

A FRIEND has furnished us with an incident which "removes the fragment of cotton fabric from the hedge." A good deacon called upon a "sister" who had sustained the loss of a near friend, and sought the balm of consolation. In the course of his sympathetic remarks he said, "I know it is hard to bear—you are but human." "Human!" was the excited reply; "I guess I aint any more human than you are. Get out of my house." Perceiving that the lady was preparing to enforce her language by the handle of a broom, the Deacon hurriedly withdrew—vowing, within himself, that before he sought to comfort any body else he would herald his visit by a Webster's Dictionary.—[Buffalo Express.

A GRAND Indian Council comes off at Storm's Ranch on Monday next. It is contemplated to remove the tribe. Tom Henley (the old war horse) is to be out there to superintend the matter.—(Grass Valley Telegraph.

HOW TO RISE EARLY.—Live next door to a house where Shanghais are kept,