## Corvallis Weekly Gazette.

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OREGON

CORVALLIS,

The Constitution of Ohio\*adopted in 1851 provides for biennial sessions. The holding of annual sessions is unconstitutional, but the members whip the "devil around the stump" by adjourning from one year to another, thus making one long session.

Louis M. Iddings, a young and well known journalist of Ohio, a millionaire, married the daughter of Josiah Belding, formerly of California-and all the papers are extending to him envious congratulations-but it is a strange thing that the lady is not congratulated upon her good luck in capturing a bright journalist, an exploit that might well satisfy the ambition of any lady in the land.

The "granger" railroads, so called, from the fact that they run through states which produce a vast amount of grain, report a very large increase of grains in October. The Milwaukee and St. Paul increase is \$352,205; Northwestern \$369,800; Omaha \$53,-000; Chicago and Alton \$143,503. The tonnage of wheat is decidedly below the average, but this is more than compensated by the large increase in corn and provisions.

A writer in an eastern paper says he had got a little hardened to the atrocity of "funeral obsequies," especially since some literary light or other recently defended the use of the phrase; but he was totally unprepared for "wedding nuptials," and uttered a feeble protest against too much of a thing as good as matrimony even. He felt that the line must be drawn somewhere on tautological expressions in the public press.

Bridal couples in great numbers have recently arrived in Washington, and it has been observed that with those from Kentucky and Virginia the ages of the bridegrooms averaged forty to forty-five, while the brides counted about twenty-five summers only. The explanation of this interesting fact appears to be "that after the war the young fellows in the South were not able to double up, and now that they see brighter political prospects ahead they are making a venture, although not quite so young as they used to be."

Russia has decided to construct as speedily as possible four more steel cruisers for the Baltic and three ships for the Black Sea fleet. Work will begin as soon as three enormous iron- ter was to be settled. clads, each of 10,000 tons, are launched from the dockyards of Sebastapol. Russia has an abundance of iron and navy that will correspond with her great armies. Russian sailors are among the hardiest and best in the world and there is no reason why they should hot handle great ships and great guns as affectively as any.

The Egyptian obelisk in Central Park, New York, is now receiving a paraffine coating, which, it is hoped, will prevent further injury by the climate. The surface of the great pillar has already been seriously affectmoved with the finger. Before the paraffine is applied all the loosened particles will be carefully taken away; then the stone will be thouroughly cleaned with ammonia and finally cov- dark locks. ered with the heated wax. The paraffine to be used has been specially prepared, and is as pure as it possibly can be. It is estimated that more than 200 pounds will be required. The process will give the obelisk a slightly darker hue than it now possesses.

The commissioners of emigration of the state of New York have reported to the secretary of the treasury that during the year ending June 30, there arrived at the port of New York from foreign ports 356,906 passengers, of which number 294,013 came as steerage passengers and were landed at Castle Garden, where they were examined by commissioners. Most of these were destined to Illinois, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin. During the year there were returned to the country whence they came 1,183 emigrants of which 51 were insane, 32 were idiots, 2 blind, 9 deaf and dumb, 21 crippled, 78 en ciente, 478 disabled by sickness, 77 by reason of old age, and 435 were without visible means of support. The amount of the immigrant fund collected under the act of Aug. 3, 1882, was \$142,210, and the expenses of the commission amounted to \$140,031. The commissioners recommend that the act of congress to regulate immigration be amended so as to provide for adequate penalties for all violations of the law.

### THE GERANIUM LEAF.

It is very strange, when we come to think about it, on what small cogs and pivots the wheels of fate turn, and what a slight jar will do toward changing the whole machinery and set it to turning in an entirely different direc-

It was a geranium leaf that altered the whole course of my life; but for the trivial leaf, picked by a young girl in thoughtless mood, I should not be sitting here to-day in this pleasant dining-room, where the sun comes in through the vine-wreathed windows and falls upon the geranium pots inside; and this little girl would not be upon my knee, nor yonder red-cheeked maiden on the veranda with young Smithers; and neither would that very handsome matron who has just passed into the parlor have been in her present condition. If you will listen an hour or so I will tell you my story. It was just twenty years ago this summer that I fell in love with Carrie Dean. She was 21 and I 27-both old enough to know what we meant and what we were about; at least I was, but Carrie was such a little coquette that I used to think she had no mind of her own.

Oh, but she was lovely! all rose-colored and white, and brown-tressed, and pearly-teethed, with the roundest. plumpest figure, as graceful as a fairy in every movement, and with beautiful, shapely hands that were a constant delight to the eyes. I was just home from college, and she was on a visit to my step-mother, her aunt, and my half sister, Lilla, and her cousin. I had seen a good many girls in my seven years at college, and some of the belles of the land; but I had never yet had my heart stirred by any woman's eyes as Carrie Dean stirred it when her glance met mine in greeting; and the touch of her soft fingers completely set me afloat on the sea of love.

I was her slavefrom that hour-not her slave either, but her passionate lover and worshiper. And, of course, she knew it—and, of course, being a finished little flirt, she queened it over

me right royally.
There was Fred Town, the country physician, and Tom Delano, the handsome young farmer, both as badly off as I was; and a pretty time we had of it. Fred and I, old chums in former days, were at swords' point now and hated each other splendidly for a few weeks. And Tom I held in the utmost contempt, and railed at them both whenever opportunity presented itself, for Carrie's edification after the manner of men, and was repaid by seeing her bestow her sweetest smiles and glances upon them the next time

they met. Fred drove a splendid span of bays, and almost every day they dashed up the avenue and dashed out again with Miss Carrie's added weight. And Tom was on hand nearly every evening, and she was just as sweet to one as the other, and just the same to me; and that was what maddened me. I was not to be satisfied with a "widow's third" by any means, and I told her so at last, and asked her how the mat-

"I love you better than those brainless fops know how to love," I said hotly. "And now decide between us." She had listened to my love confescoal, and seems determined to have a sion with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes, but when I said this she turned defiantly on me.

"They are no more fops than you are," she said, "even if they have not spent seven years in college. They are gentlemen, and I can't say that for every man of my acquaintance."

And here she shut the door between us with a slam and left me to my pleasant reflections, and half an hour later I met her at the gate with Fred going out for a ride, which was very aggravating, I must confess. I thought over my conduct that night and concluded that I had been a brute.

The next morning I found Carrie at the dining-room window alone and ed, and crumbling pieces are easily re- sought her side. She had her hand among the leaves of a sweet-scented geranium, and just as I approached she plucked a leaf and twined it around braids. I remember just how bright and green it looked among her

> "Carrie," I began, "I fear I was very rude yesterday.' "I know you were," she said, look-

> ing indifferently out of the window.
> This was a bad beginning, but I went

"But, Carrie, I love you so, and when I see you with that Fred—" Here Miss Carrie turned on her heel.

"I am not going to listen to you while you slander my friends," she said. "When you can speak respectfully of Mr. Town I will return,' and she left me again.

I left the house then, and did not return till afternoon. As I came up the path I met Tom Delano. Poorfellow! He looked like the last rose of summer after a rain.

"Good-by, old fellow!" he said, gloomily. "I'm going away. She has sent me off and I can't stay in the place. I hope you are the happy one I do honestly, Al. She said her heart was given to another, and it's eather you or Fred. I hope it is you, and God bless you!"

Here Tom dashed away, and left me

staring after him in amazement. "Given her heart to another!" I re peated, with a great pain in my chest somewhere. Well, it is evident that 1 am not that other, and that Fred is. Poor I'can do is to follow suit, and leave too. I can never see her the wife of another, and the sooner I'm off the

better for me." So I went moodily up to my room and packed a satchel, and I got all things in readiness for a speedy de parture. On my way up I met Carrie, just emerging from her room. arrayed in her riding habit, and l could hear Fred's deep tones shouting "whoa!" in the yard below. I watch ed her trip down the stairs and on

### I should see her for years, perhaps

When I had strapped the buckle on my satchel, and all was in readiness, I went down to say good by eto father, mother and Lilla. Lilla was not in doors, and my parents looked at me in amazement

"But, Allan, my son," pleaded father, "I thought you would enter into business with me. There is a grand opening for you, and I have held the position in reserve.'

"I thank you for all that, but I want to travel a year or two before going into business," was all I could answer, and my father gave up in de-

Lilla was still absent, but it was quite dark, and the train would leave in half an hour, so I left a "good bye" for her, and passed out into the hall. It was a long, narrow hall, reaching the whole length of the house, and with several rooms opening into it, but as yet it was unlighted, and was as

dark as Egypt.

About half way through it, I heard the street door open and shut, and a moment later ran full againt some one

who was entering.
"It is Lilla," I thought, and reaching out my arms, caught her between "Is it you, Lilla?" I said; but she did not answer, only twined her two arms about my neck. "Why, little sister," I said, softly, "do you love me so much?" for Lilla was not demonstrative as a usual thing, and I was surprised at her movement.

"Oh, better than all the world beside, Allan," she said in a whisper, and then as I lifted the face to my lips, the sweet odor of geranium perfumed the

air, and my heart gave a great leap.
It was Carrie, not Lilla, whom I held in my arms! She was trying to disen-gage herself now, but I suddenly caught her light form in my arms, and opening the library door I carried her into the brilliantly lighted room. Her face was hot with blushes now, and her eyesfull of tears.

"You are too bad!" she sobbed. "And I hate you!"
But then she noticed my traveling

attire and paused abruptly.
"Why, where are you going?" she asked, with interest.

"I was going away never to return," I answered. "But since you said what you did in the hall I have changed my mind."

Carrie pouted. "I was only speaking for Lilla."
"Then I shall go, shall I, and leave
you to marry Fred?"
"I detest Fred!" she cried.

"And you love me better than all the world?" "So the flirt was conquered at last,

and I was the victor. "But how did you know that it was not Lilla?" she asked, as we sat together.

"By the geranium leaf I saw you put in your hair this morning.
"And but for that you would have gone away and not come back for years?"

"Yes; perhaps never come back for that tell-tale leaf." "Then we will keep this leaf al-

ways," she said, taking it from her hair. And so we have. I procured a little golden box, and there it is to-day, one of our dearest treasures. Of course I

married Carrie, and of course that blooming matron is she, Tom Delano didn't die of a broken heart, but married a lovely girl out west a few months after his departure; and Fred Town is our family physi-cian and has a pretty wife of his

### Marry.

own.

The Detroit Journal publishes from an old newspaper, the Gazette, dated July, 1817, the following, which is good advice for 1885:

"If you are for pleasure-MARRY! "If you prize rosy health-MARRY. "And even if money be your object MARRY!

"A good wife is heaven's last best gift to man-his angel and minister of graces unumerable—his Sal Polyesesium or gem of many virtues—his Pandora or casket of celestial iewels. Her presence forms his best company—her voice, his sweetest music-her smiles. his brightest day-her kiss, the guardian of his innocence-her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his surest wealth-her economy, his surest steward-her lips, his faithfulest counsellors-her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares-and her prayers the ablest advocates of heavn's blessings on her heart. If you love the Creator, you ought

to marry, to raise up worshippers; if you love the ladies, you ought to marry, to make them happy—if you love mankind, you ought to marry, to perpetuate the glorious race—if you love your country, you ought to MARRY, to raise up soldiers to defend it-in fine, if you wish well to earth or heaven, you ought to marry, to give good citizens to one and glorious angels to the other.

### Homeopathic Perfumes.

The odoriferous molecule of musk must be incomprehensibly small, when we are told the particles one grain of musk had, in a radius of ninety feet disengaged in one day. No microscopical power has yet been conceived to enable the human eye to see one of these atoms; yet the organs of smell have the sensitiveness to detect them. We cannot imagine their smallness, as it is stated that the same grain of musk undergoes absolutely no diminution in weight. A single drop of the oil of thyme, ground down with a piece of sugar and a little alcohol, will communicate its odor to twenty-five gallons of water. Haller kept for forty years papers perfumed with one grain of ambergris. After this time the odor was as strong as ever. Bordenave has valuated a molecule of camphor sensible to the smell to 2,262,584, 000th of a grain. Boyle has observed hat one drachm of assafetida exposed to the open air had lost in six lays the eighth part of one grain, from which Keill concludes that in one minof sight, thinking it was the last time | ute it had lost 69,120th of a grain.

### JACKSON'S DUEL.

A Chapter From the Early History of Ten

From the Chicago Current.

It is from the early career of Andrew Jackson that we can form the best conception of the social conditions which exist in the south and south west until late in the first half of the present century. His life is an inexhaustible repository of broils. A writer, inspired by the zeal which lavishes its energies upon objects in an inverse relation to their importance, has computed that the seventh presi dent of the United States was a participant in nearly 109 "fights or vio-lent and abusive quarrels" in the course of the long squabble which constituted his existence. One duel was prosecuted with such stern purpose upon his part that he afterwards declared in words, which gives us an additional insight into the iron will which made him an once the hero and scourge of his country, that he could have killed his foe if he had himself been shot through the brain. For our purpose, it is enough to say, that in the year 1806, Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson, a brother attorney in Tennessee, had a feud; that this feud led to a challenge which was at once accepted by Dickinson; and that the seconds of the parties fixed upon a spot in Kentucky as the scene of the

Bets were freely made upon the re-sult by the public. The duel was to take place on Friday, the 30th of May. On Thursday morning before dawn, Dickinson arose from the side of his young and beautiful wife, quieted her inquiries with an evasive answer, kissed her tenderly, and assured her that he would certainly be at home on the night of the next day. He then set off for the scene of the duel, accompanied by his second and several other sworn friends. That night he slept at a tavern only a short ride from the spot which he sought. Andrew Jackson and his party slept at a tavern about two miles off. Early next morning the two cavalcades were in motion. The spot which had been selected for the duel was in a copse of poplars in the heart of a dense forest; and, under the agreement between the seconds, if either of the pancipals fired before the word was given, the seconds were to shoot him down instantly. Here Jackson and Dickinson met. What then happened cannot be more vividly and powerfully described than has already been described by Parton. "Jackson was dressed in a loosefrock coat, buttoned carelessly over his chest, and concealing in some degree the extreme slender-ness of his figure. Dickinson was the younger and handsomer man of the But Jackson's tall, erect figure, and the still intensity of his demeanor, it is said, gave him a most superior and commanding air, as he stood under the tall poplars on this bright May morning, silently awaiting the

moment of doom. "Are you ready?" said Overton,
"I am ready," replied Dickinson.
"I am ready," said Jackson.

The words were no sooner pronounced than Overton, with a sudden shout, cried in his old country pronunciation:

Dickinson raised his pistol quickly and fired. Overton, who was looking with anxiety and dread at Jackson, saw a puff of dust fly from the breast of his coat, and saw him raise his left arm and place it tightly across his chest. He is surely hit, thought Over-ton, and in a bad place, too, but no; he

does not fall. Erect and grim as fate he stood, his teeth clenched, raising his pistol. Overton glanced at Dickinson. Amazed at the unwonton failure of his aim, and apparently appalled at the awful figure and face before him, Dickinson had un-consciously recoiled a pace or two. "Great God!" he faltered, "have I missed him!" "Back to the mark, sir!" shrieked Overton, with his hand upon

his pistol. Shall we go on? Dickinson stepped back to the mark and took his place with his eyes averted from Jackson. Jackson covered the body of Dickinson with his pistol, sighted him deliberately and pulled the trigger. The weapon was lowered, the hammer was reversed, and Jackson again took aim.
There was a report. "Dickinson's face blanched; he reeled; his friends rushed toward him, caught him in their arms, and gently seated him on the ground leaning against a bush. His trousers reddened. They stripped off his clothes. The blood was gushing from his side in a torrent. And, alas! here is the ball, not near the wound, but above the opposite hip, just under the skin. The ball had passed through the body below the ribs. Such a wound could not help but be fatal."

The rest is easily told. The wounded man was carried to the house in which he had slept the night before The mattress on which he had laid was soon soaked with blood. All day long he suffered with great agony; and his cries of pain mingled with his execrations upon the bullet in his side are said to have been terrible to hear About 9 o'clock at night he asked why the light had been put out. Five minutes afterward he died, and the next day, when his miserable wife was hur rying toward the spot where she had heard that her husband had been 'dangerously wounded," she met the rude wagon in which his remains were being escorted by a silent procession of horsemen, to what was once, but was ment; we are in a hurry about every-

no longer, his home. Nor was Jackson unscathed. When he had retired about 100 yards from the field his surgeon noticed that one of his shoes was full of blood. His coat was opened, Dickinson had been deceived by the fullness of the dress that Jackson wore, for his bullet had gone straight to where he naturally supposed that the heart of his anta; onist was throbbing. As it was, his bullet had broken several ribs, and effected a displacement of the viscera hat gave Jackson trouble twenty ears afterward.

Little remains to be narrated. A polite note was dispatched by Jackson o ask whether he could contribute in iny way to the comfort of the man whom he had just shot down in the broad day light. This note was followed in the course of the day by a the growth of education.

bottle of wine. How bitterly sardonic and unnatural these courtesies were may be inferred from the fact that Jackson afterward said that the reason that he had at first concealed his wound from his friends was because he did not wish Dickinson to have the gravification of knowing that his foe had even been touched.

### Rotation at Faro.

see, and he could manage to lay up a

From the Denver News. "What does a Faro dealer make?" "He gets \$5 a day, six days in the the week. A pretty good salary, you

little on that, but he never does. When he commences work Monday he is generally strapped, having spent it all Saturday and Sunday." "But these men buck the game them-"Often, and sometimes make a win-ning. Some spend it on wine. Others buy jewelry, and a very few save it. It finds its way back into the bank. You know it is an old saying that a bank never considers itself loser, no matter what is drawn out, but simply loaning the money to the lucky individual, to be paid back to him. A short time

and cashed in \$500 off a five-dollar "He went out with the boys that night and blowed it in. The next night the fellow who runs the house dropped into the gambling house where the fellow who blowed in the money was dealing and dropped \$600. The house got a good percentage for the loan of that \$500 for one night." "What sort of people frequent gam-

ago there was a dealer who tackled the

game from the opposite side of the

table from where he is used to sitting

bling houses? "All sorts. I have seen people in every business, trade or profession carried on in Denver in gambling houses, except preachers. I have never seen a preacher in them, though they may visit them, for all I know.'

"How is it with men who play every day?"
"They are mostly gamblers. I'll tell you how they manage to keep up. You can set down for a fact that twothirds of them are always dead broke. The other third of them may have a little money, and stake the others either with a meal or a dollar or two to try their luck again. By that means they manage to keep up. I'll bet that I could go around now and strike two-thirds of those that depend on gambling for a living for a loan and find them broke. Another thing: There are a number of persons here, as elsewhere, who are in the habit of staking gamblers, who, as a rule, never pay them back, even if they win. They will pay back one of their own class, but hardly ever an

outsider. "You see, although there are some gamblers who are honorable, the majority of them are not. Let them smooth it over as they will, most men who depend upon gambling for a living are rather low down in the scale of morality. As a rule, they think that dress makes the man, and act accordingly."

# Cocaine for Hay Fever.

Hay fever, which a few years ago was supposed to exist only in the imagination of would-beinvalids, seems now to be an established fact. Indeed at this season of the year hundreds of people in the city are afflicted with the aggravating malady. By some it is called a cold, and by others catarrh, but under whatever name it is known it is a most distressing and seemingly incurable ailment. Physicans have been puzzied to suggest an adequate remedy. Professor Roberts Bartholow, of Philadelphia, has, however, stated with confidence that a peculiar mode of applying cocaine answers the requirements of a cure for the disease. From an editorial in the New York Tribune we clip the Professor's views on this subject:

As soon as the remarkable function of this agent in allaying the sensibility of nerves of the mucous membranes was ascertained, physicians began to apply it to hay fever, but only with in-different success except in mild cases. The substitution of carefully prepared tablets, or pellets, in place of the usual solution has apparantly been singularly successful in England, where some of he most obstinate cases have yielded to treatment. The tabloids, as they are called there, contain one sixth of a grain of hydrochlorate of cocaine, and are inserted in the nasal passages the nostrils being closed until the drug has time to dissolve and affect the sensitive parts generally. The Lancet has published several accounts of complete cures effected by this treatment. attention of the medical profession in this country has already been attracted by these favorable results. Sufferers from hay fever may, therefore, be encouraged to hope that means have been devised for their permanent re-

#### The Solidity of English Building. "What has impressed you most on

this side?" I asked of a Philadelphian.

"Its solidity," he replied, "Its solidity. The English are the best builders, I should say, in the world; they seem to like building; where we have a fence they have a wall; where we have a wooden jetty they have a stone pier; where we have a wooden thing, content with makeshifts; the English are never in a hurry, and they hate makeshfts. I reckon we lick the English in inventing things, saving labor, and in steamboats; and, except that I admire the little gardens to the humblest homes in England, I think Philadelphia can match the old country for homes; but, as I said before solid is the word I should write down to describe England."-London Letter.

The prison population of Great Britain was twice as numerous in 1852 as it is now while the whole population had reached only two-thirds of its present size. The decrease is most rapid in the case of juvenile offenders. The causes a e to be found in diminution of intemperance and Evils of Washington Clerkships. Enter one of the offices and you will

see pale-faced clerks, men and women, bending over desks writing and figuring away their lives in order to obtain that which sustains their lives. A Washington clerk seldom gets more than this, and under the civil service reform scheme the Government clerk is becoming more and more a machine, and less and less an active, thinking, growing man. As I stand here on this marble pavement and think of the lives which will be eaten up, of the enterprise shriveled into dolessness, and of the manliness wasted in this building in time to come, it makes me shudder. Young men will come in here full of hope and courage, full of brains and energy. When they enter their thou-sand dollars or more a year will seem good pay to them, and they will work with a will, hoping to rise through the various branches until their earnings shall equal those of a Cabinet Minister. It will not be long, however, before they find they are fighting the wind-mills, and in the same old grind of copying other men's writings, of posting dead books, where they have not the opportunity for the exercise of an original thought, their brains will waste away for lack of use, and the lazy hours of from 9° o'clock until 4 will eat up their energy until some day in the future they will wake to the fact that they have been swallowed up by that great monster cannibal, called the Government, which not only eats up men's bodies but their souls as well. At this time some of them may attempt to cut themselves loose, but their efforts will be as futile as those of the Laocoon. The snakes of habit and dolessness have wound themselves about their palsied frames and they will wait until at last death will come to take away what it thinks to be of so little value as to be hardly worth the taking. This will be the case, supposing civil service reform prevails. If it fails the Government clerk's position will be all the worse. He is bound to be dependent on his superiors at best, and the lack of civil service rule makes him all the more of a sycophant or a toady. There is no worse employer than the Government, and I would rather work for a Scrooge than for Uncle Sam.-Washington

#### Engaged For the Snake:

He got on a "bust" once, and when he came to the end of his tether he found himself sobering up in Carson. Having but one suit of raiment, he hurg up his shingle outside the door of his room in the hotel and went to bed while his costume was being renewed to wear. He was in the depths of slumber when a knock aroused him. He requested the knocker to enter, and a Carson man, in somewhat rough attire, walked in.

"Are you a lawyer?" "Yes," he answered from the pillow.

"I've got a case for you."

He sat up in bed, drew the bedclothes around him in an instant, and assumed an interested air.

"State your case." "Well, you see, I rented a field! for grazing from a man. I put a horse on it, and the horse died."

"Indeed! Well?"
"Well! Hain't I got a case against that man?"

"Unquestionably. But, tell me, what did the horse die of?" "You see, a rattlesnake bit him and

he died.' "Ahem!" "Can't I sue the man for the value of that horse? He hadn't any business to go and rent me a field with a

rattlesnake in it, had he?'

"You're right, sir, perfectly right.
Do you want to take up the case?"
"Yes, of course I do." "Ahem! what-what amount-what:

fee do you propose to offer?" "Well, I haven't got any money. I'll give you—I'll give you halt the val-ue of the horse."

"Very good. What, may I askwhat do you consider the value of thebeast?'

"It wasn't very young. It had been kicked by a mule, and the gophers had nibbled at it, and it had fallen down a shaft, and it had been fifteen or sixteen years drawing quartz from a mill. Well, it wasn't—well, I should say it was worth about \$9." The lawyer gentry lay down in bed

and prepared to go to sleep. He gave one last look at the client.

"Good morning. I am engaged for the snake!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Anecdote of Judge Noah Davis. Lockport, N. Y., Journal: A corre-

spondent furnishes us with another anecdote of Judge Noah Davis. The case pending in court turned upon the point whether one of the parties had made a legal tender of payment under a certain contract. M. M. South-worth, Esq., conducted the case for the plaintiff and called as a witness a woman of an uncertain age, whose testimony on the point fell far short of the advocate's expectation. In vain did the dexterous attorney ply the witness with questions, to which evasive answers were returned. In the midst of his perplexity the advo-cate received in the hand-writing of the judge upon the bench the following couplet:

Southworth, forbear; this tough old jade Will never prove a tender made. The examination of the witness ended about that time.

It would pay for an enterprising syndicate of hotel men and skating rink proprietors to wipe out the people of Hayti and turn the island into a health resort. Ex-Minister Lang-ston says that the average human life in Hayti is about ninety years. He thinks that an American going there with a fairly good constitution would live almost forever. An old man in Philadelphia once went to Hayti in the last stages of consumption. He at once began to mend and lived sixtyfive years longer, dying at the age of considerably over one hundred.