LONGINGS.

A feeling of longing
Now draws me away
From home and its loved ones
To wander astray,
Far over the hill-tops
The clouds hang in air,
Aglow in the sunbeams.—
She waits for me there!

The shadow-winged ravens Move slowly along, And joining their purty, I go with the throng. They soar o'er the mountains-I pass rock and tree; O joy! I behold her! She tarries for me!

She roves through the forest;
The signal I sing;
The note of the song-bird
O'erjoyed with the spring.
She ling-rs and listens,
And waispers with glee;
"He sings it so sweetly;
He sings it for me!"

The last beams of sunset
Are gilding the hight;
My loved one still tarries,
She fears not the flight
By brook-side she wanders
The green meadows through,
And darker and darker
Night's shedows pursue.

Night's shadows pursue.

I glide through the bushes,
A wandering star,
She starts and she trembles;
"What gleams from afar?"
"I's only my lantern,
My dearest and best,
And I at your feet, love,
For here I am blest!"
"anslated from Goethe by Geo, W. Birdseye.

The Dream Story of Gojiro.

Only a few years ago there was gentleman in Fukui, Japan, who had a son, a bright lad of twelve, who made astonishing progress in his studies. He was especially quick at awoke. learning Chinese characters, of which every Japanese gentleman who wishes to be called educated must know at least 2000. For, although the Chinese and Japanese are two very different languages, yet the Japanese, Coreans and Chinese use the same letters to write with, just as English, Germans, French and Spaniards all employ one and the same alphabet.

Now Gojiro's father had promised him that when he read through five volumes of the Nihongi, or ancient history of Japan, he would give him for a present a book of wonderful Chinese stories. Gojiro performed his task and his father kept his promson with sixteen volumes, all neatly silk-bound, well illustrated with wood cuts and printed clearly on thin, silky mulcerry paper from the best wooden blocks. It will be remembered that several volumes of Japanese literature make but one of ours, as they are much lighter and

thinner than ours. Chinese wonders.

was very strange. The people talked ambition and perseverance. - Ex. an entirely different language from his own; had on different clothes; and instead of nice shaven head and top-knot of the Japanese, every one wore a long pigtail of hair that dangled at his heels. Even the boats were of a strange form; and on the fishing smacks, perched on projecting rails, sat rows of cormorants, each with a ring around his neck. Every few minutes one of them would dive under the water, and, after awhile, come struggling bored when they can get bored just as up with a fish in its mouth so big well at home. that the fishermen had to help the bird into the boat. The fish was then flung into a basket, and the cormorant was treated to a slice of habit of eating the live fish whole. This the ravenous bird would sometimes try to do, even though the ring was put around his neck for the express purpose of preventing him from gulping down a whole fish at

It was spring time, and the buds were just bursting into flower. The river was full of fish, especially carp, ascending to the great rapids or casprodigious rate of swiftness, and the who leads us therein. waters rippled and boiled and roared with frightful noise. Yet, strange to say, many of the fish were swimming up the stream as if their lives depended on it. They leaped and this echo.

Why you seem to be perfectly satisfied with the information contained in this echo. floundered about; but every one seemed to be tossed back and left exhausted in the river, where they panted and gasped for breath in the eddies at the side. Some were so bruised against the rocks that, after a few spasms, they floated white and stiff, belly up, on the water, dead, and were swept down the stream. Still the shoal leaped and strained every fin, until their scales flashed in the sun like a host of armored warriors in battle. Gojiro, enjoying it as if it were a real conflict of waves and fishes, clapped his hands with delight.

Then Gojiro enquired by means of writing, of an old white-bearded sage standing by and looking on, "What is the name of this part of the river?" "We call it Lung Men," replied the

"Will you please write the charac-fers of it," said Gojiro, producing his ink-case and and a brush pen, with a

roll of soft mulberry paper.
The sage wrote the two Chinese characters meaning "The Gate of the Dragons," or "Dragon's Gate," and turned away to watch a carp that seemed almost up into the clear

"Oh, I see,' said Gojiro to himself.
"That's pronounced Riu Mon in Japanese. I'll go further on and see."

Nothing makes a Dakota man so mad as to call him a zebra. He doesn't know what in thunder a zebra is, and has to answer back at a disadvantage.

There must be some meaning in this fish-climbing." He went forward a few rods, to where the banks trended upward into high bluffs, crowned by towering firs, through the top branches of which white fleecy clouds sailed along, so near the sky did the tree-tops seem. Down under the cliffs the river ran perfectly smooth, almost like a mirror, and broadened out to the opposite shore. Far back, along the current, he could still see the rapids shelving down. It was crowded at the bottom with leaping fish, whose numbers gradually thin ned out toward the center, while near the top, close to the edge of level water, one solitary fish, of powerful fin and tail, breasted the steep stream. Now forward a leap, then a slide backward, sometimes farther to the rear than the next leap made up for, then steady progress, then a slip, but every moment nearer, until-clearing foam and ripple and spray at one bound, it passed the edge and swam happily in smooth water. It was inside the dragon gate.'

Now came the wonderful change. One of the fleecy white clouds suddenly left the host in the deep blue above, dipped down from the sky, and, swirling round and round as if it were a waterspout, scratched and frayed the edge of the water like a fisher's troll. The carp saw and darted toward it. In a moment the fish was transformed into a white dragon, and rising into the cloud, floated off toward heaven. A streak or two of red fire, a gleam of terrible was very diligent at school, and had eyes, and the flash of white scales was all that Gojiro saw. Then he

> "How strange that a poor little carp, a common fish that lives in the river, should become a great white dragon, and soar up into the sky, to live there," thought Gojiro, the next day, as he told his mother his dream. "Yes," said she; "and what a lesson for you. See how the carp persevered, rising over all difficulties. never giving up till he became a dragon. I hope my son will mount over all obstacles, and rise to honor

ment." "Oh! oh! now I see," said Gojiro. That is what my teacher means when he says the students in Tokio have a saying, "I'm a fish to-day, but I hope to be a dragon to-morise. One day, on his return from a but I hope to be a dragon to morjourney to Kioto, he presented his row," when they go to attend examination; and that's what papa meant when he said, 'That fish's son Kotuku has become a white dragon, while I am yet only a carp."

and to high office under the govern-

So on the third day of the third fish, made of paper, fifteen feet long, and hollow like a bag. It was yel-Gojiro was so delighted with the low with black scales and streaks of wonderful stories of heroes and wargold, and red gills and mouth, in "Is Nettie here?" he faintly asked as I riors, travels and sailors, that he al. which two strong strings were fas- bent over him. most felt himself in China. He read | tened. It was hoisted up by a rope far into the night, with his lamp in to the top of a high bamboo pole on side of his mosquito curtain, and the roof of the house. There the finally feil asleep, still undressed, breeze caught it, swelled it out but with his head full of all sorts of round and full of air. The wind made the fins work, and the tail flap, He dreamed he was far away in and the head tug, until it looked just China, walking along the banks of like a carp trying to swim the rapids the great Yellow River. Everything of the Yellow river-the symbol of

Some Things it's Hard to Understand.

Why an endless procession of drinkers born without hearing, and the other half without speech. Then the talkers might talk on in uninterrupted flow, and the hearers exercise their especial

Why the young lady who will eagerly chew boarding-house mince pie, will cheerfully eschew boarding-house

Why a man's stomach will so everraw fish by way of encouragement, lastingly squeamish at home, and at the and to keep the bird from the bad eating-house display a faith like a grain of mustard seed.

Why a woman will makes excuses for her bread when she knows it is the best she ever made, and she knows her company knows it.

Why a "young gentleman" swears so much louder and more copiously when strange young ladies are within earshot; or, in other words.

Why the desire to make a fool of one's self springs eternally in the human Why we are so much angrier agains him who shows us our error than him

Why everybody is so prompt to answer "How do you do?" when you ask them that inevitable question.

Why one's piety strengthens when his

Why people will get married when courtship is so sweet.

Why a man who claims to have found marriage a delusion will again embrace that delusion upon the first convenient

opportunity. Why cold weather comes during the season when it is least agreeable. Why it is much easier to be polite to people whom we shall probably never see again than to those whose good

Why boys should run after the girls when there is a whole houseful at

opinion we have every reason to culti-

Why Jane finds Sarah's hateful brother so attractive, and why the hateful brother of Jane finds fayor with

Why a man should court the good opinion of another, when he can never hope to secure his own self-respect. Why it is so much easier to close a door in summer than in winter, con-

sidering that exercise is generally con-sidered distasteful in warm weather and pleasant in cold. Why one feels bad when appearing in company in shabby garb, knowing well that one's shabbiness gives more pleasure to others than one's rich clothing.

Nothing makes a Dakota man so mad

We are used to scenes of pain and suffering at the G— hospital, and could look on ghastly wounds and faces on which the mortal agony inflicted by the surgeon's probe and knife was painted without blanching or apparent emotion. But when gallant Harry Delmont was brought in from the "front," with a hid cous hole in his manly breast, such as only a minie ball could make, a great hush of sorrow and dismay fell upon us all. And when the surgeon's solemn words, "He cannot live three days," fell

upon our ears, the hush was broken by the sobs of strong men, as well as by the more quiet weeping of the female nurses. for all of us loved the brave young Caprain as a brother. We hovered over his cot throughout the day, and when night came it was agreed that one of us should have the special duty of watching beside it through the night, for fear that he should waken from the lethargy which seemed to prelude approaching death, to ask for something that the steward could not ob-

ilege, and after some demur it was accorded me. "Watch him very closely," said the surgeon to me, as I took my seat for the vigil beside the cot of our favorite, "for at any moment he is liable to come out of the coma, and he may be wander-

But I was very tired, and about midnight, do what I could, I could not keep my eyes from closing in a half-uncon-scious reverie, which, after a time, merged into a fitful slumber. And very soon occurred the mystery of which it is my present task to tell.

A bright dream of the "northern home so far away" was flitting through my brain, when suddenly I seemed to impressed with some presence that held my body in a thrall, while my senses became almost preternaturally acute. Opening my eyes at last, I gazed toward the couch of the wounded captain, and by his side with one hand clasped in hers, I saw the figure of a young and beautiful lady, whose eyes were glaring down to his with such a look of pitying tenderness that I felt sure at once she was his sweetheart.

I wondered much, however, how she came to be there in the hospital at that hour of the night, when visitors had never been admitted after sundown. And I knew that Dr. Vance, the surgeon in charge, had his own brother been dying in that place, and his father and mother come to see him, would never have admitted them only at regular hours.

I was so exercised in mind that I was just opening my lips to question the strange visitor, when I saw the steward with the light, moving along the lower end of the ward in such a way as to bring our visitor between the light and me, and then my heart stood still. The light the stewart carried I could see shining, and I was looking through the form of-the lady who stood by my patient's side.

I gazed in awe upon the apparition for So on the third day of the third a few brief seconds, and then a torpor month, at the feast of flags, Gojiro overcame me, and I knew no more until hoisted the nobori. It was a great the steward roughly shook my arm and fish made of paper, fifteen feet long, made me awake, for Captain Delmont was no longer lethargic, but delirious. But

> I did not question who "Nettie" was, for I was certain I had seen her sem-blance, and I answered, calmly: "Nettie has been here, Captain Del-

mont, but she is not here now. "I wish you would call her again, Mrs. Ennis, for I wish to speak with

"Did you speak with her when she was here?" I asked, heeding the steward's great amazement. "No," he answered simply. "I tried to speak, but somehow I could not utter

a word; I suppose I was then too "Was she your affianced wife?" I

"Not when I joined the army. We had been affianced once, but she broke the engagement because"—here his voice faltered—"because I was too poor. But I know she loves me."
"She does," I said, "I could see it in

"If she is to nurse me," he exclaimed, "I surely shall recover! O, call her now, dear Mrs. Ennis-I must have the assurance from her own lips." But I persuaded him to wait till morn-Morning came, and the surgeon,

after a hasty examination, said the Cap-tain was much better, and that a chance for life was won. As soon as he was gone I turned to my patient, who only nurmured, "Nettie." "Captain Delmont," I said, calmly.

"Nettie is not here." "Not here!" he cried clutching my hand. "Not here! why I saw her last night. She has not gone away again, and left me to die alone?" "No, Harry, but she has not yet been

here—not in the flesh." "Mrs. Ennis, am I mad or are you? for plainly saw her, and you say she has

"Yes, I saw her," I replied, "and sh was standing by your cot, and in her hand she held your own. But Captain Delmont, through her form I saw the candle carried by the steward, half a dozen cots away.

He turned his face to the wall, and

then I trembled for the effect I feared my words would have. But when he turned his face again I saw my fear was groundless.
"I called her," he said earnestly, "and

though five hundred miles away, she heard me and came to me. God bless

And for all the surgeon's prophecy he rapidly began to mend. Days glided by, and he grew convalescent. Two weeks later, going out one day, I met a lady going in, and it needed but one glance to tell me who it was. She stared at me, apparently bewildered. I went up to her and took her hand.

"This is Captain Delmont's Nettie!" She looked frightened. I saw that she grew pale. I guided her to Captain Delmont's cot, and when she reached it and she beheld the surroundings she grew

paler still. "Why, this is the very place I dreamed of seeing about two weeks ago! and you are the nurse I saw sitting by his cot!" she gasped, rather than spoke.

I did not reply. Harry Delmont had clasped her to his breast, and I very quietly withdrew. Of course the story ends with happi ness and marriage, as is usual; but the appearance by my patient's cot I fear will never be explained. It is a question for psychologists to settle or discuss.

The two important events in the his tory of man are when he examines his upper lip and sees the hair coming, and when he examines the top of his head and finds the hair going.

The Perilous Puzzle.

While we whirl away on the Atlantic and Great Western, the only road in free America that is as broad as it is long the fat passenger asked me if I "ever worked out the fifteen puzzle."

I tell him with a nameless gratitude in my voice that I have done almost every thing else that is foolish and wicked, bu have never become addicted to the fif-

He then pulled one out of his pocket and settled down to it. Long and pa-tiently he wrought, while the other pas-sengers helped him with suggestions and criticisms. Presently the brakeman came in and he leaned over the shoulders of the crowd and looked on and as sisted. Bye the bye the conductor came along shouting "tikits," and he stopped to see what was the excitement,

pushed his punch in his pocket, and aned up with the rest of the crowd and told the fat passenger what to do. The excitement ran high and a half dozen bitter disputes arose, which were only quelled by bitterer ones arising over ew points. The train sped on its thuntain. And then I pleaded for the privdering way, and in due time it slowed up a little and finally stopped. The conducter looked up impatiently. "What in thunder," he said, "is that

fool stopping here for?" "Walter, I reckon or coal maybe," re

plied the brakeman, without looking up from the puzzle. "Go out and see what he wants, and tell him to go on," said the conductor,

returning to the puzzle. The brakeman, after feeble protest, and one last, lingering look at the puzzle, which was now farther than ever from completion, went out. In the space of a minute he came back into the car and shouted in a husky, whispered, ghost of a shout:

"Meadville! Change cars for Oil City and Franklin! This train stops twenty minutes for dinner!" A wail of rage and disappointment

filled the car. "Why didn't this train stop at Atlantic?" roared the passenger with the sandy goatee.

"I wanted to get off at Evansburg! howled the man with the sample cases. "My sister wanted to get on at Atlan tic, and I saw her on the platform when we came through!" shouted the woman

who talks bass.
"And I," sobbed a timid-looking young man in black clothes, "was to have been married to a girl in Geneva to-day, and now I'll bet you a cow her old dad is walking down the railroad track in this direction, with a shot-gun." And he wailed so pitifully that the whole car howled in sympathetic unison.

storming into the coach. "By chowder!" he yelled, "I'd just like to know what this means? I'd like to know if the express company has any rights on this road at all, and how a man is going to deliver or receive packages

Just then the express messenger came

And the mail agent pushed him cut of the way and stood before the conductor in all the gorgeous paroply of half dress and half working uniform. "By George!" he shouted, "the gov-ernment shall be informed of this out-

rageous proceeding. If there's a special agent in the State of Pennsylvania, he But before he could say any more the conductor the assistant superintend-ent would like to see him and the engin-

eer in his private office immediately. And it was so that they went, and peradventure they danced upon the carpet; yea, they stood in the perspiring solitude of the sweat-box. The next morning the fat passenger beckoned me solemnly into the smoking

car. "Light that," he said, and I lit it.
"Do you know," he said, "when Iwent
to bed last night the wails of more people who wanted to get off, and the agonized faces of the people who wanted to get on, in that run from Greenville to Meadville, just haunted me? And I dreamed I died and went to heaven. I thought I had just fifteen brains, and all

people were streaming in, just as they pleased. I hadn't the cheek to think I and a right to go in without any credentials or explanation, so I hung back looking for St. Peter. And while was waiting I hope to die if Bob Inger-soll didn't come along and walk right in, and he looked as if he were mighty glad to get there. Presently I saw St. Peter, right by the gate, his head bent down and his eyes fixed on his knees. I told him my name and where I was from, and asked if I might go in. He didn't say anything, and I began to feel pretty streaked. So I said it again, a little

when he shock me off.
"9, 11, 4, 13, 7—oh, get out of this, you and your name; if you hadn't bothered me I'd have got it the next move."

"Now," the fat passenger said solemnly, "I am never going to fool with that Gem puzzle again. Not once more."

And he fell into a profound fit of abstraction, and we couldn't raise a laugh from him all day.

A DIPLOMATIC ANSWER.—The old man Smith, of Richfield, is a self-sufficient sort of fellow, and prides himself upon his riding abilities. One day he espied his young hopeful leading a colt to water gingerly, and remarked: "Why on earth don't you ride that beast?" "I'm 'fraid to; 'fraid he'll throw me." "Bring that here here "expended the old man that hoss here," snapped the old man. The colt was urged up to the fence, and braced one side by the boy while the old man climbed on to the rails and stocked himself on the colt's back. Then he was let go, and the old gentleman rode proudly off. Paralyzed by fear the colt went slowly for about twenty rods with-out a demonstration. Then like light-ning his four legs bunched together, his back bowed like a viaduct arch and the old man shot up in the air, turning seven separate and distinct somersaults and lit on the small of his back in the middle of the road with both legs twisted around his neck. Hastening to him the young hopeful anxiously inquired: "Did it hurt you, pa?" The old man rose slowly, shook out the knots in his legs, brushed the dust from his ears and hair, and rubbing his bruised elbows, growled: "Well, it didn't do me a dum bit of good. You go home."

These days no one is safe from the These days no one is safe from the charge of plagiarism. Brown went to church last Sunday—a thing unusual—and upon being asked his opinion of the clergyman, said: "Oh, his sermon was very good, but that prayer, beginning with 'Our Father,' I think he stole enentire. I know I have heard something that it was strangely like."—[Boston Transcript.]

ance with the provisions of section 70, Civil Code, and do now assume the respective duties of husband and wife. That the parties do hereby join in this declaration of marriage, each promising and convenanting with the other to assume and carry out during their natural lives the duties and obligations of marriage in the sight of man and God."—Register.

Pathos Of Dickens.

"Even when golden hair lay in a hale on a pillow, around the worn face of a little boy he said with a radiant smile: Dear papa and mamma, I am sorry to leave you both and to leave my pretty sister, but I am called and I must go. Thus the rustling of an angel's wings got blended with the other echoes and had in them the breath of heaven."—Tale of I'wo Cities, book 2, chapter 21.

"There is no time there, and no trouble there. The spare hand does not tremble nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in her face. She goes next before him-is gone."- I bid, book 5, chapter 15. "The dying boy made answer, 'I soon

shall be there.' He Spoke of beautiful gardens stretched out before him, that were filled with figures of men and many children, all with light upon their faces; then whispered it was Eden and so died." -Nicholas Nickleby, chapter 58.

"It's turned very dark, sir. Is there any light a-coming? The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end. I'm a-gropin'—a-gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand. Hallowed be thy name."
"Dead! my lords and gentleman. Dead

men and women born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day!"—Bleak House, chapter 47. "He slowly laid his face down upon her

osom, drew his arm close around her neck, and with one parting sob began the world. Not this world. Oh, not this! The world that sets this right."-I bid, chapter 65. "If this is sleep, sit by me when

sleep; turn me to you, for your face is go-ing far off and I want it to be near." And she died like a child that had gone to sleep." David Copperfield, chapter 9. "Time and the world were slipping from beneath him. he's going out with the tide. "And it being low water, he went out with the tide."—I bid, chap-

ter 30. "One new mound was there, which had not been there last night. Time, burrowing like a mole below the ground had marked his track by throwing up another heap of earth."—Martin Chuzzle-

wit. chapter 16. "She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hands of God and waiting for the breath of life, not one who had lived and suffered death. She was past

all help or need of it. We will not wake her." —Old curiosity Shop, chapter 71. "The hand stopped in the midst of them; the light that had always been feeble and dim behind the weak trans-parency went out.'— Hard Times: chapter

"For a moment the closed eyelids trem-led and the faintest shadow of a smile bled and the faintest shadow was seen. Thus, clinging to the slight spar within her arms, the mother drifted out upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls around all the world,"-Dombey and

Son, vol. 1, chapter 1.
"It's very near the sea; I hear the waves! The light about the head is shining upon me as I go! The old, old fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course and the wide firmanent is rolled up like a scroll. Oh! thank God for that old fashion yet of immertality! And look upon us, angels of your children, when the swift river bears us to the ocean.

-I bid, chapter 17. "In this round world of many circles within circles do we make a weary journey from the high grade to the low, to house (a garrison house) of Major Richfind at last that they lie close together, and Smith, in North Kingstown, one mile that the two extremes touch, and that our journey's end is but our starting-place,"— I bid, chapter 34.

"A cricket sings upon the hearth : a broken child's toy lies upon the ground and nothing else remains."—Cricket on the Hearth, chapter 2.

Influence of Electric Light.

Dr. Siemens recently gave, before the Royal Society in London, an account of some very interesting and important exthe way up to the gate I was trying to straighten them out, and I thought I would go mad. When I got up there the gate was wide open, and all sorts of class was kept always kept in the dark, another in the light of day as long as possible, a third always in the electric light, and the fourth was exposed to daylight and electric light in succession. It was found that the plants would not live long when kept in the dark, but they would thrive about as well in the electric light as in the daylight. But those did best of all which were constantly exposed to both daylight and electric light in succession. Dr. Siemens' experiments extended through only about two months, and he does not claim that the results are conclusive or final. But he louder. Still he made no reply. Then I shook him by the shoulder, for I was getting pretty anxious, and I begun to tell it all over again. It frightened me may be materially quickened by giving twenty-four hours; that their growth may be materially quickened by giving them the benefit of electric light at night; that electric light will produce chlorophyl in the leaves of plants, and promothe their growth, and that injurious effects upon plants are not caused, to any material extent, by the small amount of carbonic acid and nitrogenous com-pounds generated in the electric light arc. Dr. Siemens further expresses the opinion that the effects of night frost may be counteracted and the ripening of fruit prompted by means of the radiation of heat from powerful electric arcs. If these results shall be confirmed by further experiments which Dr. Siemens is making, the practical value which these facts will have in horticulture is manifest. They will also afford new facilities for the investigation of some important scientific questions as to the influence of

natural light on vegetation. Dr. Siemens gave his audience a beautiful illustration of one of his experiments by putting some budding tulips in a strong electric light, which in about forty minutes, caused the buds to open out in full bloom.

In view of these facts, may not this light be made serviceable in tobacco plant beds, hastening the growth and improving the quality of the plants? MARRIAGE AGREEMENT.-Last Friday

there was filed with the Napa county Recorder an instrument rarely seen. It was an agreement made at Knoxville, April 5th, between James W. Thompson (aged 30) and Varney E. Brookins (aged 15), worded as follows: "This indenture witnesseth that the parties named do hereby intermarry or marry each other under and by virtue of, and in accordance with the provisions of section 75, Civil Code, and do now assume the respective duties of husband and wife. That the parties do hereby join in this declaration of marriage, each promising there was filed with the Napa county Resume and carry out during their natural

Evils of Neglecting Cold In the Head.

In a paper read by Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa, at the recent meeting of the Medical Society of the State of New York, he stated that the most frequent origin of chronic diseases of the lach rymal passages, of the conjunctiva, and of the middle ear, is in a neglected "cold in the head." It is generally conceded that no person in perfect health, excep under extraordinary circumstances, takes cold, and yet the majority of mankind have, at some time, suffered from cold in the head. The popular idea that a cold in the head is an insignificant affair is founded on the fact that most of the people recover to such an extent that they are able to go about afterward, and engage in their ordinary avocations without special notice, at the time, of the consequences of the disease, which may even then be settled upon them. He believed that very many of the maladies which prevented men and women from reaching the alotted period of three core and ten have their origin in these colds: and that many serious affections which act as an impediment to the success of their victim are dated from a cold in the head.

He described the suffering cident to an acute attack of cold in the head and of the possibility of having repeated attacks with out producing serious local changes-not only local change, but a permanen impairment of nutrition. To correct all this, special attention must be paid to Individual hygiene, and if the evil consequences of neglected cold in the head were to be abolished, the abolition must come through a public sentiment prop-erly educated upon this as upon all other sanitary questions. The family physician must warn the people everywhere, as opportunity offers, of the danger in this direction, and of the means by which it is to be avoided. The first great precaution to be taken by each individual is to keep himself in a good general condi-tion, and to do that he must studiously avoid all that tends to disorder the skin and the functions of all the organs of the body. Children must be clothed in flannel all the year round, and must be made to know that the staples of diet are milk bre d. meat, vegetables and fruit, and that tea, coffee and pastry of all kinds are to be used only as the greatest of luxuries, and therefore in small quantities and at long intervals. The community can only become healthy as individuals become healthy, and all the reforms necessary to make Memphis and Granada places in which yellow fever never comes may be adopted; but if the control can-not be obtained of the bodies of, and the modes of living of the individuals in those and all other places, evils not so suddenly fatal, but none the less in the end dangerous, and all the time injurious to their well being, will certainly exist.

The Big Grave Near Wickford, Rhode

After much earnest inquiry, and the co-operative efforts of the solid historical men of Wickford, we are able to lay before the readers of the Journal the following valuable notes:

The dead bodies of 42 white men, slain by the Narragansetts in the "Great Swamp Fight" of December 19, 1675, were trans ported from the scene of slaughter, in South Kingston, in carts to the Blocknorth of Wickford, and buried in the garden of Major Smith, near the house, n one grave, near a large rock, on which a few letters have been chiseled to pre-serve the identity of the "Big Grave." The block house erected by Richard Smith about the year 1640, has been well preserved by timely repairs, and still re-mains the "first English house" erected in the thickets of the Narragansett Country.

A. B. Chadsey.

Wickford, December 31, 1879.

It is a great satisfaction to be able now to point to the exact locality of this "Great Grave," and to know that the large sentinel-boulder remains, and now bears such marks as may evermore preserve the identity of the sacred spot, Once an apple tree grew upon the grave called "The rave Apple Tree," but it was blown down n the September gale of 1815, and the exact locality was becoming obscure. Here might well be a monument. But perhaps the now lettered boulder may serve the memorial purpose. The ashes of those soldiers, here sleeping together in the solumn camp-ground of the grave, after the battle that decided the fate of Phillip's war and the life of New England, ought to be sacredly guarded, In the "Swamp Fight" the Colonists lost 6 Captains, 1 Lieutenant, and over 200 soldiers.

We have the names of the commissioned officers. Can any one give us the names of the non-commissioned officers and privates?—Providence Journal.

It is estimated that the time wasted by women of the United States in looking under beds for men at night, if devoted to work, would result in a year's time, in making 17,000 pairs of suspenders for the heathen.

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Rupture

CURED.

From a Merchant. W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 702 Market street, San Francisco—Sir: The Truss I purchased of you about one year ago has proved a miracle to me. I have been ruptured forty years, and worn dozens of different kinds of Trusses, all of which have ruined my health, of Trusses, all of which have ruined my health, as they were injurious to my back and spine. Your valuable Truss is as easy as an old shoe, and is worth hundreds of dollars to me, as it affords me so much pleasure. I can and do advise all, both ladies and gentlemen, afflicted, to buy any wear your modern improved Elastic Truss immediately. I never expect to be cured, but am satisfied and happy with the comfort it gives me to wear it. It was the best \$10 I ever invested in my life. You can refer any one to me and I my life. You can refer any one to me, and I will be plad to answer any letters on its merrits. I remain, yours respectfully,
D. B. BUNNELL.

Latest Medical Endorsements. MARTINEZ, Cal., Feb. 17, 1879. W. J. Herne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 702 Market street, S. F.—Sir: In regard to your California Elastic Truss, I would say that I have carefully studied its mechanism, ap-plied it in practice, and do not hesitate to say that for all purposes for which Trusses are worn it is the best truss ever offered to the public Yours truly, J. H. CAROTHERS, M. D.

Endorsed by a prominent Medical In-

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6, 1879.

W. J. Horne, Esq.—Sir: You ask my opinion of the relative merits of your Patent Elastic Truss, as compared with other kinds that have Truss, as compared with other kinds that have been tested under my observation, and in reply I frankly state that from the time my attention was first called to their simple, though highly mechanical and philosophical construction, together with easy adjustibility to persons of all ages, forms or sizes. I add this further testimony with special pleasure, that the several persons who have applied to me for aid in their special cases of rupture, and whom I have and vised to use yours, all acknowledge their entire satisfaction. yours, all acknowledge their entire satisfaction, and consider themselves highly favored by the possession of the improved Elastic Truss.

Yours truly,

Bablew J. Smits, M. D.

Yours truly, Barlaw J. Shirin, and Proprietor Hygienic Medical Institute, 635 California street, San Francisco

A REMARKABLE CURE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 26, 1879

W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic
Truss, 702 Market street, San Francisco—Sir I
am truly grateful to you for the wonderful CURE
your valuable truss has effected on my little boy.
The double truss I purchased from you has PERFECTLY CURED him of his painful rupture on
both side in a little over six possible. The steal both sides in a little over six months. The steel truss he had before I bought yours caused him cruel torture, and it was a happy day for us all when he laid it aside for the CALIFORNIA ELASTIC TRUSS. I am sure that all will be thankful who are providentially led to give your truss a trial. You may refer any one to me on this subject Yours truly,

638 Sacramento Street. This is to crtify that I have examined the sor of Wm Peru, and find him PERFECTLY CURED of Hernia on both sides. L. DEXTER LYPORD, M. D.

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