

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

TERMS FOR THE DAILY HERALD. Single Copy... One Week... One Month... Three Months... One Copy Six Months... One Copy One Year...

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THE WEEKLY HERALD.

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ALMOST INCREDIBLE.

When Jacob courted Mary Jane, A lass without a fault he thought her, And every evening, fair or rain,

His parents, hearing how he felt, And noticing his eager flurry, Said: "Son, be cautious; 'Sis' won't melt."

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried, "In all the ways by spite invited; But e'er a dozen tricks he'd tried,

Not longer seeing room to doubt That she was mild beyond expression, Our Jacob brought her to the court,

But, ah! alas, for Jacob's peace! Eye yet the honeymoon was over, His Mary's temper broke the lease.

Astounded at the fearful change, And wondering how he had been blinded, The hapless man could not arrange

And then they climbed the garret stairs, Till, standing under beams unnumbered, The lady showed, with mocking air;

"Whenever you would tease me most, And then had gone, and left me beaming, I used to come and gnaw that post,

Insanity and Tobacco.

According to the statements of Dr. Rubio, the number of lunatics is much greater in the northern countries, where the consumption of spirituous liquors and the use of tobacco are much greater than in southern countries.

Democratic Straws.

The Baltimore Gazette says Mr. Greeley "can never receive the support of the Democratic party, or any respectable number of its members."

FOUR ACES THAT DIDN'T WIN.

A Walla Walla Game of Draw Poker

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Two young and enterprising Portlanders recently visited Walla Walla, and didn't make a cent. They had been taking lessons in that game which Ah Sin didn't understand,

For several days after their arrival in Walla Walla they loitered around the hotel, played "freeze out" and "sich" for something to drink,

One evening last week a party of gentlemen who never play for great stakes, but who sometimes indulge in poker for pastime,

The game proceeded, and luck seemed to favor the young strangers, who were jocular over the fact that they were already some \$200 ahead of the game.

One of the players was Judge Blanck, a man who dearly loves a game of "draw,"

"Hold on," cried the Portland youth, "I've got four aces and a king," and he went for the coin.

"I don't be too fast," responded the judge, "I guess I'll take the money, for we don't let a man play six cards up here,"

The judge raked in the money, and the young man from Portland quit playing, saying as he did so, "There's cheating going on around the table."

The young men are puzzled to know how the Judge did it.

Moran's Painting of the Yellowstone Canyon.

The New York Post has the following notice of Thomas Moran's painting of "The Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone," now on exhibition in that city:

This picture is a literal transcript from nature, the artist having given in detail the strongly marked and stupendous features of the canyon, its rocky formation and local color.

In perfecting his studies for this work, which is of grand size, Mr. Moran spent the greater part of the last season, and during the winter has worked his sketches into the imposing form now presented to the public.

Although the cable keeps everybody well informed as to the movements while abroad of Miss Nellie Grant, still inquiries are constantly made about her own account of herself written to her parents.

The New York Tribune's present stockholders—that is, dating January 1, 1872—are Horace Greeley, Mrs. Greeley, Bayard Taylor, Thomas N. Booker, Solon Robinson, Samuel Sinclair, George Ripley, Theodore Tilton, Oliver Johnson, Charles E. Wilbour, C. A. L. Ankle, John Hooper, Ellis L. Price, Silas E. Cheney, John F. Cleveland, Patrick O'Rourke, Phillip A. Fitzpatrick, Whitelaw Reid, Parsons Farnham, E. H. Jenny, J. C. Ayres, and the estates of A. D. Richardson and S. T. Clarke—twenty-two owners and 100 shares.

God give the grazing ox his meal, He quickly hears the sheep's low cry; But man, who tastes his finest wheat, Should joy to lift his praises high.

The estimated value of the property of the established church in England is more than \$820,000,000.

Evergreens Destroyed—Last winter's Work—A wide-spread Disaster—Millions of Dollars Lost.

From the New York Journal of Commerce, May 24.] From Virginia to the Canadian shores, and from the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic, the evergreens are dead or dying.

Long Island has suffered severely. In the gardens at Astoria, where immense numbers of evergreens were growing for sale, the loss is estimated at hundreds of thousands of dollars.

In New Jersey the horticulturists have noticed that plants which were shaded from the winter sun have escaped the worst effects of the season, and may be saved with much trouble and time.

The reports from the vicinity of Boston and further east confirm the sad tidings of what was only rumor a few weeks ago, and from the great nurseries at Rochester, the Ohio valley, and even further west, the words come to us, "our evergreens are dead."

It is said that the warm days of February gave the plants an early start as if the spring had really opened, and then, when all were swelling with the new life, the weather changed again to hard winter, freezing with the cold March winds.

Another view is that the plants were killed very early in the winter. There was not a gradual diminution of the temperature as in former years, but the season came suddenly upon the plants before they were properly shielded or prepared for it.

In support of the first theory it is observed that in one place on the Hudson, a private garden, there were several fine specimens of the golden-bark arbor vitae. They had been covered nearly all of the winter.

Where the new supply will come from is as yet a matter of conjecture. Nurserymen are afraid to purchase the few plants offered for sale until the season is more advanced.

Although the cable keeps everybody well informed as to the movements while abroad of Miss Nellie Grant, still inquiries are constantly made about her own account of herself written to her parents.

Fortunately, although so young (she will be seventeen the 4th of July), Miss Grant is not one of the girls who is likely to have her head turned by the attention she is receiving in Europe.

Although she has been constantly with her parents ever since her father entered upon public life and has, as a matter of course, received much attention and no little flattery, she is thoroughly unspooled—in fact, one of the most modest, unassuming girls I have ever seen.

She is a young lady who will do credit to American young-ladydom abroad. Without being a beauty, she is very pretty, having about her that peculiar grace of youth and innocence which is as rare now-a-days as it is charming always.

She is about medium height, a little taller, I think than her mother, has light brown hair, large gray eyes, and a fair complexion, with a delicate bloom in her cheeks. She is graceful and quiet in her movements, and easy and natural in her conversation.

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Mosby and the President.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Times gives the following account of an interview with Colonel Mosby, the rebel guerilla, after his late meeting with President Grant.

Friend.—Well, how do you like President Grant? Mosby.—Oh, he is very plain. One don't feel small in his presence; you don't feel that awe or reverence one has when ushered into the presence of General Lee.

Friend.—How is the issue down your way? Mosby.—Well, I think it best to go for Grant. James Barbour is for him; General Paine and one or two other ex-Confederate Generals are for him.

Friend.—How is it with your friend Governor Smith—"Extra Billy"? Mosby.—Oh, he is for Horace.

Friend.—Well, what is your opinion of the political situation? Mosby.—I think it would be to the interest of the Southern people to go for Grant than a dried up vegetable like Uncle Horace.

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A Colorado Character.

Jim Whittatch's Luck—The Good and Bad of it.

The Denver News, of a recent date, has the following in reference to our former townsman, James W. Whittatch:

"Here is the case of Jim Whittatch, who used to be called the 'Quartz King' of Montana. Jim was among the fifty-niners who halted by the holy waters of Cherry creek. He was then not out of his teens.

"Then Jim betook himself, by bull-team express, to Montana, and gradually gravitated to Helena, whence he started on a prospecting tour. Luck was with him again. He discovered and christened the Whittatch lode—by all odds the richest gold lode in the Territory.

"Last week it may have been the week before, Jim plodded out of Salt Lake, in a southward direction, on a prospecting march. He is poorer, if anything, now, than the poorest of us. Jim is an estimable, amiable, and faithful man.

"If you wish to be always thirsty, be a drunkard; for the oftener and the more you drink, the oftener and more thirsty you will be.

"If you wish to prevent your friends from raising you in the world, be a drunkard; and that will defeat all their efforts.

"If you would effectually counteract your own attempts to do well, be a drunkard, and you will not be disappointed.

"If you are determined to be poor, be a drunkard, and you will be ragged to your heart's content.

"If you wish to starve your family, be a drunkard, and then you will consume the means of their support.

"If you would be imposed upon, be a drunkard, for that will make the task easy.

"If you would get rid of your money without knowing how, be a drunkard, and it will vanish insensibly.

"If you wish to expel comfort from your house, be a drunkard, and you will do it effectually.

"If you would be hated by your family and friends, be a drunkard, and you will soon be more disagreeable.

"If you would be a pest to society, be a drunkard, and you will be avoided as an infection.

"If you would smash windows, break the peace, get your bones broken, tumble under horses and carts, be a drunkard, and it will be strange if you do not succeed.

"If you wish all your prospects to be clouded, be a drunkard, and they will soon be dark enough, as drunkenness is the mother of disease.

A Sensible Young Lady.

The life of Dr. Raffles of Liverpool has the following: A young lady, the daughter of the owner of the house, was addressed by a man who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father.

A young lady, the daughter of the owner of the house, was addressed by a man who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father. Of course he would not consent to their union, and she determined to elope.

The night was fixed, the hour came, he placed the ladder to the window, and in a few moments she was in his arms. They mounted a double horse, and were soon at some distance from the house.

After a while the lady broke silence by saying: "Well, you see what a proof I have given you of my affection; I hope you will make me a good husband."

He was a surly fellow, and gruffly answered, "perhaps I may, and perhaps not." She made no reply, but after a silence of some minutes she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, what shall we do? I have left my money behind me in my room!"