WEEKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE.

CORVALLIS, - - - MAY 14, 1880

WILLAMETTE.

E. L. THORPE.

Thou restless, never-tiring stream
That onward flows to ocean's waste,
I stand by thee as in a dream,
And mark how Time can change thy face.

I think of summers that have flown,
Of bright dreams only born to die,
That on his wings old Time has borne
Without a thought or parting sigh.
My thoughts go back, I stand upon
Thy mossy bank. 'Tis evening's hour.
When sky and earth seem blending near,
When rocks and hills, and tree and flower,
Are wrapt in dewy, mellow light,
Awaiting the starry, silent night.

The grand old forest, far away,
The vapory clouds below the moon,
The little town so still and white,
Hid by the trees and by the night—
Each dear spot crowned by the falling gloom
Has left its shade in my heart, a tomb!

With awe I gaze upon the scene,
And half forget the days gone by;
Days when another with me stood—
And memory fades, too, with a sigh.
This old time scene weighs down my heart,
My willing feet by the water's edge,
Turn to the wave-washed pebbly shore,
The wave-washed, drifting, drift-wood hedge.

Below my feet the torrent roars,
A thing it seems of human kind;
Its music steals into my soul
And gives the calm I ne'er else find.
I look upon the maddening waves,
Each rushing wildly to the sea;
They seem to mock all human strife,
And dare the great eternity.

And voiceless work my fancy hears,
And one form there in memory stands—
Unworthy oft our idol proves
And turns to ashes in our hands.
How fair seemed life, how sweet and pure
That youthful love so holy then,
The past seems but a fairy dream,
And death hangs o'er what might have been.

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The years go by; I stand again
As in that summer long ago;
I view my shattered hopes, and then
Forgive the fate that willed it so.
And as of yore, the waves still moan
And dash their spray upon the strand,
And still this sea of life rolls on
And buries hope in its drifting sand.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY CARLOTTA MORTON.

[From the Portland Evening Telegram.]

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," murmured Mr. Thomas, as he paused in the hall, with his overcoat just half-way off, and gazed, with unadulterated admiration, at the blonde beauty of his wife's new maid, as she tripped airily up the long stairway, in the daintiest pair of slippers that Mr. Thomas' appreciative eyes had ever beheld.

"Beautiful as a dream, and wears a number two. Well, for once I will have to give Mrs. T. credit for good taste. Couldn't have made a better selection than that myself. Got some style about her, too."

"Yes, Mr. Thomas, she's got a trifle too much style about her, to suit me; and if you're sure you've got the exact dimensions of her slipper heels, now, perhaps you may manage to remember that supper is ready."

Poor Mr. Thomas. As these words crashed into the middle of his meditation, he started, like one awakening from a dream, and as he turned and met Mrs. T——'s steely grey eyes looking clear through him, he swayed and drooped like a weeping willow, and it was simply astonishing how quickly his other arm got out of that overcoat, and how soon he was seated at the head of the table, insisting that "dear Henrietta" should pass her plate for the tenderest and juiciest piece of sirloin the platter afforded.

Nature had doubtless intended to be kind to Mr. Thomas, when she endowed him with an idolatrous love of the beautiful; but, alas! it proved a mistaken kindness, for it happened so often that when he ventured to indulge his innocent taste in that line, he was forced, by way of penance, to "stand fire" beneath the battery of those keen grey eyes.

It always remained an unexplained mystery to him, how it came that his Henrietta couldn't see things with his eyes, but the strange, stubborn fact still remained, that she couldn't. Try as he would, he had never succeeded in educating her taste up to his lofty standard; and now, when she had, at last, by some unaccountable accident, stumbled upon an article that "just filled his eye," why she talked about "too much style," etc., and looked holes through him, just because he lingered a moment at the foot of his own stairway.

"Heigh-ho," sighed poor, disconsolate Thomas, when, at last, his supper was finished, and he had managed to get his evening paper between his face and the scornful darts of Henrietta's searching orbs.

"Mr. Thomas, shall you be at leisure this evening?"

Mr. Thomas started from the depths of his paper, and replied:

"No, dearest, I have some work at the office that will keep me busy two or three hours."

"I am very sorry to hear it, I wish to attend Mrs. Storm's party to-night, and now I suppose I shall have to go with Fred and Cora."

"Certainly, Henrietta, go with them and enjoy yourself as much as as ever you can," responded the dear, unselfish fellow, with so much alacrity that the steel grey eyes were suddenly brought to bear again, whereupon Mr. Thomas once more lost himself in the locals of the TELEGRAM.

How some adverse fate so planned it, that when he arrived at his office that night, he discovered that he had considerably over-estimated the amount of work he had to do, that, in fact, he could finish it all up inside of an hour and a half, and, like the good-natured fellow that he was, he immediately resolved to get through as soon as possible, and treat his wife to a pleasant surprise. He would go home, don his evening suit, and wend his way to Mrs. Storm's in time to dance once with Henrietta, and escort her home, which little attention, he hoped, would put her in a good humor that ought to last a week, at the least calculation.

Accordingly, at a comparatively early hour, he arrived at home, mounted the stairs and entered his sleeping apartment. There he proceeded, without loss of time, to get on the outside of his business suit, and, dropping the discarded garments, man fashion, on the carpet, he opened the door of a spacious wardrobe and stepped inside to find his party array.

The light from the bedroom lamps failed to penetrate the gloomy depths of the wardrobe, and it was not until he had felt of every separate garment on the hooks and clawed a pound of plaster off the wall that he suddenly remembered that his wife had taken his dress suit down stairs that morning to have it cleaned.

And now arose the vexatious query, Should he put on his every-day clothes again, just to go down and get his broadcloth? or might he venture to sneak down just as he was? It was an awful bore to have to dress and undress so often; but then, on the other hand it would be an appalling thing to meet that lovely, golden-haired maid in the hall, or on the stairway in his present scanty array.

It was a bothersome dilemma, and Mr. Thomas, being a man, swore a mild little oath or two, and pranced around inside the wardrobe in a vain attmpt to find a way out of his perplexity. Then suddenly his feet became entangled in a stray set of his Henrietta's crinoline, and the more he kicked the closer they clung to him.

Finally, with a heart-rending groan, he sat down on the hard, cold floor, and went resignedly to work, trying to unravel the tangle.

While thus engaged, he heard some one softly enter the bedroom, and leaning forward, he peeped cautiously out. Through the half-open door to see who the untimely intruder was.

To his utter confusion he saw the lovely nymph of the No. 2 slippers, standing composedly before his wife's toilet set, contemplating her own pretty pink and white face in the mirror.

At any other time, and in almost any other plight, Mr. Thomas would have lost himself in admiration of the sweet picture; but now he cast alternate glances at the unconscious damsel, and at that little pile of raiment of his that was lying just out of his reach, on the carpet.

For some moments he was undecided how to act, but finally concluded to keep quiet, and wait patiently for the fair apparition to vanish. This, however, she seemed in no haste to do, but turning her attention to a lovely blue silk evening dress that Henrietta had left lying on a chair, she apostrophized it thus:

"Oh, you precious beauty, you're too sweet for anything! I'm going to try you on." And suiting the action to the word, she began removing such articles of her own apparel, as would interfere with the trying-on process.

Now, some idea of poor Thomas' nervous trepidation may be gathered from the fact that, at this critical juncture, all the early teachings of a sainted mother, and all his ample stock of innate modesty oozed out at the end of his fingers, and he sat there, on the floor, like a crooked marble statue, staring helplessly at the strange, mysterious transformation going on before him.

He wanted to cough, or whistle, or sneeze, just to let the sweet innocent know that there was somebody "behind the scenes," but he couldn't utter a sound; and so he resolved to "sit out" the performance, if it lasted all night, and that too, without going out for "refreshments" between the acts.

Finally he saw the lovely arms slip out of sight, into the sleeves of the blue silk dress, and his eyes would follow the movements of the graceful, undulating figure as it advanced, receded, and floated round, in front of the large mirror.

"Zounds, but isn't she a beauty?" muttered our incarcerated benedict, under his breath, "I wonder why in thunder she don't go on the stage, she'd make a sensation in less than —— Hark, what's that?"

"That" was the sound of the front door closing, and well-known footsteps coming slowly but surely up the stairway, and an icy little shiver crept down our hero's spinal column, as he thought of the sharp, grey eyes that, he felt sure, would not view the innocent little scene as leniently as he might desire. He caught one glimpse of a pale, startled little figure creeping out of the blue silk dress, and then he crawled softly back into the darkest corner of the wardrobe, and cuddling up to a pile of carpet-rags, held his breath, and awaited developments.

Crash! Bang! The wardrobe door flew suddenly open, and, then shut again, with a snap, and a terrified little bundle of humanity sank down at his feet, gasping for breath, but totally unconscious of his proximity.

Horror of horrors! Here he was, shut up in the wardrobe with his wife's maid; and as he heard the stately mistress of the house enter the apartment and pause, he could, in imagination, see those keen eyes scanning the discarded wearing apparel of both himself and his unfortunate companion. Oh, if she should open the wardrobe, and discover them! Nothing on earth would ever convince her that it was all the result of a strange combination of accidents. A cold perspiration started at every pore, but just at that awful moment, there came to Thomas, a heavenly inspiration, and he acted upon it. Leaning suddenly forward, he whispered in the little maid's ear: "Keep still, till she goes down stairs to hunt us, and then—"

"Oh! oh! Burglars! Murder!" shrieked the frightened damsel, as she bounced up and hammered the wardrobe door with both fists. Then the door was jerked open and the girl went head-first out into the room.

"Oh, Mrs. Thomas!" she gasped, "there is a horrid man in the wardrobe!"

"There is, is there? And you undressed and went in to find him, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, my dear lady, I just——"

"Never mind," interrupted the cold, sarcastic tones that made every individual hair on poor Thomas' head stand up. "If there is a man in the wardrobe I'll interview him first, and attend to you afterwards."

The next moment some long fingers twined themselves in Thomas' scalp-lock, and drew him remorsely out into the light, where his startling state of dishabille was thrown into strong relief.

"Oh, my goodness gracious!" cried the blushing cause of all the trouble, as she struggled into her dry goods and made for the door.

Thomas raised his eyes beseechingly to his Henrietta, but he might as well have appealed to one of the everlasting icebergs of the polar regions.

"Oh, Henrietta, just let me explain!" he implored; but the awful grey eyes transfixed him with one, never-to-be-forgotten glance. Henrietta turned and sailed majestically out of the room, and poor Thomas, the innocent victim of circumstantial evidence was left alone.

He has been alone ever since, and as he wanders, aimlessly and hopelessly, about the world, he is sometimes seen to shudder and grow pale, if, by any accident, his eyes encounter the door of a dark wardrobe, or a pair of number two slippers.

Life is put together considerable like a set of harness. There are traces of care, lines of trouble, bits of good fortune, breaches of good manners, bridled tongues, and everybody has to tug to pull through.

A brakeman attempted to assist a fat woman into a coach at the depot the other morning, when her husband remarked: "She is a pretty good shoat; she only weighs two hundred and seventy."

Scientific Miscellany.

The pitcher plant of Borneo has been found to be a natural insect trap, incurving ridges effectually preventing the escape of any creeping insects which may enter. In order to safely reach the prisoners thus entrapped a species of black ant ingeniously perforates the stalk of the plant, providing in this manner a highway by means of which ready access is had to a sumptuous fare of dead and decaying insects.

The hats of natives of British Colnmbia are adorned with figures resembling tatoo marks. Dr. Dally has discovered that these marks all have a definite meaning, being, in fact, records of events which have taken place in the lives of the wearers. Each individual thus displays his history upon his head.

An estimate has lately been made by Herr Salzer, placing the number of optic nerve-fibres at about 438,000, and the number of retinal cones at 3,360,000, in each human eye.

M. Raoud Pictet suggests the use of the great parabolic mirror thirty-five feet in diameter, as a means of concentrating the sun's rays and securing a degree of heat far greater than any ever produced artificially. He suspects certain substances now considered as elementary to the compounds, and he believes they may be divided into three elements by the application of the intense heat in the mirror's focus.

The idea was long prevalent that the living bodies of human being and animals might, under certain circumstances, take fire spontaneously and be more or less completely consumed. Alleged cases of this kind were even placed on record. The utter impossibility of any such result was demonstrated by Liebig, who showed that no amount of fat, alcohol or phosphorous, which a living body could possibly contain would render it combustible.

A remarkable discovery was lately made in the region of the Pyrenees. In a cave of the paleolithic or "old stone" period there were found teeth of the cave bear adorned with drawings, some of which represent human baings covered with long hair. These rude pictures must date many thousand years before the dawn of historic times.

It has been claimed by several writers that more than one of the so-called "annual rings" of trees may be formed in a single season, but the question has never been conclusively settled. The observations of Mr. L. Kay in England last year seem to show that two rings may be formed in the small branches of a tree during a season, but that the interruption of growth in summer causing the division of these rings is too slight to extend to the trunk. Consequently, it may be considered that the number of concentric rings of wood in the trunks of trees represents very nearly their actual age in years.

A peculiar substance has been found by Professor A. Scacchi in the lava which issued from Vesuvius during the year 1631. He supposes it to be a new metal, and gives it the name *vesbium*.

An analysis has been made of the soil of a cemetery in which no interment has been made for thirty years, and the products of animal decomposition are found to be still present.

A small quantity of the essential oils of aloes was recently exhibited in Edinburgh. It is believed to be the only specimen in the world. The oil exists only in very minute quantity in aloes, but two fluid drachms having been obtained from five hundred pounds of aloes.

Some two years since, according to a foreign medical report, a girl of seventeen received a severe fright, which within a few days threafter resulted in a total loss of her hair. None has grown since, and she remains completely bald.

A process has been patented in Germany whereby a fur-like material is produced from feathers in combination with other textile substances. The product can be used for a variety of purposes, such as rugs, carpets, and some articles of clothing. Feathers otherwise valueless can be utilized by this means.

In Prussia one person in every four hundred and fifty is insane. A Berlin scientist attributes this large proportion to intemperance among the lower class, and to educational cramming in early years among others.

Fragments of papyri are still being found in Egypt, some of them bearing epistles in Greek characters.

Origin of the Term "Uncle Sam."

Immediately after the last declaration of war with England, Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a contractor, visited Troy, on the Hudson, where was concentrated and where he purchased a large quantity of provisions—beef, pork, etc. The inspectors of these articles at that place were Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (invariably known as Uncle Sam) generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who, on this occasion, were employed in hunting over the provisions purchased by the contractor for the army. The casks were marked "E. A.—U. S." This work fell to the lot of a facetious fellow in the employ of the Messrs. Wilson, who, on being asked by some of his fellow workmen the meaning of the mark (for the letters U. S. for United States were then almost entirely new to them) said he did not know, unless it meant Elbert Anderson and "Uncle Sam" Wilson. The joke took upon the workmen, and passed currently, and "Uncle Sam" himself being present was occasionally rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions. Many of these workmen being of a character denominated "food for powder," were found shortly after following the recruiting drum and pushing toward the frontier lines, for the double purpose of meeting the enemy and of eating the provisions they had lately labored to put in good order. Their old jokes accompanied them, and, before the first campaign ended, this identical one first appeared in print; it gained favor rapidly till it penetrated and was recognized in every part of the country, and will, no doubt, continue so while the United States remain a nation.

The late Mrs. Mary Chapman, an actress, well known on the Pacific coast, was the mother of twenty children. She not only filled the stage, but she crowded the omnibus.

A Boy's Last Hymn in a Garret.

A friend of mine, seeking for an object of charity, got into the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed up the ladder and drew himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through the bull's-eye in place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Hush, don't tell anybody, if you please, sir."

"What are you hiding from?"

"Hush! don't tell anybody, sir: I'm a hiding."

"Don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"Where's your mother?"

"Hush! please don't tell anybody. I'm a hiding."

"What are you hiding from?"

"Don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"Please, sir, mother's dead."

"Where's your father?"

"Hush! don't tell him, don't tell him, but look here!"

He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw the boy's flesh was bruised and his skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir."

"What did he beat you like that for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal!"

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir: I was a street thief once."

"And why don't you steal any more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God and heaven and of Jesus; and they taught me 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never again if my father kills me for it. But please, sir, don't tell him."

"My boy, you must not stay here, you'll die. Now wait patiently here for a little time; I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir, but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?"

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding away from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing.

"Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn."

He raised himself on his elbows and then sang:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

"Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Gracious God, forbid it not,
In the kingdom of Thy grace,
Give a little child a place."

"That is the little hymn, sir; good-bye."

The gentleman went away, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there were the shavings, and there was the boy, with one hand by his side and the other tucked in his bosom underneath, but the vital spark had fled and he was dead.

Picklugs From the Poultry Yard.

In no case breed from sickly or weak constitutioned fowls, as your chickens will be worthless and also bring disease.

Fowls with canker or roup will communicate the disease to all the rest of the flock if allowed to use the same drinking vessel.

Ducks and geese should always be scalded, and steamed by covering up with a blanket for a short time, before picking; in other respects handle as turkeys and chickens.

Cayenne pepper, ginger or mustard for fowls is quite beneficial. When added to their food it will stimulate egg-production, increase their vigor and make them feel well generally.

Young and quick-fed animals have more water and fat in their flesh, while older and well-fed animals have flesh of a firmer touch and a richer flavor, and are richer in nitrogen. The former may be more delicate, the latter will be more nutritious.

Cabbage is best given poultry whole, hung up by the stalk. At first it may not be touched, but when one fowl begins to peck at it, the rest will be tempted to keep on till little remains. Being suspended it does not waste or become polluted, and it will remain in good condition to be eaten at will.

Moderately fat animals are the most profitable. Every excessive fat animal have been fed at a loss during the latter part of its feeding. When an animal is ready for market, sell it; if there is any feed left, buy some more lean animals and feed them. The nimble sixpence brings the profit.

When soft eggs are laid by fowls they intimate usually that the egg organs are inflamed. This state is occasioned by the birds being over-fed or too fat. Spare diet and plenty of green food, especially lettuce leaves in summer, or cabbage in winter, is the best treatment for fowls in such condition,

Every fowl house should face the south, and, if possible, be on dry ground. Any available ground, protected by groves, hedges, stone walls or by buildings of any kind, may be used for this purpose. Fowls suffer very much from cold storms and wind, and any protection against these is very valuable as a preventive of colds and roup.

HOW TO CONQUER A BALKY HORSE.—I would prepare myself with a good strap—I want no whip; perhaps he has got a taste of that already, and still he is master. But some day when I was at peace with myself and all around I would hitch him to the buggy, turning his head to the village. He goes half the way very well indeed; then he beging to consider that he has gone far enough in that direction and stops. I step down; he expects me to use the whip. He is mistaken. As a criminal I treat him on the silent system. I push him back a little out of the way. I show him the strap, putting it up to his nose. I go to the off side and buckle it to his off fore leg, close up to the breast, throwing the other end over his shoulder; I then raise his near fore foot and fix it with the hoof nearly touching the belly. This done, I say to him, "now, old chap, you stand there." I don't smoke, so I take a piece of paper from my pocket, and, finding a place where I can sit down and he see see me, I begin to read. This is something he did not bargain for, and the novelty of standing on three legs somewhat diverts his mind from the cause that stopped him. I think this is the chief point to be gained, and the most humane. He now shows signs of a wish to go, but that does not suit at the time, as I have yet to look over "John Caldigate." When the strap is taken off I show it to him, caress him a little, and we move on without irritation. The strap will now become a part of the harness for a month or two, till at last the sight of it will act as a talisman.—Corr. Toronto Globe.

Death of a Noble Gambler.

The recent death of the Duke of Portland recalls the career of the most successful gambler whom the world probably ever saw. At the death, without male issue, of the second Eearl of Bucclench, whose daughter married the Duke of Monmouth, Scott of Scotstarvet, became heir male of the house of Scott, and early in the last century Scotstarvet obtained for his son John an Ensignecy in a marching regiment. The lad had next to nothing beyond his pay, and might have continued to eke out existence in military penury, but for a remarkable aptitude for cards. As time went on he contrived to extend his operations, and was enabled to frequent the first gambling resorts of London, then in their heyday. It was the most hard-drinking period in English history, but while noble lords and right honorable gentlemen sat down to the card-table flushed with wine, Scott came with a head as clear as 7 in the morning. By degrees he accumulated thousands, then tens, then hundreds of thousands. He married a lady of excellent Scotish family, but she only brought him daughters, and he was anxious for an heir, so quite late in life he became the husband of the young and beautiful Lady Mary Hay, daughter of the Earl of Errol. But this union was not productive of the desired results. General Scott had an Aid-de-Camp to whom he was greatly attached, who resided with him, and unfortunately, Lady Mary also became still more attached to this gay gentleman. On the morning after a dinner-party both were missing. They were pursued and over taken, but, of course, a divorce took place. Lady Mary had no child, but Gen. Scott left at his death three daughters by his first wife. It became a prime object with Pitt to marry his favorite, George Canning, to one of these great co-heiresses, and he succeeded. Another married the Duke of Portland, and a third the Earl of Moray. But those who think that money gained at gambling is ill-gotten, and that ill gotten gold never prospers will feel sustained in this view by the fact that, although Mrs. Canning had a son, that son died childless, and that none of the Duchess of Portland's four sons or Lady Moray's two sons, albeit all grew to manhood, ever married. A very remarkable circumstance, certainly, as regards the Bentincks, inasmuch as two, at least—Lords George and Henry—were eminent sportsmen, and of fine physique. Balcomie, the splendid seat created by Gen. Scott, has long since been dismantled. His grandson, Lord Henry Bentinck, inherited much of his skill at cards, and was long the prime authority on whist ot the Portland Club, the head-centre of London whist-players. His brother, Lord George, was for some thirty years the most prominent turfite in England, but never had the luck to win what his close ally, Lord Beaconsfield, so happily dubbed "the blue ribbon of the turf"—the Derby.—*N. Y. Times.*

Why She Missed the Ferryboat.

She was to meet her adored one, says the San Francisco *News Letter*, on the 9 o'clock boat, and it wanted fifteen minutes of the hour. Her hand was on the door to go out, when it struck her that she had forgotten to line her left eyebrow. Rushing to the glass to rectify this, she discovered a small red spot, commemorative of a departed pimple. A dab of lily white settled that defect, and she was about to make a fresh start, when a backward glance assured her that her hat was not as becoming as it should be. So she stopped just long enough to give it a punch over the left ear and a "hyke" in the back. Then her "Recamier locks" wanted a little arranging, and an inch of blonde must be pinned across the nose. Then she parted her lips to see if her filled tooth showed plainly, and that started a most seductive dimple in one cheek, which suggested a scrap of black court-plaster on its very verge to call attention to its dangers, like a sign-board on a thinly-frozen pond. Then she tipped the glass, stuck in the curling-tongs to hold it, and walked across the room with her head over her shoulder to get a back view, gave her drapery a twitch here and there, tried to see how long a step she could take without bursting the tapes, gave herself a little shake, like a sparrow after a shower, changed her four-button gloves for six, sprinkled Lubin's latest on her handkerchief, stamped her little French heels once or twice to settle herself, and, seizing her parasol in the most approved style to show the lace to advantage, started for the ferry, where a smiling official, either in a fit of admiration or sarcasm, offered her his glass with which to watch the fast receding boat, already half across the bay.

BEET SUGAR CULTURE.—Mr. W. W. Harris, of Cumberland, Me., President of the State Board of Agriculture, gives his experience in raising sugar beets as follows: I have raised beets every year for five years. I first raised the genuine sugar beets in 1878 to the extent of two acres. The soil is clay loam. In 1877 it was worn-out grass land, cutting only half a ton to the acre. That spring (1877) I plowed it and put in turnips, using no manure except Stockbridge's special manure for turnips. I got a fair crop. In the spring of 1878 I underdrained the land, and then plowed it once nine inches with Erye's No. 3 steel plow. Then I harrowed it thoroughly with Share's harrow. I marked out my rows thirty inches apart and two inches deep with a light horse hoe. I then strewed beet fertilizer in the drills at the rate of three bags (six hundred pounds) to the acre. I then covered the fertilizer about one inch deep. I then ran my seed drill over the fertilizer and used plenty of seed. This was late in May. My drill covered the seed about one inch deep. When the beets were about the size of a slate-pencil I thinned them out, leaving only one beet to each eight inches in the rows. This thinniug out and first weeding was the only work I did by hand. I afterward cultivated them with a horse cultivator twice only. My crop was twenty-two and one-half tons per acre. The only manure I have used on the land for the past two years has been the Stockbridge fertilizer. Upon land which was thoroughly manured last year a good crop of sugar beets can be raised with beet fertilizer alone. I am going to plant ten acres of sugar beets this year on contract with the Maine Beet Sugar Company. I shall use no other manure than the beet fertilizer.

A DETERMINED BRIDE.—Albany girls, says the Albany *Argus*, stand no fooling. One of them was to have been married a day or two since, and the girl was all ready, the minister on hand, and the feast spread, but still no bridegroom. "I'll wait for him just ten minutes," said the girl, "and then I'm open to proposals." Ten minutes flew like the wind, and a little red-haired fellow, with a paper collar, and his trowers all frilled at the bottom, stepped up, proposed, was accepted, married, and scooped in the banquet.

WIT AND HUMOR.

To raise sorghum—Go to a dentist.

Jail birds are confined in guilt cages.

The first rose of summer—Shad roes.

The clergyman is usually a heart-tie man.

An undertaker gets his living where another man dies.

Ships are frequently on speaking terms, and they lie to.

What is better than a promising young man? A paying one.

Could not the doctor's fee be justly called ill-gotten gains?

If ever a man needed to travel for his health it is the Czar of Russia.

A tramp called his shoes "corporations," because they had no soles.

A man must be a muttonhead to be always talking about the wether.

The hen knows the man that robs her nest. She is always laying for him.

It is strongly suspected that it was Ananias who invented the circus poster.

When a friend wishes to borrow your money, consider which of the two you would rather lose.

Fish-worms are beginning to chin the surface of the earth and look around for the boys with spades and an old oyster-can.

Let s encourage champion swimmers. They never get sawed in two, boils never bother 'em, and they have to swim or sink.

"What on earth takes you off to the stable so early every morning lately?" asked a woman of her husband. "Curry hossity."

Colonel Synge has been released by the brigands, and says he will not slip up in Greece again. A singed child dreads the (Greek) fire.

M. de Lesseps is quoted as saying—Civilization goes on two legs; one leg is man, the other woman. You can bet your life it is the man leg that gets the gout which comes from too much civilization.

A colored citizen of Georgia fears he will have to exode to Kansas. He remarks: "Nebber seed sich times since I been born. Work all day and steal all night, and blessed if I can hardly make a livin'."

"What," asked a communistic-inclined paper, "are kings good for?" Uneducated and unappreciative youth, a man never fully appreciates the value of kings until the other fellow holds out a pair of queens.

Noble breeder of short horns—"Well, you are a splendid fellow, and no mistake!" Prize bull—"So would you be, my lord, if you could only have chosen your pa and ma as carefully and judiciously as you selected mine!"

The Boston *Transcript* says: "These days no one is safe from the charge of plagiarism. Brown went to church last Sunday—a thing unusual—and upon being asked his opinion of the clergyman said: 'Oh, his sermon was very good; but that prayer beginning with Our Father I think he stole. I know I have heard something somewhere that it was strangely like.'"

AN AFRICAN POTENTATE'S POTATIONS.—The Comte de Semelle, who has recently returned from the banks of the Niger, whither he was sent when Marshal MacMahon was president of the French Republic, has published a few chapters of a startling narrative. The Count says that on reaching Lokodga he offered the Sultan of that place some cotton goods, whereon his Matesty shouted: "I am a great Sultan and not a dog! I don't want your presents; give me gin and rum!" The Count thought he was going to be assassinated, but he forced his interpreter to say he was not English, but French; that he had never been received before by such a dog, that he feared neither fire nor poison, etc. This language having sobered the Sultan, the Count gave him a bottle of gin, which produced another fit of delirium tremens. The Count adds that the Sultan is completely *abuti*, and that he has no authority over his subjects, who have imposed upon him a parliament with which he gets drunk from morning till evening. At Onitcha the Count came across several English establishments who were rather jealous of him, and more inclined to throw obstacles in his way than to help him on his road. Higher up the country, in the country of the Mitchis, the Count nearly saw his travels brought to an abrupt conclusion. However, the King, after slaying before him 100 human victims and examining their entrails, declared them favorable and made the Count a present of twenty wives. The 100 victims were cut into small pieces which were distributed through the city, and the Count, who dined with the Sultan in the evening, was obliged to eat a morsel and to take a draught of human blood. Fortunately he was able to conclude his repast with fruit and palm wine. The Count writes glowingly of the natural wealth of the country, which evidently requires a good deal of opening up.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

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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 any 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. 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.

Indorsed 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,
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