Corvallis Gazette.

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—BY—
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Corvallis Gazette.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1 W.	1 M.	3 M.	6 M.	1 YR.
1 Inch	1 00	3 00	5 00	8 00	12 00
2 "	2 00	5 00	7 00	12 00	18 00
3 "	3 00	6 00	10 00	16 00	22 00
4 "	4 00	7 00	13 00	18 00	20 00
¼ Col.	6 00	9 00	15 00	20 00	35 00
½ "	7 50	12 00	18 00	35 00	48 00
½ "	10 00	15 00	25 00	40 00	60 00
1 "	15 00	20 00	40 00	60 00	100 00

Notices in Local Column, 20 cents per line, each insertion.
Transient advertisements, per square of 12 lines, Nonpareil measure, $2 50 for first, and $1 for each subsequent insertion—in ADVANCE.
Legal advertisements charged as transient, and must be paid for upon expiration. No charge for publisher's affidavit of publication.
Yearly advertisements on liberal terms.
Professional Cards, (1 square) $12 per annum.
All notices and advertisements intended for publication should be handed in by noon on Wednesday.

CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

M. S. WOODCOCK,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
CORVALLIS : : OREGON.

OFFICE ON FIRST STREET, OPP. WOODCOCK & BALDWIN'S Hardware store.
Special attention given to Collections, Foreclosure of Mortgages, Real Estate cases, Probate and Road matters.
Will also buy and sell City Property and Farm Lands, on reasonable terms.
March 20, 1879. 16-12y1

J. K. WEBBER,
Main St., Corvallis, Oregon,
DEALER IN
Stoves, Ranges,
FORCE AND LIFT PUMPS.
HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE,
Constantly on hand, the
NEW RICHMOND RANGE,
Best in Market. The
BONANZA COOK STOVE,
Something New. And the New
VECTA PARLOR STOVE.
Jan. 1, 1880. 17:1 tf

J. R. BRYSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
All business will receive prompt attention.
COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY.
Corvallis, July 14, 1879. 16:29tf

J. W. RAYBURN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CORVALLIS, : : OREGON.
OFFICE—On Monroe street, between Second and Third.
☞ Special attention given to the Collection of Notes and Accounts. 16-1tf

JAMES A. YANTIS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
CORVALLIS, - - - OREGON.
WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS of the State. Special attention given to matters in Probate. Collections will receive prompt and careful attention. Office in the Court House. 16:1tf.

DR F. A. VINCENT,
DENTIST.
CORVALLIS. - OREGON.
OFFICE IN FISHER'S BRICK — OVER Max. Friendley's New Store. All the latest improvements. Everything new and complete. All work warranted. Please give me a call. 15:3tf

C. R. FARRA, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE—OVER GRAHAM & HAMILTON'S Drug Store, Corvallis, Oregon. 14-26tf

W. C. CRAWFORD,
—DEALER IN—
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, SILVER WARE, etc. Also,
Musical Instruments &c
☞ Repairing done at the most reasonable rates, and all work warranted.
Corvallis, Dec. 13, 1877. 14:50tf

GRAHAM, HAMILTON & CO.,
CORVALLIS - - - OREGON.
—DEALERS IN—
Drugs, Paints,
MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, DYE STUFFS,
OILS,
GLASS
AND
PUTTY.
PURE WINES AND LIQUORS
—FOR MEDICINAL USE.—
And also the the very best assortment of
Lamps and Wall Paper
ever brought to this place.
AGENTS FOR THE
AVERILL CHEMICAL PAINT,
SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER
☞ Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded. 14-26f

CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

Corvallis Lodge No 14, I. O. O. F.
Holds stated Communications on Wednesday on or preceding each full moon. Brethren in good standing cordially invited to attend. By order
W. M.
Baraum Lodge No. 7, I. O. O. F.
Meets on Tuesday evening of each week, in their hall, in Fisher's brick, second story. Members of the order in good standing invited to attend. By order of
N. G.

F. A. CHENOWETH. F. M. JOHNSON.
CHENOWETH & JOHNSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
CORVALLIS - - - - OREGON
September 4, 1879. 16:36tf

ALLEN & WOODWARD,
Druggists
and
Apothecaries,
P. O. BUILDING, CORVALLIS, OREGON.
Have a complete stock of
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OIL,
GLASS, ETC., ETC.
School Books Stationery, &c.
We buy for Cash, and have choice of the FRESHEST and PUREST Drugs and Medicines the market affords.
☞ Prescriptions accurately prepared at half the usual rates. 2May16:18tf

FRESH GOODS
—AT THE—
BAZAR OF FASHIONS
Mrs. E. A. KNIGHT.
CORVALLIS, - - - OREGON.
Has just received from San Francisco, the largest and Best Stock of
Millinery Goods,
Dress Trimmings, Etc.,
Ever brought to Corvallis, which I will sell at prices that defy competition.
Agency for Mme. Demorest's reliable Patterns.
25apr16:17tf

Woodcock & Baldwin
(Successors to J. R Bayley & Co.)
KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND AT THE old stand a large and complete stock of
Heavy and Shelf Hardware,
IRON, STEEL,
TOOLS, STOVES,
RANGES, ETC
Manufactured and Home Made
Tin and Copper Ware,
Pumps Pipe, Etc.
A good Tinner constantly on hand, and all Job Work neatly and quickly done.
Also agents for Knapp, Burrell & Co., for the sale of the best and latest improved
FARM MACHINERY,
of all kinds, together with a full assortment of Agricultural Implements.
Sole Agents for the celebrated
ST. LOUIS CHARTER OAK STOVES
the BEST IN THE WORLD. Also the Norman Range, and many other patterns, in all sizes and styles.
☞ Particular attention paid to Farmers' wants, and the supplying extras for Farm Machinery, and all information as to such articles, furnished cheerfully, on application.
No pains will be spared to furnish our customers with the best goods in market, in our line, and at the lowest prices.
Our motto shall be, prompt and fair dealing with all. Call and examine our stock, before going elsewhere. Satisfaction guaranteed.
WOOKCOCK & BALDWIN.
Corvallis, May, 12, 1879. 14:4tf

REES HAMLIN. EMMETT F. WRENN.
DRAYAGE!
DRAYAGE!
Hamlin & Wrenn, Propr's.
HAVING JUST RETURNED FROM Salem with a new truck, and having leased the barn formerly occupied by James Eglin, we are now prepared to do all kinds of
DRAYING AND HAULING,
either in the city or country, at the lowest living rates. Can be found at the old truck stand. A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited.
Corvallis, Dec. 27, 1878. 15:52tf

J. C. MORELAND,
(CITY ATTORNEY.)
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PORTLAND, - - OREGON.
OFFICE—Monastes' Brick, First street, between Morrison and Yamhill. 14:38tf

THE STAR BAKERY,
Main Street, Corvallis.
HENRY WARRIOR, PROPRIETOR.
Family Supply Store!
Groceries,
Bread,
Cakes,
Pies,
Candies,
Toys,
Etc.,
Always on Hand.
Corvallis, Jan. 1, 1877. 14:2tf

CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

LANDS! FARMS! HOMES!
I HAVE FARMS, (Improved and unimproved,) STORES and MILL PROPERTY, very desirable,
FOR SALE.
These lands are cheap.
Also claims in unsurveyed tracts for sale.
Soldiers of the late rebellion who have, under the Soldiers' Homestead Act, located and made final proof on less than 160 acres, can dispose of the balance to me.
Write (with stamps to prepay postage).
R. A. BENSELL,
Newport, Benton county, Oregon.
16:2tf

H. E. HARRIS,
One door South of Graham & Hamilton's,
CORVALLIS, - - OREGON.
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
—AND—
Dry Goods.
Corvallis, Jan. 3, 1878. 16:1v1

DRAKE & GRANT,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
CORVALLIS, - - - OREGON.
WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A LARGE and well selected stock of Cloth, viz:
West of England Broad Cloths, French Cassimeres, Scotch Tweeds, and American Suitings.
Which we will make up to order in the most approved and fash onable styles. No pains will be spared in producing good fitting garments.
Parties wishing to purchase cloths and have them cut out, will do well to call and examine our stock. DRAKE & GRANT.
Corvallis, April 17 1879. 16:16tf

Boarding and Lodging.
Philomath Benton Co., Oregon.
GEORGE KISOR,
RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE TRAVeling public that he is now prepared and in readiness to keep such boarders as may choose to give him a call, either by the
SINGLE MEAL, DAY, OR WEEK.
Is also prepared to furnish fine feed. Liberal share of public patronage solicited. Give us a call. GEORGE KISOR.
Philomath, April 28, 1879. 16:18tf

CORVALLIS
Livery, Feed
...AND...
SALE STABLE.

Main St., Corvallis, Oregon.
SOL. KING, - Porpr.
OWNING BOTH BARNS I AM PREPARED to offer superior accommodations in the Livery line. Always ready for a drive,
GOOD TEAMS
At Low Rates.
My stables are first-class in every respect, and competent and obliging hostlers always ready to serve the public.
REASONABLE CHARGES FOR HIRE.
Particular attention Paid to Boarding Horses.
ELEGANT HEARSE, CARRIAGES AND HACKS FOR FUNERALS
Corvallis, Jan. 3, 1879. 16:1y1

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. Twelve dollars a day made at home by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$66 A WEEK in your own town and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free $5 outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. 16:31y1

FRANKLIN CAUTHORN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Corvallis, Oregon.
Special attention given to surgery and diseases of the Eye. Can be found at his office, in rear of Graham, Hamilton & Co.'s Drug Store, up stairs, day or night.
June 3, 1879. 16-23t

A HEROINE IN TROWSERS.

Among the heroines who have turned up in this latter day is Catherine Hill. Catherine is a short and rather fleshy mulatto, about 34 years of age, residing in St. Mary street, below Seventh. A few days ago this woman called at the office of Col. Wm. B. Mann to secure his assistance in procuring for her a pension from the United States Government, to which she was entitled for services rendered while serving the country as a soldier. She told him a most remarkable tale about having enlisted as a private in a colored regiment, dressed in men's habiliments. Colonel Mann agreed to take the case in hand, but directed her to procure evidence, however, and this she immediately set about doing. There were many things which she withheld from the lawyer, including the reason of her joining the army, all of which, however, she related to a *Record* reporter in this language:

"I enlisted," she began, "in the Thirtirth Maryland Colored Volunteers on the 3d of May—I forget what year—under the name of Henry Williams. I was passed through the examination by Drs. Cook and Perry of Baltimore. I got into a little difficulty, and that was why I went. The difficulty was: I shot a man. He shot me first. His name was Henry Stump, son of Judge Stump, of Perryville, and he fired at me for crossing his premises. The Government had run a blockade across the public road, allowing no one to pass but the soldiers. I crossed it, and he halloed, 'Halt!' three times and then fired. I had two champagne baskets of victuals which I was going to sell to the soldiers. After he shot me I fell. I was picked up by a gentleman who was passing along with a load of hay, and was taken to the corral, where I was found with the food. There they put me on a stretcher and took me on board little tug Pacific, which took me to Havre de Grace, where I was attended by Dr. Lloyd. He took thirty-two buckshot out of my right arm, and two more he left in, as he said they were in the veins, and it would be dangerous to extract them."

At this point in the narrative Mrs. Hill bared her arm and showed the reporter the shot that still remained in that member.

"After Stump shot me, I forgot to say he walked to me, and I asked him what he shot me for. He said, 'I tried to kill you.' I said, 'You didn't do it, though.' 'It wasn't because I did not try.' After I got well I returned to Perryville, where I met Stump a few hundred yards from where he had shot me. He was riding his horse, and said to me, 'I have a good mind to run this horse over you.' I walked away from him and he kept riding toward me, and I fired at him once. He fell from his horse, but was able to walk, however, and went to the house of a fisherman named George Brown, a servant of Stump's, who took him home. Dr. Primrose of Port Deposit dressed his wound, which I afterwards heard, proved fatal. Three weeks from the day this occurred I enlisted for the first time in Baltimore. After enlisting I was sent to Camp Belgia, and there stayed with the company—the Thirteenth Maryland, company K — under Lieutenant William Ropes, Captain Perry. I was removed from the camp to Fortress Monroe, and there staid five weeks. I was sent from there to the Shenandoah Valley on July 7th. In the first battle at Deep Bottom, Shenandoah Valley, which was nothing more than a scrimmage, I received a wound in my right leg from which I was laid up six weeks. After I was pronounced well I was sent to Raleigh, N. C., where I stayed five weeks with my company. From there we went to Talahassee, where we stayed nine weeks, and had one little scrimmage there. From there we went to Chattanooga, Tenn., and the last battle I was in was at Richmond. I was then just recovered from wounds I had received at Petersburg. I had received a wound in my right jaw, knocking the teeth out, at Wilmington, N. C., on Saturday. In the seven day's fight at Petersburg I received a wound in the right hip, and lay on the field three days and three nights without anything to eat or drink except two hard tacks and a canteen of water. I laid up at the hospital at Halifax, Virginia, where I was attended by Dr. Perry, one of the doctors that had passed me on my first physical examination. I also received wounds on my hand from defending myself from the saber of a rebel Colonel with my musket at Knighn's swamp. I succeeded at last in unhorsing him by a bayonet thrust. I got my discharge in Washington from Claim Agent George B. Fisher, and was paid off in Baltimore, receiving $1,472, the first money paid me since my enlistment."

After her discharge she became pastry cook in a hotel, then stewardess on a steamboat which was wrecked, and later she worked in a tailor store. She came to this city the year Catto was killed, and earned a living as best she could. Her husband, whom she met after the war, has been living with her. The discharge, she said, was in the hands of Dr. Wood of Twentieth street, near Wood street, with whom she had placed it for safe keeping.

James Redding, who was in Mrs. Hill's regiment, states that he is willing to swear to her having served through the war, and that he did not know her sex until after it was made known in the hospital.

Second Lieutenant P. F. Dillon of the Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania, who keeps a grocery store on St. Mary street, near Seventh, told a reporter that he first met Mrs. Hill in the hospital at Baltimore, in 1863, when she was discovered to be a female. He is agent for the house in which she now lives, and he believes her to be one of the most honest and brave women that he ever knew.

Determined to test the truth of the woman's story still further, the newsman proceeded to Twentieth and Wood streets, attempting to find the residence of Dr. Wood, who was mentioned as the holder of the discharge. In spite of all inquiries he was unable to find any such person residing in the neighborhood.

Returning to Mrs. Hill, the reporter informed her of this fact. Mrs. Hill insisted that he lived there, and then gave a detailed description of some place near the Eleventh and Twelfth streets horse car depot as his place of residence.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Posted Individual.

But few politicians have an idea how little the general public know or care about them. The writer, this winter, has met numbers of New York people visiting here, and the amount of ignorance displayed by them about public men and affairs has been simply appalling. What would you think of a brisk young business man who understood horses and money-making to perfection, and who does not know whether Sam Randall was Speaker of the House or presiding officer of the Senate. The worst case I ever met was a provincial broker from the heart of a howling wilderness known as Wall street. He was in Washington for the first time in his life, and was anxious to see the Congressional boys. "I am not death on sight-seeing, you know," said he "but I would like to take in what you think might be interesting."

In the Senate he looked around placidly around a moment.

"Where is our man Conkling!" he asked.

"Over in that corner, talking with his strikers."

"Oh, yes! That is the first time I have seen Conkling. Broad shoulders, some chest, but bad legs. Where is Senator Sprague? I would like to see that cuss."

"Sprague's not in the Senate now."

"Is that so? I suppose Mrs. Sprague is in the gallery. No? Well, who is that stout man over there?"

"David Davis."

"Who is he?"

"David Davis."

"See here, that won't do. Your are chaffing. Where is he from?"

"Illinois."

"A western buck! Been in the Senate very long?"

"Not very long."

"Thought not; never heard of him before. Where does Carl Schurz sit?"

"Mr. Schurz is not in the Senate at present."

"Out of the city?"

"Oh, no. He is at present a member of Hayes' Cabinet."

"Come to think, I ought to have remembered that. Where is Charles Sumner?"

"God knows."

"What do yon mean?"

"Alas, poor Sumner has passed away."

"Too much rum? Was it sudden? The Senators are gay old boys, I understand."

Thus this gay New York child of nature rattled on. His ignorance was not assumed. In the House of Representatives, he said, "What place is this?" it more closely resembling his stock board room than any other place he had seen. In the Supreme Court room he asked if "all the old cocks" always sat in a row listening to cases. He thought one at a time enough, and did not see why the nine did not change about so as to rest each other. For the full bench to sit was to him an aggravating waste of the raw material.

Hard to Understand.

Why an endless procession of drinkers from a public dipper will invariably drink close to the handle.

Why people will go into society to be bored when they can get board just as cheap at home.

Why the young lady who will eagerly chew boarding-house mince pie will carefully eschew boarding-house hash.

Why a woman will make excuses for her bread when she knows it is the best she ever made, and knows her company knows it.

Why a young gentleman swears so much louder and more copiously when strange ladies are within earshot; or, in other words,

Why the desire to make a fool of one's self springs eternal in the human breast.

Why we are so much angrier against him who shows us our errors than him that leads us therein.

Why people will get married when courting is so sweet.

Why a man who claims to have found marriage a delusion will embrace again that delusion upon the first convenient opportunity.

Why cold weather comes during the season that it is least agreeable.

Why it is so much easier to be polite to people whom we shall probably never see again than to those whose good opinion we have every reason to cultivate.

Why boys should run after the girls when there is a whole house full at home. —*Exchange.*

Cast-Off Friends.

There are men and women in public life whose pathway is marked by "remains of whilom friends whom they have squeezed dry and dropped, like so many sucked oranges. In politics it is said of such a man that he has kicked down the ladders by which he climbed. In literary or other walks of life, the human sponge often swells up with the thought that he has now "outgrown" his humble friends of former days. In private life the self-conscious soul contents itself with becoming more and more the center of its little circumference, taking none within the orbit who will not consent to revolve around it and emit light and warmth for its enjoyment. There have been many and noble definitions of what a friend is. People of real individuality, strength and sensitiveness have doubtless fewer real friends than they are apt to think, unless they have been cherishing unconsciously low ideals. But whatever a friend may not be, certainly that sweet and noble term is unmerited by one who, however generous in other directions, is selfish of himself.

A Cat's Sorrow.

A gentleman who went home rather late one morning—about half-past one o'clock, for which reason he does not care to have his name mentioned—was heard that evening to relate an interesting story. He says that at the corner of Fourteenth and Chestnut streets he heard a queer sound, very much like the moan of a human being in great distress. He walked only a few steps further when the same strange sound was heard again, The most peculiar feature of the last sound was that it seemed to emanate from some cavern beneath the pavement a few yards distance. The gentleman, in a condition of mind approaching awe, hurried forward with tremulous step. He crossed the dark alley which divides the block, and the lamp stood behind him. As he moved onward his eye detected a slight vibration or change in the form of the shadow beyond the telegraph pole, too quick to leave any outline of the form that made it. Whether this circumstance had anything to do with the subject under investigation remained to be seen. The gentleman walked boldly up to the telegraph pole, and on arriving found nothing—that is, he saw nothing at first, his eyes having been recently dimmed by the glare of the lamp. A second afterward a small object was seen on the pavement close to the post, and while he saw it it gave utterance to the sound that had attracted his attention. It was apparent that it was either a cat or a dog, and an effort was made to frighten it away from the shadow that curiosity might be satisfied; but it refused to move until actually driven, and then only a foot or two with great reluctance. This was sufficient, however, and the question was settled. It was a cat; but why did it seem loth to retreat?

By stooping close to the ground the dead body of a gray kitten about half grown was discovered. The cat, which had been driven away, seemed alarmed by the investigation, and uttered some half plaintive and defiant cries. The gentleman said he then walked several steps toward the south and then stopped to see what the old cat was going to do. She immediately returned to the dead body, and after walking around it and caressing it for some time, she suddenly raised her head and gave another cry. This seemed to have been caused by another intruder, and by following the direction of the cat's eyes it was seen that another cat was the cause of the distress. The latter animal was hidden in a cellar door with the exception of its head. The light fell upon it, and there was something interrogatory about the face. This cat's object seemed to be to learn what the other was doing, while the guardian of the dead seemed to misunderstand the cause of the intrusion. A well aimed brickbat started the inquisitive cat on the double quick, which doubtless carried him out of the neighborhood. Immediately after his departure, the mourning mother came away from the little corpse and rubbed herself against the legs of him who had routed her enemy. She also looked up into his face and mewed as if to ask pardon for her former unkindness and to give him to understand the true condition of her feline heart. Having received a little kindness in return she resumed her lonely watch beside the dead.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A Little Darkey's Story.

Uder a great pecan tree on the lawn before the "big house," Sam and Pumble sat to consider and consult, or, as they expressed it, "study up what us gwing to do."

"Shill I tell a story?" asked Pumble.

"Does you know a good one?" inquired Sam.

"Dis story's gwine to be a new one," said Pumble, "bekase I'll make it up as I go 'long."

"Tell ahead," said Sam.

"Wunst upon a time——"began Pumble.

"What time?" interrupted Sam.

"Shut up! Wunst upon a time, dey was a man. An' dis heah man lighted up his pipe and started out on de big road. An' he went walkin' along, along, an' walkin' along an' walkin' along. An' walkin' along, an' walkin' along——"

"Dat man wus gwine all de way, wusn't he?" interrupted the listener.

"He hadn't got no way hardly yet," said Pumble, "but he kep' walkin' along, an' a walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' a walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along——"

"Stop dat walkin' now," said Sam, an' tell what he done when he got froo walkin' along."

"He come to de place he wus a-gwine to," said Pumple.

"Did he sho' enough?' exclaimed Sam. "I was kinder skeered he wudn't nebber git there. What did he do nex?"

"De nex' t'ing he done," said Pumble impressively, "wus to turn right roun' an' go back whar he cum from. An' da'ts all."

CUTTING HOT BREAD.—One day company arrived unexpectedly. Supper was just over and no bread had been left. I had just taken from the oven some delicious-looking light bread, but it was to hot to cut. We lived in a country place where there is no baker. In my bewilderment, I happened to remember that in Mrs. Whitney's Cook Book, "Just How," she suggests heating a knife, in order to split open a hot short-cake. Why, thought I, may not smoking-hot light bread, be sliced with a hot knife! It is the cold surface of the steel applied to the warm dough that produces a disagreeable clamminess. I heated my carving knife and tried it. The bread sliced beautifully, and as I piled it up to bring to the table, I put it on a plate upon which I had laid a fresh napkin, for the contact of the hot bread with the cold plate would have produced the same sodden clamminess on the surface of the lower slice. Of course, I would not recommend the slicing of hot loaves except upon emergencies. As a frequent diet it might prove injurious, but not more so than other warm breads.—*American Agriculturist for April.*

The Trick Mare.

On one occasion we were preparing for our promenade through the streets, when a kind of "hanger-on" to our company, who, through his invariable politeness of manner, had been nicknamed "Sweet William," was deputed to ride a highly-trained black mare, one of whose tricks consisted in undoing her girths with her teeth and removing her saddle. Sweet William was the last to leave the stables, the others having passed out before she had mounted. Suddenly loud cries of "Murder!" were heard to proceed from the stable, and I shouted out as I went toward the spot: "What's the matter? Who is it?" "It's me," replied the agonized voice of Sweet William. "Make haste—the mare's got hold of my toe!" And sure enough I found the man on the mare's back, writhing and twisting about, his face describing the most painful contortions, and his toe in the mare's mouth! The more he struggled, the harder she pulled at what, through some misadventure, she mistook for the girth-straps. Perhaps, also, she mistook his shouts for the vociferous cheers of a pleased audience, and thought it was "all right," and at it again she went with redoubled vigor. By some means he must have made some slight movement, which the mare thought to be her signal to perform the trick, and went to work accordingly. However, the man was speedily released from his awkward predicament, and the cavalcade proceeded on its way, but it was a long time before the incident itself ceased to excite a good-natured laugh at the expense of Sweet William.—*Columbus Journal.*

What Puzzled the Millers.

The Minneapolis *Tribune* relates an amusing incident that happened in the Palisade mill of that city, January 1st. The proprietors went to the expense of purchasing a new water wheel, with which to propel the machinery of the Palisade. They reluctantly shut the mill down for a couple of weeks for the purpose of putting this new wheel in, feeling satisfied that the increased power obtained from it would more than repay them for the loss of time. Without stopping to consider the matter of rights and lefts, as applied to water wheels, the work progressed until, on New Year's morning, it was complete, and, with a great sigh of relief, they prepared for business, and turned on the water. Imagine their consternation when all the machinery of the mill began to revolve—backward. Everything moved in just the opposite direction from what it had ever done before, or was intended to do. The stones turned backward, the elevators ran downward, instead of upward, and—well, the proprietors thought that New Year's might have a bad effect on them, and turned the mill or themselves wrong side up. The partners, after careful examinations, assured each other that none of them were standing on their heads! Then they strolled out upon the platform and took a look at the mill building. That was right side up! But the machinery persisted in running the wrong way, from basement to attic, and threatened to reverse the natural order of things by converting flour into wheat. They at first thought of going to the lunatic asylum in a body; but, fortunately, their millwright was suddenly struck with an idea! They shut the gates, he took a squint at the new wheel, and the mystery was explained! It was a "left hand" wheel, and had been thoughtlessly set as a right.

HOW SHE PUT IT.—An inoffensive young man of Chicago has been paying some attention to a highly cultured girl of Boston, and endeavoring to make her stay as pleasant as possible, was somewhat surprised while chatting with her a few evenings since to have her ask him what time he arose in the morning. Pulling up his striped pants so that they would not wrinkle at the knee, and throwing one leg over the other, he replied in his careless South Side way that he "generally kicked the clothes off about 9." Looking at him over her clear but cold eye-glasses, the Beacon-Hiller asked: "Do you know what Benjamin Franklin said?" "Oh, yes," responded the Chicagoan, "I know that yarn about Ben's entering Philadelphia with nothing but a loaf of bread and a plug of tobacco." "I do not refer to that particular episode in the life of the great philosopher," said the lady, "but to his proverb: "The early bird catches the *lumbicus terrestris*"—which, as you are no doubt aware, is an articulate animal belonging to the abranchiate division of the class of annelides," and the fascinating creature resumed her occupation of crocheting the American Constitution into a pillow-sham which she was manufacturing. The young man laughed hysterically, said she was doubtless correct, and soon left for home, where he received prompt treatment for approaching brain fever.

The scene of the Mountain Meadow massacre is now the very picture of desolation. Before the Mormans murdered 131 innocent men, women and children there, the meadows were known far and wide as a paradise in the desert, with an abundance of grass, crystal streams and ever-flowing springs. Now, the grass is gone, the water-courses dried up, and nothing but a dreary waste marks the once beautiful spot. It is said that the earth is also sinking, and the bones, which were gathered after the massacre, though thrice buried, continue to reappear; while the settlers in the vicinity shun the spot as haunted, and say that the winds from the meadows bring piercing cries for help to their ears.

UNCLE JOSH'S ADVICE.—Sir Joshua Reynolds was asked by a student, going to Italy, what he ought to observe and study, and found himself greatly puzzled to answer. What he did say may be summed up as follows: "If you have no talents or genius, it does not matter what you select or study. If you have talent or genius, you will find out for yourself."