

THE ROBBERS OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

In the early autumn of the year 1839, about half an hour of sunset, I drew rein in front of a large double log house, on the very summit of the Blue Ridge mountains of Eastern Kentucky.

The place was evidently kept as a tavern, at least so a sign proclaimed, and here I determined to demand accommodations for myself and servant Bosc, a dark skinned body guard.

There had been a "shooting match" at the Mountain House that day, and as I dismounted, I saw through the open window of the bar room a noisy, drunken, and evidently a quarrelsome set of back-woodsmen, each of whom was swearing by all possible and impossible oaths that he was not only the best shot, but that he could out-kill, out-jump, and out-wrestle, run faster, jump higher, dive under, and come out dryer than any other man "on the mountain."

"I say, Mars Ralph," said Bosc, in a low tone, as I handed him my bridle rein, "I don't like the looks of dem in dar. 'Spose we goes up to the next house; tain't fun."

"Nonsense, Bosc," I replied; "these fellows are only on a little spree over their shooting. We have nothing to do with them nor they with us. Take the horses round to the stable, and see that you yourself. You know they've had a hard day of it."

Without speaking I went to my saddle-bags and got out my pistols—a superb pair of long double rifles, that I knew to be superior anywhere anywhere under half a hundred yards.

"Dar' em, what I like to see!" exclaimed Bosc, as he dived down into his bag and fished an old horse pistol that belonged to my grandfather, and which I knew was loaded to the muzzle with a double load of ball. "That's a terrible weapon at close quarters."

The stables in which our horses were feeding could be watched, and by events transpiring in that locality we would shape our actions. I found the door could be locked from the inside, and, in addition to this, I improvised a bar by means of a chair leg wrenched off and thrust through a heavy iron staple that had been driven into the wall.

I had fallen into a half doze, seated in a chair near the window facing the stables, where Bosc was on the watch, when suddenly I felt a slight touch upon my arm, and the voice of the faithful sentinel in my ear.

"Wake up, Mars Ralph; dey's foolin' 'bout de horse, 'spose dey arder de horses, shuah," brought me wide awake to my feet.

"Thunder, they will escape! After them, down de rope!" yelled a voice, almost inarticulate with rage. And I saw a dark form swing out and begin the descent.

"Here, Bosc, your pistol! Quick! I whispered, and the heavy charge went crashing through, followed by shrieks and curses of pain and rage.

"Now, then, out with you! I had the place," I said, rushing back to the window. "Come, Bosc, hurry, or all will be lost."

The brave fellow now wished to insist on my going first; but he saw that time was wasting and glided down the rope, gradually disappearing in the shadows.

The fall of one of the robbers had caused a momentary lull, and I heard them renew the attack with tenfold fury.

I dare not fire again, for I felt that every bullet would be needed when affairs were more pressing.

It seemed an age before I felt the signal from below that the rope was ready for me; but it came, and I let myself down, pausing an instant, as my eyes gained a level with the sill, to take a last look into the room.

Extraordinary Versatility of Western "Justers."

A day or two ago a motherly-looking woman of 45 entered a Woodruff avenue store having a man's linen-duster on her arm, and when approached by a salesman she said:

"Some one in here sold this duster to my son yesterday."

"Yes, ma'am, I sold it myself," replied the clerk, as he looked at the garment.

"Did you tell my son that this duster could be worn to a picnic, funeral, bridal party or quarterly meeting?"

"I did, ma'am, and so it can."

"That it could be used as a sail boat, a stretcher, a straw bed and a bed-spread?"

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Take a dozen ears and grate them; add a teaspoonful of milk, a spoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and some grated nutmeg; mix well together; put in a pan, place in an oven and bake for an hour.

ICE-CREAM.—The white of an egg not beaten, one teaspoon of cold water and a pint of powdered sugar stirred together, will make icing for one cake.

MEAD.—One gallon of water, one pound of leaf sugar, one half-ounce of rice ginger, one lemon, sliced, take out the seeds, one teaspoonful of yeast; let stand overnight, ferment, then pour off without stirring, add to each bottle one raisin; cork tight.

DESSERT CAKES.—Four eggs, half pound butter, half pound sugar and half pound of flour; mix the butter, sugar and the yolks of three eggs thoroughly, then add the flour and mix again, then the whites of the eggs beaten to a thick froth, grate in a little lemon peel; bake in muffin tins for each about one-third full and bake until done.

WINE-JELLY.—One pint of wine (pale sherry or white), one pint of cold water, one package of Cox's gelatine, juice of two lemons and grated peel of one, one quart of boiling water; one good pinch of cinnamon; soak the gelatine in cold water an hour; add to this the sugar, lemons and cinnamon; pour over all a quart of boiling water, and stir until the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved.

RYE CRACKS AND PANCAKES.—Rye three well-beaten eggs, one pint of milk, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of oil, one tablespoonful of sugar and one half cup of rye; half fill earthen cups, put them in an old pan, set in the oven and bake one hour. Pancakes—One pint of milk one small cup of flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful of salt. Beat the eggs well; add salt to them; then beat them into the flour, add to the moderate amount of alcohol beverages have been compelled to admit that as a "steady drink" the iced tea was preferable in extremely hot weather.

CATCHING WILD MUSTANGS IN TEXAS.—The long-continued heat has dried up the country. The Chiltepin creek, at the horn of the Stockley Ranch, in the Cruz Lake pasture, where resides the hospitable family of J. M. Doughty, with whom we put up for the night, Mr. Doughty and all hands busily engaged in catching mustangs and wild cattle from the Brazos. The only water in the entire pasture for his stock that is in the Cruz Lake, about three miles from Mr. Doughty's residence, except two or three water holes in the bed of Chiltepin creek. These are watched night and day and wild horses and cattle are kept away from them. This necessitated their coming to the lake for water.

This lake is enclosed with a fence, enclosing some 200 acres of land with a gap of 50 yards. This gap is watched at night, and when the mustangs and wild cattle come to drink they are retained within the enclosure. Up to the time when we were there, about eighty head of mustangs and about forty head of cattle had been caught. Rockport (Texas) Transcript.

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Have never been broken open and robbed by burglars or robbers. Hall's burglar lock is protected by letters patent, and his work cannot be equalled lawfully. His patent lock is superior to any in use. His patent locks cannot be picked by the most skillful experts or burglars.

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How to Cure: a Registered Letter or by a P. O. order for one or for all of the above, and address S. R. WELLS & CO., Publishers, 737 Broadway, New York. Agents wanted.

Not if It Were My Boy.

Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if one boy was saved from ruin it would pay for all the cost and care of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation, a gentleman called Mr. Mann upon his statement and said to him:

"Did you not color that a little when you said that all expense and labor would be repaid if it only saved one boy?"

"Not if it were my boy," was the solemn and convincing answer.

"Altho' there is wonderful value about 'my boy,' other boys may be rude and rough; other boys may seem to require more pains and labor than they will ever repay; or other boys may be left to drift upon their evil propensities, which is so near at hand—but 'my boy' it is worth the toil of a lifetime, and the lavish wealth of a world around to save him from temporal and eternal ruin. We would go the world around to save one such a boy, and write at a time help and welcome. And yet every poor, wandering, outcast, homeless man, is one whom some fond mother called 'my boy.' Every lost woman, sunken in the depths of sin, was somebody's daughter in the days of her childish innocence. To-day somebody's son is a hungry outcast, pressed to the very verge of crime and sin. To-day somebody's daughter is a weary, helpless wanderer, driven by necessity into the paths that lead to death. Shall we shrink from labor should we hesitate at cost when the work before us is the salvation of a soul?"

The Young Corporal.

There was a young Corporal in the garrison of Nates, in the year 1794. He was a spirited young fellow, barely twenty, but, young though he was, he has already learned to drink to excess according to the old maxim, "eat, drink and be merry, for to-day we may die."

Brave and excitable, wine was a bad master for him; and one day, in a moment of intoxication, he was tempted to strike an officer who was giving him an order. Death was the punishment of such an offense, and to death the lad was condemned. The Colonel of his regiment, remembering the intelligence and bravery of the young criminal, spared no pains to obtain pardon for him, and he was, at first with no success, but finally hampered with a certain condition—that the prisoner should never again in his life be found intoxicated.

The Colonel at once proceeded to the military prison, and summoned Cambronne. "You are in trouble, Corporal, he said."

"True, Colonel; and I forfeit my life for my folly," returned the Corporal. "It may be so," quoth the Colonel shortly. "May be?" demanded Cambronne. "You are aware of the strictness of martial law, Colonel; I expect no pardon; I have only to die."

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

He that gets out of debt grows rich. Light burdens long borne grow heavy. Where the will is ready the feet are light. Agreeable counsels are rarely useful counsels. Talking comes by nature; silence by understanding. Open your mouth and purse cautiously.—Zimmerman. The greatest scholars are not the wisest men.—Rabelais. No man ever yet looked on the dark side of life without finding it a time. Fluct and luck are twins, and were one is found there is another also. It is only for innocence that solitude can have any charms.—Lecticola. Flattery is a false coin which has circulation only through our vanity.—La Rochefoucauld. Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.—J. J. Rousseau. Manner is one of the greatest engines of influence ever given to man.—Sunday Afternoon. Hidden virtues are often despised, inasmuch as nothing extols it in our eyes.—Mastillon. Men seldom improve when they have no other models than themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith. You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—Frostide. Modesty is to worth what shadows are in a painting; she gives it to strength and relief.—La Bruyere. There are many men whose tongues might govern multitudes if they could govern their tongues.—Frostide. If a man have love in his heart, he may talk in broken language, but it will be eloquence to those who listen. Don't despise the small talents; they are needed as well as the great ones. A candle is sometimes as useful as the sun. Lydia Thompson has viewed Sara Bernhardt, and says she would not dream in the legitimate drama of the Thompsonian type. "Will you always trust me, dearest?" he asked, looking into her great blue eyes, and making the best of life. This earth is not Paradise—you are only on the road there, if you take the right direction.

RUPTURE CURED!

From a Merchant. DAYTON, W. T. Feb. 10, 1879. W. J. Truss, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 720 Market Street, S. F.—Dear Sir: The Truss I purchased of you one year ago has proved a miracle to me. I have been ruptured forty years, and wore dozens of different kinds of Trusses, and was never cured, but as they were very 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 now do almost all, both ladies and gentlemen, afflicted, to buy and wear your modern improved Elastic Truss immediately. I never expected to be cured, but as I had your support with the comfort it gives me to wear it. It was the best \$10 I ever invested in my life. You can rely on my word, and I will be happy to answer any letters on its merits. I remain, yours, respectfully. D. D. BUNNELL.

Latest Medical Endorsements.

MARTINEZ, Cal., Feb. 17, 1879. W. J. Truss, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 720 Market Street, S. F.—Dear Sir: In regard to you, I have to advise you that I have carefully studied its mechanism, as applied in practice, and do not hesitate to say that for all purposes for which it was made, it is the best Truss I have ever seen. Yours truly. J. H. CAROTHERS, M. D. Endorsed by a Prominent Medical Institute. SAN FRANCISCO, March 6, 1879. W. J. Truss, Esq.—Dear Sir: You ask my opinion of the relative merits of your Patent Elastic 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 thoroughly mechanical and scientific construction, together with easy adjustability to persons of all ages, forms and sizes, I add this further testimonial with special pleasure, that the several persons who have applied to me for relief in their cases of rupture, and whom I have advised to try yours, all acknowledge their entire satisfaction, and consider themselves highly benefited by the possession of your improved Elastic Truss. Yours truly. BARLOW J. SMITH, M. D. Proprietor of the Hygienic Medical Institute, 455 California Street, San Francisco. A Remarkable Cure. SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 26, 1879. W. J. Truss, Proprietor California Elastic Truss, 720 Market Street, San Francisco.—Dear Sir: I am truly grateful to you for the wonderful CURE your valuable Truss has effected on my little boy. The Elastic Truss I purchased from you has PERFECTLY CURED him of his painful rupture on 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 to me as providentially led to give your Truss a trial. You may refer any one to me on the subject. Yours truly, Wm. Tracy, 538 Sacramento St. This is to certify that I have examined the son of Wm. Peru, and find him PERFECTLY CURED of Hernia, on both sides. Dr. DEVEREAUX, M. D. Surgeon and Physician.

Trusses forwarded to all parts of the United States at our expense, on receipt of price. Send Stamp for Illustrated Catalogue and Price List. Giving full information and rules for measuring California ELASTIC TRUSS COMPANY, 720 Market Street, S. F. E. H. BURNHAM, HOUSE PAINTING, GRAINING AND PAPER HANGING. ALL WORK IN MY LINE PROMPTLY attended to on reasonable terms. Paper-hanging a specialty. Orders may be left at Graham, Hamilton and Co.'s drug store, or S. G. McFadden's carpenter shop. Corvallis, April 7, 1879.