

# The Vancouver Register.

VOL. 2 VANCOUVER, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, SATURDAY AUGUST 3, 1867. NO. 16.

**THE VANCOUVER REGISTER,**  
VANCOUVER, W. T.  
ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY,  
By H. G. STRUVE  
Editor and Publisher.

**TERMS:**  
Per annum, in advance \$2 00  
Three months, do do 75  
Six months, do do 1 25  
For each subsequent insertion, 100  
Quotations for advertising, on liberal rates by special contract.  
Legal advertisements at the established rates.

**H. G. STRUVE,**  
Attorney-at-Law  
AND  
Notary Public.  
Residence, 101 Main Street, W. T.  
Office, 101 Main Street, W. T.  
Office on Main Street,  
VANCOUVER, W. T.

**I. L. TOBEY, M. D.**  
Physician, Surgeon,  
—AND—  
Accoucher  
OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the  
People of Vancouver and vicinity.  
Office on Main Street,  
VANCOUVER, W. T., Feb. 18.

**JAY D. POTTER,**  
Attorney & Counselor at Law,  
CONVEYANCER,  
Law & Land Agency.  
OFFICE ON MAIN STREET, (next door to the Postoffice)  
VANCOUVER, Aug. 30, 1866—11-14.

**JOSEPH M. FLETCHER,**  
(Sole Agent of the U. S. Office.)  
Notary Public & Conveyancer  
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, EVIDENCE, AND LEGAL PA-  
PERE of all kinds, carefully prepared.  
VANCOUVER, Sept. 1, 1866—11-14.

**D. W. WILLIAMS,**  
GRAIN AND FEED OF ALL KINDS  
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.  
a prepared with  
Ample Fire-Proof Storage,  
And will do a GENERAL  
COMMISSION BUSINESS.  
No charge for Storage on Goods sold on Commission.  
110 Front Street, (at door south of Postoffice)  
Portland, Oregon.  
Sept. 4, 1866—11-14.

**KINGSLEY & REES,**  
SADDLERY, HARNESS,  
AND SADDLERS IN  
SADDLERY HARDWARE,  
SADDLE TROUSERS, Block and Bent Stirrups, etc.  
110 Front Street, (at door south of Postoffice)  
Portland, Oregon.  
18

**BUNNELL BROS.,**  
Portland, Ore., & Lewiston, I. T.  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
STOVES, TIN PLATE  
SHEET IRON,  
Wire, Pumps,  
Lead Pipe, &c., &c.  
And Manufacturers of  
TIN, COPPER,  
Sheet Iron Ware, &c., &c.  
Jobbing Work Done to Order.  
BRUNNELL, C. C. BUNNELL,  
D. D. on Mt. Cor. Yamhill. 22 Lewiston, I. T.

**UNION SALOON,**  
6th Street, Vancouver, W. T. near the  
Military Reserve.  
THE UNDERSIGNED announces to the public, that  
this well known place of resort will hereafter be  
under his management. He keeps a splendid stock of  
LIQUORS, WINES AND CIGARS  
and all other things necessary to constitute a  
Tip-top Saloon.  
Give him a call and satisfy yourselves of the truth of the  
statement.  
M. DAMPHOFFER.  
147.  
Sept. 22, 1866.

**DAVID WALL, DRUGGIST,** is determined to keep  
home trade at home, if selling some but the best of  
articles in his line at the lowest prices, will accomplish it.  
13-14  
JONES & TURNBULL & CO.

**Wool! Wool!!**  
THE CHEAPEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR WOOL AND  
HAY AT  
JONES & TURNBULL & CO.  
13-14.

**Fish.**  
MACKEREL AND COPPER OF THE best quality  
on hand of  
JONES & TURNBULL & CO.

**IT'S A GOOD OLD REBEL.**  
A Chorus to the "Wild Wild West."  
The following epilogue, says the New York Tribune, is  
translated from a sketch of lithographic made bought in  
a fashionable music store in Richmond, where it appears  
to be a favorite.

I'm a good old rebel,  
Now that's just what I am,  
For this "Fair Land of Freedom"  
I do believe in all.  
I'm glad I'm a rebel,  
I don't wish you'd go,  
And I don't wish you'd go,  
For my thing I've done.  
I believe in the Constitution,  
This great Republic, too,  
I believe in the President,  
In uniform of blue,  
With all his brass and fuss,  
The "Yankee" Yankee,  
I hate 'em, I hate 'em,  
I hate the Yankee nation,  
And every thing they do,  
I hate the Declaration  
Of Independence too,  
I hate the glorious Union—  
The dropping with my blood—  
I hate the striped banner,  
I hate it all I could.  
I followed old Mass. Robert  
For four year, near about,  
Got wounded in three places,  
And started at Fort Lookout,  
I fought the "Yankee" nation,  
I'm a rebel in the snow,  
But I killed a Yankee  
I'd like to kill some more.  
Three hundred thousand Yankees  
Is still in Southern dust,  
We got three hundred thousand  
That they concerned us,  
They did of Southern love,  
And Southern steel and shot,  
I wish there were three million  
Instead of what we got.  
I can't take up my musket  
And fight 'em now no more,  
But I'll be a rebel 'em,  
Now that's just what I am,  
And I don't wish you'd go,  
For what I've done,  
For I would be reconstructed,  
And I don't care a damn.

**How the Money was Discovered.**  
One great difficulty in taking the subject  
matter of a sketch like this from real life is  
the necessity one is under of changing the  
names and titles of everything and everybody.  
I will only say that the incident which I am  
about to relate occurred in New York, where  
there is room enough and to spare for almost  
anything to happen. In fact, if a thing can  
not happen in New York it would be hard for  
it to happen anywhere.  
My friend Harry had just been mustered  
out of the army, in which he had held a very  
respectable rank, and was paying me a visit  
for old-time's sake. He was a gay and dash-  
ing sort of youth, fond of display, but with a  
singular amount of personal pride—the last  
man in the world to recount any adventure  
in which he himself did not appear to good  
advantage. When he came to the city he  
seemed to have plenty of money, dressed  
well, and sported a gold watch and a rather  
remarkable little gold-headed cane.  
He did not confine himself rigidly to my  
own house, but I paid no attention to any  
temporary absence, knowing that he had  
other friends in the vicinity. After one of  
them, however, he returned looking some-  
what the worse for wear, and as I soon dis-  
covered, minus his watch and cane. These  
facts did not concern me, however, and I said  
nothing, even when I discovered, after a  
while, that his pockets were not so well filled  
as formerly. He soon obtained a good posi-  
tion in a mercantile establishment, although  
he continued to live in his home with me; and  
it was nearly three months before the story  
of his little adventure—and such it certainly  
was—finally leaked out.

We were coming down Broadway, arm in  
arm, one day, when, to my utter astonish-  
ment, my usual quiet friend stepped up to a  
sprucely dressed gentleman just in front of  
us, coolly taking his cane from his hand, re-  
marked:  
"What I'll have to trouble you for this,  
sir."  
"Good! do you mean, sir? Upon my soul,  
sir, you are impudent; I do not understand  
you."  
"My cane, sir. Know it by the head—  
Besides, it's got my name in full. Look  
here."  
And sure enough I readily recognized the  
missing toy, to the seeming additional sur-  
prise of the stranger. At first he seemed  
disposed to surrender; but on Harry's ex-  
pressing his entire willingness to refer the  
matter at once to the police, he became polite  
enough, and was "delighted to have the  
privilege of restoring so valuable a bit of  
property to its proper owner."

I presume that my face wore a puzzled  
look as we resumed our promenade, for, in  
the joy of his heart, over his recovered treas-  
ure, Harry came out in the following burst  
of confidence:  
"I know you think it's queer, my old fel-  
low; but the fact is, I was ashamed of my-  
self, or I would have told you before. You  
see it happened this way, along in June, I  
was strolling down street after supper, and  
somehow, just this side of the Palazzo Hotel  
I stumbled against a very gentlemanly-  
looking fellow on the sidewalk. It seemed to  
be my fault, though I don't believe it was, so  
what happened afterward; but we both  
apologized, and he very politely asked me  
to take a julep with him. The weather was  
hot and I was thirsty, so I went in. We went  
up stairs, and I saw at once that we were  
in a fashionable sporting establishment. I am  
sorry to say that I had been in such places  
before, although I never play for money—  
There were several other fancy looking fel-  
lows sitting around, but none of them no-  
ticed us."

"And now that's about all I've got to tell  
for I don't remember a thing that happened  
after I drank that julep. I have a very in-  
distinct and dreamy notion of having engag-

ed in some game or other, but I can't say  
certainly about any thing except that I found  
myself in a police station house the next  
morning, minus watch, cane and cane, and  
was informed by an obliging policeman that  
he picked me up on an out-of-the-way street  
over a mile from where I drank the julep."

"But why," I asked, "did you not set the  
police to work at once to recover your lost  
property?"  
"Well, there were several reasons; but the  
strongest of all was the disgrace of having my  
name in the police records. That sort of  
thing really kills a man, especially if he is  
trying to get into business. It was better to  
lose the money."  
I could not help admitting that my friend  
was more than half right, but a constitutional  
affection for the scoundrel, which has got  
me into half the scrapes and difficulties I  
ever was in, led me to press the matter fur-  
ther, with—  
"Do you think you would know the place  
where it was?"  
"O yes, I know just where it is, and I be-  
lieve I could spot some of the men, too, if I  
should chance to meet them. I'd give any-  
thing in the world to be even with them. If  
I should go there, though, they would know  
me quicker than I would them, and there  
wouldn't be any chance."

"Not a bit of it; we can take care of all  
that; and we will see what we can do in the  
way of retribution. I could see that Harry  
No sooner said than done. A barber  
speedily changed my friend's yellow mous-  
tache and whiskers to a dark and rather rus-  
ty brown, and a pair of blue spectacles com-  
pleted the metamorphosis. No person would  
have dreamed that he was the same person  
with the dashing officer of three months be-  
fore.

"Over our dinner at Delmonico's," I explai-  
ned to Harry that his stipulation on the night  
of his loss was to be attributed to a liberal  
dose of a compound not infrequently em-  
ployed in similar cases, which may be de-  
scribed as the *simpliciter hereticus*, and on  
our way up town I had some prepared for my  
own use by a druggist whom I happened to  
know. It is a singular sort of thing, and  
perhaps it is well that so few are acquainted  
with its properties. I could see that Harry  
had fallen into very bad hands indeed, al-  
though the experiment so successfully tried  
on him was decidedly a bold one.

I had no very clear ideas of what I intend-  
ed to do, but judged it best to be on the  
ground early; and so, long before the usual  
hour of congregation at such places—of which  
he knew, there are only too many doing  
business under the very noses of our city  
police—Harry and I went to the wicket of the  
door where, according to the best of his recollection,  
he had been so scientifically relieved of his cash and valuables.  
There was no difficulty whatever in ob-  
taining admission; my well dressed man  
would have found that door open to him at  
any hour. There was a suite of rooms, elegantly  
furnished, provided with papers, adorned  
with pictures, and giving other evi-  
dence of a thriving condition of the trade.  
The front room was devoted to "first class"  
standard game among American sporting men;  
the second room was provided with  
gambling appliances, while an abundant and  
attractive cold collation, with liquors and  
wines, was set out in the smaller room back.

There were several individuals in the room  
—five, I think—all well dressed, but all dis-  
tinctly marked, to the eyes of a New Yorker,  
with indescribable characteristics of the fran-  
cise. Evidently no pigeons had as yet  
come in, and these were all hawkers.  
We lit cigars, ate a sandwich—did several  
things that looked like being entirely at home  
—and it was not long before the prospect of  
some one to play with brought a stylish look-  
ing "dealer" to the back of the far table.  
The others soon gathered around, as in duty  
bound, to make the game interesting to the  
strangers, as they doubtless considered us,  
and were speedily, to all appearances im-  
mersed in the excitement of the game. It  
did not suit my purpose, however, to lose  
much time, for fear of too many other ar-  
rivals, and after a few deals I called for a bottle  
of champagne and "glasses round." The  
cork was popped, and our own glasses filled;  
but before passing it around I took the bottle  
in my hand for a moment, "just to see what  
it was."  
The other glasses were quickly filled and  
emptied, with many polite expressions, and  
the game went on. On, however, only for a  
few brief and anxious moments. The effect  
of the subtle and powerful drug was some-  
thing marvellous. One after another in swift  
succession the lookless gamblers dropped  
their "chips" and tumbled helplessly in all  
directions. Harry, who now began to get  
some glimpses of my plan, aided me in pre-  
serving them from falling noisily or clumsily  
and a pretty sight they were when we had  
them all on the floor.

"Nobody hurt, Harry, anyhow; but we  
must be quick. How much did you lose?"  
"About a thousand; but my pin, and  
watch and chain were worth half as much  
more."  
"Fifteen hundred, then! Well, count it  
out of the drawer and come on!"  
No sooner said than done, and the next  
moment the obsequious yellow boy in the lit-  
tle dark ante room bowed us out into the open  
air.

A second visit to a barber shop and a clean  
shave for both of us—alas for our cherished  
beards and moustaches—a trip home to change  
our clothes, and we began to breathe freely  
and recover exactly what we had done.  
"Did you recognize any of them, Harry?"  
"Oh, yes, the same crowd exactly, so far  
as I could see. The dealer was the man I  
ran against."  
"All right then; but I am glad it is so  
well over."  
"That is, if it is over. Is there no danger  
that they will trace us?"  
"Not a bit of it. That sort of people don't  
carry the police much when they get beat.  
Besides they will take it for a bit of work by  
practical hands, and give it up for a bad job.  
It is something too nearly in their own line."  
"I suppose that's so; but when did you  
manage to get the infernal dose in? That's  
what puzzles me."  
"Oh, that was easy enough. I had the  
bottle in my hand nearly half a minute—  
Used to practice slight-of-hand when a boy.  
And that's the way Harry got his money  
back. I wonder how long it was before the  
gamblers waked up, and what they said  
about it—New York Citizen.

**The Burial Place of Booth.**  
Gen. L. C. Baker has published a diary,  
in which he details his connection with the  
"secret service" of the War Department dur-  
ing the war of the rebellion. He makes  
the following statement in regard to the dis-  
position made of the body of John Wilkes  
Booth: "In order to establish the identity  
of the body of the assassin beyond all ques-  
tion, the Secretary of War directed me to  
summon a number of witnesses residing in  
the city of Washington, who had previously  
known the murderer. Some two years pre-  
vious to the assassination of the President,  
Booth had a tumor or carbuncle out from his  
neck by a surgeon; on inquiry, I ascertained  
by Dr. May, who, before seeing the body,  
initially described the exact locality of the  
neck, the nature and date of operation, etc.  
After being sworn, he pointed to the scar on  
the neck, which was then plainly visible—  
Five other witnesses were examined, all of  
whom had known the assassin intimately for  
years. The various newspaper accounts, re-  
ferring to the mutilation of Booth's body,  
are equally absurd. Gen. Barnea, Surgeon  
General, U. S. A., was on board the gunboat  
whereat in post mortem examination was held  
with his assistants. General Barnea sat  
from Booth's neck about two inches of the  
spinal column through which the ball had  
passed. This piece of bone is now on exhibi-  
tion in the government medical museum in  
Washington, is the only relic of the assassin  
body above ground, and this is the only mu-  
tilation of the remains that occurred. Im-  
mediately after the conclusion of the exami-  
nation, the Secretary of War gave orders as  
to the disposition of the body, which had be-  
come very offensive, owing to the condition  
in which it had remained after death. The  
leg, which was broken in his jump from the  
box to the stage was much discolored and  
swollen, the blood from the wound having  
saturated the underclothing. With the as-  
sistance of Lieut. L. B. Baker, I took the  
body from the gunboat direct to the old Peni-  
tentiary, adjoining the Arsenal grounds.  
The building had not been used as a prison  
for some years previously. The Ordnance  
Department had filled the ground floor cells  
with fixed ammunition—one of the largest of  
these cells was selected as the burial place of  
Booth—the ammunition was removed, a large  
flat stone lifted from its place, and a rude  
grave dug; the body was dropped in, the  
grave filled with the stone replaced, and there  
rests this hour all that remained of John  
Wilkes Booth.

**FATAL ACCIDENT TO W. BULLOCK, ETC.**  
A very distressing accident occurred to Mr.  
William Bullock, the inventor of the fast  
newspaper press of that name. On Wednes-  
day, April 3, as Mr. Bullock was adjusting  
some portions of a press which he is building  
for the Ledger, he was caught by the belt-  
ing which turns the main shaft, and his foot  
and leg shockingly mangled. The best medical  
advice was immediately procured, and every ef-  
fort which science could suggest was made to  
avoid amputation, but without avail. On  
Monday, the 8th, the physicians in attend-  
ance found it necessary to amputate his leg  
just below the knee.

This accident falls more heavily upon  
Mr. Bullock, as he was about bringing his  
labors on the Ledger press successfully to a  
close. It was to have printed the first form  
the day following that upon which the ac-  
cident took place.  
The press which Mr. Bullock is the inven-  
tor of, is to print both sides of the paper, and  
count the sheets, at the 15,000 perfect  
copies per hour. It takes up but very little  
room, requires no feeders, and but few atten-  
dants—the paper being fed from a large roll.  
Since writing the above, and as we are  
about going to press we are called upon by  
our readers to be informed that a lion had  
taken place on the 12th inst. He was in the  
53d year of his age, and leaves a large circle  
of relatives and friends to mourn his sad and  
unlooked for end. We shall endeavor, in our  
next issue, to give a sketch of his life, to-  
gether with a list of his inventions.—Printer's  
Circular.

**A NEW LION KILLED.**—The journals of  
Algeria speak of a young Frenchman named  
Betonville, employed in the topographical ser-  
vice, who bids fair to rival the fame of Jules  
Verne. Being lately in the neighborhood of  
Sougara he was informed that a lion had  
carried off an ox the preceding night. In  
consequence, he prepared his arms, and took  
up a position in the date behind a thicket,  
at about fifteen yards from the remains of  
the ox. At about 2 o'clock in the morning  
the lion appeared and recommenced its re-  
past, when the sportsman took the opportu-  
nity to discharge two spherical balls into its  
body. The animal fell without a sound but  
immediately rose, and staggering along for  
some little distance, again staggered down-  
this time to rise no more. It measured nearly  
nine feet, and was supposed to be about  
12 years old. A few days later M. Betonville  
went on another expedition in the same local-  
ity, having feared that a lioness and two lions  
were committing great ravages every night.  
Having entered the forest which the animals  
frequented, he fastened an old mare to a  
tree, and then posted himself behind  
some thick bushes. He had not been there  
long before a noise was heard in the thicket,  
and a magnificent lion made its appearance  
advancing with precaution, and passing with-  
in a few yards of the marksman, who un-  
able to take aim at the moment from his ride  
being entangled in the brushwood. The animal  
then made a circuit round the mare, flicked  
his lips, and crouched down for the purpose  
of taking the fatal spring when the sports-  
man, from about forty yards distance,  
fired and lodged two balls in his right side.  
The animal gave a terrific roar, and plung-  
ing into the forest disappeared. The next  
day its dead body was found about 500 yards  
from the place of ambuscade. It was a noble  
animal, but not so large as the one pre-  
viously killed.

**WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?**—To tell the read-  
er exactly what class of persons was intended  
to be designated by the word gentleman, is a  
difficult task. The last time we heard it  
was on visiting a stable, to look at a horse,  
when inquiring for the postman, his stable  
keeper replied that "he had just stepped to  
the public house along with another gentle-  
man."

**Spittle Telling the Bell.**  
Some thirty years ago, an aged farmer in  
the western part of this State, related to me  
an occurrence that took place in one of the  
villages on the Hudson river when he was a  
young man. It appeared at the time as won-  
derful as any of the rappings and mysteri-  
ous signs of our day. The village had a  
chapel, with a bell, and a burying ground  
adjoining. The people who had the control  
of the chapel had for some time refused to  
toll the bell at deaths and funerals without  
pay, and the poor were consigned to the  
grave unknelt.

This occasioned excitement among the vil-  
lagers, who considered such conduct a vio-  
lence to humanity. At length, at the dead  
hour of midnight, the village bell was heard  
to toll a solemn knell.  
The villagers awoke in great consternation  
and hastened to the spot. The bell was tolling  
its solemn peals, and those who stood in the  
burying ground thought they felt the earth  
quake under their feet. But on approaching  
the church door, they found it securely fast-  
ened as usual, with no signs of any one hav-  
ing entered. The church was entered, how-  
ever, and with trembling steps two men as-  
cended to the belfry, but just before they  
reached the bell ceased tolling. They en-  
tered the belfry with a light, but could dis-  
cern no traces of any living creature, nor any  
appearance of any one having been there—  
All was consternation. "What does this  
mean?" was in every one's mouth. "Mean?"  
replied an uncle of the narrator; "why, they  
won't toll the bell for the poor, and the  
angels come and toll their dead knell. And  
each, for aught I know, may be the legend  
of this day. Now, I have not heard anything  
in the annals of spirit rapping more wonder-  
ful than this. And yet, to the mind of my  
informant, it was perfectly clear; though he  
thought to that day it had never been ex-  
plained at the place where it had occurred.  
Himself and his cousin, a son of the uncle  
alluded to, had made a strong waxed cord,  
about half a mile in length, and with which  
they ascended to the belfry and tied one end  
of the cord to the tongue of the bell, and con-  
veyed the other to the window of the house  
of the uncle, and then taking the precaution  
to remove the ladder, they began the solemn  
work of tolling for the poor. But just at the  
moment the men were entering the belfry  
the cord broke. After the people had retired  
all was still, the young men took the  
precaution of removing the remains of the  
wax string from the tongue of the bell, and  
the trick was never discovered.

**Why Newspapers Publish Horrid Mur-  
ders, Executions, ETC.**—The Cincinnati En-  
quirer explains the reason why newspapers  
indulge in so much of the horrible, as fol-  
lows:  
Moralize as we will, the fact remains  
that people like to read of hangings, and  
they take delight in the pursuit of deeds of  
horror and crime. There is a strange fan-  
tasy about them that cannot be described,  
but it exists to full force. It may not be  
considered very complimentary to the public  
intelligence, but the fact is not to be dis-  
puted. Why, says the moralist, do you news-  
paper men furnish your readers with so much  
of this kind of reading matter that is regard-  
ed as so pernicious in its effects upon the  
public morals? We answer, upon the great  
principle of the law of demand and supply.  
It might as well be asked why the hotel  
keeper furnishes his tables with his guests.  
The newspaper is more the mirror of public  
thought, more of the reflection of public  
wishes than anything else. Its duty is, says  
out, to take higher ground and bring the  
people upon it. That would be like the  
"mountain going to Mohammed," and it  
would be almost a difficult success. Mr.  
Objector, and criticizer of the press, you  
few indeed, would follow you upon the elevated  
plane of thought you would erect. It would  
be so elevated and so cold that none of  
the nutriment that sustains a paper would  
grow upon its keen and piercing morality—  
Before the newspaper had half educated the  
people, it would die for want of support—  
The editor of the paper better is a very  
desirable thing; but the misfortune is that  
it is a costly experiment to those who under-  
take it. There are few who want to be mis-  
taken for the public good, and they are gen-  
erally those who are in the enthusiasm of youth  
and inexperience. The popular taste prefers  
coarse and strong nutriment, rather than  
that which is of a finer and more ornamental  
character. The practical newspaper man  
who understands this and acts accordingly,  
and those who censure the press for not be-  
ing better, might as well find fault with a  
stream because it flows from and is supplied  
by a fountain above.

The following trick was played by a bur-  
gometer of a town near Frankfurt, during  
the late war: "This patriot heard of the ap-  
proach of a Prussian battalion to the town  
just at the moment that the chieftain had made  
its appearance in Germany. He ingeniously  
resolved to neutralize the one by the other.  
For this purpose he collected an immense  
quantity of coffins, and placed them conspicu-  
ously at the entrance of the town at the  
moment of the arrival of the battalion. The  
general rather startled, demanded an expla-  
nation of this extraordinary exhibition. "It  
is on account of the epidemic," replied the  
burgometer phlegmatically. Upon which  
sufficient information, the general, deeming  
discretion the better part of valor, gave the  
stricken town a wide berth, and quartered  
his battalion elsewhere. The enthusiasm of  
the Luxembourgers at the ingenious device  
was so great that they were almost ready to  
erect a statue on the Place des Armes to the  
man who, single-handed, had thus routed an  
entire Prussian battalion.

**EXTREMELY GOOD.**—A sketch writer in the  
California delivers a Sunday school address  
which is equal to anything Mark Twain can  
do, and of which the following passage is an  
example: "You boys ought to be very kind  
to your little sisters. I once knew a bad boy  
who struck his sister a blow over the eye.  
Although she didn't slowly fade away and  
die in the early summer time, when the June  
roses were blowing, with words of sweet fer-  
civeness on her pallid lips she rose up, and  
hit him over the head with a rolling pin, so  
that he couldn't go to Sunday school for more  
than a month, on account of not being able  
to put his best hat on."

**Nothing in nature is plenty as 'good air,'**  
nothing so essential to the life of every ani-  
mal thing, and about nothing are the major-  
ity of men and women so careless. If the  
doctor brings up spotted meat, we have good  
sense not to eat it; there is getting to be, es-  
pecially at the east, a prejudice against any  
pastry and hot dough colored and stored  
with saleratus; we do not drink muddy  
water when we can get pure. And yet a  
majority of the people, half the time, seem  
content to breathe air which is more poisonous  
to them than any of the deleterious things we  
have named. This is, if not the most of  
life, at least the center of an influence that every  
moment is felt in every part of the body.  
Every breath is a source of health or of dis-  
ease.

And yet people will go and speed an even-  
ing in a crowded hall or a church, lecture  
room, breathing over and over again air con-  
taminated by repeated use, air which if analyzed  
would frighten those who inhale it. Head-  
ache and depression follow, and naturally  
for the persons so situated have been poisoned.  
We have a good deal about the foul air of  
dens of vice where crowds are collected, engaged  
late at night in gambling and other wicked-  
ness. But the breath of the wicked is not al-  
ways worse than the breath of the good, and  
the air of a close room full of people is not  
more noxious because the people are among  
the best in the community.

Of course nobody disputes what we are say-  
ing. And yet houses are built every day with  
no reference to ventilation. Churches are  
constructed in violation of all rules of health.  
People sleep with closed windows in close  
rooms, where in an hour's time the atmos-  
phere is noxious. We ride in railway cars  
which are only boxes of foul air seven times  
heated at the top and seven times heated at  
the bottom. People live, in short, just about  
half the time in an atmosphere that is as di-  
rectly poisoning them, as if they breathed  
through tubes connected with tubes for the  
generation of deadly vapors. The lungs get  
a chance at pure air occasionally, and  
nature makes a brave struggle against the  
invasions of man. The various diseases  
engendered by impure air—asthma, and  
people are supposed to die of anything else  
than the real cause of death, who are out of  
doors much of the time, and who breathe  
women! The headaches, the dizziness, the  
headache, and final nervous prostration so apt  
to come to women, are but the time due to their  
confinement in houses not properly ventilated.  
The poor and rich sin alike in this, but not  
with equal excuse. The reform which has  
begun, must be carried out in all public  
buildings, and we may then hope of it, in all  
private dwellings.

**How to Prosper in Business.**—In the first  
place, make up your mind to accomplish what-  
ever you undertake. Do not come peddling  
self-satisfaction, and persistence in it. All  
difficulties are overcome by diligence. Be not  
afraid to work your hands, and diligently to  
a cut in gloves catches no mice. He who  
remains in the mill grinds, and not who  
comes and goes. Be frugal. That which  
will not make a pot will not make a pot lid.  
Take care of the pence, and the pounds will  
take care of themselves. Be steady. The  
sleeping fox catches no poultry. Treat every  
one with respect and civility. Everything is  
gained and nothing lost by courtesy. Good  
manners ensure success. Never anticipate  
wealth coming from any other source than  
labor, and never place dependence on becoming  
the possessor of an inheritance. He who waits  
for a dead man's shoes may get a long time  
barefooted. He who runs after a shadow  
has a wearisome journey. He who seeks  
never despairs. Heaven helps them who help  
themselves. Follow implicitly these precepts  
and nothing can hinder you from accumulat-

**David Dudley Field** has proposed to incor-  
porate into the new Constitution of New York  
a plan by which minorities in communities  
may be represented in the Legislature. It is  
this: Every person who shall receive 2,500  
votes is to be a member of the Legislature,  
and the number of members will, of course,  
be gauged by the number of men receiving  
that number of votes each. If several men  
should receive more than 2,500 votes, the num-  
ber of members would be proportionately  
small. He says there are 750,000 voters in  
the State. Any citizen, he says, in New York,  
in St. Lawrence, or in Champlain, who has  
the confidence of 2,500 voters, being any-  
where in the State, would be made their rep-  
resentative; and if votes were equally distrib-  
uted, there would be three hundred repre-  
sentatives. The number would be less as the  
distribution became unequal. By this giving  
representation to the minority, we avoid the  
necessity of provisions, so common in con-  
stitutions, and so inadequate at best, requir-  
ing a two-thirds or three-fifths vote in  
certain cases.

**A STRANGE FEAT OF NATURE.**—There  
were in this city not long since three children  
all of whom were joined together at the  
hands. One hand on each of the right and  
left fingers was perfectly formed as far as  
the finger joints, where they united with those  
of the central fingers the hands of the three  
being thus firmly clasped together. The cen-  
tral figure had no fingers, the end of the  
arm resembling a wall when clasped by the  
hands of his two companions. The arms of  
the trio were boneless from the shoulder to  
the finger ends, and could be bent or twisted  
into any conceivable shape. The limbs  
from the knees down were also boneless. All  
the knees there is said to have been a large  
protrusion, as if nature had intended them  
to act as substitutes for the boneless legs and  
ankles feet. They are entirely blind, the  
whole surface of the eye-ball being of a death-  
ly white color, and contained no pupil. Their  
heads and bodies were perfectly formed, and  
the organizations and functions appeared per-  
fect in each. They were visited by a num-  
ber of persons, among which were our in-  
formant, who says they were still born,  
and dropped for the world. There was, we  
understand, no medical examination of the  
case, which is to be greatly regretted. The  
parents have left the city, taking with them  
the remains of the children.—San Francisco  
Register.





