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## Walla Walla Statesman.

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**WILLIAM H. NEWELL,**  
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**To City Subscribers.**  
On and after this date, the STATESMAN will be served to city subscribers at 30 cents a month, payable to the carrier. Those who have paid in advance will have their papers continued until the time expires.

### SOME DAY.

You smooth the tangles from my hair,  
With gentle touch and tender care,  
And count the years ere you shall mark  
Bright silver threads among the dark—  
Smiling the while to hear me say,  
"You'll think of this again some day!"  
Some day!

I do not count the power of time,  
Nor count on years of feeble prime;  
But no white gleams shall ever shine  
Among those heavy locks of mine.  
Ay, laugh as gaily as you may,  
You'll think of this again some day—  
Some day!

Some day I shall not feel as now  
Your soft hand move about my brow;  
I shall not slight for light commands,  
And draw your tresses through my hands;  
But you will see no touch of gray,  
And you—you will not laugh that day—  
Some day!

I know how long your loving hands  
Will linger with these glossy bands,  
When you shall weave my latest crown  
Of their thick masses long and brown;  
But you will see no touch of gray  
Adorn their shining locks that day—  
Some day!

And while your tears are falling hot  
Upon my lips which answer not,  
You'll take from these one treasured tress,  
And leave the rest to silentness;  
Remember that I used to say,  
"You'll think of this again some day!"  
Some day!

### THE MANNISH WOMAN.

The mannish woman wears a double-breasted coat with big buttons, of which she flings back the lapels with an air, understanding the suggestiveness of a wide chest and the need of unobstructed breathing; she wears unmistakable shirt-front, linen collars, vests and plain ties, like a man; she folds her arms or sets them akimbo, like a man; she even nurses her feet and cradles her knees in various petticoats, and makes believe that the attitude is comfortable because it is manlike. If the excessively womanly woman is affected in her sickly sweetness, the mannish woman is affected in her breadth and roughness. She adores dogs and horses, which she places far above children of all ages. She boasts of how good a marks-woman she is—he does not call herself a marks woman—and how she can hit right and left and bring down both birds flying. When she drinks wine she holds the stem of the glass between her first two fingers, hollows her underlip, and tosses it off, throwing her head well back—she would disdain the lady like sip or the closer gesture of ordinary. She is great in cheese and bitter beer, in claret-cup and still champagne, but she despises the peculiarities of sweets or of effervescing wines. She rounds her elbows and turns her wrist outward, as men round their elbows and turn their wrists outward. She is fond of carpentry, she says, and boasts her powers with plane and saw; for charms to her watch chain she wears a cork-screw, a gimblet, a big knife, and a small foot rule; and in entire contrast with the womanly woman, who uses the tips of her fingers only, the mannish woman when she does anything uses the whole hand, and if she had to thread a needle would thread it as much by her palm as by her fingers. All of which is affectionation, from first to last affectionation; a mere assumption of virile fashions utterly inharmonious to the whole being, physical and mental, of a woman.

### HORRIBLE STORY.

A murder of peculiar atrocity was lately committed near Limoges, France. A shoemaker's wife strangled her husband in his sleep and afterwards cut his body in pieces. For four days successively she went into the woods and lanes scattering little bits of her husband's body in various directions far and wide. Every night she returned to her house and lay down to sleep by the side of what was left. Six days after she put on her best gown and danced at a village fete. She has been sentenced to penal servitude for life.

**AN OLD FASHION.**—A Paris fashion letter says that "an attempt is being made to restore the high tortoise shell comb of our grandmothers."

### Minute Wonders of Nature and Art.

Lewenhoeck, the great microscopic observer, calculates that a thousand millions of animalcules, which are discovered in common water, are not altogether so large as a grain of sand. In the milt of a single codfish there are more animals than there are upon the whole earth; for a grain of sand is bigger than four millions of them. The white matter that sticks to the teeth also abounds with animalcules of various figures, to which vinegar is fatal, and it is known that vinegar contains animalcules in the shape of eels. A mite was anciently thought the limit of littleness; but we are not now surprised to be told of animals seven million times smaller than a mite. Mousia de l'ele has given the computation of the velocity of a little creature scarce visible by its smallness, which he found to run three inches in half a second; supposing now its feet to be the 50th part of a line, it must make 500 steps in the space of three inches—that is, it must shift its legs 500 times in a second, or in the ordinary pulsation of an artery. The itch is known to be a disorder arising from the irritation of a species of animalcules found in the pustules of the aliment; it is a very minute animal, in shape resembling the tortoise, of a whitish color, but darker on the back than elsewhere, with very long and thick hairs issuing from it, very nimble in its motion, having six legs, a sharp head, and two little horns. The proboscis of a butterfly, which winds round in a spiral form, like the spring of a watch, serves both for mouth and tongue, by entering into the hollows of flowers and extracting their dew and juices. The seeds of strawberries rise out of the pulp of the fruit, and appear themselves like strawberries when viewed by the microscope. The farina of the sunflower seems composed of flat circular, minute bodies, sharp pointed round the edges; the middle of them appears transparent, and exhibits some resemblance to the flower it proceeds from. The powder of the tulip is exactly shaped like the seeds of cucumbers and melons. The farina of the poppy appears like pearl barley. That of the lily is a great deal like the tulip. The hairs of men are long tubular fibres through which the blood circulates. The sting of a bee is a horny sheath or scabbard, that includes two bearded darts. A wasp's sting has eight beads on the side of each dart, somewhat like the beads of fish-hooks. The eyes of gnats are bearded, or composed of many rows of little semi-circular protuberances ranged with the utmost exactness. The wandering or hunting spider, who spins no web, has two tufts of feelers affixed to its fore paws, of exquisite beauty and coloring. A grain of sand will cover 200 scales of the skin, and also cover 20,000 places where perspiration may issue forth. Mr. Baker has justly observed with respect to the Deity, that with Him "an atom is a world, and a world but as an atom."

### Mr. Power says he saw a golden chain at

Tredescant's Museum, South Lambeth, of three hundred links, not more than an inch in length fastened to and pulled away by a flea. And I myself (says Baker, in his essay on the microscope), have seen very lately, near Durham-yard in the Strand, and have examined with my microscope a chain made by Mr. Boverick, a watch maker, having four wheels, with all the proper apparatus belonging to them, turning readily on their axes; together with a man sitting in the chain, all formed of ivory, and drawn along by a flea without any seeming difficulty. I weighed it with the greatest care. I was able, and found the chain, man and flea were barely equal to a single grain. I also weighed, at the same time and place, a brass chain made by the same hand, about two inches long, containing two hundred links, with a hook at one end and a padlock and key at the other, and found it less than the third part of a grain. I likewise have seen a quardrillo table with a drawer in it, an eating table, a sideboard table, a looking glass, twelve chairs with skeleton backs, two dozen plates, six dishes, a dozen knives, and as many forks, twelve spoons, two salts, a frame and castors, together with a gentleman, lady and footman, all contained in a cherry stone, and not filling much more than half of it. At the present day are to be purchased cherry stones highly polished, with ivory screws, which contain each 120 perfect silver spoons, an ingenious bauble worthy the patronage of the juvenile part of the community. We are told that one Oswald Merlinger had a cup of a pepper-corn, which held twelve hundred other little cups, all turned in ivory, each of them being gilt on the edges and standing upon a foot, and that, so far from being crowded or wanting room, the pepper-corn would have held four hundred more. One penny worth of crude iron can by art be manufactured into watch springs, so as to produce some thousand pounds.

### PAY OF THE FIRST CONGRESS.

The Continental Congress met on the 16th May, 1775; the number of members was 64. At this session a member appeared from St. John's parish, Georgia, and afterwards the colony of Georgia sent an entire delegation. Each colony paid its own delegation. New Hampshire allowed to each, all expenses, a servant, two horses, and a guinea a day; Massachusetts, expenses and three dollars a day; Rhode Island and Maryland, forty shillings a day, with nothing for expenses; Pennsylvania, twenty shillings a day and expenses; Virginia a half Johannes per day; North Carolina, \$2500 per annum; South Carolina, \$1500 per annum; Georgia, \$500 per month while in session.

The English telegraph companies pay their female clerks five shillings per week. The poor girls must be restricted at meals to a certain number of mouthfuls in order that their weekly rations hold out.

BUTTERMILK is an excellent remedy for the gout. Ten gallons a day for ten years, it is said, will cure any man.

### Behind the Scenes.

#### WHAT THE STAGE LOOKS LIKE.

What a queer old place it is, to be sure, behind the scenes of a theater? How the actors ever can take the illusion and sentiment of the play in the midst of such disenchanted material, I often wonder. In private study they may soar to the ideal conceptions of the poet, but on the bare, dreary, dingy stage, where everything is false and unreal, I should think every fancy would fly from them. On every side are stacks of scenes to be used in the play; some painted on both sides and representing a fairy grotto and a demon's cavern with strange inconsistency. They are grimy with the prints of the scenery painter's hands. They are torn in some places and patched in others. There stands a "golden throne" made of rough planks, and, like many other things in this world, with its best side turned out. Here are heaps of stage properties, of such names and appearance, it is impossible for an outsider to tell for what purpose they are used. There are dragons' tails, heads of fishes, drinking cups, wreaths of gay, impossible flowers, gilt crosses, badges for knights, trappings soiled and faded, dishes of fruit which require unbounded imagination to decide what they are meant for, red hot poker for the funny man, which lie quite harmless now, and don't even scorch the lazes by their side—all stage deceptions, which the audience will take as real as the play goes on. There are some "mossy banks," upon which bright, sunny beams will recline; they are rude boards covered with painted cloth, and are hard as a brick to the touch. How I pity the poor girls in thin dresses who will do the reclining! Talking in groups are fairies and evil-looking monster with great, glaring eyes; the wicked godmother of the Princess, and the angelic daughter of the King with her; carpenters in work dress, with beings clad in rich armor and splendid suits; my Lord Chamberlain is taking a bite of ham sand wench and a glass of liquor, and casting soft glances at a pretty ballet girl coming down the stage in a delicate pink muslin dress; the stage manager is flying here and there, giving his orders in a decided tone; all is ready at last; the orchestra has struck into the air for the curtain; the prompter's bell rings; "Clear the stage, ladies and gentlemen;" the din of the bells commences; the green curtain slowly rises; the house is quiet, and "White Fawn" begins.

#### THE EFFECT SPOILED.

It takes away all pleasure to see a piece of this kind from behind. Some of the finest effects seen from the audience are tame and insipid seen so close. Some of the finest women are really ugly. Can that bold, ungaily, hard-faced, pitted, frowning woman, who is exercising her limbs so freely at the flats, and getting herself into trim before she appears before the house, be the sylph-like beauty whom we were wont to applaud with enthusiasm? She don't smile now, and her maid hasn't touched her face yet with Emili de Paris, and put on the beauty spots. By and by she will glide down the stage to sweet music, wearing a fascinating smile and have flowers thrown to her. She will captivate somebody there with her elegant face and form.

#### ARE THE GORGEOUS SCENES WHICH WE THOUGHT

such a paragon of art these dirty dazes, covered with Dutch metal and floss, coarse and wretched and shabby? The waterfall which looked so real, and sparkled so prettily, this muslin thing that a stout man in shirt sleeves is turning up and down, while overhead a gas man is directing his light upon it? These dresses, these armors, the gay processions and pageants, are they nothing but such cheap displays as this? All fancy goes in seeing art laid out so naked.

#### THE ACTORS.

Everything goes by rule. The prompter touches his bells, and the machinery does its work. Traps open and close, men are pulling at ropes, and other men are fastening scenes and putting up supports. The actors on the stage are whispering jokes to each other, or talking in low tones about the "house," the money there is in it, during the time they are not engaged in the dialogue; or, off the stage, drinking beer, reading in the green room, or playing a quiet game of poker or whist, until the call boy summons them again to duty. They have gone over their roles so many times it has ceased to interest them. As one or two get through their parts they hastily change their stage dress, wash off the rouge, and dash out into the street as if relieved. All the ladies, costumed in character, are parading before great mirrors, getting up elegant attitudes, or bringing their dresses to a proper and graceful swing. They are studying expression, too, in the glass—how to look at such portions of the play that may call for some particular effect—how to put on those head-turning airs that captivate an audience and send many a youth in front home to dream in a wild, feverish delirium.

the scenes. There is nothing to cheer and elevate the hopes, save in the approval the public give. And even if a player does his best, and "plays many parts" well, on the morrow a cold shoulder may be turned to him by his patrons, and his hopes crushed to the dust.—*New York Clipper.*

#### Destruction of our Globe.

We clip the following speculations from the *Cornhill Magazine*: In the present age, when the network of telegraphy brings all parts of the earth into close intercommunication, we are not likely to trace, even in the most widespread disasters, the approaching destruction of our globe. The same day which brings the intelligence of some devastating catastrophe brings evidence also that the devastation is but local. We are seldom informed of simultaneous, or nearly simultaneous, events happening in widely separated regions of the earth's surface. Accordingly, we are seldom led to dread the occurrence of widely devastating series of catastrophes. But certainly events have happened during the past few months which might lead nervously disposed persons to imagine that the inhabitants of the earth are not perfectly safe from wide spread destructive agencies. The same week that brought news of the great hurricane which ravaged the West Indian Isles, brought also the account of destructive hurricanes in the Indian and Pacific Oceans. Then followed the series of earthquake shocks which have inflicted such injury on the already much-tried inhabitants of St. Thomas, and which still continue to be felt at intervals. Next we hear of an earthquake in Somersetshire, then in Malta, then in Egypt, then at Formosa, then in St. Salvador; and now, almost as we write, the bed of the Pacific is violently shaken, and hundreds of the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands are destroyed by a violent uprush of molten matter. During all this time Vesuvius continues in violent eruption. Thus it has happened that we have heard a great deal lately of certain speculations—recently ventilated by an American philosopher—which threaten the earth with complete annihilation. According to these views there is one great danger to which we are at all times liable—the risk, namely, that some large volcanic vent should be formed beneath the bosom of the ocean. Through this sea would rush into the interior of the earth, and being forth with converted into steam by the intense subterranean heat, would rend the massive shell on which we live into a thousand fragments. Whether it is possible or not that such an event as this should take place, we shall not here stay to inquire. Let it suffice that the risk—if there be any—is no greater now than it has been any time during thousands of years past.

#### WOMEN BATHING.

I don't wonder women are not enamored of bathing, for the costumes worn are rarely becoming to feminine beauty. Out of the window I catch a glimpse of a blue eyed girl I tried to teach to swim this morning, though I presume I took more of lessons than I gave. She is in that charmingly uncertain condition between girlhood and womanhood, and in her blue trousers and tunic, her little white feet treading symmetry into the sand, and her arch and smiling face looking out from beneath a straw hat, she certainly looked more bewitching than she does at this moment. I carried her to where I was obliged to hold her up, and then supporting her gently, told her to strike out. She did so, womanfully. She seemed so pretty, playing the part of the boy, that I yielded to the temptation to let her slip from my hand, knowing she would be frightened and cling to me like ivy. I was right. She sank under the swell of the sea, and I caught her in my arms as if I had done a heroic instead of a sentimental thing. The little creature was terribly alarmed, and I had to hold her tightly for the remainder of the bath. She afterward told several persons I had saved her life, and as I had no desire to receive credit I did not deserve, I informed her kindly of my strategy. She pointed and looked prettier than ever, and assured me she would never go into the sea with me again. Perhaps she won't. But being a man of incorrigible vanity, and a great grandfather besides, I believe she will. What girl of sixteen is afraid of a man of seventy, or more or less? We old fellows sometimes forget our age.

#### VOTERS AND TAXES.

There are in the United States, including negroes and the unreconstructed territories, 6,500,000 voters. The aggregate expenses, last year, of General, State, County, and City Governments throughout the country, was \$720,000,000. That is, the expenses of our Government last year amounted to about \$107 50 per each voter. But the Southern voters—of which there are about 2,000,000, including negroes—cannot pay more than one-half their just proportion, and so the other half must be added to the Northern voters. Thus, about \$40 apiece is added to their taxes, making them \$131 50 for each voter in the Northern States. Each Northern voter has got to earn 43 cents for each working day in the year, over all expenses for self and family, in order to enable him to pay his share of the general taxes. We can remember the time when this sum was considered very near full wages for farm hands and other unskilled laborers. But we are living in a progressive age!

In Paris they have added several new articles to the toilet set, consisting of a small box in which there is a pearl finger-nail cleaner, a small vial of powder for giving a pink tinge to the nails, slips of sand paper for smoothing them, and a piece of chamois skin attached to a pearl handle for polishing them off; and as the whole affair retails for \$7 only of course with many it will be considered indispensable.

### Railroad Material.

Inclusive of 4,382 rails coming by way of Panama, there are now on the way to this port railroad materials as follows: 110,285 bars of railroad iron; 84,088 bundles of chairs; 10,981 packages of spikes, bars, and bolts; 30,404 other packages, principally car and locomotive material; 1,622 wheels and axles; and 22 locomotives. The rails average thirty feet in length, and will lay a single track for three hundred and thirteen miles. There are thirty-six sailing vessels partially laden with railroad material now on the way hither. To complete the railroad now in course of construction, (saying nothing of the Central Pacific,) will take all the material which several fleets like that now on the way could transport. The Western Pacific, and the Central Pacific, could use up the whole stock. Full two-thirds of the material on the way is for the Central Pacific, and when it arrives that road will still be in want of more. And all the smaller lines, such as the Gilroy Extension, Pajaro Valley, Petaluma and Healdsburg, Suscol Extension, and the Los Angeles and Wilmington, are waiting iron. If the various railroads now in progress have the means for purchasing iron, there is a fine prospect ahead for shipping for a year or more, as we have plenty of wheat and other grain to supply all ships with return cargoes. Our railroad and shipping business is probably only fairly commencing. When farmers throughout the different valleys of the State begin to understand what benefits railroads have conferred upon the farmers of Santa Clara Valley, Napa and Suisun Valleys, and what good they are likely to work for the farmers of Pajaro, Gilroy, Sonoma, Livermore Valley, etc., every farmer in the State will become an earnest advocate for railroad improvements in his own vicinity. When the citizens of other towns reflect upon the benefits conferred upon San Francisco, Sacramento, San Jose, Santa Clara, Vallejo, Oakland, and, in a lesser degree, a score of other cities and towns, they, too, will be anxious to become connected with the great arteries and depots of commerce by railroad communication. Railroads are but improved highways, and, without good roads, the best lands and the most tempting town sites—in appearance—are valueless. With the best road accommodations, the poorest land is more valuable, for all practical purposes, than the best land with poor road facilities. Having already the best of land, good railroad accommodations will make each valley in California the equal of the greatest wealth-producing regions in the world.—*S. F. Call.*

#### ATTEMPT TO PRINT A PERFECT BOOK.

Whether such a miracle as an immaculate edition of a classical author does exist, says one, "I have never learnt; but an attempt has been made to obtain this glorious singularity, and was as nearly realized as is perhaps possible—the magnificent edition of *Os Lusitana* of Camoens by Don Jose Souza, in 1817. This amateur spared no prodigality of cost and labor, and flattered himself that, by the assistance of Didot, not a single typographical error should be found in that splendid volume. But an error was afterwards discovered in some of the copies, occasioned by one of the letters in the word *Lusitana* having got misplaced during the working of one of the sheets. It must be confessed that this was an accident or misfortune, rather than an error." The celebrated Foulises, of Glasgow, attempted to publish a work which should be a perfect specimen of typographical accuracy. Every precaution was taken to secure the desired result. Six experienced proof readers were employed, who devoted hours to the reading of each page; and after it was thought to be perfect, it was posted up in the hall of the university, with a notification that a reward of fifty pounds would be paid to any person who could discover an error. Each page was suffered to remain two weeks in the place where it had been posted, before the work was printed, and the printers thought that they had attained the object for which they had been striving. When the work was issued, it was discovered that several errors had been committed, one of which was in the first line of the first page. The Foulises' editions of classical works are still much prized by scholars and collectors.

#### THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

This empire contains a total population of 77,000,000, of which 53,470,000 are Russians. An exchange says that the absorption of nearly all the non-Russian nationalities by the Russians, especially by the establishment of Russian schools, is making rapid progress. None offers a resistance to this process of absorption except the Poles and a part of the Lithuanians and Germans. But without aid from abroad they are evidently powerless against Russia, and no insurrection could be more ill advised than a Polish. Only a European combination in favor of Poland might become dangerous to Russia; and, if defeated in such a case, Russia might lose its Polish and German provinces, with a population of six or seven millions. Beyond this, the national unity of the empire seems to be secured. The Slavonic movement in Austria and Turkey causes, moreover, some twenty millions of Slavi in these two countries to gravitate toward a close union with Russia as the most powerful among the Slavic tribes, and the natural protector of the interests of the whole race.

#### A MEDICAL JOURNAL gives the account

of a case of poisoning by exposure to the vapors of burning charcoal, in which transfusion of blood from the arm of a robust man effected a satisfactory cure, after every other effort at restoration had failed, and the patient was believed to be dead.

PUNCH says that women who make up their faces deceive themselves if they think that by so doing they are more likely to tempt men to make up their minds.

### Two Roads.

There no longer appears to be a question of the intention of the two Railroad Companies that are now pushing their works across the continent. Neither Company desires to connect with the other at Salt Lake as a permanent arrangement, but both are desirous of pushing their respective lines of road through from the Missouri to the Pacific. Months since, a corps of engineers in employ of the Union Pacific were in this State, making reconnoitres and surveys for a railroad route through the Sierras, and the Beckworth's Passes, and the country intervening between those places and tide water. Their work was conducted with great secrecy, and no direct information has been given as to its results. There are, however, strong reasons which lead some to believe that Beckworth's Pass was decided upon as the route for the road through the mountains, connecting with Marysville by the Oroville Railroad, and with Vallejo by the California Pacific. Acting upon this belief, parties interested in the construction of a railroad through Plumas County, from Oroville to Virginia City, are pushing their enterprise with vigor. Others have good reasons for believing that Walker's Pass has been selected by the Union Pacific as its route, and that the road is to come hence through Tulare Valley to this city, by way of Gilroy, and that the railroad now being pushed forward to Gilroy from San Jose is to form one of the connecting links of the road. But whether Beckworth's or Walker's Pass is to be the crossing point, it appears to be established that the Union Pacific has fully determined to push its road through to the Pacific. On the other hand, the Stanfords of the Central Pacific have their engineers at work hunting for a route through the Rocky Mountains, and their financial agents in the East have announced that necessary steps for securing the pecuniary assistance required to build the eastern end of that road have been taken. Government aid, so far as lands are concerned, must necessarily cease as soon as the two roads meet. Aid in the shape of bonds must also cease at that point, unless the Companies can engineer the requisite legislation through Congress. That two roads will be necessary to accommodate the trade and travel across the continent is so apparent as to admit of no question. But we think it would be asking too much of Government to solicit its aid in constructing the roads from Salt Lake easterly and westerly. Both roads are now earning handsome dividends, which will be more than double as soon as they make their connection at Salt Lake. The lands already granted to the roads—equal to a solid belt of territory twenty miles wide across the continent—will rapidly increasing earnings of the roads, should enable the Companies to obtain, without further Government aid, all the pecuniary assistance they will need to construct their works. While, then, we trust to see both roads extended across the continent at an early day, we do hope that there will be no more bonuses granted to the Companies by Government. The Railroad Companies have been dealt with liberally—principally, in fact—and the people are already taxed heavily enough without adding to their burdens by a large donation to corporations already enriched at the Government expense.—*S. F. Call.*

#### A NEW BABY.

A little girl of Kentucky, at boarding school, responded as follows to a note from her father, announcing an interesting event in the family:

"My Dear Pop:—I was right glad to hear from you, and that you were well; but I did not like it a bit to hear that mother had a baby, because it was a boy, I should be glad if it were a little girl, but I hate boys; they are not nice. Now, I am going to tell you what I want you to name him. I am going to choose a homely name, because I don't think boys ought to have pretty names. Boys are squealing all the time. You don't have one minute's peace while there is a boy-baby in the house; but a girl-baby is a good thing to have in the house, for it never cries. Name him Yuba Dan; that's good enough for a boy. You must excuse me for writing so much about boys; the reason I wrote so much about boys is because I don't like boys. My love to ma, and tell her I hope she will do better next time."

#### A LADY parting from her husband

a few days since in the cars at Albany, was overheard by the passengers to utter the following paragraph, all in one breath: "Good by, Will; write to me every day, won't you? I'll expect a letter three times a week, any way. Take good care of my Sunday school class for I'll want it when I come back. If Miss Smith calls don't give her more than fifty cents, for we have to support our own church, you know. Don't forget to bring my silk dress and my other shoes. Come as soon as you can. Don't forget your cane, and let your musache grow."

#### By combining the tails of birds of Paradise

with the bodies of humming birds, etc., the milliners are producing some queer specimens of ornithology.

MASTER HOBART VANZANDT, of Marietta on the 11th inst., gave a full dress reception to his friends, the oldest of the party being fifteen months.

MAN does not know woman, but thinks he does, and tells her he does. Woman does know man, and thinks she does, but tells him she does not.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S widow has given his uniform coat to a Scotchman named Macrae, who proposes to put it in a museum at Glasgow.

MOSQUITOES have been called artists in music and drawing.





