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WEEKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE.

CORVALLIS, - - - APRIL 16, 1880.

OTHER DAYS.

BY EUGENE L. THORPE.

I think of the days that have gone by forever,
And wonder if others as bright will again
Be mine to throw back, or yet will I never
Again see the visions of youth I saw then?
Those visions of youth when you stood beside me,
Day-dreams of happiness, night dreams of you—
The goddess I worshipped, the siren that held me,
My angel of youth whom I thought would be true.

The springtime comes back with each year growing older,
And memories are fading of the days that have fled;
And the heart that was warm is each year growing colder,
As cold as the days of the winter that's dead.
Yet I think of the past as I look to the future,
The past, when you promised whate'er might betide—
Promised to go with me down through life's journey,
And share that life's sorrow and joy by my side.

Through showers of sweet smiles that have fallen unheeded
From lips just as red and from eyes just as blue,
My heart has kept faith with the love it first pleaded,
The love of my boyhood awakened by you.
And sometimes I fancy that life in its waning,
By forgiveness is hallowed ere its last sun is set,
And I know by the token of memory that lingers,
Though love will forgive, yet it ne'er can forget.

MY TWO HUSBANDS.

BY MAY BRENTWOOD.

I was called a strange girl, with quixotic notions of morality. I had a high ideal of manhood that seemed almost impossible to be realized in the weak, frail mortals of the sterner sex.

I was nineteen when I first met Harvey Murch; my eyes found in him their ideal of manly beauty, while my innocent, girlish heart clothed him with all the virtues I had vowed that the man I wedded must possess. I think it would have been hard to find a man of nobler bearing, or of a more high-bred, courteous manner.

He drew me out little by little, until he held the key to my heart. He professed the deepest veneration for a pure and virtuous life; he may have meant what he said; I would rather believe that he did than that he stained his soul with a lie in those first halcyon days of our love; for even now, looking back through the mists of bygone years, with all their sorrow and shame, I believe there was a time when he loved me.

I was not handsome. I was tall and slender, with brown eyes and hair. I had a pretty chin and thin red lips. People called me interesting, but never handsome.

In due time Harvey and I were married, and moved away from the city, with its noisy din and perpetual excitement, to a lovely place in the country, ten miles from B—— I enjoyed the change, and, with perfect trust in the man of my choice, for three short years was as happy as the birds that carolled to their mates in the soft, balmy days of spring.

When we had been married one short year a little stranger, with large, wondering brown eyes and tiny form, came knocking at the door of our hearts for admittance; and no baby could ask for a warmer welcome than we gave to our darling baby boy. It seemed as though there was nothing more that my heart could desire; a husband who was still kind and true, a baby who grew in beauty and in grace, every day taking one more step in the mysteries of life watched and guided by our loving hands.

Our little Chester—for such we had named our boy—was two years old when the cloud arose on the horizon of our domestic happiness that was so soon to burst over our heads.

I had heard my husband speak of Mabel Mace as of an old friend. I had no thought of jealousy, I trusted him too much for that. What sent her to my home, to enter, like the serpent, our Eden?

One day Harvey told me she was coming to board with us through the summer, if we could accommodate her. I dreaded a stranger in our household, but, as he seemed to wish it, I took all due pride in making everything ready for my guest.

One beautiful June morning the old stage deposited a wondrously beautiful woman at our door. No description could do justice to Mabel Mace. She was small, with childlike blue eyes, a fair complexion, with dimples in her cheek and chin, and a mouth that looked as though it were made to be kissed; she did not look over seventeen, although twenty-four summers had passed over head. She was just the woman for most men to love; nothing of the dreaded "woman's rights" style about her. She was one to float with the current, but not the one to stem the tide. A woman to be petted and cared for as tenderly as a baby, but not the woman to struggle on alone. I wondered in a vague way, even then, why Harvey had not loved her when he knew her first.

My husband greeted her with a smile and a warm clasp of the hand, saying he hoped she would be contented with us, and we would do our best to make her stay pleasant. Then he introduced me. She greeted me with a warm embrace and a kiss. I liked her; I could not help doing so, she seemed so innocent; while she seemed to worship Chester and me.

I told Harvey he must help her enjoy the summer by waiting on her to the various places of interest, and it was surprising how willingly he obeyed. On Sundays they went to church. I did not go, as some one must remain at home. Once he had hired a boy to come and relieve me; but things had changed since then. I was blind, and thought it no hardship to remain at home.

Sometimes Mabel would say, with her sweetest smile,

"Will you go berrying to-day with me, pet?" the name by which she always called me.

When I could I went, but when I could not she would prevail on Harvey to go, and then she would say,

"You won't be jealous of poor little me? You know I don't have a chance to go berrying every summer, and I am afraid of cows and snakes, and dare not go alone."

Of course I would excuse her on that plea, and I was not afraid to trust Harvey.

At last there was a vague rumor floating to the effect that my husband was false to me—that he loved Mabel Mace. I did not believe it, and even though I saw the looks of pity bestowed upon me, I did not doubt my husband. I believed he was still true, while Mabel might be weak, but not wicked; no, I could not believe her that. But at last there came a day when I was forced to believe. I could doubt hearsay, but I could not doubt his spoken words; and I heard him tell that girl he loved her better than all the world beside.

The bitterness of that hour I shall never forget. I was too proud to censure him, or to sue for a love that was mine by right; but I vowed that I would not live with the man who had given his love to another. I packed up what few things I needed for Chester and myself, and sent my husband on an errand to the city. Of course Mabel accompanied him. Then I started out in the great, wide world, with no friend but my innocent boy. I left my husband this note—

"SIR:—I have called you husband for the last time while life remains; I blush for shame to be obliged to call you the father of my boy. You are free to love Mabel. Some women might forgive you; I never can. She is weak and easily influenced; that is my excuse for her. I have none for you; you knew you was breaking the holiest vow of your life, and disgracing your wife and child. You need not follow me, for you will not find me; henceforth we are strangers."

The letter was written in bitterness of soul; it seemed as though my love had turned to hate; yet I loved Harvey with my whole soul. I had no money. I would not take one cent from him.

I stood on the bridge where the stage would pass me. Soon I saw it coming. I told the driver that I was going away, and asked for a ride. He looked at me, and questioned me until I told him all. He advised me to return, but I told him that I would seek rest beneath the water of the river before I would return to my dishonored home. He took me in, and at the station handed me ten dollars, saying:

"You may need it. Keep it; pay me when you can. And may God bless and keep you!"

From my inmost soul, I thanked the kind old man. In after years I was able to repay his kindness, but never the debt of gratitude I owe.

I took the first train for Portland, only to mislead my husband, for at the first transfer station I took the train for the mountains. It necessitated me making extra change, but was my safest plan. I had one friend there I could depend on; he obtained a situation as table girl for me in one of the large hotels. I passed for a widow; for was I not worse than widowed?

Chester was the favorite of the house, and more than one gentleman would have given him presents or money; but I would not permit it. I hated all men. I believed them all false, weak or selfish; presents from ladies he accepted with a quaint bow and a "Thank you; you very kind. But to gentlemen he always said: "Thank you; mamma won't let me."

This made me the subject for comments, more than one wondering why I hated men so much. I never smiled, unless it was on my boy. I had grown sad and silent. I believe I should have gone mad, had it not been for his sweet, childish love.

At last Harvey found me. It was in vain that he pleaded for me to return; I would not. I could never trust him again. He pleaded for one glimpse of his boy. I would not permit him, saying I did not want him to remember the father who had disgraced him. I might doubt his love for me, but I could not doubt his love for his boy, and I knew it was a cruel blow I dealt him with those words; but I had grown hard toward him, and he had made me so. He left me, vowing to take away the boy.

Who Harvey was soon became known, and I was again the subject of talk, either of censure or pity. I could not endure to be made the topic of conversation for the house, neither could I endure the constant dread of my husband; so I left my situation, so shut up my own misery that I could not give even one sigh of regret for the beautiful scenery that at one time would have filled my soul with rapturous joy.

I chose a far distant village this time as a place of refuge. I was successful in getting a situation as seamstress for one of the summer visitors to the place, and when she returned home for the winter I accompanied her. I was happier with her than I had been since leaving my own home. She knew my history, and did not blame me. She loved my boy, and so won the heart of the mother.

The next summer we again sought the mountains. One day I was reading in a secluded spot, when a gentleman dressed in hunting costume approached me. I had been slightly acquainted with him the previous summer, and knew his name. It was Stevens. He raised his cap cautiously, and made a few commonplace remarks. He made no allusion to the past or to the fact that we had ever met before; yet I knew he recognized me. He was stopping at the same hotel with us, and that evening I saw him bringing Chester up the steps; and from that time they were firm friends.

I could not help liking Lawyer Stevens. He never threw himself in my way, never questioned me, and was always kind and obliging. One night he handed me a paper; there was a marked paragraph in it which I read, and knew that henceforth I was free. I caught my boy in my arms and fled to my own room, and wept the only tears that I had ever shed for the man who had wronged me. I do not think I forgave him even then; but death had brought pity for his misspent life, and in after years I could say I forgave, even as I hoped to be forgiven. He left his property to my boy.

It was a long time before I saw Lawyer Stevens again, and when I did there was no allusion made to the paper by either of us. Before the summer was over he asked me to be his wife. I refused, telling him I could never trust any man again. It was in vain he pleaded; I was firm; so we parted as friends, not lovers.

I met him again in the city. I had learned to miss him since we parted, and welcomed him cordially, while Chester climbed upon his knees, saying:

"I love you almost well enough for my papa; don't you, mamma?"

That gave him a new argument, and one that I could not resist; so for my boy's sake I promised to be his wife.

I have never regretted my second choice, while my boy loves him devotedly. He is the only father he can remember, and he is truly a worthy one.

The time of the year has come when the boy transforms his handkerchief into a kite tail, and tells his mother he guesses some feller hooked it at recess.

Little Gertie went with her mother to see Mme. Toussaud's wax-works. After looking about curiously, as if trying to find out something and could not, she said: "Why do they call them the wax-works, mamma? They're wax, but they don't work."

Miss Margeret's Romance.

Miss Margery stood on the veranda in the shadow of the luxuriant clematis vines, and watched the man and woman in the garden among the roses, with a sorrowful little shadow on her face. It was a sweet, pleasant face, despite the shadow on it, and a few silver threads that five-and-thirty years had left among the brown tresses on her forehead, a grave, kind face, with a soul looking out of the brown eyes, and making you feel at once that Margery Marsh was a woman to be trusted, and one who was able to stand alone with her pure womanly dignity. But it is a sad thing to see any woman—or man, for that matter—standing alone in the world. God never meant it to be so.

The man she saw helping Elfie Darryl to tie up her rose bushes was John Cramer. She had known him years ago, when they were children, in fact, and she had never forgotten him, though years of separation had come and gone, and both of them were growing old. She had loved him then, and her heart was not one of those which changes easily and forgets the absent face. She had thought that he loved her. Indeed, she was sure that he had, for with John Cramer, softly whispered words meant something.

He was not the man to use words lightly. But an uncle of his in England had died suddenly, and he was sent for to take charge of his affairs, and the years had come and gone, fifteen of them, she told herself, as she thought it all over, and the man she had loved was lost to her.

Well, it was better to have a sad yet sweet little memory of pleasant vanished days, than a life full of discord and regret for hasty action. Now she was sure that he had ceased to care for her in the old way, and if he had cared for her as she wanted the man she married to, he could not have forgotten so easily. He never could have forgotten. And since he could forget, it were better that everything between them had ended as it did.

But her woman's heart would feel its loneliness sometimes in spite of her, and yearn for something to lean on, and some one heart dearer and nearer than any other heart could be, to confide in. And this morning, as she saw the man she had loved walking and talking with Elfie Darryl, her heart cried out longingly for that which seemed beyond its reach.

It is a bitter tantalizing thing to see the happiness we covet most, coming unasked to brighten lives that have no need of it seemingly—lives so full of completeness before that they cannot properly appreciate the greatest of all boons, love—while we wait outside the charmed land, and stretch eager hands, imploring entrance where that must be which we have looked for, and not found. It must be somewhere for all of us. If we could only find it!

When John Cramer came back from Europe a thrill of old love woke in Margery's heart, like an echo of music that has almost died away in a mountain glen, but which something suddenly sets ringing again. The man whom she had loved so long ago, the man whom she thought her lover once, was near her. The thought was sweet, and at the same time bitter. Her lover no longer. She had thought, in a vague, dreamy way, when she heard that he was coming back, unmarried, that possibly, after these years of absence, his heart yearned for the woman he had left behind him. But when he came, and the first quiet greeting was over, she was quite sure that he had long ago ceased to love her, and she had kept herself in a shy seclusion. He came often, but she fancied that it was Elfie Darryl's pretty face that attracted him thither; and thinking this, she tried to avoid him, and forget her foolish dream of what might not be.

He looked up, as they stook among the roses, and saw Margery standing on the veranda. A bright smile made his boronzed and bearded fade look very much like the face of the John Cramer she had known years ago, and he came up the path, and said as he ran up the steps and held out his hand in the old, frank way:

"You have grown to be a little gray nun, Margery. I hardly see you at all. I am half inclined to think you hide away when I am here. You are not afraid of me, I hope?"

"Oh, no," she answered, quietly, though the touch of his fingers woke a strange, swift thrill of fire in her veins. "I am never afraid of an old friend."

"An old friend!" he repeated softly, with his eyes upon her face. "Have you ever thought that that might be a sorrowful word to listen to?"

"Friendship is never a sorrowful word," she answered, her eyes faltering a little under his earnest gaze.

"It might be if we cared for something more than friendship," he said, and there was something in his tone which made her lift her eyes in a sudden, questioning way to his face. There was a strange, grave tenderness in his eyes that she had seen there long ago.

Just then Elfie came up the path with her hands full of roses.

"See these white ones, Aunt Margery," she cried: "your favorite, you know. You must let me put some in your hair. They will make her look like a bride, won't they, Mr. Cramer?"

"Perhaps," he answered, with his eyes on the blue line of the hills.

"No, I don't want any in my hair," Margery said, and she would not have them there. She took one, and let it lay against her eyes while she closed them and thought of many things.

Presently, John woke from his reverie and came back to early things.

"I believe I promised you a row this morning, Elfie," he said, turning to the girl, as she stood braiding the roses in a chain. "I am ready to fulfill my promise if you are."

"I'll be ready it a minute," she said, and ran away for her hat.

"Somehow I can't make it seem that fifteen years have been added to our lives since we used to go drifting down the river together," he said, coming to Margery's side. "Are we always to go drifting down through life alone, Margery?"

She lifted eyes that were almost frightened ones to his for a moment. Was he trying to wring her heart? He was cruel, cruel.

"Yes, I suppose so," she answered, in a tone that was full of the weariness she could not conceal. "And it is better so, perhaps."

"You don't mean that," he said, bending to pick up the rose she had let fall. "Drifting alone is a dreary, dreary thing."

"Do you think so?" she said, with an effort to appear at ease. "Perhaps there is some one somewhere in the world who whould drift with you, it you could find her.

"Do you know where she is?" he asked, bending down till she could feel his breath upon her cheek, as they herd Elfie,s step upon the stairs. "Who is she, Margery?"

"How should I know?" she answered, with a forced gaiety. "You must seek her, if you would find her. If I knew, though, I would tell you."

He looked at her in a puzzled way. He could not undertand her. A moment ago he would have sworn that she loved him. Now her face was like a mask, and apparently she was thinking as little of him as of the Sphinx.

"I am ready," Elfie said, and then he turned and joined her on the steps. And Margery watched them with a weary pain in her eyes. She believed he loved this girl.

The sun was shining on the river as if the clouds were shifting gold-dust over each ripple, as Margery sat down upon the bank and began to read. It had been a lonesome day to her. Elfie had come home with a headache, and everybody else had gone away. She had tried indoors, but the afternoon languor prompted her to take her book and seek some spot where there was less of a lotus-spell on everything. She opened her book at a little poem of Philip Marston's, called "ungathered love." It was a quaint, sweet little thing, sad as winds in Autumn-time, and in perfect accord with her thoughts. As she read the tears crept up into her eyes, and when she had finished it the river and world beyond it was hidden in a mist.

The splash of oars roused her, and she saw John Cramer drifting down the river at her feet.

"You here, Margery?" he cried. "And crying?" what are you reading that has touched you so?"

He gave his boat a turn and shot it in among the lilies by the bank before she knew fairly what he was doing, and was standing by her with her book in his hand, and reading softly one little verse of the poem:

"When the Autumn winds go wailing
Through branches yellow and brown,
When the gray, sad light is falling,
And the day is going down,
I hear the desolate evening sing
Of a love that bloomed in the early Spring,
And which no heart had for gathering."

"Margery," he cried, suddenly, "is there any love for me in your heart that I can have for the gathering? I am tired of drifting alone. Will you drift with me down the river?"

"Do you mean it, John?" she cried, with a glad eager light in her eyes. "Are you sure you want me?"

"I want you," he said, simply, and he knew by the look in her face that he could gather love in her tender and faithful heart, and he bent and caught her in his arms, and kissed her.

And they went drifting down the river in the waning day, and touched the happy shore of the enchanted land.

YOUNG WIDOWS.—Widows are an attractive and frequently an engaging class of ladies, that fill a very important niche in society, the subject both of envy and admiration. We have seen them in the first throes of their bereavement, when they utterly refused to be comforted, declaring that their hopes all lay buried with their first and only love, in the new-made grave of their dear departed; and their streaming eyes behind mourning veils have caused the sympathetic sob to swell up from the bosoms of all who listened. But, as the time wore on, we have observed with satisfaction—for we would not have them weep always—that comfort invariably comes to the young widow's heart and that hope is restored to her troubled mind. We were called upon some time ago to attend the funeral of a young and noble fellow who left a pretty widow to mourn his untimely taking off. She sat by the side of her unconscious love, dressed in the most sombre but at the same time most becoming mourning, with her lovely hair arranged with infinite labor and care in glossy finger puffs all over her shapely head, and her black-bordered handkerchief went ever and anon to her streaming eyes. Ever and anon she talked in tones soft, tremulous and low to the inanimate clay that was soon to be hidden away forever, telling him her heart would always throb for him alone; and what a dreary blank the world would ever be to her without his presence. Then, in a sudden burst of grief and wild despair, she besought the undertaker to let the friends fill the carriages and drive away, leaving her dearly beloved with her. But the funeral went on in the usual way, and the fair mourner returned to her stricken home, crushed and disconsolate. But, thanks to the soothing hand of Time, ere her widow's weeds had grown the worse for wear her spotless cap had become mussed or soiled, she rallied sufficiently to marry the dear friend of her late departed, and her loving heart now reposes on the bosom of another. How fortunate that her young, crushed affections have such wonderful elasticity, as soon as a desirable provocation presents itself. Pity is akin to love, and the former sentiment awakens kindly sympathy for the fair mourner that quickly ripens into a tenderness that soothes her young heaat into a sweet forgetfulness and makes life around her look bright once more. She becomes the pet of society, a pleasant companion, a charming sweetheart and a dangerous rival; and we pity the girl that has to battle against her.

THE LEMURS OF MADAGASCAR.—In traveling from the coast to the elevated plateau of the interior, one is sure to frequently hear their loud, wailing cries, which sometimes make the woods resound for some minutes together, and have most startling effect when heard for the first time. For a moment one supposes there is a company of people not far distant in deep distress, but after discovering the source of the sounds, I always found a curious pleasure in listening to the long-drawn-out, melancholy cries, which are doubtless rather signs of the little creatures enjoyment of their forest life than any expression of pain or fear. The lemurs have all the agility of monkeys, but with none of their comic, half-human expression, the head being more like that of a dog or fox, with sharp muzzle and large expressive eyes; the fur is thick and soft, and the tail often long and bushy. There is a good deal of variety in size and color among the lemurs, and the allied genera, the largest species, *Indris*, being equal to a good-sized monkey, from three to four feet long, while the smallest *Lepilemur*, is no larger than a rat or a small squirrel. One species, found abundantly in a spur of forest crossing the centre of the island, is entirely of a glossy black; others are of various shades of brown and of warm dark red; others are of a silvery white. One species has a curious development of hair around the face, giving it the appearance of having a pair of very bushy whiskers, while another has a thick bushy tail banded with black and white, which, when the creature is in repose, is usually coiled like a comforter round its neck. Lemurs are gentle and affectionate animals, and easily tamed, and are frequently kept as pets in Madagascar, being secured by a long cord to a post of the veranda. Their agility is marvelous, for they leap to considerable distances from branch to branch; so a wood frequented by a company of them is all alive with their rapid movements, and resounds with their cries as they dart from tree to tree.

The tree lemurs are mostly fruit eaters but they are said occasionally to feed also on the smaller animals found in the woods—lizards, small birds and insects. Most of them are diurnal in their habits, but there are some species which are chiefly nocturnal.

"My boys," said an Oil City teacher, "if you would be President of the United States, you must be good and studious." "Who wants to be President?" yelled out young chap from a back seat. "I'd rather be Buffler Bill and shoot an Injun." And the boys all chorused, "Them's our sentiments."

Bad boys should be hand cuffed.

Sponge-Growing.

The universal and increasing demand for sponges and the unremitting drain to which all the best "fisheries" are subjected, has led to a partial dearth in the supply of these useful articles; but art, which has thus threatened the extinction of the supply, has in this, as in many similar cases, stepped in to restore the balance. It is only within the last few years that the real nature of the sponge has been recognized. In its natural state it is a disagreeable and almost repulsive looking object, the soft, fibrous mass with which every one is so familiar being hidden beneath, and its intricacies filled up by a slimy, gelatinous substance which rapidly putrefies, and adds tenfold to the generally unpleasant nature of the thing. The tenacity with which these objects affix themselves to rocks and stones suggested the idea that they were a species of vegetable, though they really belong to the animal kingdom, and are allied to the anemones and other zoophytes, with the beautiful appearance of many of which the public aquaria have helped to make us acquainted. A sponge is nothing more than an animated stomach, which, though the very lowest of all forms of animal life, is endowed with more reason than the stomachs of the many so-called lords of creation, or mankind, inasmuch as it knows what is good and what is bad for it, and rejects the latter while imbibing only the former. The gelatinous substance, which forms the actual body of the sponge, being beaten and washed out of it, the fibrous skeleton is left in the state in which it is sold in shops.

The search for these creatures employs an army of skilled divers, the principal sponging ground being in the Greek Archipelago, and in other parts of the Mediterranean, in the Red Sea, and in the Bahamas and other parts of the West Indies, and in some of the islands of the Pacific. The *Colonies and India* gives publicity to a fact which is likely to diminish the dangers attending the operation of sponging, and at the same time to increase the available supplies of sponges. It appears that two German naturalists have made the discovery that small pieces carefully cut from live sponges, and attached to boards or stones and sunk in suitable localities, will grow, in a few months, into large sponges, as though nothing had happened. This fact is of the utmost importance to our sponge-growing colonies. Our contemporary suggests that a close time should be enacted in the Bahamas and other localities where sponges are diminishing in numbers; but with or without such a law, the possibility of growing sponges at will and increasing their numbers indefinitely, in the manner indicated by the German naturalists, should soon set at rest any doubt as to a falling off in the supply of these invaluable articles.—*The Globe.*

The Queer Conklings.

I have made some inquiries in New York about the Conklings, and they seem to be queer. In Genesee, where they came from originally, they tell all sorts of ridiculous anecdotes about them. It appears that there are three sisters and two sons. The sisters live a sort of hermit life, and two of them, I think, did not marry. They say Conkling's brother, Fred., thinks he ought to be Senator, as he is altogether a bigger man than Roscoe. The old man, Judge Conkling, father of Roscoe, must have been a curiosity. I was told that some gentlemen called to see him at Utica on one occasion, presuming that he was staying at his son's house. Conkling entertained them with considerable grandeur, supposing that they had come to see him. He was not so cordial when he found that they were in search of the old man. The Judge was found in a little house, away down the street, and in a small room, and when he heard that they had called on Roscoe, he exclaimed: "That is all you come to Utica for, to see Senator Conkling. You did not think me worth calling on first." The old fellow was jealous, and wanted the attention. On another occasion Judge Conkling was called on to make a speech and was introduced to the audience as the father of Hon. Roscoe Conkling. At this the old fellow's countenance fell, and he began to stumble in his speech, and seemed to lose all heart in what he was going to say; and after the meeting he belabored that man fiercely for having introduced him as the father of his son, instead of the judge himself. "They tell me that on one occasion Conkling wanted to consult his father on a point of law," said Grossvernor, "the father being the best lawyer of the two. So Roscoe began the letter to his father: 'Hon. Alfred Conkling, Utica, New York —My dear sir' instead of saying: 'My dear father, give me some information.'" *Geo. C. H. Grossvenor in Cincinnati Commercial.*

An Educated Horse.

You ask if we have any particularly bright horses," replied a hook and ladder man. "Here is Peter; he's been with us nine or ten years, and we rather brag on him. Let me introduce you. Peter, here is a chap from the Detroit *Free Press.*"

Peter nodded his head and pawed the floor.

"Peter, have you been to a fire to-day?"

He shook his head.

"Were you out yesterday?"

He nodded.

"Peter, how old are you?"

"The horse pawed thirteen times with his right foot.

"That's right, old boy. Do you remember when a loafer stabbed you at a fire?"

He did.

"Where is the scar?"

Peter bent himself almost double to bite his hip at a spot where a scar could be traced.

"Now, Peter, show the Detroit man how you take your place at the pole."

Down went the chain and the horse covered the distance in two jumps.

"Now walk around the truck and come and take off my hat."

The horse obeyed to the letter.

"Now," continued the fireman, as he lay down on the floor, "step over me."

Peter lifted his feet very high and stepped softly over, and returned to his stall.

"That horse is one of us," said the man as he brushed off the dust and sat down. We can rest the foot of a ladder on his back and he will not move. Wherever we stand him at a fire he will stay without watching. He eats with us, chews tobacco, likes beer and would learn to play dominoes in a week, if he could only handle them."—*Detroit Free Press.*

'Tis not the whole of life to live, nor all of death to die; 'tis raising cash to pay our bills, that worries you and I.

Professor Nordenskjold's Vessel.

An unexpectedly fine day tempted me to go and make the closer acquaintance of the Vega. She is a whaler of 500 tons, painted black, and bare of ornament, save for a gilded line below her bulwarks. She is fitted up with a small engine that enables her without sails to move at the slow rate of five miles an hour. As she lay, so black and unpretending in the water, I fancied what a dark little nutshell she must have looked when jammed among the ice-fields off the East Cape. The obliging officer showed us the track of the vessel on the chart, and the point at which she stuck fast, a little to the southwest of the East Cape, when one day more of open water would have carried her safely round and spared the ten months' waiting. Here, attached by ropes to large pieces of ice, about 5000 feet from the Siberian coast, the stout little vessel waited, and her inhabitants did not suffer too much from the cold of winter, for the sides of the ship are composed of two strata of wood, between which is a lining of felt; and on the stern, besides this, there is a vacant space between wood and felt, through which passed hot air. Thus, a temperature of twenty and more degrees above zero was maintained in the saloons and cabins, when outside it showed fifty degrees below zero. Five stoves were kept constantly heated in different parts of the vessel, and yet the ceilings were lined with strips of ice, the result of condensation. The cold was not the voyagers' worst enemy, and they suffered but little from it, but it was impossible to face the terrible storms of wind, which drove the snow along at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, and during such times of storm, which repeatedly occurred until the month of May, the illustrious explorers shut themselves up as hermetically as the Tuchutski, the Esquimaux and other Arctic populations. Until the increasing depth of the snow prevented such exercise, skating and games of ball assisted in keeping up the health and spirits of the crew, not a man of which was lost or seriously ill. On arriving in port, Professor Nordenskjold received from the King of Italy the Grand Order of the Crown of Italy, and from the King of Sweden that of the Polar Star, through the hands of the Italian Admiral and Swedish Ambassador. The news is now confirmed that the Nordenskjold, the steamer that was sent in search of the Vega, and which stranded off one of the Japanese Islands, is now afloat again, and, if possible, will be newly fitted out, and next year attempt the north-east passage in the contrary direction to that so successfully taken by the Vega.—*Naples Letter to the London Standard.*

AN ACTOR'S MOTHER.—I remember a whimsical incident occurring in a theatre where the leading member of the company was celebrated for his magnificent physique. One night he was enacting Virginius, and his mother, who had never been in a theatre in all her life, happened on the occasion to be in the boxes. Fresh from her native Yorkshire village, it will be readily imagined that she was somewhat bewildered with the novelty of the scene. When her son appeared, she was amazed at the grandeur of his presence, in fleshings, sandals and toga. His appearance caused a great deal of enthusiastic applause. When it had subsided the proud mother, unable to restrain herself, and to the astonishment of all around her, said, "I'm so glad you like him. He's my son." Whereupon the mother immediately became the centre of attraction, and one admirer exclaimed, "Well, Madame, you may well be proud of your son, for he looks godlike as a Roman." "Ah," sighed the poor old lady in reply. I didn't want him to be a Roman. He would have looked splendid as a police man."[—Tinsley's Magazine.

Girls know only one quarter as much about courting as boys, because they have only one year in four in which they are allowed to practice.

A sleeping-car was recently entertained with the sight of a man beating his wife. Some men have the rare faculty of making themselves at home anywhere.

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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 merrits.

I remain, yours respectfully,
D. B. BUNNELL.

Latest Medical Endorsements.

MARTINEZ, Cal., Feb. 17, 1879.

W. J. Herne, 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.

L. DEXTER LYFORD, M. D.
Surgeon and Physician.

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Have never been broken open and robbed by burglars or robbers.
Hall's burglar work is protected by letters patent, and his work cannot be equaled lawfully.
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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.

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