WEEKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE

CORVALLIS, - - OCTOBER 17, 1879

MARRIED THIS MORNING.

"Married this morning"—how charming that sounds;
How splendid that looks in the paper;
"The bride wore white satin"—how perfectly sweet,
"And a veil like soft silked vapor."
"No cards"—how exclusive that sounds, does it not?
"No cake"—they're well up in the fashion;
And to prove to the world that they are true millionaires,
"No presents received"—puts the dash on.

"Abroad for a long wedding tour"—that is nice!
We maidens do envy them truly;
We're all in a flutter awaiting our turn,
For we can't for our lives take it coolly.
What letters the fair bride sends back to her friends,
I've read Arabella's and Sallie's;
She writes that—just think of it—in the Old World
They're dining with lords and with ladies.

"Returned, Colonel ——, with his beautiful bride,
From France"—how the journals do laud her;
"Their elegant mansion thrown open to-day—
Receptions will now be in order."
True, true, what a recherche time it will be.
Her set will be truly delighted;
The grand double parlors will scarcely hold all;
Dear, dear, shall we girls be invited?

* * * * *

"But two short years married and now a divorce!"
Law sakes, dear, who wouldn't have known it?
I thought from the first 'twas a very poor match,
But somehow I never would own it.
She's no longer the bright shining star that she was,
The social horizon adorning;
Miranda, my love, here's the paper just come,
Now tell me who's married this morning.

WATCHING A DEFAULTER.

BY WILLIS GRIBBLE.

No doubt ingenuity is the first element that combines with tact and energy to make a good detective. But once in a long stretch "good luck" is sure to gain a supremacy over these three virtues. At all events, there is an episode on record wherein luck not only gained the supremacy, but atoned for the absence of the other three.

To be sure the case was not a complicated one. There was no mystery that called for the keen instinct of an adept at unraveling to ferret it out. Instead, it was a most simple chain of circumstances. One Philip Brashear had been suspected of appropriating the funds of his employers, and while the firm was busy summing up the total of their losses, he had decamped, carrying with him money and bonds to the value of half a hundred thousand. A futile search of the city and environs followed; but to all appearances the culprit vanished, leaving no traces that might be followed up to the epoch of his apprehension.

At least that was the popular verdict, expressed by every one having a special interest in the affair. With the exception of Mr. Americus Biggerton, Chief of the United American Detective Service, whose men traced Brashear not only to the place he adopted in his flight, but to the house where even now he lay awaiting a favorable opportunity to quit the country.

Mr. Americus Biggerton was of himself a diplomat, who, though loving honesty and square dealing much, loved the fabulous possession of Midas more. Hence, when a beggarly pittance of "two hundred dollars, dead or alive," was offered for the apprehension of Brashear, Mr. Biggerton dilated his widespread nostrils and whispered he would await a higher fluctuation in the market of reward.

So it happened that one afternoon, as he sat conning over the entries made by his head clerk, Sliggins, in his "Docket of Criminalities," the dusty door of his dustier office revolved on its creaky hinges, and, looking up, Mr. Biggerton spied the well-known form of his nephew, John Liel, standing abashed in the shadowy aperture.

"Well, it is you, is it?" quoth Mr. Biggerton, ungraciously enough.

"Yes, sir." And John Liel walked unsteadily forward. "I hope you are glad to see me, uncle."

"I can't say that I am," grunted the chief. "I suppose you are out of work again. Idleness has become a chronic malady with you, John."

John Liel stood twitching the frayed end of a not immaculate handkerchief through his rigid digits.

"I hope not, uncle; leastwise, I—"

"Happily, we don't see our own faults, John. But let me tell you that one of yours is laziness; so don't stand on the defensive."

"I have not endeavored to defend myself, nor could I conscientiously do so," with a short, faint laugh.

Mr. Biggerton replaced his gold-bowed glasses and sat looking for a moment or two at his nephew. He was a short, corpulent old fellow, this uncle of John's; close shaven, keen-eyed, alert, and dressed with scrupulous care in a suit of shiny black broadcloth.

"Well, what are you going to do with yourself?" he finally interrogated.

"I hardly know;" and John looked down appealingly into the round, ruddy face of his kinsman. "I had entertained a faint hope—"

"And what did you hope?"

"That there might be something in the service that you could offer me."

Mr. Americus Biggerton let fall his docket of criminalities with something very much like a smothered gasp.

"You?"

"Certainly; why not?"

"Why not? For the very sufficient reason that you are not qualified to fill any position beyond the counter of a country shoe-shop. It takes a deal more than a good-natured dolt to fulfill the duties required by a detective."

"For all that, you might put me to the test."

Just then a sudden thought revealed itself to Mr. Biggerton.

"And so I might, he conceded. "I suppose it's against the code of human nature to let one's own flesh and blood starve outright, and I have a kind of half notion to try you anyhow. There, there!" he rejoined, cautiously; "don't rush into a vortex of avowals before you are certain of my intentions, which are these: You've heard of Brashear, the clerk who decamped a week or so ago, leaving Killop & Carr a considerable sum the worse for his flight. Well, very confidentially and strictly between ourselves, the United American Detective Service has tracked the fellow to a little manufacturing center in Massachusetts, where the afore-mentioned service intends to keep him until the reward offered for his apprehension is colossal enough to recompense them for their pains. Now, John, here's your chance. Go up to Beamis Point, and keep a clear eye on the fellow; then, when the time arrives to expose him, I'll come up and arrest him and pay you well for your trouble—all with the proviso that you do your work in the right way."

"But how will I recognize the culprit?" queried Leil.

"Easy enough; he is your height to a hair's breadth, very dark, and effeminate to a last degree."

"Are you certain he is at Beamis Point?"

"Certain as I am of my own existence. There is but one tavern at the place, and at it he is domiciled. It is highly probable he will be disguised and under an assumed name. But you must ferret out his identity, aided by the information I have given you, and the fact that he has been in the place just a fortnight come Tuesday. Here's enough money to cover your expenses. In event of your failure, I warn you never to come my way again. If you succeed, your future is assured. Now go."

And John, stowing away a generous coil of bills in his innermost pocket, obeyed Mr. Biggerton's peremptory bidding.

Now, Beamis Point was an aimless province of unfertile soil, somewhere along the Massachusetts coast; of which one predicted at first a scantiness of population and a general poverty in the way of human comfort. There were precisely seven rambling farm houses, an equally rambling church, and, more pretentious than the rest, a heap of brick and mortar, stigmatized, for brevity's sake, "The Tavern."

John Leil got to this place on the second morning after his departure from Biggerton's office. Once there, he set about his duties with all the system and regularity befitting them. Going directly to the tavern, he ordered a room, and, while subscribing himself upon the battered register, took occasion to scan the names enrolled thereon.

In most part they were good, sensible Yankee names, such, he argued, as might be, and probably were, the possession of the itinerant peddlers who predominated in that section. But two names were one jot out of the stereotyped category; these were Miss Spear, New Haven, and Oliver Pierce, Brooklyn. He closed the book suddenly when he saw the date subjoining them, Tuesday, April 12. That was the day on which Philip Brashear had come to Beamis Point.

He went to his room, there to await the sounding of the dinner gong. It rang at last, and with a strangely fluttering heart, John repaired to the dining room, and the first person to be introduced to him was Mr. Oliver Pierce, of Brooklyn.

The fellow was manifestly in the last epoch of respectable intoxication, and as he lolled about the room, eating, gesticulating and talking all in a breath, John had no meagre opportunity to study his rum-blossoming physiognomy.

His intuition told him the fellow was the one he sought. His face was covered by a straggling beard of several weeks' growth, he was quite dark, and John's height "to a hair's breadth."

That afternoon John telegraphed Biggerton substantially as follows:

"UNCLE AMERICUS:—Everything is in excellent order, and awaiting your pleasure. JOHN."

It was twilight when he again entered the room, and scarcely had he done so than he heard some one fumbling at the door-knob. A second later the door swung quickly open, and leaning against the panels was a woman. Quite a tall woman she was—certainly several inches above the accepted height of her sex. Her face, outlined by the dense shadows of the hall was strangely prepossessing; she had full, regular features, a damask-rose sort of complexion, and pale gray eyes, under dark, curling lashes.

Mr. Liel was the first to regain his composure.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

At the first sound of his voice she shrank back still further in the shadows. She had not seen him until he spoke.

"Yes," she articulated, faintly, in a velvety contralto voice, "though I should never have intruded had I known you were here. The door of my room has become locked during my absence, and your key and mine are counterparts of each other."

John stooped forward and wrested his key from its lock, then passed into the hall accompanied by the lady. Her room lay directly opposite his own, and it was the work of scarcely a moment to insert the key and turn the lock into its rightful position. Then, with a faint murmur of thanks, the lady passed within, closing the door behind her, and making to him an impromptu Peri on the outer edge of a modern paradise.

He stayed there a second or two listening to the fall of her receding footsteps, then turned about, and was sauntering across the narrow hall, when suddenly a man staggered with drunken force against him. Just then a momentary shimmer of light burned upward from the fitful flare of the hallway lamp, and, lying half senseless in his clasp, John Liel saw the figure of Philip Brashear.

He led the fellow a few paces, then set him on his feet, and watched him with a keen sense of satisfaction stagger against the door of a room farther on and sink into a heavy sleep across the threshold.

John felt more interested in his mysterious visitor next morning than he did in either Brashear or his breakfast. He watched for her until his eyes tired of their vain expectancy; and, despairing at last of seeing her, he questioned mine host about her, and had his trouble for his pains. Mine host knew absolutely nothing beyond the meager fact that her name was Spear; that she came from New Haven; that she paid her bills with uncommon regularity, and kept exclusively to herself.

So John had to content himself that day with watching the movements of Philip Brashear, and congratulating his vanity upon the conquest he had won over his old enemy—Fate.

Towards evening he saw the door of Miss Spear's room slightly ajar, and ventured in with a neatly-worded pretense of having mistaken the apartment for his own. Miss Spear was manifestly surprised, and unquestionably displeased. However, she went through the formula of a half-hour's chat with a becoming show of good nature. When he went away, she told herself that she must submit to his well-meant overture; for suspicion was a precedent she did not care to establish just then.

So time ran blithely away, and spring merged itself into summer, and John stood in hourly expectancy of orders from his chief. He had been at Beamis Point a month now idly watching the movements of Brashear, and playing the agreeable to Miss Spear.

Even to himself it seemed strange that he had never told her of the mission that brought him to Beamis Point; fear of the shock upon her nerves that would most probably attend the revelation had alone kept him from making it. No woman had the strength of character to maintain a strict composure knowing herself to be beneath the same roof with a criminal, he urged.

And so things coursed along very pleasantly, until over the wires sped the following words:

"*John Liel:* Will be with you tomorrow. UNCLE AMERICUS."

The missive set John to thinking, then to planning. First of all he decided that Miss Spear must not be compromised by so much as a sight of the affair. He would tell her everything and have her leave the house until all was over. He slipped out of his room and along the hall until he faced the door of the culprit's room. Peering in, he saw the fellow lying prone upon his bed sleeping off the effects of his spiritual potations. Quick as thought he snatched up the key lying at his feet, and quicker still locked his prey securely within. That done, he went to Miss Spear.

A stiff wind had crept up over the sea, over which a storm was brewing. Miss Spear was leaning before the window, resting her head upon the jam. He found her so as he entered the room in answer to her bidding. There was no time to lose, and he told her everything of Brashear's crime, of his flight to Beamis Point, and, lastly, of his being even now an inmate of the house. He meant to tell her, too, just which inmate he was, but she did not ask, and he thought it needless.

A transient cloud flitted over Miss Spear's face; then she paled to the roots of her dark hair.

"And you—you have been watching his movements all along?"

"All along."

She put her lips together rigidly, as if to stifle an utterance that had risen to them.

"And they are coming to arrest him?"

"Precisely."

The wind crept still higher, though the storm had abated somewhat in its fury. Miss Spear, reaching forward, pushed down the window, then crossed the room in a blind manner, and paused before a table under whose cover an oblong parcel lay hidden. A second later she turned about, retracing her footsteps, her hands pinioned at her back.

"You shall never live to see Philip Brashear taken!"

She sprang suddenly forward, a world of hatred glowing in her steely eyes. With one hand she tore the dark strands of hair from her head; with the other she levelled a weapon at his heart.

"You shall never live to arrest me, I swear!" There was a long moment of silence—then a sharp, muffled report, and a pool of vaporous smoke eddied upward toward the ceiling. Another space of silence; meanwhile the smoke of the shot was clearing, and, looking forward, John Leil saw the form of Miss Spear, otherwise Philip Brashear, at his feet, and that of Uncle Americus at his side.

"Was it you that fired?" John asked faintly.

"Not at all; I merely turned Brashear's weapon upon himself; he is in an eminently agreeable condition now to be taken back to the city. As for you, John—well, I ain't much on talking, but you're a hero, and we'll settle the rest between ourselves."

Without an utterance John sped along the hall to where the supposed Brashear slept, unconscious of his incarceration. Afterward he learned that he was a confirmed drunkard, who had migrated to Beamis Point simply to finish his existence in a trance of ecstatic collapse. As for the resemblance between himself and Brashear, it was purely an accidental one.

Of course, John prevaricated outrageously in the matter of his encounter with Brashear. It is not on record what his version of the affair was. No doubt it was absurdly incongruous with the real facts; but it answered the purpose, and the defaulter was sent to Sing Sing, and the reward given to Uncle Americus, who shared it generously with his nephew, and died sounding that young man's praise.

"Nothing succeeds like success," says John Liel, who is chief of the United American Detective Service now, and wears gold-bowed glasses and glistening black broadcloth, in direct imitation of his distinguished predecessor.

A LONG-STANDING FEUD.—The mutual hatred of the Persian and the Afghan is of considerable antiquity, but its highest development was reached in the early part of the last century, under Nadir Shah. This extraordinary man, who may fairly be called the Napoleon of Central Asia, began his career, like most Asiatic conquerors, as a robber-chief, for which the disturbed condition of his native province of Khorassen offered ample facilities. After a time, however, Kull (slave), as he was then called, earned his pardon and promotion from the reigning Shah, Tamasp, by his vigorous and successful co-operation with the royal troops during an Afghan invasion. From that time his fortunes advanced rapidly. Entrusted by his master with the command of the army, he inflicted a series of crushing defeats upon the hitherto victorious Afghans, whom he finally expelled from the country in 1730, with such slaughter that his very name became a symbol of terror in the proverb, "Deadly as Kull's sword." In 1832 he deposed the incapable Shah in favor of his son Abbas, and himself succeeded to the throne upon the latter's death in 1736, under the title of Nadir Shah. Still insatiable of conquest, he swept the whole breadth of Afghanistan with a powerful army, and sweeping down upon India, through the passes of the Himalaya, defeated the Mogul Emperor of Delhi, captured the city itself and brought home a booty so enormous that, to quote popular saying, "the rupees of Hindustan were as common as pebbles." But his growing tyranny at length alienated the affections of his subjects, by whom he was murdered on June 20, 1747. With his death the power of Persia declined, and Afghanistan speedily regained all she had lost.

KEEPING THE HEAD CLEAN.—The following suggestion is worth heeding. A distinguished physician who had spent much time at quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day, rarely took contagious diseases; but where the hair was allowed to become matted, it was hardly impossible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the hair in weak soda water. I have known severe cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it the greatest relief in cases of "rare cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes and nose after some thorough washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterwards and avoid draughts of air for little while.

The Parson—"I'm very sorry to hear, Mrs. Brown, that you were present last night at a 'Plymouth Brethrens" tea meeting. I have often told you that these doctrines are highly erroneous!" Mrs. Brown—"Erron'ous, sir, their doctrines may be; but their cake, with Sultany raisins, is excellent."—[Punch.

AGRICULTURAL.

Farming That Don't Pay.

It don't pay to be caught in the spring without a wood pile large enough to last twelve months; or to open the gates and let your stock into the fields as soon as a few bare spots appear, or to keep it on short rations, so that when it does go to grass it will take half the summer to get thrifty and strong.

It don't pay to leave the work of mending your tools and selecting and securing your seed until the day you want to use them, thereby causing costly delay.

It don't pay to sow or plant poor seed because you happen to have it on hand.

It don't pay to plant more ground than you can manure and take good care of.

It don't pay to leave weak places in the fences in the hope that the cattle won't find them; and, if you keep sheep it don't pay to let them run at large in the spring until they become tramps and cannot be kept at home by any ordinary fence.

It don't pay to neglect cows, ewes or sows when they are dropping their young.

It don't pay to let the spring rains wash the value out of the manure that has accumulated in the barn-yard in the winter.

It don't pay to let the hens lay under the barn, steal their nests and be eaten up by skunks.

It don't pay to put off any kind of spring work until the last moment, nor does it pay to work land when it is too wet.

It don't pay to leave turnips, cabbages, beets, or even apples in the cellar to rot and breed disease; for if you have more than you can eat or sell, the stock will be profited by them.

It don't pay to summer a poor cow simply because no one comes to buy her.

It don't pay to sell a heifer calf from your best cow to the butcher, simply because it will cost you a little more to raise it than you can buy a scrub for next fall.

It don't pay to leave the banking around the house until it rots the sills.

It don't pay to be stingy in sowing grass seed, or try to live without a garden.

Finally, it don't pay to provoke the women by leaving them to cut the stove wood or to carry it in from the dooryard, or to remind you every morning in haying and hoeing that you must saw enough before you go to work to last through the day.

The Lampas.

This is a very common trouble in the mouth of horses and colts. It is where the gums or bars rise to a level with, and sometimes beyond the level of the teeth. They are evidently painful, as the animal will frequently suffer for food before he will eat. The common term for it is lampers—spelled lampas. It is from various causes—inflamation of the gums, shedding of teeth, from a febril tending in the constitution, or from the change of green pasturage to dry food. Of it Youatt says: "A few slight incisions across the bars with a lance or penknife will remove the inflamation and cause the swelling to subside, indeed, this sacrification of the bars in lampas will seldom do harm, although it is far from being so necessary as supposed. The brutal custom of the farrier who sears and burns down the bars with a red-hot iron is most objectionable. It is torturing the horse to no purpose and rendering that part callous, on the delicate sensibility of which all the pleasure of riding and driving depend. It may be prudent, in case of lampas, to examine the grinders, and more particularly the tushes, in order to ascertain whether either of them is making its way through the gums. If it is so, two incisions across each other should be made on the tooth, and the horse will experience immediate relief."

More Eggs

The reason why we have no more eggs in the winter is that the hens have not comfortable quarters nor requisite food. The hen is a tender animal. She is an exotic in this cold climate, and wants a warm bed room and a comfortable nursery. If we compel her to sleep on a fence or on a tree, and to lay her eggs where the snow can sift upon them and the frost will crack them, she will lay very few. Under such circumstances she has little energy in this direction, and knows too much to waste what little she has. Comfort is the concomitant of egg production, and food the great forerunner. In summer, hens, if allowed the free run of the farm, can scratch for a living, and pick up seeds, grubs and perfect insects enough to support all demand for the raw material from which eggs are manufactured. In winter this supply fails and the eggs of course fail. An egg is essentially animal food; in fact, it contains the elements of a perfect animal, the chick. Hence it requires for its manufacture in winter some substitute for the insects which the hen eats in summer. Comfortable quarters and a mixed animal and vegetable diet are therefore the greatest secrets of egg production in winter. The animal food is best furnished in the form of animal meal. This is made at our large abattoirs in great quantities by steaming the bones and refuse parts of the animal, and then drying and grinding them. This meal costs but little more than corn meal, and a quart of it mixed with three or four quarts of corn meal and wheat bran, will furnish hens just raw material for making eggs. We have tried it, and know. Some recommend add to this mush a little red pepper. And this is good stimulant, but we have not found it necessary. —*Poultry World.*

WHAT CAME OF QUILTING.—Among the pretty romantic stories of these later days in an unromantic land, was the marriage of honest John Simon and pretty Mary Walker, at Camp Spring, a few days ago. Mary's mother gave a quilting, and there came to it among the guests, Mary's lover, John. For several years he had wooed—in summer among the fruit and flowers in the orchard, and in winter beside the hearth—but, like Miles Standish, was a bashful boy and never told his love. At the quilting, the guests, with the bluntness that is born of low degree and affectedness, twitted the blushing pair and said: "Why don't you marry?" John stuttered and stammered (so they say), and, with a face as red as the calico square Mary was stitching on the quilt, blurted out: "I will, if Mary will." It was sufficient. Mary said no, but looked yes, and young Squire Ready, of Boone county, who was present, prepared the papers, and then and there united them in the bonds that make one of two, and all sat down to the wedding supper that had been prepared for the quilting party.

Sabbath Singing at Seaside Hotels.

Tea over and the weak-day machinery cleared away from the parlors and piazzas in all the houses, the piano is opened, the "Carmina Sacra" got out, and for an hour or two the whole village is vocal with the sober strains of "Hamburg" and "Mear," or the lilting inspiration of "Hold the Fort" and "Pull for the Shore." As music, it doesn't touch the highest artistic mark, certainly, but it is soothing and sympathetic. Thoughtless misses and stalwart young swells, who for six days a week know little melody but "Conasci il suol" or "Madame Angot" feel the gentle infection, and those who came to sneer remain to sing. Quaint, isn't it, to see young Biceps, just arrived with all his blushing, Springfield honors thick upon him, roaring away like a sturdy, red-faced six-foot sucking dove, and rasping his manly larynx with an intractable chromatic, as he looks over the book with sweet Nelly S—, the daintiest little devotee who ever carried a poor fellow's thoughts skyward on the wings of earthly sentiment. But there is nothing like proximity. Biceps won't be the worse for a little vicarious devotion; and if Nelly can make him available in "convertible" (or other) bonds, why shouldn't she? So none of your scoffing, you œsthetic heathen! If you don't like the music or the spirit of it, light your cigarette and take a stroll down the promenade. By the time you get back the singing will be over, and the crowded piazzas in much the same tide of unsatisfied gossip and flirtation as on ordinary evenings.

THE MOST MARRIED OF WOMEN.—Benjamin Abbott, one of our old citizens, died in this town recently in the eighty-second year of his age. He was a nephew of the Rev. Benjamin Abbott, the great Methodist revivalist of the early part of this century, and came to this State from New Jersey when a young man, and settled in the "Neck," east of this town, where his active life was mostly spent. But the notable feature in Mr. Abbott's otherwise uneventful life is the remarkable fact of being the seventh husband of his widow, who survives him. This much-talked-of and much published event (for it went the rounds of the press of the nation), when he for the second and she for the seventh time bowed before the altar of Hymen on June 30th, 1875, he then being 78 and she 82 years old. Mrs. Abbott's history in the martial relations of life stands perhaps without a parallel in the records of the nation, and tradition has it there is to be yet another. It is currently stated without contradiction that some years ago she had a vision in which eight men stood before her in a peculiarly impressive manner, which she has ever regarded as prophetic of the number of conquests she was to make. The eighth is just as likely and as reasonable as the seventh, and already public gossip is beginning to mark this and that man as the victim of the next conquest. Her maiden name was Williams, and she has been succesively, Mrs. Traux, Mrs. Riggs, Mrs. Farrow, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Pratt and Mrs Abbott. In every instance, save the first, she has married widowers, some of them with a good number of children, and on one occasion in her early married life she went to the almshouse and took therefrom three children and raised them. She never had any children of her own. All her life has been spent in this vicinity, and all her husbands were buried by the same undertaker. —[Smyrna (Del.) Times.

AN OTTER IN A WELL.—A week ago a negro went to draw a bucket of water from a well on the premises of Mr. Liedensdorfer, at Carondelet. As he leaned forward to empty the bucket he naturally glanced downward into the well. No sooner had he done so than he sprang back in affright, and turning about incontinently fled. A boy whom he passed called out, "What's the matter?" "I seen de debble," was the gasping response as the affrighted fellow kept on his way. No explanation could be obtained from him except that he firmly believed he had seen the devil. People living on the place kept watch of the well after that and soon discovered the cause of his trepidation. It was nothing more nor less than an otter which had taken up his abode there. Every night and morning it can be seen. It will also frequently appear when the bucket is let down to the water. How the animal got there can only be conjectured. Many years ago they used to be quite common in the sink-holes near the city, but are very rarely seen anywhere near here now. It evidently did not get in from the top, as it seems to be in no danger of starving, though it could not find food in the well, certainly. Mr. Leidensdorfer tried to catch it with a hook and line baited with a piece of meat. The animal bit, but when he had hauled it out about ten feet the hook broke, so great was the weight. Since then it will not take the hook. Some think that the well connects with some of the numerous underground channels which are so plentiful in the limestone under the city, and the animal came in that way. The well is about fifty feet deep.—[St. Louis Republican, September 9th.

VIRTUE AND VICE IN CONTRAST.—Vice is most revolting when seen in contrast with virtue. A profane man, belching forth oaths before those who never swear; an atheist, pouring forth blasphemies in the presence of reverent and holy men; an inebriate, filthy and coarse, mingling with persons who never touch the debasing draught; the vulgar libertine, corrupting the air with unwholesome speech, to the disgust of those whose minds are pure; in every such instance vice is not alone as a sin, but as a horrid deformity. It not only brings death, but also shame. It is not only wicked, but vile; it is not only wrong, but unspeakably mean. How lovely, by the same contrast, does virtue appear. How sweet the lips of chastity; how pure the breath of reverent piety; how blessed the example that hides the erring, rebukes the unholy, impresses the young, guides the wanderer, and strengthens the weak by its silent power.

LIVING WITH A BROKEN NECK.—There is living in the Virginia town of Marion a twelve-year-old boy with a broken neck. According to the *Enterprise*, published in the neighboring town of Wytheville, the little fellow's neck was broken several years ago, at which time iron and steel bars were run along the spine and clasped on both sides of the face. The head is thus held in one position. Some days ago the framework broke and the head fell to one side, cutting off the power of speech. The mother put the head in a natural poise until the clasp had been mended, when all went well as before.—[Philadelphia Times.

If the fall of Adam was as cold as the one this year, we don't wonder Eve hunted up a drygoods store.

A FRENCH FATHER IN A QUANDARY.—A Paris newspaper prints the following: "Monsieur, the editor: You ask if it is just to re-establish divorce. Can the question be seriously put? I have three daughters, monsieur. It was my duty to without trouble. At last it is done. I marry off all three. This is not done thought I was about to lead a peaceful life. But it was otherwise. I am told that divorce will be voted by the Chamber of Deputies. If this is so my daughters, who are unhappy in their homes, will get divorces—that is certain; and when they are divorced they will wish to marry again Behold me compelled to furnish them with three new husbands. I trust that your journal will receive this protest of a father of a family."

Little Freddie was undergoing the disagreeable operation of having his hair combed by his mother and grumbling at the maneuver. "Why, Freddie," said mamma, "you ought not to make such a fuss. I don't fuss and cry when my hair is combed." "Yes," said the youthful party, "but your hair a'int hitched to your head."

One man's power in journalism is being illustrated with pathetic emphasis in the office of the Memphis *Avalanche*.

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Yours truly. J. H. CAROTHERS, M. D.

Endorsed by a Prominent Medical Institute.

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Proprietor of the Hygienic Medical Institute, 635 California street, San Francisco.

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