

The Waynesburg Messenger.

A Weekly Family Journal—Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Foreign, Domestic and General Intelligence, &c.

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THE WAYNESBURG MESSENGER

PUBLISHED BY
R. W. JONES AND JAS. S. JENNINGS.

Waynesburg, Greene County, Pa.

OFFICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE
PUBLIC SQUARE.

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A liberal discount made for yearly advertisements.
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Waynesburg Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS.

WYLY, BUCHANAN & HUSS,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
Waynesburg, Pa.

Office in the Court House, and adjoining
Court. Collection and other legal business will receive prompt attention.
Office on the South side of Main Street, in the Old Bank Building.

FURMAN & RITCHIE.

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law
Waynesburg, Pa.
Office—Main Street, one door east of
the old Bank Building.

All business in Greene, Washington, and Fayette Counties, entrusted to them, will receive prompt attention.
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DAVID CRAWFORD,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in the Court House. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.
Waynesburg, Pa., July 30, 1863.—13.

BLACK & PHELAN,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law
Office in the Court House, Waynesburg,
Pa., 11, 1861.—14.

SOLDIERS' WAR CLAIMS!

D. R. P. HUSS,
Attorney at Law, Waynesburg, Penna.,
has received from the War Department at Washington city, D. C., official copies of the several laws passed by Congress, and all the necessary forms and instructions for the collection of
PENSIONS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY, discharge and disabled soldiers, widows, orphans, &c., which business, (upon due notice) will be attended to promptly and accurately if entrusted to his care.
Office in the old Bank Building—April 8, 1863.

G. W. G. WADDELL,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
OFFICE IN THE REGISTER'S OFFICE,
Waynesburg, Pa. Business of all kinds solicited. Has received official copies of all the laws passed by Congress, and other necessary instructions for the collection of
PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY,
and disabled soldiers, widows, orphans, &c., which business if entrusted to his care, will be promptly attended to. May 12, 1863.

PHYSICIANS.

Dr. T. W. ROSS,
Physician & Surgeon,
Waynesburg, Greene Co., Pa.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE ON MAIN STREET,
Opposite and nearly opposite the Wright House,
Waynesburg, Sept. 22, 1863.

DR. A. G. CROSS
Would very respectfully tender his services as a
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, to the people of
Waynesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due application of human life and skill, and strict attention to hygiene, to merit a share of public patronage.
Waynesburg, January 6, 1862.

WM. A. PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main Street,
Waynesburg, Pa., 1861.—15.

R. CLARK,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware and notions, in the Hamilton House, opposite the Court House, Main Street. Sept. 11, 1861.—15.

MINOR & CO.,
Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Court House, Main Street.
Sept. 11, 1861.—15.

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.

J. D. COSGRAY,
Shoe and Shoe Maker, Main Street, nearly opposite the Farmers' and Drivers' Bank. Every style of Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order.
Sept. 11, 1861.—15.

JOHN MUNNELL,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectionaries, and Variety Goods Generally, Wilson's New Building, Main Street.
Sept. 11, 1861.—15.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

S. M. BAILY,
Main Street, opposite the Wright House keeps always on hand a large and elegant assortment of Watches and Jewelry.
Sept. 11, 1861.—15.

BOOKS &c.

LEWIS DAY,
Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Manuscripts and Papers. One door east of Porter's Store, Main Street.
Sept. 11, 1861.—15.

SADDLES AND HARNESS.

SAMUEL M'ALLISTER,
Saddler, Harness and Trunk Maker, old Bank Building, Main Street.
Sept. 11, 1861.—15.

FARMERS' & DRIVERS' BANK,
C. A. BACKE, President,
D. S. BACKE, Cashier,
Waynesburg, Pa.

Miscellaneous.

An Item for the Home Circle.

The following sensible article on domestic philosophy we find in one of our exchanges: "If the ultimate consequences of one's acts are to be laid to his charge, the man who invented rocking-cradles for children rests under a fearful load of responsibility. The downright murder of tens of thousands of infants, and the weakened brains of hundreds of adults, are undoubted results of his invention. To rock a child in a cradle, or to swing him in a crib, amounts to just this: the rapid motion disturbs the natural flow of the blood and produces stupor or drowsiness. Can any boy suppose for a moment that such an operation is a healthful one? Every one knows the dizzy and often sickening effect of moving rapidly in a swing; yet wherein does this differ from the motion a child receives when rocked in a cradle? It is equivalent to lying in a ship berth during a violent storm, and that sickens nine persons out of ten.—A very gentle, slow motion may sometimes be soothing, though always of doubtful expediency, but to move a cradle as rapidly as the swing of a pendulum three feet long, that is once in a second, is positive cruelty. We always feel like grasping and staying the arms of a mother or nurse who, to secure quietude, swings the cradle or crib with a rapidity equal to that of a pendulum a foot long. If any mother is disposed to laugh at our suggestions or consider them whimsical, we beg of her to have a bed or cot hung on cords, then lie down in it herself, and then swing it with the same rapidity that she allows the cradle to be rocked. What she will experience in both head or stomach is just what the infant experiences. We insist that this rocking of children is a useless habit. If not accustomed to a rocking, they will go to sleep quite as well when lying quietly, as when shaken in a cradle. If they do not, there is trouble from sickness, or hunger, or more likely from an overloaded stomach; and though the rocking may produce a temporary stupor, the trouble is made worse thereafter by the unnatural means taken to produce quiet for the time being.

(From the London Morning Post, 30th.)

Horrible Affair.—A Man Partially Eaten by Lions, in London.

Yesterday forenoon, about half-past ten o'clock, the Agriculture Hall, Islington, was the scene of a shocking occurrence. In addition to the sudden roaring of the lions forming part of the equestrian exhibition at that establishment, loud screams were heard proceeding from the direction in which the animals were kept in their caravan during the intervals of the performance. The body of a man, named Thomas Greaves, who had within the last two or three days commenced his duties as a new keeper and feeder of the animals, was found drawn up close to the cage.—Some of the employees immediately sized the long iron rods, with a species of hoe at the end, by which the cage is loosened, and rushed to the spot. It was then discovered that one of the large lions had the man's right hand in his mouth, whilst another had seized him by the thick part of the fore-arm, and had dragged the limb through the bars of the cage nearly up to the armpit. Having no hot irons, the men at once set to work belabouring the animals over the skulls and eyes, in order to make them let go their hold. These proceedings, at the out set, only tended to increase the ferocity of the animals, who, amidst loud roars, commenced tearing the flesh from their victim's arm and hand with their claws. It was not until the brutes were nearly blinded with the blows inflicted upon their eyes that they were induced to relinquish their grip, when the poor fellow's mangled limb was drawn through the bars, but with some difficulty, and he fell fainting into the arms of those who had rescued him from his horrible position.—

A Cure for Scandal.

Take of good nature one ounce; of an herb called by the Indians "mid your own business," one ounce; mix with a little charity for others; and two or three sprigs of "keep your tongue between your teeth;" simmer them together in a vessel called circumspection for a short time, and it will be fit for use. Application.—The symptom is, a violent itching in the tongue and roof of the mouth which invariably takes place when you are in company with a species of animals called gossips. When you feel a fit of the disorder coming on, take a teaspoonful of the mixture; hold it in your mouth, which you will keep closely shut till you get home, and you will find a complete cure. Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a small bottleful about you, and repeat the dose on the slightest symptom.

LONGEVITY.

The following is extracted from the parish register of Llanedoch, Glamorgan. The entry is evidently original, and of the date given, and the writing is clear.—"Ivan Yorke, buried Saturday the xliiii day of July 1627, aged about 167. He was a soldier in the White of Boythorpe, and lived in Llanedoch Major; and had lived in it by 1627."

The Singing Fish of Ceylon.

On the occasion of a visit which I made to Batticaloa in September, 1848, I made some inquiries relative to a story which I had heard of musical sounds, said to be heard issuing from the bottom of the lake, at several places, both above and below the ferry, opposite the old Dutch Fort, and which the natives suppose to proceed from some fish peculiar to the locality. The report was confirmed to me in all its particulars, and one of the spots whence the sounds proceeded was pointed out between the pier and a rock which intersects the channel, two or three hundred yards to the eastward.—They were said to be heard at night, and most distinctly when the moon was nearest the full, and they were described as resembling the faint sweet note of the Aolian harp. I sent for one of the fishermen, who said they were perfectly aware of the fact, and that their fathers had always known of the existence of the musical sounds heard, they said, at the spot alluded to, but only during the dry season, and they cease when the lake is swollen by the freshet after the rain.

They believed them to proceed from a shell, which is known by the Tamil name of (GORM COOLOROE CRABOE), or the "crying shell," a name in which the sound seems to have been adopted as an echo of the sense. I sent them in search of the shell, and they returned bringing me some living specimens of different shells, chiefly LITTORINA and CERATINA. In the evening, when the moon had risen, I took a boat and accompanied the fisherman to the spot. We rowed about 200 yards northeast of the jetty by the fort gate; there was not a breath of wind, nor a ripple, except that caused by the dip of our oars; and, on coming to the point mentioned, I distinctly heard the sound in question.—They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wine glass when the rim is rubbed by a wet finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself; the sweeter treble mingling with the lowest bass. On applying the ear to the wood-work of the boat the vibration was greatly increased in volume by conduction.

The sounds varied considerably at different points, as we moved across the lake, as if the number of the animals from which they proceeded was greatest in particular spots; and occasionally we rowed out of hearing of them altogether, until, on returning to the original locality, the sounds were at once renewed. This fact seems to indicate that the cause of the sounds, whatever they may be, are stationary at several points; and this agrees with the statement of the natives that they are produced by molluscs, and not by fish. They came evidently and sensibly from the depth of the lake, and there was nothing in the surrounding circumstances to support a conjecture that they could be the reverberation of noises made by insects on the shore, conveyed along the surface of the water, for they were loudest and most distinct at those points where the nature of the land and the intervention of the fort and its buildings forbade the possibility of this kind of conduction.

Sounds somewhat similar are heard under water at places on the western coast of India, especially in the harbor of Bombay at Caldera, in Chili, musical cadences are stated to issue from the sea near the landing place; they are described as rising and falling fully four notes, resembling the tones of harp-strings, and mingling like those at Batticaloa, till they produce a musical discord of great delicacy and sweetness. The animals from which they proceed have not been identified at either place, and the mystery remains unsolved, whether those at Batticaloa are given forth by fishes or by molluscs.—[Sir J. Emerson Tennet's Ceylon.]

A Good Act and a Wise Investment.

Some time since General Thomas assessed a number of Tennessee rebels in the sum of \$30,000 for the murder, by guerrillas, of one Michigan and two Wisconsin soldiers. The Milwaukee Wisconsin says of the affair: "This money has been brought to Wisconsin. The widow of one of the soldiers, living at or near Delavan, in Walworth county, received her \$10,000 in cash, and her friends brought it to one of the Milwaukee banks, a day or two since, and invested it all in Government securities. The assessment and the payment of it afterwards to the widow of the murdered soldier was a noble act on the part of General Thomas; but the investment of it by the widow in the war-bonds of the country was a still more noble act. It evinced a confidence, on her part, in the future of the country for which the life of her husband had been given up, and it also displayed the most praiseworthy recognition of the justice and kindness manifested to her by the Government."

SMALL POX.

This loathsome disease is spreading itself with fearful rapidity over the country. In Cincinnati it is worse than ever before known; in Cleveland it is said there are upwards of twelve hundred cases; and in Columbus and other places it is very bad. It seems to have started from the military camps; and hospitals. Escape everywhere is impossible; and had lived in it by vaccination.

Romance in Real Life.

On Tuesday, in the Police Court, a singular occurrence in real life took place which in this city, at least, has seldom transpired. The facts are these: About five years ago, a man named Edward Carey left an affectionate and beautiful wife and three interesting children, to seek a fortune in the mines of California. For one year after his arrival in the gold country, Carey wrote constantly to his wife, and enclosed frequent sums of money. Suddenly the correspondence ceased, and Mrs. Carey receiving no money, was compelled to adopt other means to obtain a livelihood for herself and little ones. In a few weeks thereafter Mrs. Carey received information that her husband had been killed in the mines, which was corroborated by a subsequent letter received from California. For three years she lived, as she supposed she was a widow, and receiving the attentions of an Italian named Joseph Reibe, who succeeded in gaining her affections, she consented to marriage, and about a year ago the two were legally united in the bonds of wedlock, and have ever since lived quite happily together. On Sunday last, as the church bells were summoning to the House of God the worshippers of the true Being, Edward Carey, who had arrived direct from California by the morning train, was making inquiries in the neighborhood (in which his family resided when he left Cincinnati) for his wife and children. His neighbors and friends stood amazed, and trembled upon beholding the man whom they had long since believed to be dead. Upon being assured that it was Carey, who was not dead but living, he was astounded with the intelligence that his wife, who had also believed that he had "gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns," was again married to another man, with whom she was living in domestic felicity. Ascertaining the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Reibe, the afflicted husband hastened to ascertain whether what he had heard was true or false. Knocking at the door, a tall Italian, measuring six feet one and one half inches, came to the door. Carey inquired: "Does Mrs. Reibe live here?" Italian.—"She does—will you walk in?" Carey.—"Yes, sir; will you please tell her that a gentleman desires to see her?"

The Italian consented, and on going to the door leading into the dining-room, called his wife by her first name. She answered, and all full of smiles, came running down into the parlor.—Upon seeing her husband, who rose from his seat to meet her, she screamed out "My God, Carey!" and fell fainting to the floor. The husbands both hastened to raise her from the floor, when Edward Carey informed her that he was Edward Carey, the lady's lawful husband. Reibe also claimed her as his wife, and added, "I shall never give her up." Before the wife had fully recovered from her fainting attack the two husbands had become engaged in angry, violent words, resulting in Carey's drawing a pistol upon Reibe, and by the latter being forcibly ejected from his house.

Reibe on Monday morning, had a warrant sworn out in the Police Court, charging Carey with disorderly conduct and provoking him to commit a breach of the peace. Carey was arrested, and when arraigned before Judge Warren, in the presence of Reibe and the wife, he asked the court to hear an explanation before he entered his plea. Judge Warren consented, and Carey stated that he and Reibe both claimed the lady (pointing to Mrs. Carey Reibe) as wife, and he believing himself to be the legal claimant, had become disorderly in demanding peremptorily of Reibe that he should give her up. Reibe, through the Prosecuting Attorney, Mr. Straub, exhibited to the Court the marriage certificate, and the question was at once raised, "What further proceedings could be had in that Court?" The wife, who like Niobe, all in tears, was called up and asked by the Court if either of these men was her husband? She replied that she had been married to both, but having learned that her first husband was dead, she formed an attachment for Reibe three years after, and married him. After assuring the Court of her deeply seated attachment always for Carey, and now her warm affection for Reibe, who had been to her an affectionate and devoted husband, the Court inquired of her, viz: "What do you now propose to do; live with your first husband, who is legally such, or your last husband, who by misapprehension, and unintentionally, you have made your husband?"

A Hint to Farmers.

The following hint, published farther west, is just as applicable here. There are three things easily raised and harvested for which the farmers may depend upon it, there will be an enormous demand and high prices paid during the war. We refer to potatoes, beans and onions. The farmers could not do a better thing for themselves and their country than to plant these vegetables very extensively. If it appears, as the Spring advances, that the whole crop is likely to be short, and that fruit will be scarce, onions, potatoes and beans must be had to fill the vacuum.

Eating Between Meals.

Among the slight causes of impaired digestion is to be reckoned the very general habit of eating between meals. The powerful digestion of the growing boy makes light of all such irregularities; but to see adults and often those by no means in robust health eating muffins, buttered toast, or bread and butter, a couple of hours after a heavy dinner, is a distressing spectacle to the physiologist. It takes at least four hours to digest a dinner, and during that period the stomach should be allowed to repose. A little tea or any other liquid is beneficial rather than otherwise, but solid food is a mere incumbrance. There is no gastric juice ready to digest it; and if any reader, having at all a delicate digestion, will attend to his sensations after eating muffins or toast at tea, unless his dinner has had some time to digest, he will need no sentence of explanation to convince him of the serious error prevalent in English families of making tea a light meal, quickly succeeding a substantial dinner.—Regularity in the hours of eating is far more necessary; but regularity of intervals is of primary importance. It matters but little at what hour you lunch or dine, provided you allow the proper intervals to elapse between breakfast and luncheon; and between luncheon and dinner. What are those intervals?—This is a question each must settle for himself. Much depends upon the amount eaten at each meal, much also on the rapidity with which each person digests. Less than four hours should never be allowed after a heavy meal of meat. Five hours is about the average for men in active work. But those who dine late—at six or seven—should never take food again till breakfast next day, unless they have been at a theatre, or dancing, or exerting themselves in legislation, in which case a slight supper is requisite.

Are Hoop Skirts Healthful?

The intelligence from Paris that ladies are making their appearance in hoops five yards around, revives a question we had thought long since settled,—"Are hoop skirts healthful?" It is conceded by all observers that the modern hoop skirt is one of the most healthful devices of the age. No sensible person can fail to appreciate its benefits.—We do not advocate the hoops worn during the primitive and anti-shoddy days of our grandmothers, made of substantial hickory, but those made of light flexible steel. A medical writer, says, "if we must live in houses warmed by furnaces, and eighteen feet by five stories high, for pity's sake let us distribute the load of dress our climate requires, so as to allow every part of the body to be used to carry it up stairs.—Let the jacket or the shoulder straps give the chest its share of work; in a word let our wives and daughters shoulder their loads, if they would have their days prolonged in the land." We cannot exactly see the necessity of a hoop of such ample dimensions as those reported to be worn in Paris; but it should be of sufficient diameter to allow a full step; if it restricts the step in the slightest degree, it is too small. The heavy quilted skirts, formerly worn, were most pernicious to health; and even the light hoop skirts worn should be hooked to the jacket, and not allowed to rest on the hips. The lower limbs should be free and unrestricted in their motions, as quick and energetic walking contributes greatly to the growth of the vital organs, and in order to insure this the hip must be relieved of the enormous weight of skirts formerly worn.

Disinfecting Agents.

Either of the following will answer the purpose, while they cost but a trifle: 1. One pint of the liquor of chloride of zinc, in one pint of water, and one pound of chloride of lime in another pint of water. This is perhaps the most effective of anything that can be used, and when thrown upon decayed vegetable matter of any description, will effectually destroy all offensive odors. 2. Two or three pounds of sulphate of iron (coppers) dissolved in a pint of water, will, in many cases, be sufficient to remove all offensive odors. 3. Chloride of lime is better to scatter about in damp places, in yards, in damp cellars and upon heaps of filth.—Scientific American.

A Hint to Farmers.

The following hint, published farther west, is just as applicable here. There are three things easily raised and harvested for which the farmers may depend upon it, there will be an enormous demand and high prices paid during the war. We refer to potatoes, beans and onions. The farmers could not do a better thing for themselves and their country than to plant these vegetables very extensively. If it appears, as the Spring advances, that the whole crop is likely to be short, and that fruit will be scarce, onions, potatoes and beans must be had to fill the vacuum.

A Painful Narrative.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a lady residing in Seaton, near Axminster, England: There is a small fishing village near here that is literally plague-stricken with measles; the children are dying by dozens. The inhabitants are all sailors and fishermen, and at this time of the year always in want. The children do not die of the complaint, but of weakness and starvation afterwards.—We are all at work boiling soup and doing what we can for the poor starved things.—They come over the hill twenty at a time, and receive a blanket, sheet, 4 lbs. of bread, 2 oz. of tea and four yards of flannel. The bell is tolling constantly, and five or six children are brought over here in a cart to be buried daily. The village altogether is like a thing you dream of. The mothers themselves look like hungry wolves, without a feeling left for their dead children. I have only seen one woman crying, until I said a kind word, such as "the summer is coming, please God," and they sob as if they would go into hysterics from weakness. In one den I visited, there were six children lying before the fireplace, and I asked the woman if they were hungry. "No," she said "thank God they are not so hungry as I am for I have nothing to give them. I could eat the table board." I can only give them my work and strength, and the dead children are the best of poor things. I found a true hearted farmer's wife, who lends me her kitchen and boils the soup for them. These poor children die in the dark, and the mothers have to watch for daylight to see them, not having a candle in the house. It is sad work, and I feel ashamed of myself every night when I come home and set down to a good tea. I myself have spent three days in Beer, and I think the misery beats anything I ever beheld.

Distinguished Shoemakers.

Linnaeus the founder of the science of botany, was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Sweden; but afterwards, taken notice of in consequence of his ability, was sent to college. David Pareus, the elder, who was afterwards a celebrated professor of theology at Hiedelberg, was at one time apprenticed to a shoemaker. J. Prendell, who died some time since at Gray's Buildings, London, and who was a profound and scientific scholar, pursued through life the trade of a shoemaker. Hans Sachs, one of the German poets, was the son of a tailor, and afterwards served an apprenticeship to a shoemaker. Benedict Baddouin, one of the most learned men of the sixteenth century, was a shoemaker, as was likewise his father. He wrote a treatise on the shoemaking of the ancients, which he traced up to the time of Adam himself. To these may be added Holoroff, and Gifford, for so many years editor of the Quarterly Review; and Bloomfield, the author of "The Farmer's Boy," and other poems.—All of whom were shoemakers. John Brand, the Secretary of the Antiquarian Society of London, and author of several learned works, was originally a shoemaker, but fortunately found means to complete his studies at Oxford University.

Indolence.

Labor is law, and whoever repulses it as a bore must have it as a punishment. You do not wish to be a laborer, and you will be a slave; toil only lets you loose on one side to seize you again on the other; you do not wish to be your friend and you will be his negro; you do not care for the honest fatigue of men, and you are about to know the sweat of the damned; while others sing you will groan. Your desire is to do nothing? Well, you will not have a week, a day, an hour without feeling crushed. What is a feather for others, will be a rock for you. Life will become a monster around you, and coming, going, breathing will be so many terrible tasks for you. What precipices are sloth and pleasure; to do nothing is a melancholy resolution. To live in indolence on the social substance, to be useless, this leads straight to the bottom of misery. Who to the man who wishes to be a parasite for he will be a vermin. To become a rogue is inconvenient, and it is not nearly so hard to be an honest and industrious man.—Victor Hugo.

How to Fold a Lady's Dress.

Take the exact quarters of the dress, from the bottom of the skirt to the sleeves, double them together with the bosom out; then on a bed lay the skirt perfectly smooth, and begin at the bottom to fold it up, just the width of the trunk or drawer. The waist and sleeves will fold nicely together, and must be laid outside folds of the skirt. Then double over the ends, to fit the length of the trunk or valise, and it may be carried very smoothly without taking much room.

The Routes to Idaho.

Senator Grimes has introduced a bill in the United States Senate appropriating \$20,000 to be equally divided in improving two distinct routes to Idaho.—One is from Fort Abernombie by way of Fort Benton, and the other is from Niobrara, on the Missouri river, through the valley of the Niobrara and Gallatin, in Idaho. It appears that the communication between the territory of Idaho and the States is not only rendered difficult by reason of the bad character of the roads now traveled, but that they are so infested by Indians, and parties worse than Indians, that there is no security for the transit of treasure or for the emigrants.

There are now several ways of reaching Idaho, and in prospect of the large emigration to that region the coming spring and summer, the following table of distances by different routes is interesting:

From	Miles.
From Chicago to Omaha,	400
From Omaha to Fort Kearney,	195
From Leavenworth City to Fort Kearney,	291
From Fort Kearney to South Pass, via North Platte,	563
From South Pass, via Lander Road to Bannock City,	400
From South Pass to Bannock City, via Fort Bridger,	500
From Salt Lake City to Bannock City,	288
From St. Paul to Bannock City, via Fort Abernombie and the Northern route,	1120
From St. Louis to Fort Benton, which is the head of navigation on the Missouri River,	3270
From Fort Benton to the mines	290
From Fort Benton to Fort Wallawalla, Oregon,	380

A Lucky Minister.

A gentleman who was recently married in the bonds of matrimony to the lovely daughter of one of our most respected citizens, received just before the ceremony a gift of a \$100 bill from his papa-in-law, as a trifle of "pin-money" for his wife. He slipped the bill under his glove, where he had already placed \$5 intended for the officiating clergyman. In the delirious excitement of the hour, he pressed into the hand of the minister the wrong bill, and as the parties never looked at the money on such occasions, neither of them discovered the mistake till some hours afterward. What was the surprise of the bride when her husband handed her a \$5 bill with the remark that it was a "little pin-money" from her father. "I should think it was a little," said the lady; and then the mistake came out. Neither bride or groom would of course be so discourteous as to think of claiming restitution for such an error, at such a time, and the clergyman was overpowered with the liberality of "young—." The lady told the "funny incident" to a friend or two, however, and the clergyman understands it now.—Chicago Journal.

How easy it is to be neat and clean!

How easy it is to arrange the rooms in graceful propriety! How easy to invest our houses with true elegance!—Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or the draper—it is not put up with hangings and curtains—it is not in the mosaics, carpets, the rosewood, the mahogany, the candelabra, or the marble ornaments; it exists in the spirit presiding over the chambers of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most graceful; it sheds a serenity over the scene of its abode; it transforms a waste into a garden. The house lightened by these intimations of a nobler and brighter life may be wanting in such which the discontented desire, but to its inhabitants it will be a palace, far outgiving the Oriental in brilliancy and glory.

REVOLUTIONARY PENSIONERS.

Nearly every Revolutionary star has set. It appears from a letter of the Commissioner of Pensions that only twelve of the soldiers of the Revolution are now living, whose ages range from 94 to 105 years, and whose pensions only amount to from \$24 to \$96 per annum.

The women of Holland and Belgium.

The women of Holland and Belgium, who make their linen so beautifully white, use borax instead of soda, as a washing preparation, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of water.—Its effect is to soften the hardest water.

"What's whisky bringing?"

"What's whisky bringing?" asked a large dealer in the article. "Bringing men to the galloway, and men and children to want," was the reply.