WEEKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE.

CORVALLIS, - - MARCH 19, 1880.

THE WHITE MARE.

In the valley, about six miles above the forks of the Teton river, in Northern Montana, is the Blackfoot Indian Agency. A high stockade of split logs standing on end, deeply sunk in the earth, encloses about two acres of ground. Heavy gates opening outward sway harshly on great hinges. They keep the Indians out o' nights. A well of water is in the center of the enclosure. Low log buildings, covered with earth, are scattered along the stockade. A couple of sand-hill cranes stood expectantly at the well, waiting patiently for a thirsty man to draw water. A white-tailed deer, with a broad, blue ribbon on her neck, walked daintily around. Her cool, black muzzle, studded with drops of dew, brilliant in the slanting rays of the morning sun, was slyly thrust into my hand, giving me a slight shock of surprise. By the stables was a cow moose, standing so awkwardly with crooked legs and humped back and the pendulous lip which Mark Twain calls "the Hapsburg," that her very ugliness excited my pity. A moose calf—her miniature in ugliness—stood stupidly at her side. Standing at the wall, facing the grand Rocky Mountain range, I drew a bucket of water. Drinking deeply, repulsing the while the advances of the female crane with my moccasined foot, I got the reward of all men who reject the advances of the tender sex, and was soon engaged in repelling a furious attack on me by the long-legged twain. The attack was fierce. Their long, hard bills clashed viciously as they scornfully scolded me, and I was on the point of beating a disgraceful retreat when I heard:

"Ho, Frank! come have a mouthfull of whisky!"

Recognizing the voice, I gladly left the cranes in undisputed possession of the water bucket, and walked across the parade to the store of the fur company.

Bidding Burr "Good morning," I declined the whisky on grounds unnecessary to state; yet the barrel had a yellow head, and—and—well, I knew the tap. I sat and talked to Burr, who was in charge of this extensive store, and before breakfast he went over it with me. A curious stock. Everything you could not find in an Eastern country store was here. As we walked he explained the business to me. Alluring? Not at all. He, looking at his watch, said:

"We have yet time before breakfast to look at my mare."

The sudden change in the expression of the voice, the softening of the eyes, as this hard Indian trader spoke of his horse, excited my curiosity, and I went with him. He took me to a low log stable, the chinks carefully mudded, the open shutter and door well made and carefully fitted, so as to exclude the buffalo gnats in season. A few short, heavy chains extending from post to post, kept the horse in and the other animals out.

With breast pushing against the topmost chain, with her handsome broad head thrust out and her alert ears cocked forward, stood a snow-white mare. She was looking at the moose with a surprised expression on her face, as much as to say: "Well, you have not grown handsomer during the night." Burr whistled, and with a joyful neigh the mare turned her head toward him and bade him welcome. The greeting between animal and man was almost tender. The mare rubbed her nose gently against his breast, and the man stood softly stroking her delicate neck. Unlocking the chains, they dropped. Burr walked toward the well. The mare, with dainty steps, arched neck and flecking tail, followed behind him, or caressingly advanced to his side, rubbed her body against his, as though the mere contact with the man were grateful to her. His arm, it seemed to me, instinctively raised and dropped across her neck.

The two walked on together, unconscious of any incongruity. A bucket of water stood at the well. The high-bred creature smelt of it, and, detecting my previous presence, disdainfully refused to drink after me. Emptying the bucket, Burr drew another, and of this the mare drank slowly, her white face gradually sinking into the shallow vessel. All across the parade on the return to the stable the love scene was re-enacted. As they passed me, the mare showed her aversion to a stranger by laying back her ears and thrusting out her white-toothed muzzle toward me in a vicious manner, causing me to step hastily back. They pass into the darkness of the stable. Burr comes out with a bucket, puts up the topmost chain, and goes after barley. The mare, with outstretched head, looks after him with kind eyes. Again she saw me, and with wide-opened mouth reached around the post to pay me the attention of her dislike. Returning to the stable with a full bucket of barley, Burr passed in. I heard him pour the grain into the feed-box; I heard him speak to the mare as his "dear girl," and I heard him—kiss her!

A singular gentleness had come over this hard man, steeled to human suffering and woe. He sat at the breakfast table, silently thinking, with his antelope steaks and trout untasted before him. Watching the softened face, I wondered what was the story. So I asked:

"Burr, why do you love that white mare?"

He looked kindly at me, and, with a sad smile, replied:

"To-night, after the men are in bed, I will tell you the story. Eat, my boy, then clear out and fish or hunt. You will find some fool hens in the big willow thicket about five miles below here. I saw some the other day. Shoot some. To-night we will have a feast, and I will open my two last bottles of sherry, and we will talk."

His face hardened. The cold, deadly look returned to the gray eye, and our breakfast was soon finished.

Shouldering my rifle, I stepped out of the stockade, and slowly walked down the valley. On the distant hillsides antelopes grazed; down the valley before me I could see a few deer running for cover to the willows by the stream. Now and then a grouse rose before me and flew rapidly away. Resisting all temptation to shoot at anything, I walked steadily on. Climbing a hill, I sat on a red rock and musingly gazed at the vast plains to the northeast, at the foothills of the range and at the rugged rocky range beyond. I love the Rocky Mountains, and never tire of their face. I wasted hours in looking and in thinking of the many tales I had heard of the range. When the sun was high above me I started for the willows. There I nearly shot the heads off of six grouse. Then, jointing a light trout pole, I whipped the clear pools of the South Fork of the Teton, and was soon rewarded by a string of fine half-pound trout.

Then came the pleasant walk back through the cool, dry air and over the crispy grass of the north. What a luxury life was in the valley of the Teton! I turned my spoils over to the smiling Indian woman who acted as cook for Burr. The rest of the day I spent on horseback, running antelope with a lot of half-blood Indians At 8 o'clock supper was served and eaten, the sherry was brought out, and I scattered on the table a handful—my last—of Rosa Conchas that had never paid duty, and as we sat smoking Burr told me this story:

In the fall of 1868 I thought it might be profitable to start a trading post in the Yellowstone Valley. Learning from the Blackfeet that the Sioux were camped on the south side of the river, I determined to ride over and see what arrangements I could make with them. I crossed the Belt Mountains, and, riding down the valley, was soon at their camp, I on the north side of the river, they on the south. I sat on my horse and hailed the camp.

"No answer.

"I could see plenty of Indians walking about, and again I hailed.

"No answer.

"I shouted myself hoarse, and the only notice taken of me was by an old buck, who walked to the river bank, looked at me, made an insulting gesture and slowly walked off. I went there to trade, and having got angry at the treatment, though I well knew that I ought to leave the valley at once, I, like a fool, resolved to cross the stream and brave the danger, so I forded it and rode into the camp. I spoke to no one; no one spoke to me. The sullen braves turned their backs on me as I rode up the street. The young girls looked curiously at me. Riding slowly along, I cooled rapidly. I saw that I was not wanted, and I fully realized that I was in danger. I did not dare to ride to the south, out of the camp, nor did I have courage enough to attempt to recross the river.

"Before me stood a great tent made of buffalo skins. It was the largest I had seen. I halted, dismounted and stood silently at my horse's head. No one noticed me. Indians went past me, apparently not seeing me. At last a young woman came and stood before me. Looking right into my eyes, she said:

" 'What do you want?'

"I looked her coldly in the face and made no reply. Smiling, she asked:

" 'What brings you here?'

"Steadily I gazed into her eyes, and was voiceless.

"She left me and disappeared into the great lodge.

"Soon an Indian warrior, in full paint, came to me. Speaking Blackfoot, he said:

" 'Why are you in this camp?'

"To him I replied:

" 'I wish to trade with you.'

"More men came. They took my horse, and, seizing hold of my arms, they led me into the lodge. Here I was seated, and a council was held. I sat and listened to them talk of what was best to do with so presumptious a white man. Some were in favor of trading. The large majority of the Indians were in favor of killing me. It was soon decided that I should be tortured, and they sat and discussed the various methods.

"After a two days' talk they decided to burn me. I was in a strange condition mentally. I would listen to a plan of torture as though it were some other man they were talking about, and I would comment to myself on that plan as giving the chap but little chance for his life; but when the dusky brave who talked Blackfoot told me that I was to die by fire the next day, I understood perfectly that I was the man they had been talking about, and I replied:

" 'I know it.'

"Clustering around me, they asked if I had understood all the talk.

" 'Yes; I had.'

" 'Then why not answer the maiden when she spoke to you?'

" 'I came not to talk with squaws, but to trade with men.'

"No use; I could gain nothing by soft talk, and, having played my hand, finally resigned myself to my fate.

"I noticed that the girl who had first spoken to me in front of the lodge, was watching me. She would quickly glance at me, and then drop her eyes on the buckskin shirt she was embroidering with Crow hair. Several times I noticed this, and once I replied with a smile. The lodge emptied. All were gone except the girl, who came quickly to my side apparently to refold some buffalo robes, and in a whisper said:

" 'You are to die to-morrow. To-night I will have the best horse in the camp saddled and standing on the outside of the lodge. You jump through, mount, and ride for your life. You may escape. You will burn if you stay.

"Then with a smile:

" 'The mare is mine. She is the fastest animal in the valley of the Yellowstone. I give her to you.'

"She left me and quickly resumed her work. As she wove the hair of the many Crow scalp-locks into the shirt, I sat looking thankfully at her. She never looked at me again. I saw a chance for my life; my heart beat so loudly that I thought it would be heard; I calmed my face and waited; I ate fairly of supper; I smoked a pipe; all were very kind and attentive to me.

"Night was passing away, and still the Indians lingered, looking at the man they were to burn on the morrow. I leaned back against the tent to rest myself, when I felt a hand gently pushing me forward. Sitting whistling, I felt the point of a knife come through and strike my neck. I did not flinch; I could feel the blood trickle down my back; I could feel the knife carefully drawn until it hit the ground. Still whistling, I waited, my heart thumping, my blood on fire—waited a minute to give whoever cut the tent time to escape. Then, grasping my heart and nerves for an instant, I gathered myself and turned backward through the opening.

"Instantly jumping to my feet, I vaulted into the saddle that was on the white horse that stood there, and, in the midst of yells, rifle shots, a pack of howling dogs, we rushed out of the camp. It seemed to me as though a hundred horsemen were in pursuit of me instantly. We galloped up the river to a bend I had seen. Dashing in, we forded it under a fire that made the water boil around us, and were out of the water and on the level land to the north of the river before any of the Sioux were half way across. Striking the trail to the Bozeman Pass, I took it, and knowing it, pushed boldly on, and, though hotly pursued, my horse outlasted theirs, and I escaped. I never drew rein until I dismounted to the west of the pass.

"The girl saved me. With any other horse I should have been recaptured and burned. I have not got the girl. The love I have for her the mare has instead. I returned to my post, and made no trade in the Yellowstone that year.

"Again. Last winter the snow was on the ground in January, and for three days I had been hunting or running antelope. The sun was very bright, and my eyes hurt me. I saw specks floating about. Little chains with small links were constantly before me. My eyes were burning smartly when I returned to the Agency. Daily, while hunting, I had seen the low black clouds in the north that indicate the formation or marshaling of the winds of the frozen north. Daily the south wind swept them beyond the northern horizon; but the next morning found them looming portentously in the northern sky.

"On my return to the Agency I found a runner had just got in from the Belly river, in British America, with important news for me. It was necessary that I should go at once. I started the next morning, my eyes hurting dreadfully.

"I always go to the Belly river, when the snow is on the ground, by way of the Sweet Grass Hills, and there I camp one night. One side of the hills is always bare of snow, and there is a spring of water on the northern side of the center hill.

"A strong south wind was blowing when I started, but by noon I saw the clouds of the north suddenly rise up. I knew that the marshaling of the north winds was completed, and they were eager for the assault on the soft south wind. On came the black cloud. The south wind still blew fiercely, but it could not stem the assault from the Arctic region. Birds flew south before the storm, antelope and deer were running for shelter.

"I had reached my camping-ground and stood looking far off to the north, seeing the landmarks disappear one by one as the head of the blizzard reached them in its icy breath. A calm; then, with a mighty rush and a loud noise the head of the blizzard swept past me. The air was filled with particles of ice that cut through almost horizontally, and seemed as though they would never fall.

"Colder, ever colder, grew the wind, and denser the air as the icy particles thickened. I sought shelter in the rocks. Buckling the clothing to the mare, I turned her loose, knowing that she would not leave me. Then I lay down on my blanket, and, wrapping my blankets around me, I tried to sleep.

"I began thinking, and could not sleep. The buffalo had not come south this winter, and the wolves were gaunt and hungry. As they follow a horseman over the plains in summer, so they do in winter, only more of them, and those great, gaunt famine breeders, the gray and black ones, go in largely increased numbers. I had a pack of them at my heels all day, and now they cropped up in my thoughts.

"Finally I slept. When I awoke it was dark. Holding up my hand, I felt the icy sweat of the blizzard strike smarply against it. The roar of the wind still continued. I could not go to sleep again, and lay waiting for dawn. I waited, it seemed to me, for houts, when I suddenly felt my mare paw my breast. I spoke kindly to her, saying she had made a mistake. Soon she pawed me again, and I arose to find that all was dark—that I could not see the white mare.

"Alarmed, I struck a match under my cloak and looked down to see the blaze. I saw nothing, but the match burned my fingers. With a desolating despondency I realized the fact that the glare of the snow encountered for the past few days had made me snow-blind; that I was fifty miles from the nearest house, and unable to see; that a furious storm was raging.

"Stupid, almost wild with horror, I thought I could hear the snuffing of the wolves, and the soft patter of their feet below the wild shriek of the Arctic winds. I was simply benumbed with terror. With my eyesight in full power I should have thought the situation dangerous. As it was, I considered it hopeless.

"The mare recalled me to myself by rubbing her cold muzzle against my face. She saw that something was wrong with me, but what, she could not comprehend. I resolved to saddle her, to feed her, and, after she ate, to mount and let her take her own course. So I fed her the remaining measure of barley and waited for her to eat. Then I saddled up, and, without bridling, mounted, and, wrapping my cloak around me, sat steadily in the saddle, awaiting the frisky action of the high-strung horse. She stood trembling until I told her to go. Then I felt her turn until the ice-drops fell obliquely on my right side and back, and she rapidly walked off.

"Wrapped in my cloak, with hood drawn over my face, warm and encouraged with hope, I patiently sat on the horse. I could now hear the snarling of the wolves, and my only fear was that they, rendered desperate by hunger, might attack the mare. I dismissed the thought—would not think of it. If they did attack us, we were lost; if they did not, I thought we were safe.

"All day the blizzard raged and tore icily around and on us. The mare walked rapidly or cantered slowly on. It seemed to me that we had been traveling on for days—for weeks, even—when the mare stopped and neighed loudly. Reaching forward, I felt the rough stockade. Dismounting, I felt the hinges of the gate. Loudly I called; then I took my rifle from the saddle and rapidly handled cartridges into it. At last a sleepy voice from the inside called:

" 'Who is there?'

"I answered: 'Burr—and I am snow-blind. Come to me.' They came, and I was saved—saved for the second time by the white mare.

"Do you wonder that I, not having the Sioux maiden, love her mare?"

I sat by the bright fire with my feet high on a stool and did not answer—simply sat and smoked, and thought of the girl, of the man, of the mare. Leaving me thinking, Burr went to sleep in his chair with a softened face.

Execution of Domestic Animals.

According to the Roman law, if a man was hurt by a tame animal, as by a vicious horse or a dangerous bull, the owner afforded satisfaction by the surrender of the animal. The same rule extended to a man's slave, and also to his son, both of whom were regarded by the Roman law as his chattels. The Burgundian medieval law enacted that, where one tame animal was hurt by another, the offending animal was to be surrendered. It was a medieval practice in Germany and Scandinavia to hang wolves and dogs with a criminal, as a symbollic mark of disgrace, and as an aggravation of his punishment. Saxo Grammaticus states that the association of wolves at the hanging of the criminal was an ancient punishment for parricide; and in Germany the custom of hanging dogs with the sufferer was particularly applied to the Jews. Rororius, a Papal Nunico at at the Court of Hungary, in the sixteenth century, wrote and published a treatise to prove that animals are rational, and that they can make a better use of their reason than man. It this work he stated that it was customary in Africa to crucify lions, in order to deter them from entering towns, and he had himself seen two wolves hung from a gibbet in a forest between Cologne and Juliers, as an example to other wolves. The Roman custom of annually crucifying dogs, on account of their failure to give the alarm when the capital was scaled by the Gauls, must be considered as a commemorative, not a penal infliction. It way be observed that animals, though conscions of the idea of danger—without which they would not preserve their lives—are destitute of the idea of death; and that the infliction of death upon one animal would not operate by way of example upon another animal. The same remark may, indeed, be extended to all punishments inflicted upon animals. A whipping administered to one dog is no warning to another dog. All punishments of animals must, in order to be operative, be individual, and hence the capital punishment of an animal is an absurdity, because it extinguishes the life of the only animal upon which the punishment can operate.

The Russian Royal Family.

The "hen party" is a courtly German institution. If a lady of sovereign status, or of royal or imperial blood, is traveling *incognito*, she cannot properly be invited to any but a "hen party." If she is in distress of mind and expecting hourly to learn of a death of a father or a mother, there would be nothing to shock good frous were she to seek a derivative at a sociable "hen" gathering. The Duchess of Edinburgh has not yet called on Mme. Grevy. Her excuse for not being more attentive to the President's wife is the dying state of the Emperor of Russia But she has gone to a second "hen party" at the house of the Countess de Pourtales, who was born and brought up at the Robertson Castle, near Strasbourg, and knew intimately the Hesse Darmstadt family, to whom the Duchess of Edinburgh is so closely related. Indeed, this house owes to the grandfather of the Countess its grand ducal rank, which, on a report he made, was conferred by Napoleon. There were only married ladies asked to meet the Duchess, and feminine musicians hired to sing and play before her Highness. Mme. de Pourtales is a rank Bonapartist. She only invited, therefore, Bonapartist ladies, some of whom were of Slav origin. There were, for instance, Mme. de Courval, *nee* Bibesco, who gives the fastest routs in Paris, and Mme. Brancovano, *nee* Ghika. Tea was handed round. The work-table was introduced, and there was much chit-chat about fancy fiddle-faddle for babies' wear, furniture embroidery in needle-work, knick-knacks for bazars, and about the Warsaw point laces, which are greatly patronized at the Hotel Lambert when manufactured by Polish ladies.

The Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt is a stout German woman, and is gay and good-natured to those about her, but she has a domineering will, and does not bear contradiction. The Duke has been reduced to play second fiddle to her, literally as well as metaphorically. He is the consort and not she; and, as their family increases he becomes very stay-at-home, and a vigilant house steward. Both he and she are passionately fond of music, and their eldest daughter already plays very charmingly airs arranged for little hands on the piano.

This branch of the royal family of England is the least English. They are always "on the wing," and are brought up by the mother with a Russo-German bias. The Duke is a Russian, as well as an English Admiral, and draws his pay regularly from the British and Russian treasuries. He is a Colonel of a German regiment, for which he also draws salary, and will be a feudatory hereafter of Emperor William, for he is the heir presumptive to the Grand Duke Ernest, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. In case he succeeds to the Grand Duchy, and to the palaces, parks and chases attached to the title, his English pension will drop. On the principle of making hay while the sun shines, he diligently checks home accounts and puts by money. He loves music because a born musician. Besides, playing the violin to the piano forte accompaniment for the Duchess is a cheap pastime, and keeps them "at home" when she is abroad.

In England she will not go anywhere from a fear of having to give precedence to the Queen's younger daughters, none of whom made brilliant matches. It also annoys her to have to walk behind the Princess of Wales, whose father was at once the creation and the creature of the Czar Nicholas. It will be time enough when she is Grand Duchess, with a nominally sovereign crown, to go to the drawing-rooms at Buckingham Palace, when the Marchoness of Lorne and the Princess Beatrice will be obliged to yield precedence to her. But against the Uncle Ernest dies her Royal Highness will be in the situation of "the little woman who lived in a shoe." Her nursery fills with alarming rapidity. It seems but yesterday since she was a bride. There is now a carriage full of babies, which is driven every morning in the Bois de Boulogne. The Duke precedes the callow offspring in a brougham, with an aid-de-camp at his side, and a large family barouche containing nurses and babies brings up the rear. The last time the royal infants were in Paris there were two of them not of an age to be spoon-fed. It is a good thing for British taxpayers that on the death of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg the Edinburgh branch will have no further claims upon John Bull.

DISTRUSTING THE CZAR.

The Duchess, I am told, has come from the south of France laden with jewel caskets which her dying mother brought with her from St. Petersburg. The Empress was afraid that if she died the Emperor would give them to his present favorite, who may hereafter be raised to the throne. *Mesalliances* are not rare in the history of the Imperial family of Russia. Catherine I. was a peasant, and the eldest son of the Czar was disinherited and shut up in a monastery to make way for her son. Anne, of Holstein Gottorp, who was Dutchess of Courland before she came in for the throne of all the Russias, was in love with Marshal Saxe, the great grandfather of George Sand, and the natural son of August of Saxony and Aurora Konigsmark. They were betrothed to each other, and would have been married had not an accidental circumstance brought to light an amorous adventure of the rough-and-ready soldier. While courting Duchess Anne, then heir apparent to the crown of Muscovy, he conceived a passion for a maid of honor. The pair used to meet in a garden-house, and their flirtation went on many months. But as they were in the trysting place on an October night, frost set in. In trying to return to the palace they had several falls, and in the courtyard the maid of honor broke her arm, and Marshal Saxe his leg. Pain obliged them to cry out for help. The adventure came to the ears of the Duchess, who instructed her courtiers to play rough pranks on her suitor, whom, when he asked for an explanation, she dismissed with contumely.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have also been entertained at dinner by Lord Lyons. The Duchess of Manchester, Prince Orloff and the different members of the British Embassy were asked to meet them. Her Imperial and Royal Highness, when last at Cannes, made a pilgrimage to the mortuary chapel of her eldest brother, the Czarewitch Nicholas, who died there in 1863. It is a small Byzantine structure. A carpet worked in Berlin wool and ordinary cross-stitch is spread before the altar. The pattern of this piece of decorative needle-work is common, and the coloring is crude. Around the chapel there is a pleasure ground planted with cypress and myrtle. When the latter is in blossom, flowering sprays plucked from it are sent to the Empress, whose heart was wrapped up in her eldest son.

Said a parent to his little son, who had committed some act of indiscretion. "Do you know that I am going to whip you?" "I suppose you are, because you are bigger than I am."

Life is made up of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses given habitually are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

'Twas a very small boy, and his birthday came on a recent Sunday. "Is it wicked to be born on Sunday?" inquired he of his mother. "No; but it keeps your father home from church."

Eli Perkins on Lying.

Now, my friends, there has been a good deal said about lying in this country lately. I confess that I have been called a great liar myself. In fact the lyre has been struck a great many times. [Laughter.] You remember that Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, said publicly on the steps of the hotel at Saratoga last summer that he was personally acquainted with three of the biggest liars—the biggest living liars in the world, and when they asked him who they were he said: "George Alfred Townsend is one and Eli Perkins is the other two." [Great laughter.] Now, my friends, speaking of lying, I maintain that all great humorists are great liars, and that the funniest men have always been the biggest liars. But I do not say vice versa that all great liars are great humorists. If this were the case, then the lawyers would be the funniest men in the world. [Laughter.] The lie, to be funny, must be purely innocent—it must be told to make our fellow-men happy, and to harm no man, or it must be told to make wrong ridiculous, as did "Don Quixote," "Ginx's Baby," and the satires of Juvenal and Dean Swift. In fact, the lie told must be an innocent Baron Munchausen lie. If the old humorists were not great liars, then Dean Swift's "Tale of a Tub" was a true story, Gulliver's travels were as true as Moody's sermons, Thackeray's "Yellow Plush Papers" were Sunday school tracts, and Baron Munchausen's four hundred gigantic lies were as true as Macaulay's History of England. Almost all fun is exaggeration, all exaggerating is lying. Mark Twain is a fearful liar. Show me a single troth in Max. Adeler's "Elbow Room." Artemus Ward's works are pure fictions, pure lies, with no satire, but told simply to produce innocent laughter. Laughter cannot be produced without acting, painting or writing and exaggeration—in plain English, without acting, painting or writing an innocent lie. The humorous artist, the caricaturist like John Leech and Cruikshank, had no other element but the lie to draw upon to produce laughter. They had to make a long nose, a big ear, a crooked leg, or a cock-eye. No one ever laughed at a true picture. If a live man really looked as Cruikshank or John Leech painted him, we would shed tears at his mournful condition. If a real man acted like Don Quixote, we would weep at his misfortunes. Sometimes people laugh at a great truth, for truth is often stranger (sounds like a bigger lie) than fiction. This has always been my great trouble. [Laughter.] I have generally told such great, strange truths, that the people would laugh because they thought it was a lie. So I have got the reputation of being a worldly-minded humorist, when, in fact, I am a great truth-teller; to illustrate: One night I was telling about the big trees in California. I said I rode into a big hollow tree, on horeback, and then walked out through the knot-holes. [Laughter.] The people laughed because they thought it was a lie, when, in fact, it was the truth. The trees are thirty-five feet in diameter, and the hole through them is twelve feet in diameter—as wide through as a barn-door. To illurtrate what I mean, by an innocent Baron Munchausen story: I had an Uncle William once, who got caught in a fearful rain storm one night when he was on the way to attend a prayer meeting at New London, Connecticut. He started for New London on horseback, but when he got about half-way there, there arose a dreadful storm. The wind blew a hurricane, the rain poured in torrents, the lightning gleamed through the sky, and my uncle got in behind a large barn. But in a moment the lightning struck that barn and knocked it into a thousand splinters, and sent his horse whirling over into a neighboring corn-patch. "What did you do then, Uncle William?" I asked. "Well," said he, "I didn't hardly know what to do. I was very much discouraged, but to tell you the honest truth—the honest Connecticut truth, Eli, I went right out into the cornfield, took off my coat, humped up my bare back, and took eleven strokes of lightning right on my bare backbone, drew the lightning all out of the sky, and then got onto my horse and got into New London in time to lead at the evening prayer meeting." [Uproarious laughter.]—*Globe Democrat.*

A Chinese Hotel.

Hotels vary in China, and one or two in Manchuria have an air of spacious dignity about them, and rooms that are bright and fairly kept; and some are worse than that we entered now, for we are on a high road where foreigners are becoming frequent. At the upper end there was a small building for superior guests. It was divided into three compartments, with earthen floors; the eating den had a broken table and a broken chair; the other two were for sleeping, and a lamp cast a dim light into the darkness—a tiny wick that floated in a sea of oil in an iron saucer crusted with the dirt of centuries. A meal under such circumstances was not exhilerating. The beef we had carried with us was so manipulated in the cooking that it looked exactly like a dish of caterpillars; there was egg plant stewed in pork broth—but pigs and dogs are the scavengers of China; there was seasoning of sea-slugs (at three shillings a pound) and of other condiments that were spread at an open window in reach of the cook's brawny arm; there were messes in bowls, balls of soft oakes like putty from a glazier's shop, and there was musty rice. The trusty Li changed the uneaten courses with evident concern, and at last carried in triumph hot water for the tea, but against the bowls which he suggested for tea-cups, lip, nose and stomach revolted, and we withdrew to bed, cold and supperless, like naughty children. The mattrass was stretched upon the hollow brick counter which served as a bedstead, and underneath which we forbade the usual fire, afraid of what the heat might bring forth. We shivered through the early hours of the night with our feet to the bare, repulsive wall, and our head to the passage. In the dull light it seemed as if hideous things crept along the ceiling, shining things crept along the walls, and crawling things gnawed among the paper and straw on the floor; and as we dozed and watched, the mules munched outside and, and the porters talked, and the querulous song of some gayer spirit rose above the other voices. There was a patter of little feet, a squeak, a rat, more rats. They sometimes fall down through the thin ceiling, a friend said. We could stand it no longer. The "Hall of ten thousand Felicities" had become a "Temple of Horrors;" and in the third watch of the night we had taken to the road once more, and saw, below the frosty stars, the lamps of other carts as they sparkled over the plain.—*Good Words.*

Blue fishing—When you don't catch anything.

His Humble Opinions.

The other night about ten o'clock, a constable who was walking up Maple street on business, was halted by a weak-looking man, who was a bit agitated. The officer suspected a family row, but it didn't turn out that way.

The little man asked him to step around the corner and take a look at a certain house; and the officer stepped. It was an unoccupied house, and as they halted before it the citizen said:

"It is my humble opinion that there is no family in here, and that a water-pipe has bursted. I dislike very much to see any one's property damaged if I can prevent it."

Sure enough, there was two feet of water in the cellar, and more rushing in.

"It is my humble opinion," remarked the little man, as the two looked through the cellar window, "that some thief has cut off the pipe and the drain is stopped up. Perhaps you don't want to see the property damaged?"

The constable didn't. In his philanthropy he decided to open the drain, and the little man having procured a candle, the officer waded in water up to his knees; poked around for ten minutes with a stick, and finally opened the drain.

"Now, then, it is my humble opinion that we ought to plug up the pipe," observed the little man.

And the officer drove a plug into it, at the expense of a shower bath which wet him all over.

"A good job—a good job!" chuckled the citizen; "but, seeing that you are certain to be down in the morning; it is my humble opinion that you had better call at the water-office and leave word to have the water shut off."

The officer agreed. Next morning, as he went past the office, a red rag around his neck and a cold in his head, he left the messsage and learned that the house belonged to the little man of humble opinions. If the constable catches him on the street some dark night * * * ! ! !

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Opposition to Early Railroads.

When the Central Railroad was in its infancy, the company experienced considerable trouble with landowners, whose property had been taken by appraisal, at or near Tribe's Hill. It was with great difficulty that trains could pass, although a vigilant watch was kept up. Men with a hand-car were stationed at the curve leading into Tribe's Hill from the east, and, when they heard the evening train coming west, they would put on the hand-car just as near ahead of the approaching train as they dared, and run ahead of the train into the station; but between the hand-car and the train the track would be literally strewn with stones, rails and all manner of obstructions, which were thrown down from the heights above, so that the train would have to stop and clear the track (each train carried men for that purpose) and then proceed at a snail's pace into the station. Then again the tracks were piled with huge heaps of straw, and the engineer would stop and find nothing but straw. It was usually thought that the straw business was only a scare, but about the first time he attempted to run through without stopping, he encountered a huge bowlder in the center. Thus matters went on from bad to worse; an attempt was made to burn one of the company's bridges near this station. This was so highly criminal, and it was made so hot for some persons, that hostilities ceased. Upon one occasion, George Cox, who, with his brothers Tom and Maxwell, well known up and down the valley as locomotive engineers, was watching the track near Tribe's Hill with a shotgun, with instructions to shoot the first man he saw placing obstructions on the track. It was quite dark, and at a short distance from him he saw two men carry something large and heavy and place it on the track. His first impulse was to shoot, and he hauled up, but he hated to take human life, and he thought he would steal upon them and see who they were. He did so, and found that they were two travelers who had come from the canal with their chest to take the train, and being tired, had set it down to rest.—*Amsterdam Democrat.*

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Corvallis, Jan. 1, 1877. 14:1tf

Rupture

CURED.

From a Merchant.

DAYTON, W. T., Feb. 10, 1879.

W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 702 Market street, San Francisco—Sir: The Truss I purchased of you about one year ago has proved a miracle to me. I have been ruptured forty years, and worn dozens of different kinds of Trusses, all of which have ruined my health, as they were injurious to my back and spine. Your valuable Truss is as easy as an old shoe, and is worth hundreds of dollars to me, as it affords me so much pleasure. I can and do advise all, both ladies and gentlemen, afflicted, to buy and wear your modern improved Elastic Truss immediately. I never expect to be cured, but am satisfied and happy with the comfort it gives me to wear it It was the best $10 I ever invested in my life. You can refer any one to me, and I will be glad to answer any letters on its merits.

I remain, yours respectfully,

D. B. BUNNELL.

Latest Medical Endorsements.

MARTINEZ, Cal., Feb. 17, 1879.

W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 702 Market street, S. F.—Sir: In regard to your California Elastic Truss, I would say that I have carefully studied its mechanism, applied it in practice, and do not hesitate 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. CAROTHERS, M D.

Endorsed by a prominent Medical Institute.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6, 1879.

W. J. Horne, Esq.—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 or sizes. I add this further testimony with special pleasure, that the several persons who have applied to me for aid in their special cases of rupture, and whom I have advised to use yours, all acknowledge their entire satisfaction, and consider themselves highly favored by the possession of the improved Elastic Truss.

Yours truly, BARLOW J. SMITH, M. D.

Proprietor Hygienic Medical Institute,

635 California street, San Francisco.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct 26, 1879

W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss, 702 Market street, San Francisco—Sir I am truly grateful to you for the wonderful CURE your valuable truss has effected on my little boy. The double truss I purchased from you has PERFECTLY CURED him of his painful rupture on both sides in a little over six months. The steel truss he had before I bought yours caused him cruel torture, and it was a happy day for us all when he laid it aside for the CALIFORNIA ELASTIC TRUSS. I am sure that all will be thankful who are providentially led to give your truss a trial. You may refer any one to me on this subject

Yours truly, WM. PERU,

638 Sacramento Street.

This is to ertify that I have examined the son of Wm Peru, and find him PERFECTLY CURED of Hernia on both sides.

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Although about 150,000 of these safes are now in use, and hundreds have been tested by some of the most disastrous conflagrations in the country, there is not a single instance on record wherein one of them ever failed to preserve its contents perfectly.

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Have never been broken open and robbed by burglars or robbers.

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Our locks cannot be opened or picked by burglars or experts, (as in case of other locks), and we will put from $1,000 to $10,000 behind them any time against an equal amount.

The most skilled workmen only are employed. Their work cannot be excelled.

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To any person who can prove that one of Hall's patent burglar-proof safes has ever been broken open and robbed by burglars up to the present time.

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Agent for Oregon and W. T.

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Corvallis, Dec. 27, 1878. 15:52tf

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June 3, 1879. 16-23tf