## WEEKLY COBVALLIS GAZETTE

CORVALLIS. - SEPTEMBER 12, 1879

### 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 Ringe 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 Bose, a dark skinned body guard. Bose and I had been playmates in childhood and boyhood, and I need hardly say that the faithful fellow was attached to me as I was to him, and on more than one occa sion he had shown his devotion.

There had been a "shooting match" a 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 backwoodsmen, each of whom was swearing by all possible and impossible oaths that he was not only the best shot, but that he could out-fight, out-jump, and outwrestle, run faster, jump higher, dive deeper and come up dryer than any other man "on the mountain."

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

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

evidently watching my window, while the other-and I fancied it was the land-And throwing my saddle-bags over my shoulders. I walked up the narrow path lord-was in the shadow near the door, to the house.

I found, as I have intimated, the bar room filled with a noisy, turbulent As the man disappeared within the crowd, who one and all stared at me building, a low, keen whistle cut the without speaking as I went up to the bar and inquired if I and my servant could have accommodations for the night.

Receiving an affirmative reply from the landlord, a little, red headed, cadaverous looking specimen of the "clay eater," I desired to be at once shown to myroom, whither I went, but not until I had been compelled to decline a score of requests to "take a drink," much to the disgust of the stalwart bacchanalians.

The room in which I was shown was at the far end of a long two-story structure, evidently but recently added on to the evidently but recently added on to the big man!" was the sensible advice, which main building, which was intersected at I determined to adopt. right angles. A gallery extended along the front, by means of which the rooms were reached.

I found my apartment to be large and comparatively well furnished, there bebesides the bed, a comfortable cot, half a dozen "splint bottomed" chairs, a heavy clothes press, and a bureau with a glass.

There were two windows, one alongside the door, and the other in the opposite end of the room.

The first mentioned door was heavily barred, with stout oak strips, a protection, I presume, against intrusion from the open lot! There was, then, another the porch, while across the latter door traveler besides ourselves. was drawn a heavy woolen curtain.

In the course of half an hour Bose and a voice roared: entered and announced that the horses had been properly attended to, and a few and let me get in. The scoundrel has minutes later a bright faced mulatto girl | killed Dave!" summoned us to supper. Supper over, I returned to my room first requesting to be aroused for an early breakfast, as I desired to be on the road by sunrise. Thoroughly wearied with my day's ride, I at once began preparations for re-tiring, and had drawn off one boot, when Bose came in rather hastily, looking fur-tively over his shoulder, and then cautiously closing and locking the door.

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

"Dar! dem's what I like to see!" exclaimed Bose, 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

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 their number had No. 1 buckshot. It was a terrible weapon at close quarters. The stables in which our horses wer

against the door with as little noise as

was possible had been done.

sentinel in my ear.

listening.

possible, and felt that everything that

A deathlike stillness reigned over the

place, broken only by the voice of the

colored girl singing as she crossed the

stable yard. I had fallen into a half doze, seated in

a chair near the window facing the sta-

bles, where Bose was on the watch

when suddenly I felt a slight touch upon

my arm, and the voice of the faithful

"Wake up, Mars Ralph; dey's foolin bout the stable doo' arter de horses

shuah," brought me wide awake to my

Cautiously peeping out, I saw at a glance that Bose was right in his conjec-

ture-there were two of them - one standing out in the clear moonlight,

which at that moment slowly swung

air, and at the same instant I heard the knob of my door cautiously tried.

A low hiss from Bose brought me to his side from the door where I had been

"Dey's got the hosses out in the yard,

"Take the door," I said, "and fir

"Lordy, Mars Ralph, it's de tavern

keeper. He ain't no count. Drop de

Noiselessly drawing aside the curtain.

I rested the muzzle of my pistol on the sash where the light had been broken

away, and drew a bead on the tallest of

the two men who stood holding the three

The sharp crack of the weapon was in

stantly followed by a yell of pain, and I saw the ruffian reel backward and meas-

ure his length upon the earth, and then

Like lightning it flashed across my

mind. There were three horses out in

from the main building there rang out:

"Murder! murder! Oh, help!

horses, out in the bright moonlight.

he whispered, as he drew aside to let me

through if they attack. I am going to

shoot that fellow holding the horses.

look out through the broken pane.

caused only a momentary lull, and I heard them renew the attack with tenfeeding could be watched, and by events transpiring in that locality we would fold fury. shape out actions. I found the door I dare not fire again, for I felt that

dow.

could be locked from the inside, and, in every bullet would be needed when addition to this, I improvised a bar by affairs were more pressing. It seemed an age before I felt the sigmeans of a chair leg wrenched off and thrust through a heavy iron staple that nal from below that the rope was ready for me; but it came, and I let myself had been driven into the wall. Its fellow on the opposite side was missing. We then lifted the clothes press before

down, pausing an instant, as my eyes gained a level with the sill, to take a last the window, leaving just room enough look into the room. on one side to clearly see, and, if neces-As I did so the door gave way, and the sary, fire through; dragged the bureau

bloodthirsty demons poured over the threshold. I knew that I had no time for deliber ate movements. They would instantly discover the mode of escape, and either cut the rope or else fire down on me. I had taken the precaution to draw or

my heavy riding gloves, and my hands, thus protected, did not suffer as much as might have been expected. With my eyes fixed upon the window, I slid rapidly down, and struck the earth

with a jar that wrenched every bone in my body. Quick as lightning I was seized by

Bose, dragged some paces on one side and close against the face of the cliff. Not a second too soon, for down came a volley, tearing up the earth about the foot of the rope, where a moment before I had stood.

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

'Now, Mars Ralph," whispered Bose significantly, and with a quick aim l ired at the swaying figure. Without a sound the man released his old and came down like a lump of lead,

shot through the brain. Another had started in hot haste, and was more than half out of the window. when suddenly the scene above was bril-

liantly lit up by the glare of a torch. Again the warning voice of the watch-ful black called my attention to the figure now struggling desperately to re-gain the room, and, as before, I threw

up my pistol, and, covering the exposed side, drew the trigger. With a convulsive effort the wretch springing far out into the empty void

urned once over, and came down with rushing sound upon the ragged rocks that lay at the foot of the precipice. A single look to see that the window was clear-we knew there could be no path leading down for a long distance

either way, or they never would have attempted the rope—and we plunged headlong into the dense forest that clothed the mountain side. We got clear, it is true, but with the

loss of our animals and baggage; for the next day, when we returned with a party of regulators, we found the place a heap of smouldering ashes, and no liv-ing soul to tell whither the robbers had fied. A heavy blow descended upon the door,

The Young Corporal.

## "Here, Bose, your pistol! Quick! I Extraordinary Versatility of Western whispered, and the heavy charge went "usters."

crashing through, followed by shrieks A day or two ago a motherly-looking and curses of pain and rage. "Now, then, out with you! I had the woman of 45 entered a Woodward avenue place," I said, rushing back to the winstore having a man's linen-duster on her "Come, Bose, hurry, or all will arm, and when approached by a salesman she said : The brave fellow now wished to insist

in the first the second second

"Some one in here sold this duster to my son vesterday. "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 madam, and so it can."

"Did you tell him it made a good fly blanket when not otherwise needed?" "I did." "That it could be used as a sail boat, a

stretcher, a straw bed and a bed-spread?" Yes, ma'am I did."

"And many people used them as tablecovers "I did."

"And that they would last for years and then make excellent stuff for a rag carpet?" "I did."

"And you only charged a dollar ?" "Only a dollar, ma'am."

"Well, when John came home last ight and brought the duster, and told me all you said, I made up my mind that he must have been drunk, and I was a leetle afraid he stole the garment. I am

glad it's all right." "It certainly is all right, ma'am, and since he was here yesterday we have dis-covered that the duster is a great conluctor of sound, a preventative of sunstroke, and that no man with one on his back ever dropped dead of the heart dis-

"Land save us!" she gasped, as she reached for the bundle; "but who knows that they won't fix 'em so 'fore long that they'll raise a mortgage off the farm ?"-Detroit Free Press.

## Not If It Were My Boy.

Some years ago the late Horace Mann. he eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he re-marked 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 rallled 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 sol-

emn and convincing answer. Ah! there is a 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 uncared for to their ruin, 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 him from peril, and would bless every hand that was stretched out to give him 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, shall we hesitate at cost when the work before us is the salvation of a soul? Not if it is 'my boy,' not if we have the love of Him who gave His life to save the just. HOW GERMANY HAS SPENT THE FRENCH How GERMANY HAS SPENT THE FRENCH WAR INDEMNITY.—An account has been lately published of the way in which the indemnity paid by France to Germany on the conclusion of the war of 1870-71 has been spent. Altogether, including the war contributions imposed upon upon Paris and the departments occupied by the German troops, Germany received from France the sum of 5,254,000,000 francs, or about 6210 160 000. Of this sum 591. or about £210,160,000. Of this sum £91,-748,543 were in the first instance set aside for Imperial purposes, and the remainder was divided among the several States forming the Empire, the old North German Confederation receiving £70,114,235 man Confederation receiving £70,114,235; Bavaria, £13,468,819; Wurtemberg, £4,248,304; Baden, \$3,050,593. and Hesse, \$1,436,509. Of the £91,548,543 set aside for Imperial purposes, £28,033,849 have been appropriated to form a pension fund; £10,800,000 to strengthen, enlarge and add to the number of the fortified places of the empire; £8,580,000 for the purchase and construction of railways in purchase and construction of railways in Alsace and Lorraine, and the two annexed provinces; £6,000,000 have been placed in the Imperial war treasury; £600,000 have been awarded in grants for eminent services; £242,740 have been spent in providing a range on which to carry on artillery experiments; £300,000 have been allotted to German subjects expelled from France, while smaller sums have from France, while smaller sums have been appropriated to recompense railway companies for the damage done to their rolling stock; to improve the military, telegraphic and postal services; to com-pensate German ship owners for losses sustained during the war; to extend the military topographical department; to en-large the military workshops at Strasburg; to provide commemorative medals, and to construct a building for the Reichstag.— Pall Mall Gazette.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Take a dozen ears and grate them; add a teacupful 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.

ICEING .- The white of an egg not beat in, one teaspoon of cold water and a pint of powdered sugar stirred together, will make iceing for one cake. Less sugar makes the iceing seen on bakers' cake. AN ICE POCKET.—Make a double pocket of any kind of thick woolen cloth, with a space of two inches or so between the space of two inches of two inches or so between the space of two inches or so between the space of two inches of two inc space of two inches or so between the inner and outer pockets; fill the outside one with clean feathers. One thus made and kept closed at the top will keep ice

for many days. MEAD .- One gallon of water, one pound of loaf sugar, one half-ounce of race ginger, one lemon, sliced, take out the seeds, one teacupful of yeast; let it stand over night to ferment, then pour off without stirring, add to each bottle one raisin; cork tight. Rockport (Texas) Transcript.

STEWED CUCUMBERS.-A seasonable dish may be prepared by paring cucumbers, cutting them in half lengthwise, boiling them gently till tender in salted water, laying them on toast, and pouring over them white sauce or drawn butter, to which a cup of milk has been added.

To PRESERVE HAM .- Take off the rind slice it as for the table; partly cook it by frying on a spider; put in the jars in lay-ers; pour over it the fat which fries out of the meat; when the jar is nearly full cover with lard to keep from the air. It can be kept a long time in this way.

APPLE PRESERVES.—Take some pleasant sour apples, remove the core from the bottom and leave the stem at the top. Make a syrup of white sugar and water to cover them half way up. Bake or boil them until they are just done through, and serve up whole with sugar and

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 pans, filling 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 Coxe'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 ; put in the wine, strain through a double flannel bag (without squeezing) into shallow dishes, then cut it in blocks now ready for the table.

RYE DROP CAKES AND PANCAKES .- Rye Three well-beaten eggs,one pint of new milk, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, 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 the eggs into the flour, adding a little at a time. Be sure to beat very thoroughly. Have in readiness a couple of small, hot fry-pans. Butter well, and just cover with the mixture. Fry a few minutes; roll up the same as omelets, or spread with jelly.

SUMMER DRINKS. - Milk Lemonade Loaf sugar, one and a half pounds, dis-solved in a quart bolling water, with half a pint of lemon juice and one and a half pints of milk. This makes a capital summer beverage. Still lemonade—The juice of three lemons, the peel of one lemon, quarter of a pound of lump sugar and a quart of cold water. Mix, digest for five hours and strain. Lemon whey —One pint of bolling milk, half a pint of lemon juice sugar to taste. Mix and without milk, and many like the Russian addition of a little lemon juice. Even those who are accustomed to the moderate

# CATCHING WILD MUSTANGS IN TEXAS .-

CATCHING WILD MUSTANGS IN TEXAS.— The long-continued heat has dried up the country. The Chiltepin creek, at the Consado ranche, was as dry as a powder-horn. At the Stockley Ranche, in the Cruz Lake pasture, where resides the hos-pitable 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 Brasada. The only water in the en-tire pasture for his stock was that in the the Cruz Lake, about three miles from Mr. Doughty's residence, except two or from them. This necessitated their com-ing 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

This gap is watched at might, and when the mustangs and wild cattle come to drink they are retained within the en-closure. Up to the time when we were there, about eighty head of mustangs and about forty head of cattle had been caught. \$1.00.

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"Mars Ralph, dar's gwine to be trouble in dis house afore morning," he said. And I saw in a moment that something

had occurred to upset the faithful fellow's equilibrium. "Why, Bose, what is it? What do you mean?" I asked, barely restraining a

smile.

"I tole you, Mars Ralph, we'd better trabbel furder," was the rather mysterious reply.

"You see that yellar gal dere tole me dar would be a muss if we staid in this 'founded house all night."

By close questioning I elicited the fact that the girl had really warned him that four men whom I had noticed together were a desperate set of villains, and probably had designs upon our prop-

erty, if not our lives. The girl had seen two of them at the stable while I was at supper, and by cautiously creeping into a stall, next the one in which they stood, had heard enough to convince her that they meant mischief. Subsequently to this, she also saw the landlord in close confab with the entire party, and from his ac-tions judged that he was urging the men

to their nefarious work. "I tell you, Mars Ralph, dem white trash ain't arter no good-now you hear

me," persisted Bose. I had begun to think so myself, but what was to be done? The situation was full of embarrassment, and I felt that nothing could be done save to wait and watch, and, by being on the alert, defeat their plans by a determined resistance. I found that from the barred window,

in which there was a broken pane of glass, a good view of the stat les could be had.

Then the other window.

I crossed the room, drew aside the heavy curtain, and, raising the sash, looked out.

A single glance was sufficient to cause me a thrill of surprise, and I gave a low exclamation that instantly brought Bose to my side. Far below I could see the faint glim-

mer of water, the low murmer of which came indistinctly up from the depths, while on a level with what should have been the ground, I dimly saw the waving tree-tops, as they gently swayed before the fresh night breeze, and knew that the window overlooked a chasm, the soundings of which I could only guess at. In other words, the house, or that por-tion of it, was built upon the very verge ef the cliff, the solid rock forming a foundation more lasting than any that could be made by the hands of man.

I leaned far out, and saw that there was not an inch of space left between the heavy log on which the structure rested and the edge of the precipice; and then I turned away with the full conviction that if necessary escape must be made in that direction. There was noth-ing especially strange in this; there were many houses so constructed—I had were many houses so constructed—I had seen one or two myself—and yet when I drew back into the room and saw the look in Bose's dusky face, I felt that danger quick and deadly was hovering in the air.

"Let them have it, Bose," I whispered

"Quick! Burst the infernal thing open.

rapidly reloading my pistol; "there, second panel."

With a steady hand the plucky fellow levelled the huge weapon and pulled the trigger.

A deafening report followed, and again a shrill cry of mortal anguish told me that the shot had not been wasted

"Sabe us! how it do kick!" exclaimed Bose under his breath. The blow had fallen like an unexpect-

ed thunderbolt upon the bandits, and a moment later we heard their retreating footsteps down the corridor. "Dar'll be more of 'em heah 'fore long,

Mars Ralph," said Bose, with an ominous shake of the head. "I'spect dese b'long to a band, and if dey comes and we still heah, we gone coons for shuah."

This view of the case was new to me; but I felt the force of it. I know that

such bands do exist in these mountains. Stunned for a moment, I turned round and stared hopelessly at Bose; but he, brave fellow that he was, never lost his head for an instant.

"Bound to leab here, Mars Ralph," he said, quite confidently. "An' dar ain't no way gwine, 'cept tro dat window;" and he pointed to the one overlooking the

cliff. I merely shook my head, and turned to

watch again, hoping to get a shot at the rascal on guard. Bose, left to his own devices, at once went to work. I heard him fussing

around the bed for some time, but never looked to see what he was after until he spoke

"Now den for de rope," I heard him say, and in an instant I caught his mean-

He had stripped the bed of its cover-ing, dragged off the heavy tick and the stout hempen rope with which it was "corded.

In five minutes he had drawn the rope through its many turnings, and then, gathering the coil in his hands, he drew up the sash and prepared to take sound-

It failed to touch the bottom: but no wise disheartenen, he seized the cotton coverlet and spliced on. This succeed-ed, and the cord was drawn up, prepara-tory to knotting it in place of cross-

In the meanwhile, the suence without had been broken once. A shrill, keen whistle, such as we had heard before, was given by the man on the watch, and

replied to by some one seemingly a little way off. Then I heard footsteps—soft, catlike ones—on the verandah outside, showing that robbers were on the alert

at all points. At length Bose announced the "ladder ready. It was again lowered from the window, and the end was held and made fast to the bed we had dragged over for the purpose. "Now den, Mas'r Ralph, I'll go down

fust, and sem if 'um strong 'nough to bar na.

And he was half way out of the win-

dow before I could speak. "No, Bose, you shall not," I answered firmly, drawing him back into the room. "You must..." The words were lost in the din of a

furious and totally unexpected attack upon the door.

The dull heavy strokes of the ax were

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 too frequent custom of the day.

Brave and excitable, wine was a bac

Brave and excitable, wine was a bad master for him; and one day, in a mo-ment 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 encoded on the strike of the young criminal, spared no pains to obtain a remission of the sentence; at first with no success, but finally hampered with a certain condition—that the prison-er should never again in his life be found

intoxicated. The Colonel at once proceeded to the nilitary prison, and summoned Camoronne.

"You are in trouble, Corporal, he said. "True, Colonel; and I forfeit my for my folly," returned the Corporal. "It may be so," quoth the Colone

shortly. "May be?" demanded Cambronne 'You are aware of the strictness of martial law, Colonel; I expect no pardon; I have only to die " "But suppose I bring a pardon, on one condition ?"

The lad's eyes sparkled. "A condition? Let me hear it, Colonel; I would do much to save my life and honor." ondition

'You must never again get drunk." "Colonel, that is impossible!" "Impossible, boy! with death as an al-ternative? You will be shot to-morrow, otherwise; think of that!" "I do think of it. But never to get

drunk again! I must never let one drop of wine touch my lips! You see,Colonel Cambronne and the bottle love one an other so well that when once they get to

gether it is all up with sobriety. No, no ! I dare not promise never to get drunk." "But, unhapy boy! could you not promise never to touch wine?" "Not a drop, Colonel?" "Not a drop." "Ah! that is a weighty matter, Colonel

Let me reflect. Never touch wine !---not a single drop in all my life?" The young soldier paused; then looked up. "But, Colonel, if I promise, what guar-antee will you have that I shall keep my promise?" promise?

"Your word of honor," said the officer, "I know you; you will not fail me." A light came into the young fellow's

A light came into the young lenows eyes. "Then I promise," he said solemnly, "God hears me. I, Cambronne, swear that never to my dying day shall a drop of wine touch these lips." The next day the Corporal Cambronne resumed his place in his regiment. Twenty-five years afterward he was General Cambronne, a man of note, re-spected and beloved. Dining one day in Paris with his old Colonel, many broth-ers in arms heing present, he was offered

ers-in-arms being present, he was offered a glass of rare old wine by his former commanding officer. Cambronne drew

back. "My word of honor, Colonel; have you forgotten that?" he asked excitedly. "And Nantes—the prison—my yow?" he continued, striking the table. "Never sir, from that day to this, has a drop of wine passed my lips; I swore it, and I kept my word; and shall keept it. God helping me, to the end."

"Put out your tongue a little further,

said a doctor to a fair invalid. "A little further still, if you please." "Why,
doctor," do you think a woman's tongue has no end?" said the gentle sufferer.
"An end, perhaps, madam," replied the physician, "but no cessation."

HOW MONUMENTS WEAR OUT IN LON-DON.—This morning the Albert Monu-ment, in Kensington Gardens, was inspected by several scientific gentlemspected by several scientific gentle-men. Their attention was drawn to the fact that the marble was sensibly af-fected by the atmosphere, and that the statues forming the fresco had the ap-pearance of being sculptured from chalk rather than marble. The cause of this was stated to be that the soot, under the influence of min wilds an acid enable influence of rain, yields an acid capable of acting on the marble, and the rough washing it is occasionally subjected to perforates and destroys the smooth sur-face. Another agent consists of the carbonic acid evolved from the lungs of ani bonic acid evolved from the inngs of ani-mals. They were of opinion that if something was not speedily done, this splendid monument will rapidly fall into decay. It was suggested that it should undergo a cleansing process similar to Cleopatra's Needle, and then be in-durated with a colorless solution which

undergo a cleansing process similar to Cleopatra's Needle, and then be in-durated with a colorless solution which will not only preserve it from further decay, but restore the marble to its origi-nal condition.—London Echo. The Principal of Vassar College step-ped suddenly into one of the recitation rooms and said: "That person who is chewing gum will please step forward and put it on the desk." The whole school stepped forward with one accord toward the desk, while the teacher slip-ped her quid beneath her ton gue and said: "Leally, guls, I'm suppriseld!"

Where the will is ready the feet are

light. Agreeable counsels are rarely useful

Talking comes by nature; silence by inderstanding.

Open your mouth and purse cautiously. The greatest scholars are not the wisest men - Rabelais.

No man ever yet looked on the dark side of life without finding it.

Pluck and luck are twins, and were one is found there is another also.

It is only for innocence that solitude can have any charms.-Leczinska. Flattery is a false coin which has circu-

lation only through our vanity.-La Rochefoucauld.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.-J. J.

Bill Heads, Letter Heads Aote heads, bia ements, P. og Ball Tickets. Invitations Circulars, Businevs Cards, Visiting Cards, Manner is one of the greatest engines of influence ever given to man.-Sunday Afternoon.

Hidden virtues is often despised, inas-much as nothing extols it in our eyes.-

Men seldom improve when they have no other models than themselves to copy after.-Goldsmith.

You cannot dream yourself into a char acter; you must hammer and forge your-self one.-Froude.

Modesty is to worth what shadows are in a painting; she gives to it strength and relief.—La Bruyere. ser-Orders by mail promptly filled.

There are many men whose tongues might govern multitudes if they could govern their tongues.—*Prentice*.

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 draw in the legitimate drama of the Thomp-

my life. You can refer any oue to me, 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. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 729 Market street, S. F.-Dear Sir: In regard to your Cal. Elastic Truss, I would say that I have carefully studied its mechanism, ap plied it in practice, and I do not besitate 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. CABOTHERS, M. D. Endorsed by a Prominent Medical Insti-tute. MARTINEZ, Cal., Feb. 17, 1879. 15:52tf JOB PRINTING.

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