you direct me to the house of the late Mr. Wellford? I have heard it was for sale, and from the description I have heard of it, judge it will suit me."

"It is the next house on the left, sir," answered Esther, who had time, while the gentleman was speaking, to examine his appearance, which did not fail to impress her favorably.

ence to which she had not been accustomed.

Two days after Esther heard that Mr. Wellford's estate had been purchased by a stranger named Bigelow. She at once conjectured, and rightly that this was the same with her visitor. A few days elapsed, and Esther Manson received another visit from the gentleman.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Miss Manson," he began (it seems that he had ascertained her name). "I am aware that our slight acquaintance will hardly justify it, but I trust time will remove this objection. You must know," he said, smiling, "that I am a bachelor, dependent in many respects upon my housekeeper, who, though a good woman in her way, I am afraid is not reliable in matters of taste. As my furniture has arrived, but has not yet been arranged, I would esteem it a great service if you would give me your opinion in some little matters respecting its proper disposition. My carriage is at the door ready to carry you over."

"But," said Esther, a little hesitating, "I do not claim to have much taste. I fear I shall prove no more reliable in that respect than your housekeeper."

"I have but to look around me," said Mr. Bigelow, politely, "to be fully satisfied upon that point."

"Esther's cheeks flushed with pleasure at this compliment, and she made preparations to comply with her new visitor's request. It was not without a little consciousness of the singularity of her position that Esther found herself riding by the side of a gentleman with whom she had scarcely exchanged half a dozen words in the course of her life. The distance, however, was but short, and she had little time for reflection, she found the chief part of the business accomplished. The furniture, which, by the way, was new and handsome, had been arranged in the rooms after a fashion, but Esther was able to point out several changes for the better, with all of which Mr. Bigelow professed himself delighted; he, moreover, asked her advice in regard to hanging several fine pictures that he had picked up in the course of his European travels. This was accorded with some hesitation.

Mr. Bigelow would not be satisfied without showing his new found acquaintance all over the house, from kitchen to garret. When all was completed he overpowered her with protestations of gratitude for her kind service, and lauded her for her own door just five minutes before her brother came in. Esther was rather glad of this, as she was a little suspicious that her brother would consider her adventure rather a Quixotic one.

"No comment, she did not even inform Philip that she had ever met Mr. Bigelow. He took frequent opportunities to call upon her, on some slight pretext or another, but it always chanced to be when her brother was absent.

"I wonder," said Philip, carelessly as he sat by the fire one evening "whether Mr. Bigelow will not be looking out for a wife before long?"

"I don't know," said Esther, and in her embarrassment dropping half a dozen stitches from the stocking she held in her hand.

"Not that I approve of marriage—at least in my own case," said Philip, not noticing this demonstration, "but it may be different with Mr. Bigelow. He has no sister to superintend his establishment. I don't know, however, whether there is anybody likely to suit him in this village. Let me see—there is Miss Preston; she might do."

"No, I don't think she would suit him at all," said Esther, with a spirit which considerably surprised her brother. "She knows very little about house-keeping."

"Why, I thought you and Miss Preston were friends," said Philip, a little puzzled.

"Well, so we are," returned Esther, in her usual tone; "but I—hardly think she would suit Mr. Bigelow."

"Perhaps not," he rejoined, and so the conversation ended.

The Early Miner's Life.

The following excellent but terse description of a miner's life in California, in early days we take from the San Francisco Chronicle of a late date.

But we must not deceive ourselves as to the real savings of that kind of labor. It has its disadvantages as well as its advantages; its heavy drudgery as well as its imposing figures of gross earnings. In those years California produced nothing but gold. We thought our flour and beans of Chile. Our potatoes of Oregon, our pork, bacon, hams, lard, butter, liquor, cigars, tobacco, blankets, clothing, of New York; our mining implements of Boston; our boots and shoes and hats of Eastern manufactures; our sugar and sirup of the South; and even the great bulk of our newspapers came from New York, New Orleans, Boston and St. Louis. And for everything the consumed he was charged from three to six times as much as the same articles cost the laboring man now. Necessarily a country that produced nothing itself but gold afforded but the roughest elements of house-keeping, and they all at a very high price. The average miner's bill of fare was pickled pork, beans, rancid butter, a dollar a pound, bread of his own baking, such as a San Francisco workmanman of 1880 would feed to his pigs or chickens, but turn away from in disgust if it were placed before him to eat; potatoes and onions often commanding half a dollar a pound. The average miner's house was commonly an open log cabin, with a dirt floor; his household furniture, a camp kettle, skillet, and frying-pan, coffee-pot, three-legged stool, a "bunk" filled with dirty blankets; some rusty knives, forks, spoons and half a dozen tin plates. He was compelled to cook his own meals, as well as do a full day's work on his claim; and if he failed to work steadily or made less gross wages than \$5 a day he went hungry. He hid to work in all sorts and all seasons of weather; in the summer and autumn, where the mercury kept at 140 degrees in the sun from 11 A. M. to 4 P. M. in the winter, when the rain poured down upon him like a deluge; and always with feet wet and generally with wet clothes. In sickness he was neglected and seldom had the benefit of a physician—but one in a hundred the nursing of a female attendant. If his "claim" gave out, or the water that enabled him to work it, he had to "pull up stakes" and, on foot, over hill and mountain, the shy for his camp at night and the burning sun roasting his brain by day, continue his "prospecting" till he found another one. By this time all his savings were exhausted and he had to begin again on the "bedrock" of poverty.

"Good evening, Maria," was his salutation as he entered. After a brief conversation about the weather, the crops, and other standard topics, which, however trivial they may seem, could hardly be dispensed with, he began to show signs of embarrassment, and finally ejaculated: "Maria—Miss Preston—I mean Maria, what are your opinions about marriage?"

"Why," said she, "I hardly know. I don't think I have given much consideration to the subject."

"Because," continued Phillip, "I find my opinions have suffered a great change on this point. There was a time when I thought it unwise, but now, if I could get a good wife, such as you, for example, I should be inclined to try it."

"O Lor," Mr. Manson," said Miss Preston, in some perturbation, "how you talk!"

Five minutes afterward Miss Preston had accepted the proposal of Phillip, and the two were, to all intents and purposes, engaged.

"The only thing I think of," said the gentleman, after a brief pause, "is that my sister Esther is a decided enemy to marriage, and I hardly dare to tell her I am about to marry. If we could only get away and have the ceremony performed, it would be pleasant."

"Suppose we go to New York," suggested the bride-elect.

"A good idea. We'll go. When can you be ready?"

"Next Monday morning."

So next Monday morning was agreed upon. It so happened that Esther was to start on Monday afternoon for the same purpose in view—but of this coincidence neither party were aware.

The reader will please go forward a week. By this time the respective parties have reached New York, been united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and are now legally husband and wife. They were located at hotels situated on the same side of the way, but were far from being aware of the propinquity. On the morning succeeding the two marriages, for by a singular chance they happened on the same day, Mr. Bigelow and Esther started out for a walk down street. It so happened that Phillip and his wife were at the same moment walking up street. The natural consequence was that the two parties met.

"Good heaven! my sister!" exclaimed Phillip.

"Merciful goodness! my brother!" returned Esther.

"What brings you here with Mr. Bigelow?"

"Nay, how happens it that you are here with Miss Preston?"

Good Cider.

We trust our prohibitionist friends will pardon us for saying that good cider is an excellent drink, and it is a pity there is not a great deal more of it made than there is. If our farmers knew how to make good cider the bearing year of apples, like the present, would be hailed with thanksgiving instead of bewailing, and the apple crop would prove one of the most profitable that can be raised. For really good cider there would be a great and steady demand at remunerative prices. But the plain truth is very few people know anything about good cider. Their idea of cider is formed from sickish fluid that comes out of the ordinary mill and which quickly turns to vinegar. When sweet it is insipid in taste and actively cathartic in effect, as many a boy who has sucked his fill through a straw can testify. When "tart" it is more deadly than forty rod whisky, and it is only to be excused for being when acetous fermentation has transformed it into vinegar; and then it has had work to make its way against the cheap chemical vinegars. And the process of making good cider—a beverage that, drawn from the oak is better than most of the claret in this country and infinitely superior to the vin ordinaire of Europe, while bottled it need fear no comparison with the champagne of commerce—is very simple. Cleanliness and care are the main things. The apples should be sound and ripe; but if they are mellow all the better, and the juice should not be pressed out until cool weather—no matter how late—so frost can be avoided. Put the cider in a new liquor barrel and place it in a cool dry cellar, where it should be allowed to work for a week, more or less, according to the temperature, keeping the barrel shut, so that impurities that arise to the surface shall work out through the lunghole. Then carefully draw off the cider into clean, sweet barrels, being careful not to disturb the sediment at the bottom. In three or four weeks, according to the temperature of the cellar, carefully draw it off again, in a few days bung up the barrels, and you have cider that will keep sweet and good for a year at least. When an extra nice article is desired the cider may be racked off again in February or March, or it may be leached through sand. This is all that is required to make good cider, yet most apple raisers find it so difficult that they never made a good barrel of cider in their lives. The various things that are recommended to keep it from growing hard are a delusion and a snare. The cider will keep itself in cool weather, or, of selected fruit, in a cleanly way, and cleared of the lees by draining it off once or twice from one cask to another.—Springfield Union.

An engineering feat of extraordinary daring is to be undertaken shortly in Italy. The beautiful Baptistery of Ravenna is to be tottering condition. The town was formerly on the seacoast, and Strabo mentioned it as a port of the Adriatic. But in the lapse of time the sands washed down by the river Po have all silted up, and Ravenna is now five miles from the sea. The soil has accumulated to such a height around the building that it has to be entered down a flight of stairs, and the fine masonry upon the walls are being surely ruined by the infiltration of the external water. It seems to be considered that the only chance of its preservation is its removal, and the Italian engineers are now deliberating on the means of carrying out this project. The inside of the building will be strutted from a central point, the windows will be bracketed, while beds of wadding will be reared against the mosaics so that their surfaces shall be absolutely protected. From the outside the wall will be confined by iron bands screwed up tight so that, between the pressure from within and the external resistance, it is hoped the masonry will be kept from the possibility of displacement. The whole structure will be seen across at the foundation, and thirty-two gigantic cranes employed to lift the upper portion.

Who is the American citizen? That is the question. It is a question that cannot be positively answered, and the vagueness of the answer may yet get us into trouble with some European nation. The United States Republic insists, quite justly, that no immigrants who have been naturalized here, and then returned on a visit to the land of his birth, shall be subject to imprisonment into the army, or to the execution of any service; but, with absurd inconsistency, we have no enrollment of our citizens, so that it is impossible to know exactly who is a citizen and who is not. Our courts keep no adequate record, and, if a naturalized citizen loses his naturalization papers, everything is at sea, and he is liable to be made to do military service in the country he has abandoned. To remedy this defect, Mr. Davenport, who has done so much to expose false naturalizations and to prevent illegal voting, proposes a Bureau in the State Department at Washington, where record shall be kept of all naturalized citizens. It is a good idea. It is necessary, if we would check the arrogance of the German Empire.

A good deal of excitement was recently produced in Paris, London and New York, by the marriage of the Marquis of Anglesey to the Hon. Mrs. Wodehouse, and the article, almost immediately following of Mrs. Wodehouse, a lady well known in Paris and New York society. There were various romantic rumors tending to connect the two events together, and perhaps, a

considerably astonished. Brigadier-General Chalmers has reason to be a good deal astonished at the row which the leading Democratic organ of Mississippi is kicking up about him. This is the third time he has elected himself to Congress by throwing out or scaling off Republican votes, yet there has never been any trouble about it before. He must wonder why it is any worse to do it the third time than it was the first and second. His district has a sure Republican majority of 10,000, but free counting has given him a Democratic majority of from 4,000 to 5,000. What no democratic journal in Mississippi objects to in 1870 and 1878 is boldly denounced by the *Vicksburg Herald* in 1880. The world does move.—N. Y. Tribune.

The greatness of this great country is not yet comprehended by our people. Take the State of Texas, for instance. It has an area of 274,339 square miles, exceeding the entire German Empire by 92,000 square miles of land. There is room there for twice as many people as the whole United States now contains, and they could raise on that ground five times as much cotton as is now raised in the whole South, and three times as much wheat as is raised by the whole North! The future of Texas is brilliant beyond conception, and it is a type of the country of which it is but a small fraction.

Judge Chamberlain of New Britain, Conn., tells a good story of a little nephew of his, who, one night not long ago was saying his prayers during a thunder-storm. Just before he had concluded he asked his mother to step from the room, as he had something private to pray for, and his mother listening outside the door, heard these words: "Oh, Lord I please don't let it lightning any more"—and just then there came a heavy clap of thunder—"nor thunder either, for that's a darned sight worse."

A practical book by Mr. John Oldenstie, on "Journals and Journalism, with a Guide for Literary Beginners," is published in London. The author says the "unvarnished position of the English press is the fully as much to its anonymity as to its freedom. In comparing the difficulties that beset the editor of a daily paper with the anxieties of a Prime Minister, he says: "Even a monthly journal will not be successfully conducted by a litterateur, however brilliant, unless with his literary ability he combines a faculty for business, a power to endure drudgery, and a variety of personal qualities not often met with in any one man."

The expense of carrying the mails in the states which gave their electoral votes to Hancock was \$4,500,000 in excess of their postal receipts during the last fiscal year.

Good Cider.

We trust our prohibitionist friends will pardon us for saying that good cider is an excellent drink, and it is a pity there is not a great deal more of it made than there is. If our farmers knew how to make good cider the bearing year of apples, like the present, would be hailed with thanksgiving instead of bewailing, and the apple crop would prove one of the most profitable that can be raised. For really good cider there would be a great and steady demand at remunerative prices. But the plain truth is very few people know anything about good cider. Their idea of cider is formed from sickish fluid that comes out of the ordinary mill and which quickly turns to vinegar. When sweet it is insipid in taste and actively cathartic in effect, as many a boy who has sucked his fill through a straw can testify. When "tart" it is more deadly than forty rod whisky, and it is only to be excused for being when acetous fermentation has transformed it into vinegar; and then it has had work to make its way against the cheap chemical vinegars. And the process of making good cider—a beverage that, drawn from the oak is better than most of the claret in this country and infinitely superior to the vin ordinaire of Europe, while bottled it need fear no comparison with the champagne of commerce—is very simple. Cleanliness and care are the main things. The apples should be sound and ripe; but if they are mellow all the better, and the juice should not be pressed out until cool weather—no matter how late—so frost can be avoided. Put the cider in a new liquor barrel and place it in a cool dry cellar, where it should be allowed to work for a week, more or less, according to the temperature, keeping the barrel shut, so that impurities that arise to the surface shall work out through the lunghole. Then carefully draw off the cider into clean, sweet barrels, being careful not to disturb the sediment at the bottom. In three or four weeks, according to the temperature of the cellar, carefully draw it off again, in a few days bung up the barrels, and you have cider that will keep sweet and good for a year at least. When an extra nice article is desired the cider may be racked off again in February or March, or it may be leached through sand. This is all that is required to make good cider, yet most apple raisers find it so difficult that they never made a good barrel of cider in their lives. The various things that are recommended to keep it from growing hard are a delusion and a snare. The cider will keep itself in cool weather, or, of selected fruit, in a cleanly way, and cleared of the lees by draining it off once or twice from one cask to another.—Springfield Union.

An engineering feat of extraordinary daring is to be undertaken shortly in Italy. The beautiful Baptistery of Ravenna is to be tottering condition. The town was formerly on the seacoast, and Strabo mentioned it as a port of the Adriatic. But in the lapse of time the sands washed down by the river Po have all silted up, and Ravenna is now five miles from the sea. The soil has accumulated to such a height around the building that it has to be entered down a flight of stairs, and the fine masonry upon the walls are being surely ruined by the infiltration of the external water. It seems to be considered that the only chance of its preservation is its removal, and the Italian engineers are now deliberating on the means of carrying out this project. The inside of the building will be strutted from a central point, the windows will be bracketed, while beds of wadding will be reared against the mosaics so that their surfaces shall be absolutely protected. From the outside the wall will be confined by iron bands screwed up tight so that, between the pressure from within and the external resistance, it is hoped the masonry will be kept from the possibility of displacement. The whole structure will be seen across at the foundation, and thirty-two gigantic cranes employed to lift the upper portion.

Who is the American citizen? That is the question. It is a question that cannot be positively answered, and the vagueness of the answer may yet get us into trouble with some European nation. The United States Republic insists, quite justly, that no immigrants who have been naturalized here, and then returned on a visit to the land of his birth, shall be subject to imprisonment into the army, or to the execution of any service; but, with absurd inconsistency, we have no enrollment of our citizens, so that it is impossible to know exactly who is a citizen and who is not. Our courts keep no adequate record, and, if a naturalized citizen loses his naturalization papers, everything is at sea, and he is liable to be made to do military service in the country he has abandoned. To remedy this defect, Mr. Davenport, who has done so much to expose false naturalizations and to prevent illegal voting, proposes a Bureau in the State Department at Washington, where record shall be kept of all naturalized citizens. It is a good idea. It is necessary, if we would check the arrogance of the German Empire.

A good deal of excitement was recently produced in Paris, London and New York, by the marriage of the Marquis of Anglesey to the Hon. Mrs. Wodehouse, and the article, almost immediately following of Mrs. Wodehouse, a lady well known in Paris and New York society. There were various romantic rumors tending to connect the two events together, and perhaps, a

considerably astonished. Brigadier-General Chalmers has reason to be a good deal astonished at the row which the leading Democratic organ of Mississippi is kicking up about him. This is the third time he has elected himself to Congress by throwing out or scaling off Republican votes, yet there has never been any trouble about it before. He must wonder why it is any worse to do it the third time than it was the first and second. His district has a sure Republican majority of 10,000, but free counting has given him a Democratic majority of from 4,000 to 5,000. What no democratic journal in Mississippi objects to in 1870 and 1878 is boldly denounced by the *Vicksburg Herald* in 1880. The world does move.—N. Y. Tribune.

The greatness of this great country is not yet comprehended by our people. Take the State of Texas, for instance. It has an area of 274,339 square miles, exceeding the entire German Empire by 92,000 square miles of land. There is room there for twice as many people as the whole United States now contains, and they could raise on that ground five times as much cotton as is now raised in the whole South, and three times as much wheat as is raised by the whole North! The future of Texas is brilliant beyond conception, and it is a type of the country of which it is but a small fraction.

Judge Chamberlain of New Britain, Conn., tells a good story of a little nephew of his, who, one night not long ago was saying his prayers during a thunder-storm. Just before he had concluded he asked his mother to step from the room, as he had something private to pray for, and his mother listening outside the door, heard these words: "Oh, Lord I please don't let it lightning any more"—and just then there came a heavy clap of thunder—"nor thunder either, for that's a darned sight worse."

A practical book by Mr. John Oldenstie, on "Journals and Journalism, with a Guide for Literary Beginners," is published in London. The author says the "unvarnished position of the English press is the fully as much to its anonymity as to its freedom. In comparing the difficulties that beset the editor of a daily paper with the anxieties of a Prime Minister, he says: "Even a monthly journal will not be successfully conducted by a litterateur, however brilliant, unless with his literary ability he combines a faculty for business, a power to endure drudgery, and a variety of personal qualities not often met with in any one man."

The expense of carrying the mails in the states which gave their electoral votes to Hancock was \$4,500,000 in excess of their postal receipts during the last fiscal year.

good foundation for the conviction that Mrs. Wodehouse, who is stated to have been the former fiancée of Lord Anglesey, was indirectly impelled to her rash act by her intense bitterness and disappointment. Mrs. Wodehouse was a very beautiful and accomplished woman, who was well known in the West before she came to New York to reside, and her romantic fate is naturally the cause of much speculation. It is difficult to conjecture just what her relations were to Lord Anglesey, except that they involved deep sorrow and wretchedness. The noble lord, who has played so unenviable a part in this social romance, bears no enviable reputation among his own countrymen, though his wealth and rank give him an established place, from which no amount of personal depravity can detract him, in a country which worships external station. The Pagets have always borne a bad name for morality that it has passed into a proverb. "As wicked as a Page," and the present chief of the family is reported to be the worst of the race. The founder of the Paget family, William Paget, a diplomatist under Henry VIII., was made a Knight of the Garter in 1550 by the Protector Somerset, and created Lord Paget of Beaudesert in 1552. He lived into the reign of Elizabeth, and Camden says of him, that he retained the Queen's affection and esteem though he was a strict zealous of the Catholic Church. The estates of the present Marquis lie in three English counties and in Angles, and are set down on the Domesday Book at an annual rental of \$110,000. The present Marquis, who is in his forty-fifth year, has been twice married. His second wife died three years ago, leaving him one son, now a child of five years old, who wears the courtesy title of Earl of Uxbridge. His recently made marchions was born Miss Minnie King, of Sandilich, Ga., one of the most brilliant, beautiful and fascinating women of her day, who has for a number of years been one of the reigning belles abroad. Her first husband was Lord Henry Wodehouse, brother of Lord Kimberley, who is a member of the present Gladstone Cabinet. Her husband died about a year after marriage, and Mrs. Wodehouse then took up her residence in London, whence she removed about a year ago to Paris. Mrs. Wodehouse's remarkable beauty and grace made her an object of universal beauty and admiration. Her present husband is the fourth son of the title of the Marquis, also in his 45th year, so magnificently by the gallantry of the Earl of Uxbridge in the last daring charge of the English horse at Waterloo. Another of the Paget family also recently married into an American family. Capt. Arthur Paget, the cousin of the Marquis, married Miss Minnie Stevens, of New York, two years ago.

A Car may be only a common man in Republican parades, but he is capable of having a very ungodly yacht. The new sailing craft of the Emperor Alexander is, in many respects, the most remarkable vessel in the world. It has just been launched near Glasgow, and is a floating palace. Its shape is very peculiar, being nearly two-thirds as broad as it is long. The principal dimensions are: Length, 300 feet; breadth, 150 feet; depth, 30 feet; capacity, 11,000 tons. This tremendous width secures steadiness of motion through the water and room enough for the spacious parlors and bedrooms required by the Imperial family and the numerous retinue. One would suppose such a craft to be made for comfort and luxury rather than speed, but it has been armed with an engine of ten-hundred-horse power, and is guaranteed to make twenty knots an hour. There are twenty-three separate steam engines on board to save labor. The hull is divided into eighty water-tight compartments, a view being had, evidently, to the possibility of encountering British torpedoes along the Imperial sea-trail. The reception saloon is forty feet above the level of the water, and is itself twelve feet high, and magnificently furnished and upholstered. In it a fountain plays among beds of flowers. The whole decoration of the saloon is modeled after the apartment of Louis XVI. at Fontainebleau; and the grand drawing-room is equipped in the Crimean-Turkish style. The music arrangements, staterooms, electric lighting and elaborate embellishments remind the visitor of some of the most elegant French palaces.

A loan effected at the close of Buchanan's Administration is about to mature. It is in the strongest possible manner the financial capabilities of a party that could not negotiate a 6-per-cent loan in a time of peace without subsidizing to a discount of 13 per cent. The Republicans have managed things better. They are not only paying off an immense debt imposed on the Nation by a war started by the Democrats to perpetuate slavery, but they have managed while so doing to improve the credit of the United States to such an extent that its 4-per-cent bonds are taken up eagerly and command a premium in the market.

Ex-Governor English, of Connecticut, on one occasion several years ago was surrounded by his fellow citizens on the night of a State election, and congratulated upon his election as Lieutenant-Governor. He responded in a speech in which he modestly said they "might have elected a better man." And about two weeks later he found out that they had.

An Indiana pedlar, sixty-one years old, has just run away with his third wife. Where there's a will there's a way.

An Indiana pedlar, sixty-one years old, has just run away with his third wife. Where there's a will there's a way.

An Indiana pedlar, sixty-one years old, has just run away with his third wife. Where there's a will there's a way.

An Indiana pedlar, sixty-one years old, has just run away with his third wife. Where there's a will there's a way.

An Indiana pedlar, sixty-one years old, has just run away with his third wife. Where there's a will there's a way.

An Indiana pedlar, sixty-one years old, has just run away with his third wife. Where there's a will there's a way.

An Indiana pedlar, sixty-one years old, has just run away with his third wife. Where there's a will there's a way.

An Indiana pedlar, sixty-one years old, has just run away with his third wife. Where there's a will there's a way.