

Boarding-house bread—'Tis but a little faded flour!

Song of the fawn—Call me early, mother deer.

A German chemist says a man would die in twenty two days if forced to live on bread alone.

A California minister thinks it worth while to deny a newspaper report that he rolls tempins and takes hot drinks in a beer cellar.

The charred remains of a beautiful St. Louis girl were last week deposited in the cemetery—in ascending to her room the kerosene lamp exploded.

In the early years of the first Presbyterian Church in Chillicothe, Ohio, the service was held in a log house, the congregation sitting on sleepers. Since that time the order of things has been reversed. Now the sleepers sit on the benches.

Thackcumbutt, the head chief of the Fijis, has, by the advice of English residents, had himself proclaimed King of the Cannibal Islands. He takes the name of Ebenezer I, and may properly be said to have raised his Ebenezer in a royal way.

The parents of the double baby, which recently died in Boston, were insulted by an offer of six thousand dollars for the remains of their dead darling. The proposal was indignantly rejected. They demand ten thousand.

The Gilroy Debating Club is discussing the question: "Resolved, That bachelors over thirty years of age ought not to be tolerated in society. Not a word is said about female bachelors over that age. Sauce for the gander ought to be sauce for the goose.

Helen Josephine Mansfield is after Jim Eric Fisk with a sharp stick. Helen Josephine was a grass widow when James fell in with her. He should have followed Samuel Veller's advice, "beware of the vidders." When a woman's soul and pocket are in arms heavier men than Fisk must prepare to surrender.

A tough story comes from Knobnoser, Missouri. It says that at that place rain has descended continuously for two weeks from a cloudless sky, the space moistened by the rain being only twenty feet in diameter. Numbers of people have witnessed the phenomenon. The writer asks for a scientific explanation.

It is said to be a favorite amusement of the belles of New Bedford in winter to slide down hill on a codfish. It must be a novel sight to witness the codfish aristocracy on a sliding scale—or the sliding aristocracy on a codfish scale—but it seems to us such amusement of the belles is a poor substitute for sleigh-bells.

The Emperor William of Germany is in his seventy-fifth year, but his hair and beard alone betray his age. His complexion is still fresh, and his powers of endurance are still great. It is thought he owes his physical powers to his simple, soldier-like mode of living, although he comes of a strong and hardy family.

George S. Parker, a prominent Democrat of Iowa, published a card in the Democrat of Davenport, last Monday, in which he said that the Democratic party as an organization was dead. He recommends joining some other political organization.

If the Democracy are not so far "played" as to be destitute of spirit or ambition, and have a desire to experience the flow of warm, vigorous, healthy blood through their sickly veins once more, let them join the Republicans. The latch string is always out gentlemen.

The gardener's motto—Lettuce plant.

Greely, in a recent number of the Tribune, says he committed a stupendous folly in permitting himself to entertain dreams of the Presidency. We think so too, and hope the "what I know about forming" philosopher will in the future confine himself to his regular "tater" patch.

In Pittsburg a lady heard a burglar attempting to enter her house through a front window, and, not wishing to soil her furniture and carpet with the blood of the intruder, she noiselessly quitted the house by the rear door, and, proceeding to the front, discharged four barrels from a revolver at the burglar. One of the shots took effect in his leg, and he being unable to run, was arrested by a policeman.

Rev. J. P. Thompson, D. D., resigned the pastorate of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on the 23d of October. On retiring he was much surprised with a donation by the Society and friends of a purse containing \$55,000, the handsomest donation ever made in the United States to a retiring pastor.

One Joseph Medill, has published a little pamphlet, in which he advocates what he conceives to be, "An Easy Method of Spelling the English Language." Here is a specimen: "A fu individuals plum themselves upon being 'gud spellers,' and luk down on o'others with supreme contempt az 'ignorant persons.' * * * * * The asal with redicule, suers and invectiv thozhu, in behalf of the masez, advceat an improvement of it."

A policeman gave five dollars to the Chicago fund, and in less than an hour he found ten dollars in the pocket of a drunken man whom he arrested. Another man was asked to contribute, but declined, and within two hours a dog bit him in the leg, and he heard that his mother-in-law had come to stay six months with him. Is it not true that virtue is its own reward?

California expects to seed two million acres of ground in wheat this year, which will require 60,000 tons of seed wheat. Oregon will seed from 600,000 to 750,000 acres—more than double the amount of California, in proportion to the population of the two States.

A young lady in a Sunday School asked her class: "How soon should a child give its heart to God?" One little girl said, "When thirteen years old;" another "ten;" another, "six." At length the last child in the class spoke: "Just as soon as we know who God is."

Sir Walter Scott was temperate in his habits. Even when playing the host he would adroitly substitute the appearance for the reality of drinking. Macbeth, his pensive butler would fill his decanter with toast-water.

Washington dates of Nov. 29th, state Admiral Lee, with his fleet, is ordered to Cuban waters, with instructions if no satisfaction for recent outrages is rendered, to open his guns on the city of Havana.

Emerson Ethridge, of Tennessee, says it will be folly for the Democrats to nominate a candidate for President next year, because the party is dead.

The New York Express says of the German Fat Men's Association, or 200 pounders, jolly, good natured gentlemen, every one of them, of extraordinary girth, and buried to the eyes in fat, held their first meeting of the season at 165 Allen street, which place was chosen on account of the strength of its floors.

Mr. A. Brandt, a 300 pound president, fully occupied the chair, and Mr. George Neger, a splendid specimen of the fatted calf, weighing fully 247 pounds, was treasurer. The meeting was a jovial one, the principle business being to make preliminary arrangements for a target excursion and picnic, which they propose to hold at an early day. None who can't turn the scales at 200 pounds need apply.

The sending of two delegates to the next General Conference to be held in Brooklyn, New York, will cost about \$250.

The debt of South Carolina is reported to be \$11,935,306.

A Cheerful Place, Truly.

The following extract, says the S. F. Chronicle, taken verbatim from a private letter, dated Pioche, Nevada, will, it is feared, tend to create a prejudice against that calm retreat:

Pioche is the county seat of Lincoln county, a mining camp a year old. It's on the Great American Desert, and situated between bare mountains, looking over a bare dry plain. Water has to be brought eight miles by wagon, and is sold at six cents per gallon. There are about 1,200 people, the half of whom have been in the State Prison, (stage and highway robbers, etc.), and the rest ought to be. Our graveyard has 41 graves, of which but two are filled by death from natural causes. The rest all died with their boots on. Shot mostly; some cut. One shooting scrape took place in the bank, in which Mike Casey killed Tom Gossin, after receiving Gossin's fire. There is no law. Any one feeling aggrieved seeks redress generally with his pistol. It's been a close game for me several times; I got cut in the leg once, but I am here yet. I sleep with a big build-up, a Henry rifle and a six-shooter. The mines (silver) employ about 600 men; about 100 are in business and the rest are blackguards of the worst kind—cattle thieves, renegade Mormons and men who were banished from society by their crimes, and ready for anything. It is three hundred miles to railroad or telegraph; we have three stages a week and one mail. I've done very well here and would have made some money, but two of my partners in a claim were killed, and I can't go on alone. My life has been attempted twice by the party who killed my partners. I don't allow any man to scare me if I can have a show, but when it gets down to cases when you dare not sit by a window or by an open door after dark, it's time to jump the game. If ever I get back to California I think I'll stay there—anyway, I have got enough of this kind of living. I am tired of packing a six-shooter around night and day. But it isn't as hopeless as it seems—the future of this placid little village—for in a few weeks all the natives will be disposed of—shot, mostly; some cut—and then virtuous new settlers can begin the settlement again.

It seems really to have come to this, that the President of the United States cannot invest his means in any direction whatever without becoming liable to partisan aspersions and charges of corruption. Long before he was elected to the Presidency General Grant purchased stock in the Seneca Stone Company, and which he has held until now, although not receiving a dollar of revenue from it. Some time ago contracts were made with the company to furnish stone for some Government work. Whereupon the partisan press broke out into fierce assaults upon the Executive, charging him with being concerned in "jobs," and interested improperly in the contracts in question. To put an end to this thing, the President has now ordered his stock to be sold, thus affording those who have been impugning his motives in the possession of it to step forward and purchase it, and so get the benefit of his "unwarrantable speculation."

The estate of the late William E. Barron, of San Francisco, is estimated at from five to eight millions of dollars, and is given mostly to heirs residing in Spain.

A pottery on Day Creek, about fifteen miles from Walla Walla was destroyed by fire last week. Loss \$300.

The Dallas urchins are amusing themselves by tying ropes across the sidewalks to witness involuntary gymnastics. Bad boys.

The track of the Oregon Central Railroad has been laid for a distance of fifteen miles.

Queen Victoria's physician declares that she has never shown the least symptoms of insanity.

Gen. Howard will probably succeed Gen. Ord in Command of the Department of California.

The war damaged the French railways \$16,000,000.

The Chinese rice crop was never more abundant than it is this year.

The debt of South Carolina is reported to be \$11,935,306.

A Robber Cut Short.

Last Sunday evening, about 9 o'clock, as Mr. Kingsley King and his wife were returning home from church and when about a quarter of a mile from their house they noticed a man standing by the roadside apparently waiting for something to "turn up." Mr. King, thinking that it was best to be always ready for an emergency, quietly drew a small seven-shooter from his pocket, and cocking it, he held it in his right hand, and traveled on until within a few feet of the stranger, when he was asked, "How far is it to Watsonville?" Mr. King told him he was in the edge of town. The stranger then asked what the show would be for a man without money to get a bed. Mr. King told him he thought any decent man might get a bed in town, money or no money. King was then asked if he had any money about him; he replied, "No." Footpad then asked King if he was armed? King said, "No." "Have you not got a watch there?" asked the modern Duval. King replied, "Yes, sir." Stranger then said he had three six-shooters and wanted that watch at the same time presenting an eight-inch Colt's revolver, cocked.

ABOUT THIS TIME Mrs. King began to run, when the robber apparently fearing reinforcements, urged King to "hurry up and hand over that watch!" "All right," said King, and with his left hand he took his watch from his pocket and handed it towards the would-be possessor, who reached out his hand for it, remarking that "this is the way I make my living." At that moment King raised his pistol and fired, hitting his antagonist near the right nipple. The robber also fired nearly at the same moment, but fortunately missed his mark; he then turned to run, King following and firing one shot more at the retreating figure. About this time Mr. King's family began to cry out "murder," and he, thinking that others of the gang might be disturbing his family, turned and went to their assistance. About five minutes after

THEY HEARD A SHOT Fired in the direction of town. King and others hunted around some time, but could find no one. On Monday morning he thought he would take another look, and this time was successful; he found his man cold in the street leading to Mr. Craig's house, a short distance from the main road. The robber, evidently believing that the wound received from Mr. King would prove fatal or that he would be unable to escape, had placed the muzzle of his revolver to his forehead and fired, the concussion raising the skull and literally making jelly of his brains.

WHEN FOUND The revolver was on the ground and he had evidently fallen over on it. He had on his person about a dozen and a half of keys, of all sizes, from a small writing desk key to door keys; several of them had been filed so that they would unlock any common lock. Several papers and a silver goblet, belonging to John Robinson, near the Willows, and which were stolen last Sunday, were found upon him. There was nothing to give any clue as to who he was or where he hailed from. He was about five feet seven inches in height, with very light hair and whiskers, Teutonic features and about 30 years of age. An inquest was held by L. D. Holdbrook, the jury finding a verdict in accordance with the above facts. Mr. King deserves great credit for his coolness under pressure, and we would advise persons who are anxious to get money not their own not to "go for" King's—Watsonville Pejournalist, Nov. 16.

Here is an extract from a characteristic letter from a Chicagoan to a brother in Philadelphia: "Dear brother: How will you trade now? Will sell you my store, fixtures, with insurance policies cheap for cash. Have been at work all day uncovering the safe. It is a trifle too hot to handle without gloves. Am a little anxious to know whether the books are legible. All safe and well at the house. Thousands without a rag except what they have on—where they sleep I know not. I am feeding a few, because my credit is good at the butcher's and grocery. Cash on hand, six dollars and some cents. No need of going abroad to see ruins; have got miles of them at home. Chicago can burn up quicker than any city I know of."

Bayard Taylor expresses the belief that there lies, from St. Louis northward, far into the regions of Manitoba, and stretching westward to the base of the Rocky Mountains, the richest country in the world. The railways in Iowa and parts thereabout are succeeding beyond expectation, and surpass all precedent.

The Government printing office at Washington, said to be the largest establishment in the world, is now being added to by additional buildings that will increase its capacity one-third.

The Sheriff of Union county placed three convicts in the hands of Bill Watkins, at Salem last week. All for larceny.

Nevada claims that she produces \$473 in gold and silver annually for every man, woman, and child in the State.

It is said that out of twenty-one millions of Italians, seventeen millions are still unable to read or write.

Miss Carrie A. Moore, the skatistest and velocipedistestest is giving exhibitions of her skill in Portland.

Fun at a Candy Pulling.

BY SET LOVEGOOD. I had a heap of trouble last Christmas, and I'll tell you how it happened. Dekin Jones gave a candy pullin', and I got a stool, as they say in North Carolina, and over I goes.

Sister Poll and I went together, and when we got to old man Jones' the house was chuck full. Dog my cats, ef there was room to turn round. There was Suze Harkin—she's as big as a skinned horse—and six other Harkins, and Simmonses, and Pedigrews, and the schoolmaster and his gal, besides the old dekin and dekinness, and enough little dekinnesses to set up half a dozen young folks in the family business.

Well, bimby the pot began to bile, and the fun began. We all got our places ready, and put flour on our hands to keep the candy from stickin', and then we pitched into pullin'. "Wasn't it fun? I never saw sich a lakin' and cuttin' up in all my born days."

I made a candy bird for Em Simmonses. Her and me expect to trot in double harness one of these tizz. She made a candy goose for me.

Then we got to throwin' candy balls into one another's hair, and a rummin' from one side of the horse to tuther, and out into the kitchen, till everything upon the place was all gone as a fever with candy.

I got a pine bench, an Em Simmonses got close to me. Suze Harkin—confound her pictur!—threw'd a candy ball sock into one of my ize.

I made a bulg to run after her, and heard something rip. My stars alive! Wasn't I pickled? I looked around, and thar was the gable end of nil brand new britches a cawlin' to the pine bench.

I packed up agin the wall sorter crawfish-like, and grinned. "Sut," said sister Poll, "what's the matter?" "Shut up!" sez I.

"Sut," says Em, "come away from that wall; you'll get all greasy." "Let her grease!" sez I, and sot down on a washboard that was lying across a table, feelin' worse than an old made at a weddin'.

Purty soon I felt somethin' hurt, and purty soon it hurt agin. Tee—whis—I jumped ten feet hi, kicked over the tub, out flew old Jones' Christmas turkey, and you ought to see me git.

I cut for tall timber now, jumped stake and rider fence, and marshed down a brush like a runaway herikan, till I got home and went to bed and stayed there two days.

Et old Jones' barn burns down next winter, and I am arrested for it, and ef any body 'pears as a witness agin me, I'll bust his doggon'd head! Them's my sentiments.

A loving heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him.

Chancellor Wyeth of Virginia, it is said, had six students in his office, who afterwards became Presidents of the United States.

The London Times calculates that in fifty years more every civilized nation will speak the English language.

Hon. Newton Booth, Governor elect of California, delivered an address at the City Temple Seminary last Wednesday.

AGRICULTURAL.

CATTLE PLAGUE.—The recently reported cattle plague in Wisconsin has three symptoms: The animal at first refuses to eat or drink; the nose, ears and horns are cold; the milk dries up, and the blood runs from the nose, mouth and other orifices. In about forty-four hours the animal dies.

FEEDING POTATOES TO HORSES.—In Germany where potatoes are so much cheaper than grain, the experiment has been repeatedly tried of feeding horses upon them, at least in part, and this, as we understand, has proved quite successful. In one instance five four-horse teams were kept hard at work and in good condition on a daily ration, for the twenty horses, of 1 1/2 cwt of hay, 8 bushels of potatoes, 50 pounds of meal and a liberal allowance of chopped straw. The potatoes were steamed, mashed and mixed with the meal while hot, and then covered up and allowed to remain for a time, during which they undergo a slight fermentation and evolve a quantity of carbonic acid. The chopped straw was worked in just before feeding. This trial was continued for more than four months, and found to agree with the horses, while at the same time it proved satisfactory in point of economy. As this food must be sweet and clean, great care is necessary to prevent the vessels in which it is kept from becoming sour.

CLOVER AS A SHADE.—There is probably no other plant in the world of such value to the farmers for this purpose. It furnishes the most perfect protection to the soil during the fierce dry heats of the summer. Being a constantly deciduous plant, its leaves are perpetually falling, and soon form a delicate covering for shade, and easily penetrated at all points by the air, which is the great carrier to the worn-out soil of those atmospheric elements that are to enrich it. In this way the clover plant not only contributes directly to the fertilizing of the soil, by giving its own substance to it, but it furnishes a protective covering to the entire ground, which encourages and stimulates those chemical processes by which the hungry and exhausted soil is recuperated from the vast supplies of nutriment that are held in the atmosphere. It becomes to the farmer the most valuable fertilizer in the world, as it imparts fertility to the entire soil.

HOW TO JUDGE POULTRY.—It may not be out of place to give a few general rules by which the age of fowls of all descriptions can be safely judged. In following these rules, no reason be assigned by any grocer, much less any housekeeper, for purchasing other than wholesome, and tender fowls.

If a hen's spur is hard, and the scales on the legs rough, she is old, whether you see her head or not, but her head will corroborate your observation. If the underbill is so stiff that you cannot bend it down, and the comb thick and rough, leave her, no matter how plump and fat, for some one less particular. A young hen has only the rudiments of spurs; the scales on the legs are smooth, glossy, and fresh colored, whatever the color may be; the claws tender and short, the nails sharp, the underbill soft, and the comb thin and smooth.

An old hen turkey has rough scales on the legs, callousities on the soles of the feet, and long, sharp claws; a young the reverse of all these marks. When the feathers are on, the old turkey-cock has a long tuft or beard, a young one but a sprouting one; and when they are off, the smooth scales on the leg decide the point, besides the difference in size of the wattles of the neck and in the elastic shoot upon the nose.

An old goose, when alive, is known by the rough legs, the strength of the wings, particularly in the pinions, the thickness and strength of the bill, and the fineness of the feathers; and, when plucked, by the legs, the tenderness of the skin underneath the wings, by the pinions and the bill and the coarseness of the skin.

Ducks are distinguished by the same means, but there is this difference; a duckling's bill is much longer in proportion to the breadth of its head than the old ducks. A young pigeon is discovered by its pale color, smooth scales, tender collapsed feet, and the yellow, long down interspersed among its feathers. A pigeon that can fly has always red-colored legs, and no doubt is then too old for use.

The Legislature has so changed the law as to give the Territory a general election next June.

Nine-tenths of all the school-teachers in Massachusetts are women.

Walla Walla is now wondering where their depot is going to be 'sot.