WEEKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE

CORVALLIS, - - OCTOBER 31, 1879

BASHFUL ELIJAH.

There, Isabel—we Noah well—
Woo'd by a bashful feller,
For Theodora of his belle
Adored but dared not Ella.

At last one Eve upon the porch
In Earnest tones he pleaded
He'd give up Paul to win her heart—
Her love was Saul he needed.

"I wish that Ida heart to give,"
Unto herself she Seth—
"If Phebe Levi am a flirt,
His SI will close in death."

He'd Cæsar Randal little while,
As Titus he was Able—
From his big Guy a tender Luke
Beamed Dora tresses sable.

No sooner Adelaide his arm
About her waist so clever,
Than up she Rose Andrew away—
She wouldn't have it—never!

In vain did he for Mercy Sue—
This foolish swain Elijah.
"Oh, Hugo Tra hail," she jeered;
"I never could Abijah!"

He never came Mary time again,
Ann never after seen 'er—
And he's grown Grace since that sad day
While she's grown Evelina.

THE BROKEN PRIMROSES.

Among all the flowers that make the country beautiful, I think none have such a tender place in my memory as the primrose. Who ever passed the months of spring in the country, in childhood, that cannot recall how joyously the first appearance of the favorite primrose was hailed, and its opening watched as its delicate buds peeped from amongst the thick green leaves under the shade of a brier-bush, or around the roots of a wide-branching ash tree, or on the tiny shelves of the hoary rock?

To see even a bunch of artificial primroses on a pretty young lady's bonnet seems to me to give a touch of poetry to the wearer; whilst to see them worn by a matron about to enter into the sere and yellow leaf period, looks like the ripe months of September or October wearing the livery of spring. They seem more in keeping even on the silvery locks of old age; for an early primrose may blossom on the brow of winter. But to our story.

The laird of a certain Highland estate, which we will call Achaneilean, was early left fatherless, but was carefully trained by a very wise, although a doting mother. Sir Malcolm was a fine, high-spirited young man, who gave her the very highest satisfaction in all things, excepting in the wandering habits he had early formed. He would often dress himself in the strangest disguises and mingle with his tenants, taking a leading share in their games and pastimes.

His mother, knowing his high and honorable nature, was never afraid of his doing anything wrong, at such times, but she thought his conduct undignified; so, as she could not win him from this strange habit, she tried to influence him to get married. With this object in view she gathered around her, both in London and at home, all the young ladies she most admired; both her efforts seemed in vain. Sir Malcolm was courteous and attentive to all her guests, but he was still fancy free; and she loved him too tenderly to wish to see him married without a sincere attachment. She knew the requirements of his nature, and understood, therefore, that a loveless marriage would only drive his farther into the wandering habits from which she wished him to be weaned.

When Sir Malcolm was in his twenty fifth year, he went to a distant part of his estate, which he had never visited before; and, hearing there was to be a wedding, he went to it in disguise as a minstrel. He wore a tattered old tartan coat, and carried his fiddle over his shoulder in a green baize bag, whilst his fair skin was stained to appear like a gypsy's.

It was toward the latter end of spring—a clear, beautiful afternoon—and by the riverside the young people were gayly dancing, while an old, white-haired man, with palsied hand, was trying his best to give them music.

The young man drew near, and, bowing to the company, he drew his old bonnet over his brow, and began to play.

The dancers were delighted, for they had never listened to such strains before; and the old fiddler, trembling for fear of losing the reward he expected, went to he young minstrel in the first pause of music, and proposed that whatever was paid to either of them should be equally divided with the other. The young man laughingly assented, and when the best man came to offer him a glass of something to drink, he refused it; but said, as it was getting cold, if the old man would play a tune, he would be glad to be allowed to dance a reel.

Permission was at once given, and the minstrel asked for his partner a pretty, gray-eyed, modest-looking maiden, whose graceful movements he had watched in the dance. She readily gave him her hand, and such dancing was seldom seen by those present. When he led her back to her friends, he offered her a few primroses from a small bouquet he had gathered from the riverside, and turning to another fair girl, he offered her the remainder of the flowers, and begged her hand for the next dance. She tossed her head indignantly, and her looks said plainly—

"Do you think I would dance with a gypsy?" she broke them and cast them away, saying—

"I don't care for flowers, and I'm not going to dance with you, thank you."

The young man turned away, hastily, and the maiden who had danced with him said to her haughty companion—

"How could you wound the young man's feelings so? What harm could it do you to dance with him? And oh! the dear primroses; the first I have seen this year. See! you have broken them;" and Jessie bowed down and gathered the scattered flowers, and carefully placing them among those given herself, fixed them in her belt.

"How could you, rather, dance with a fellow like that—likely one of the gang of tinkers that passed yesterday? And will you really wear the flowers he gave?" continued the maiden, with an exceedingly scornful sneer.

"I wear the flowers for their own sakes. How could you break them—the beauties?" replied Jessie, caressing the bouquet with a tender touch. "As for dancing with the young man, I am sure I am quite ready to do it again, were it only for his delightful music."

Margaret drew herself away in dignified silence. She was quite horrified at the conduct of Jessie; and the young man, who was hovering near, and watching the maidens, again offered his hand to Jessie; and, anxious to heal the wound her companion had given, she danced with him gladly.

He saw she was enraptured with his music, and he was delighted when, at the close of the festival, she asked him to proceed to her father's house, where she wished to hear again his sweet strains She had an old piano—not a very good one, but nevertheless one that gave her pleasure; and she wished to try some of the tunes he had played to the dancers. Jessie's sisters were very much afraid she had compromized the family dignity by dancing with this stroller, and they grumbled about her asking him to their home so late in the evening.

He went, however, and after Jessie and himself had discoursed music for a considerable length of time, to the delight of the old folks, who were rather proud of Jessie's musical taste, he rose to leave.

They offered him a bed in the barn, but he said he had to be miles away before daylight; so Jessie gave him a piece of money and stuffed his pockets with bread and beef and a large piece of cheese, at the same time begging of him, if he ever came that way again, to give them the pleasure of listening to his minstrelsy.

Sir Malcolm returned to his own castle, but he could not banish the image of the gentle Jessie from his heart. When he slept or woke he always saw her as she stood fixing the broken primroses in her belt—looking so sweet and pretty in her white dress and blue ribbons, and her rippling brown hair tossed by the evening breeze and by the dancing; and at length, when his mother renewed her attacks upon him about getting married, he told her of the maiden he had learned to love so well.

The lady was dumfounded. Was her darling son, the pride of her heart, to wed a nameless, humble bride. But as she pondered the matter over she became more reconciled to it. If he loved this maiden his happiness was concerned; and what was his true happiness was hers. So, after a short silence, that almost seemed years, she raised her head and asked Sir Malcolm if he had cause to think the maiden returned his love.

"I dare not think she does, mother," he replied, "yet I think she thought tenderly of the strolling musician. I think there was a sigh of regret for his not being the son of a neighbor farmer. I could read that in her dark gray eyes, even when she was not the least conscious of it herself."

"God bless you, my dear son," replied the good lady, with a tremor in her voice. "God bless you, indeed; so amiable a maiden must prove a sweet companion, and she must be in a measure accomplished, according to your statement; and if it is for your happiness, I am reconciled."

The young man kissed his mother's hand with tenderness and gratitude; and he went at once to order out his carriage for the interesting journey. He attired himself with great care, and a finer looking man could seldom be seen.

His well knit limbs were lithe and hardy-looking, and showed the nimble huntsman or the brave soldier, as occasion might demand. His dark hazel eye was beautiful, and his curling hair of the very sunniest shade of brown. His bushy whiskers were auburn, and the habit of command gave a dignity to his presence that heightened the charm of the whole.

Jessie's father saw the carriage approach the house in great surprise, for he knew the yellow carriage, though he had not seen it for years. He went, bonnet in hand, to meet the laird, while his good wife hastily got on her best cap, and looked to her whisky bottle and her bread and cheese, in case he might alight to rest his horses and get some refreshments, as she had seen his excellent father do.

Sir Malcolm leaped from the carriage and gaily entered the old house, as if he had been acquainted for years, to the great delight of the good farmer and his wife. He partook of a glass of rich cream and a piece of delicious oat-cake, and then asked to see their family. They came one by one, tall, blushing girls, and stout, healthy-looking, awkward lads—all but Jessie; and Sir Malcom asked if these were all.

"We have one other daughter, one second eldest, but she is busy with some household duties and unfit to come into your presence; so we hope you will excuse her, Sir Malcolm," said the mother, in a decorous manner.

"Show me where to find her, then I will go to her," said Sir Malcolm, with a strange quiver of lip and voice.

The mother was about to call the daughter, when one of the boys, hastily opening the door, pointed to the room where Jessie was busily taking off the butter from the churn. She was arrayed in a plain gray linen dress, neat and clean, and the curls that had hung so prettily about her face and neck at the wedding, were fastened back with a piece of bright blue ribbon; but the drooping, tall, lily-like figure, and the modest gray eyes were the same, and the expression that he thought so angelic when she gathered the broken primroses was still the same, also; indeed, as he gazed upon her, he thought her more beautiful than ever. She looked bewildered at the fair face of the young man, and he took her hand, saying:

"I have accepted your invitation, Jessie. You see I have returned, though in good sooth your eyes would speak a warmer welcome if I had come with my tattered coat and my fiddle."

Jessie stood speechless in astonishment, for she saw, indeed, he was no other than the strolling musician, for that hazel eye had left a tender regret in Jessie's heart, for which she had often chid herself; and as it flashed across her mind who he was, and how she had stuffed his pockets with bread and beef, she fell on her knees, crying:

"Forgive me, sir; oh, forgive me! I knew not, indeed, you were any other than you represented yourself to be."

"Forgive you, Jessie! Yes, my fair girl, you have more need of forgiveness than you think, for you have stolen my peace of mind away. Will you be my partner now again—for all my life long?"

He raised her from the floor as he spoke, and drew her tenderly toward him, and she laid her face upon his bosom and wept tears of the purest joy and gladness, as, amid his caresses, she promised to be his through life. Ere he led her back to get a blessing from her parents, he took from his bosom a bouquet of the latest primroses of the year, and fixed them on her breast, whispering:

"These flowers must always be sacred to us, for it was when you were gathering those of mine, so rudely broken and scattered by an ungentle hand, that my soul went out to you in the fullness of its first affection."

So Jesse became the wife of Sir Malcolm; and all through life proved herself a true wife, a loving mother, and a benefactress to the poor and lowly. Sir Malcom's mother never had cause to regret having given her sanction to the marriage, for she became very proud of her lovely daughter-in-law, whose charming character was daily astonishing her more and more.

They are old now, and the elder lady has passed away; and the young generation are grown up to manly sons and beautiful daughters, being loved and wooed and won in their turn, but none of them are happier with their lovers than Jessie is with Sir Malcolm; and in the Spring he never appears before her without a primrose, which the places in her belt as she had done long ago to those he had first given her.

The family all knew the story; and they have heard how chagrined the haughty Margaret was when she learned who she had refused to dance with at the wedding by the riverside, and whose flowers she had broken so rudely and cast to the winds; and the most valued painting in the castle is the fair Jesse in her white dress and blue ribbons, and sunny, rippling, golden brown hair, with a tender look, half-sad half-regretted, gathering into her bouquet the broken primroses, and a hazel-eyed, handsome gypsy gazing at her with passionate admiration.

HOW TO WORK MEADOW LAKE ORE.—A score of people have gone daft, and hundreds have "gone broke" trying to discover some process for working Meadow Lake ore. With hand-mortars for crushing purposes, and a frying pan for a furnace, any man could get fine prospects. Assayers could always get returns from the ore ranging way up in the hundreds of dollars per ton. In many places free gold could be seen cropping out of the rock as thick as mussels on a rocky beach. Yet in spite of all this, every man that took a fortune to Meadow Lake, left it there, sunk in some intricate process. When simple amalgamation failed, everybody was panic-stricken. It was at once concluded that the ore was rebellious that only the costliest chemical process could extract it. The theory was strengthened when chlorination failed, and was everlastingly established when the Schievely process, the Fryer process, the Robertson process, and forty other processes failed. And now comes James Gould, a well known amalgamator, who worked last in the famous Black Bear mine of Siskyou county, and solves the problem. Assisted by Lee Butts, a well known machinist and mining expert, and C. A. Griffen, and backed up by S. Harris and James Griffen, all heavily interested in these mines, Mr. Gould worked the ore successfully. And what did he do? Why, nothing, except to handle the ore as if it was descent, ordinary rock, in which sulphurets strongly predominate. With a fire in which layers of wood and layers of ore alternated, he heated the ore, and thus dried and partially oxidized it. Then dry crushing it in an ordinary stamp mill, he roasted the ore in a reverbatory furnace until it attained a cherry redness. This roasting completed the oxidation. This done he subjected it to ordinary wet amalgamation, with pan and settler. The result, from six tons of ore, was a beautiful bar of bullion worth six hundred dollars. The method of working ore is the simplest known, and yet the results are pefectly satisfactory. Great interest is manifested by mining men in this part of the country, and the result seems likely to revolutionize the commonly accepted views of the Meadow Lake rock.—*Truckee Republican.*

THE WARLIKE EDITORS OF PARIS.—An editor of the Republican *Dix-neuvieme Siecle*, M. Eugene Liebert, and an editor of the Radical *Marseillaise*, M. Edmond Lepelletier, proceeded to bare their arms and satisfy their honor by spilling a little blood on the Belgian soil at Dinghem, recently. An armistice had been proclaimed, and nine times did the battle begin afresh. The combatants were equally matched, and both seemed powerful in defense, for it was not until the seventh encounter that blood was drawn. The editor of the *Dix-neuvieme Siecle* was wounded in the hand. The eighth round was not marked by any particular incident, but in the ninth, the editor of the *Marseillaise* was hit in the forearm. Hereupon the medical men in attendance held a consultation, which ended in a request that the seconds should interfere and declare that honor had been satisfied. A paragraph in the *proces verbal* adds that the seconds consider it their duty to render homage to the intrepidity and courage shown in this encounter by the adversaries. The interview of M. Oliver Pain's seconds with M. Magnard, of the *Figaro*, resulted, it seems, in the determination of M. Pain, of the *Marseillaise*, to have recourse to measures of violence, M. Magnard having declined to give him satisfaction by arms. The *Gaulois* expresses a hope that this report will be contradicted.—[Paris Correspondence, London Times.

A GOLDEN THRONE.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, writing from Santo Christo, says: As I said before, the throne is of solid beaten gold; the shape is antique and clumsy, but gives opportunity to dispose of more material than otherwise could have been done if the work had been more classic and less thoroughly Jewish. The mercantile value of Santo Christo is somewhere in the neighborhood of $500,000, though a great many put it at a higher figure. It is, course, a sacrilegious thing to do to give an estimate of dollars and cents on Heaven's belongings, but to one who has been brought up where filthy lucre is considered of some account, it becomes second nature to come down to real hard-pan, especially where the subject is lucre itself. Beneath the image walked some half doxen ladies of high degree, dressed in black, and closely veiled, who at every rest fell upon their knees and told their beads. The ladies were fulfilling vows given at times of trouble, and are very much respected and looked up to by every one as persons who have felt the power of Santo Christo, and in consequence must be of more saintly life—though that always does not hold good—or specially beloved by our Lord. The tales told of the wonderful efficacy of an appeal to this saint are almost strong enough to tempt one to put him to proof in his own behalf, but as it requires a sincere vow, faith, and some stamps, I'm afraid that I for one shall never be benefited by any miracles from the hand of Azores, Santo Christo.

The pension bureau has more than 180,000 unsettled claims on hand. They have been coming in at the rate of 2500 and more a week, since the passage of the arrears of pensions act, and the provision for the veterans of 1812 has added 10,000 to the roll.

When gifts and tokens of remembrance, chosen with appropriateness and and tendered in a kindly spirit, are received with true appreciation and regard, there are two hearts made happy. So let us in all our actions endeavor to please others while please ourselves.

AN OLD VETERAN.

A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH OF GENERAL JOSEPH LANE, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

ROSEBURG, Oregon, July 17, 1879.

DEAR MADAM:—Your letter of the 21st ult. has been received. I thank you for it, and would have answered ere this but for a press of business that could not be delayed.

I am the grandson of Jesse Lane, one of the three brothers mentioned in your letter, who lived near where Raleigh own stands. The three brothers were born near where they lived, away back in colonial times; were clever, intelligent, old style gentlemen and did good service in the war of the Revolution. My father, John Lane, entered the army when quite young, just in time to be in the battle of King's Mountain, and remained in the army until the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. He voted for George Washington on the second term, North Carolina having adopted the Constitution after his first election; he then voted for John Adam's first and only term, then for Jefferson two terms, then for Madison, for Monroe, Jackson, etc.

My father and uncle, Charles Lane, settled in Buncombe in 1795, where they spent money, time and much labor in an effort to establish iron works near where Ashville now stands, but failed to accomplish their object.

In 1798 my father, then about forty years old, married my mother, Elizabeth Street. I am the second son, and was born in Buncombe, within four miles of Ashville, on the 14th of December, 1801. In 1804 my father left Buncombe for Henderson county, Kentucky, where I was raised. I married young, raised ten children—six sons and four daughters—all of whom are living except one son, who died of cholera in New Orleans, in December, 1848. The rest are living in this State, all married but one, to-wit: Col. John Lane, a graduate of West Point, who resigned at the commencement of the late civil war, joined the Southern army, came out at the end of the war badly whipped and returned to Oregon.

My life has been an eventful one. I was elected to the Legislature of Indiana in 1823, from the counties of Vanderberg and Warwick, where I had settled some years before, and continued in the State Legislature off and on till '46, when I resigned a seat in the Senate and entered the army, then being organized for the war with Mexico; soon raised from the position of private to that of brigadier, and came out of the war at the close of the service a major general. My first battle, Buena Vista, was under Taylor, then transferred to Scott's line, and saw and helped to fight as many, if not more, battles than any officer of that war. Very soon after the close of the war with Mexico I was, by Mr. Polk, the President, appointed Governor of Oregon Territory and ex-officio of Indian Affairs. The trip to reach my post of duty had to be made across the plains in the winter, the feat that had not before been accomplished. But I had, at the request of Mr. Polk, undertaken the journey, and with hurried preparations and an escort of twenty men, under Lieutenant Hawkins, left Fort Leavenworth on the 10th day of September '48, and after a hard struggle arrived in Oregon City on the 2d day of March, 1849, and on that day issued a proclamation making known that laws of the United States by act of Congress had extended over the Territory of Oregon; and that I had been duly elected Governor, had taken the oath of office, and had entered upon the duties thereof. Well, I continued in office, attended to the interests of the good people, and also to Indian affairs; brought the murderers of our people—Chief Tilokite and four of his braves—to trial and the gallows, and several fights with different tribes, came near being killed, was very badly wounded, placed relations on a good footing with all the tribes, and in 1851 was elected delegate to Congress; was four times elected delegate, and then elected one of Oregon's first United States Senators; retiring from the Senate in 1861. In 1870, on the 10th day of August, my good and beloved wife died. Since then I have lived alone on my ranch in the mountains, about 12 miles from this place, until now have just finished a neat little house, where I think I shall spend my days unto the end. I am in a quiet part of our town, near some of my children, with whom I shall take my meals and still live alone in my pleasant little home. My son, Lafayette, who represented this State in the Forty-Fourth Congress, lives near my house; he is the youngest of my children, a good lawyer and a kind son.

And now returning to the old family: I visited in 1860 North Carolina and my father's birthplace, the old home of my grandfather, four miles from Raleigh. In Raleigh I visited the house in which Joel Lane lived at the time he deeded to the State 640 acres of land, on which the city now stands; called at the State House, where such records are kept to look at the deed of conveyance, saw many relatives, and spent several days with my cousin, David L. Swaine, at Chapel Hill, and learned more about our family, and intended to visit old Buncombe, but did not. Had I carried out my programme, I might have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing you.

Of my grandfather's family there were eight sons and eight daughters. My aunts married gentlemen named respectively as follows: Rhoda was married to Rakestraw, Patience to John Hart, Rebecca to Luckey, Sally and Polly to brothers named Kirkpatrik, Elizabeth to Parson Montgomery, and Carrie, your grandmother, married David Lowry. My father, Uncle John Hart, Matt. Baber, Uncle Lowry and one other gentleman, whose name I forget, were in pursuit of some Indians who had been stealing from and robbing some outside settlers—and all five of them were good Indian fighters—venturing too far were attacked by a large party of warriors. Barber, Lowry and the other, after hard fighting, were killed; my father and Hart made good their escape. Some time after Carrie married Swaine, whose son, David L. Swaine, I had corresponded with many years before I made his acquaintance at Chapel Hill, as above mentioned. All the eight sisters were noble, good and true women. I often saw your grandmother, but was too young to remember her. Governor Swaine often spoke of her with much love and respect, and esteemed her one of the best mothers and most lovable of women.

The eight sons of my grandfather were named as follows: Charles, Joel, Jonathan, Simon, John, Richard, Joseph and Jesse. Gov. Colquin, of Georgia, is the son of the daughter of my uncle, Joseph Lane. I met him in Congress. My grandfather moved from Georgia to Illinois when she was eighty-four years of age, and killed many buffaloes in that, then, new and uninhabited country. She is eighty-eight.

I know but little of the whereabouts of many of my cousins. They are scattered over the Southern States. Very truly your friend and relative,

JOSEPH LANE,

Mrs. L. E. A. Strikeleather,
Onn, Iredell County, N. C.

EXPORT OF AMERICAN BACON.—A Boston firm of exporters of bacon and other produce some time ago complained to the State Department of certain alleged regulations of the German, Austrian, and Italian Governments prohibiting the importation of American bacon into the ports of those countries. The State Department instructed our Ministers to look into the matter. Lately Collector Merritt received a communication from the Treasury Department embodying the replies received from our Ministers in Rome and Vienna. The former replies that there is no general regulation prohibiting the import of American hams (which were specially referred to) into Italian ports. Mr. Kasson, from Vienna, says the same for the ports of the Austrian Empire; but he adds, for the information of American exporters of meats, a warning that, if they want fair treatment, they must be careful to select for their correspondents men who are shrewd enough to see that they get fair play. Ahe American export trade has become so aggressive that European producers are getting seriously alarmed. They are likely, says Mr. Kasson, to invoke official and other influence to lessen it by discouraging the use of American products. He mentions instances of the prominent publication in the Austrian press of large seizures of American hams at Trieste, which, it was stated, had on examination been found to contain trichnia. There was reason to suppose that these examinations were not conducted as impartially as they might have been. An offer was made to have them tested with an equal number of Austrian and American hams, but no Vienna paper would publish it. Mr. Kasson thinks whatever troubles have arisen at the ports about the introduction of Americar bacon have been mainly caused by the jealousy of the home producers.

THE WEBSTER-PINKNEY STORY.—The Albany *Law Journal* contains a letter from Bishop Pinkney, of Baltimore, protesting against the probability of the story in Harvey's "Reminiscences," that Webster extorted an apology from Pinkney for language used in the court-room. We agree with Bishop Pinckney that the anecdote, as told by Harvey, does not comport either with the character of Pinkney or with that of Webster. But it is easy to imagine how it could have assumed its present shape from a very different foundation of fact. The gossipy and often-told anecdotes of Webster, which Harvey bound up into so attractive a sheaf, do not pretend to, nor merit, a reputation for weighty historical accuracy. The facts probably were that Pinkney used language in court which wounded Webster; that the latter afterward went to Pinkney's room, and with impressive seriousness of manner stated his sense of injury, and that Pinkney, touched by the manliness of the appeal, met it with an equally manly and voluntary apology. This would be in accordance with the known character of the men, and is creditable to both of them. A gradual addition of such little touches of imagination as the *reconteur* uses to embellish and round out his stories may have brought the anecdote to the shape in which it has attracted Bishop Pinkney's criticism.—*Quillets of the Law.*

ENGLAND'S ANTHEM.—The national anthem of Great Britain, adopted also by Prussia and the German States, is apparently adopted, as respects the words, from the "Domine Salvum" of the Roman Church. The authorship has been erroneously credited to Dr. John Ruli, organist in Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, professor of music in Gresham College, and chamber musician of James I. About the time of the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot he composed and played before that monarch, on a small organ, an ode beginning "God save great James our king." It is not shown, however, that this or any other old composition of a similar title had any connection with the modern hymn. After much discussion it has been settled that Dr. Henry Carey wrote both the words and melody. He was a poet and musician, who composed the anthem in honor of a birthday of George II., and it was performed for the first time at a dinner given on that occasion (1740) by the Mercer's Company of London. It was first published in the *Harmonia Anglica* in 1742, and appeared three years later in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Dr. Arne says that the air has preserved its original form, but its harmonies have been modified again and again. The words were changed on the ascension of William IV., and also on that of Victoria.

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEND.—Do you really need the article? It is probably a pretty trifle in dress, in furniture; but what solid benefit will it be to you? Or is it some luxury for the table, that you can do as well without? Think, therefore, before you spend your money. Or you need a new carpet, new sofa, new chairs, new bedstead, or new dress; you are tempted to buy something a little handsomer than you had intended, and, while you hesitate, the dealer says to you, "It's only a trifle more, and see how far prettier it is." Will you be the better a year hence, much less in old age, for having squandered your money. Is it not wiser to "lay by something for a rainy day?" All these luxuries gratify you only for a moment; you soon tire of them, and their only permanent effect is to consume your means. It is by such little extravagances, not much separately, but ruinous in the aggregate, that the great majority of families are kept comparatively poor. The first lesson to learn is to deny yourself unless expenses; and the first step toward learning this lesson to think before you spend.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Fill a large boul one-third full of water, a little warmer than tepid; add half a teaspoonful of salt, and stir in shorts till a little stiffer than pancake batter; cover and set where it will keep warm without scalding till light; then turn into a large basin. Add a pint of lukewarm water, half a teaspoonful more salt, with two tablespoenfuls of good brown sugar, and stir in Graham floour till stiff, not as it can be made, but as it can be conveniently made with a spoon, (if made too stiff the bread will be dry.) Grease the tims; turn in the dough; smooth over the top with a knife or spoon; set again to rise, and when sufficiently light, bake in a tolerable hot oven an hour or more.

There are enough selfish men to accept all the sacrifices women can make.

Almost everything is comparative in this world. One is rich to those who are poorer than he is, and poor to those who are richer. The man of thirty-five is called "old" by the girl of seventeen, while the old lady of seventy-five calls him a "youth." There are so many people with so many different estimates of life, that what we think of ourselves is by no means what is thought of us by every one else. This is a thought to comfort the humble and to moderate the conceit of the self-complacent.

Julius Hanks firs made bells at Troy, N. Y., in 1808, having come from Litchfield, Ct., with his father, Colenel Benjamin Hanks, one of the first bell founders in the United States. Troy has since made 50,000 bells, which are scattered throughout the United States and in foreign countries.

Americans pay more for teeth than any other nation on the earth, and yet they do nine-tenths of their chewing with their stomachs.

We are not surprised to learn that the man who saw Grant's vessel first and was the first to propose three cheers has already filed his claim for a postoffice.

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D. D. BUNNELL.

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Endorsed by a Prominent Medical Institute.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6, 1879.

W. J. Horne, 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 highly mechanical and philosophical construction, together with easy adjustibility 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 aid in their cases of rupture, and whom I have advised to try yours, all acknowledge their entire satisfaction, and consider themselves highly favored by the possession of your improved Elastic Truss.

Yours truly, BARLOW J. SMITH, M. D.
Proprietor of the Hygienic Medical Institute, 635 California street, San Francisco.

A Remarkable Cure.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 26, 1879.

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Corvallis, April 7, 1879. 15tf