dered from Charley's bright, impudent her hands, and bring them to my poor, WEEKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE. sick wife, and tell us not to tell, be face. Suddenly, when he least expected it, she lifted her head, and looked squarely

Good-by; I am going for a walk.'

sweet and innocent and ladylike, that

Hugh suddenly remembered, for the first time during his call, that he had

come to propose. "Josie," he said, leaning forward and

taking her hand in a very practical way indeed, "I had almost forgotten that I

"Worse than that!" groaned Charley.

Hugh evidently considered himself

"somebody" just then, (what gentleman would not under such circumstances?),

for he arose with alacrity and advanced

to proffer his assistance; but to his sur-

prise Miss Charley drew back with hot

cheeks and eyes that suddenly flashed

"I should think you had better sense!

she said hotly. "The idea!" And still

tightly grasping one particular fold in her dress, she sailed out of the room,

leaving poor Hugh feeling more decided-ly "snubbed" than he had ever before

After that, each time he called, Charley

"It's—its in—here!" tugging bravely at the fastening of her dress. "O, what will I do? Won't somebody, please, to

came this morning to ask you-

made allowance for him.

hair.

behind her.

denly.

will I do?

take it out?"

fire.

CORVALLIS. - - - JUNE 4, 1880

(4)

THE COUNTRY-GIRDS LETTER.

DEAR SIS-Here I am in the city; Cousin Minnie is kind as can be, Uncle John calls me "dear ittle daughter And yet, Sis, between you and me,

I am awfully homesick this morning For the little white house by the mill; The world seems so wide round about me, Such a wee little corner I fill.

Cousin Minule has beautiful garments Awaiting her wearing. Don't say Anything to our dear little mother-My cashmere is made the wrong way;

And I see Aunty looking unhappy Because it don't set as it ought; And the cut-away hitches in wearing— Don't set like the one Minnie bought.

But don't breathe a whisper to mother, Who thinks I am sylishly dressed; I'll try not to care about fashion, Or whispers: "She came from out West,"

Mr. Austin comes here to see Minnie, I think he's her lover. Ah. me, If he really fancies, and loves her, How happy that girl ought to be!

I'm afraid of his eyes, blue and steady, He thinks I am awkward, I know. That's the reason he stares at me, often, And makes my hot cheeks redden so.

Well-his is not my world forever, What matters it any way, then? But I want to come home, little sister, And never leave Willow again.

POSTSCRIPT.

Postschipt. I don't know, I'm sure, how to tell you, I'm dazed, and it will not seem true, But he loved me instead of fair Minnie! He talks about roses with dew On their freshness. He seems not to care In the least about beautiful clothes; He's going to father to morrow To ask for a wild country Rose.

HUGH'S CHOICE.

BY ETHELIND RAY.

From the Evening Telegram.

Hugh McKay had made up his mind to get married. He was thirty years old, and considered himself no longer too

young to invest in a partner for life, pro-vided he could find one that exactly suited his fastidious fancy. He summed up a list of the personal

attractions which he deemed indispensable to the future Mrs. Hugh, thusly: She must be tall and stately, with the air and carriage of a queen; she must have calm, serene, blue eyes, a high, intellectual brow, straight nose, small mouth, and luxuriant hair of a pale gold tint; and she must not have a dimple in her chin, (that was a sign of weakness), nor wear her hair "banged," nor her hat on one side-nothing, in short, must she do or wear that would attract the attention or admiration of "street loungers."

She must be quiet, modest, ladylike, never indulging in slang, and always re-serving her warmest smiles for him, and her coolest ones, for all others of the

ly "snubbed" felt in his life. "After all," he thought, as Charley's "After all," he thought, is Charley's masculine "persuasion." But after fluishing his list, he suddenly realized, with a blank feeling in his heart, that the next thing to do was to believe I won't ask Josephine this morning-there's plenty of time-and-that consin of hers is a deuced handsome girl, by Jove!" "find her," and he soon discovered that this was a more difficult task than he had was present, and he was forced to post at first imagined.

pone his proposal from time to time. The days glided into weeks, and the In vain, he haunted the theaters, balls, churches—every place, in fact, which might be the resort of the fair, pure flower he was so longing to pluck from the parent stem, and transplant to his own tender care.

For a long time he was unsuccessful.

Miss Josephine would kill her! And

Miss Josephine would kill her! And now—she's going to die !" And as he spoke, Hugh, who had lis-tened to the man in dumb horror, heard the slow, steady tramp of feet on the stairs, and again the door opened, and carried her in, and placed her tenderly on the sofa, and Hugh, with stilled heart, looked down at the white, sweet face that her has been been pict under his gaza "Well," she said saucily, "what do you think of me? Or haven't you decided For the first time in his life, Hugh McKay colored clear to the roots of his had blushed last night under his gaze. Poor Charley !- dear little Charley

"I'll tell you what I think of you," continued Charley, taking a hair-pin out of her pocket, and deliberately button-ing her glove, "I think you're conceited! All her sauciness and coquetry were gone ! "Is she dead ?" asked Hugh with cold

And with her parasol under her arm she sauntered out, slamming the door lips And the doctor only shook his head gravely, and sent them all out of the room. Hugh waited at the head of the Somehow, it seemed to Josephine that stairs, with the farm laborers who had carried there, and oh, how bitterly he re-Hugh was not quite so entertaining as usual that afternoon, but she attributed proached himself as he heard them telit to her cousin's rudeness, and kindly ing of all her good and kind deeds "How old is she?" asked Hugh sud-enly. "How old is who?" said Miss among the poor and sick. He had never dreamed of this, and now, oh, if she denly. "How old is who? said miss Page, in surprise. "Your cousin," stam-mered Hugh, blushing. "Oh, Charley! why, let me see," said Miss Page sweetly; "she is only eighteen should die ! At last the doctor appeared, and taking Hugh by the arm, led him into the room,

then went out again, closing the door. "Charley," said Hugh, kneeling be-side her, and taking her in his arms. "Oh, my darling, I thought you were -quite childish-you must really excuse her for her rudeness, will you not?" And just then Miss Josie looked so

dead !

faintly, you hated me !"

"Hate you? Oh, Charley, I love you -and I have just found it out?" "But Hugh," whispered Charley, with

The window flew up with a crash, and Charley came tumbling into the room, screaming at the top of her clear, sweet a faint flash of her old sauciness, as he pressed his lips to hers, "do you love a girl who wears 'bangs?'-and --and Hugh, from the depths of your heart, "Oh! oh! dear! oh, my! There's a yellow jacket biting me-stinging me, I mean! O, horror! murder! thieves! what pity the man who marries me? There, you dear old fellow, kiss me, and I won't "Where-where is it?" gasped Jose-phine, for once startled out of her grace-ful composure. "Is it in your sleeve?"

make the light and joy and happiness of Hugh's life ; but she still "banged" her hair and wore her hat on one side.

Wouldn't Marry in America.

She was pretty and willful, and when she vowed that she wouldn't under any con-sid-eration be married in "this awfully mean America," the voung man in the case gave up in despair. The young woman, Miss Mary Platt. had been visiting a sister in Los Angeles, Cal., and had agreed to marry a San Francisco lover, Mr. W. P. Walker, if he would follow her back to her home in Surry England. Miss Platt was prejudiced violently against the States. Whence arose the prejudice no one could say. Some said this and others that, but when a blunt "why?" would be thrown at Miss Platt herself, she invariably tossed her head, stamped her foot, and reasoned pointedly as follows:

"Because that's why." Anyhow Mr. Walker was in a fix. He had used his tongue in behalf of America weeks into months, until three had passed, and still Charley was always in the way with her *nonchalance* and impu-dence, alternately teasing, shocking, until it would no longer wag, and though the future Mrs. Walker had forget his reply to Scott, when the gen-eral alluded to the calumnies that had yielded so far as to admit that if she must live permanently in San Fran-General Scott, you know, is a gentle, must live permanently in San Fran-cisco, she must, she wouldn't agree to a marriage in America. Things remained in this unpleasant attitude nntil Friday two weeks ago, when a happy thought struck Walker. He summoned the wedding gnests and induced the bride and her maids to board a steamer. Sounding the whistle he steared holdly toward the whistle he steered boldly toward the heart of the Pacific. When Captain handall announced that the steamer was three leagues from the Califor-nia coast the cabin table was moved to the upper deck, and a clergyman took his seat at the head. The party gathered around and gleamed with the hre of inspiration. He spoke on, and I will never forget his reply. He said, 'Gen-eral Scott, what you say is true, and is more so in my case than with many oth-ers far more illustrious than myself. But Randall announced that the steamer gathered around, and Miss Platt was I will tell you, General Scott, while you gathered around, and Miss Platt was made Mrs. Walker. The sea was so rough that the bride elutched the edge of the table during the cere-mony. Under the April and the time is coming, and not far dismony. Under the April sun the tant, when your countryman will declare steamer turned prow toward the that you were a coward at Lundy's Golden Gate. Pent-up emotions soon Lane. made it necessary for the gentlemen of the party to support the drooping forms of several of the ladies, the

Aaron Rurr.

A correspondent of the Louisiville Courier-Journal, who has been visiting the vicinity of Blennerhassett's island, mentions an incident in the life of Aaron Burr, which it is said has never before been published. It is related by Dr. William Crump of Powhattan county, Va., the charges d'affaires to the court of Chili during the administration of Presi-dent John Tyler.

Dr. Crump was an elegant and courtly gentleman of the old school of Virginia "quality." He had married Miss Maria Moody of Williamsburg, an heiress and ward of Mr. Tyler, and the reigning bell

Rebecca Belling of Petersburg, were in the zenith of their beauty and belledom. It was at a dinner one day during the canvass between General Winfield Scott and Mr. Pierce, that I heard a remarkable conversation between Dr. Crump and Hon. W. S. Archer, Senator from Virginia. It occurred at Letione, the mansfon of Dr. Crump. The mail was brought in, and, between the courses, Dr. Crump obtained a copy of the Enquirer, the Democratic organ, edited by the celebrated Mr. Ritchie. Dr. Crump read a few moments, and then suddenly

prophet with us, and Aaron Burr is that prophet !" Startled at the name of Aaron Burr

Mr. Archer drew up his aristocratic head the fire of Whig hate gleaming in his eves.

with coldness and hauteur, as only a self-poised, thoroughbred Virginian can assume.

who is a Scotchman as well as a gentle man-Mr. Colin McCrea," said Dr.

> chat ' Now I had a closer look at Heine. He

Reminiscenses of Early Railroading.

J. H. Jackman in a recent letter

shows that in the matter of speed, locomotive engines of to-day are not greatly superior to those of earlier

times. He says: "In 1849 Ross Winans, of Baitimore, built a locomotive for the Boston & Worcester Railroad. It had a seven-foot driv. ing wheel, and was intended for very high speed. It had steam springs to support the weight, and was fitted with many new devices. I was sent to Baltimore to look after the construction and delivery of this locomotive, and also to study the matter of coal burning, which was a new

very thin voice from within, and a small man neither old nor young, with thing on roads in New England at his head bent forward, appeared at the door in a dressing-gown that flapped about his naked legs. It was Heinrich that time. I ran the engine for about six weeks, and should have run her longer but from the fact of

Heine, and a pressure of his soft her driving-wheels breaking. They hand greeted me. "Entrez toujours! Entrez toujours! I have just come home were made entirely of cast iron, with -must change my clothes because I am bathed in sweat," said he, coughing, but as loud as if he were talking to a half chilled faces. These broken drivers were replaced with imported wrought iron wheels, the first of the deaf person. "Yes, my dear, this is a friend from Germany, who brings me a letter from Laube," he explained to his wife. "Mme. Heine will not permit Gerkind ever imported. The locomotive was named the Carroll of Carrollton.

Its speed, under favorable circummans to see me. She knows them at a glance," and he rushed back into the stances, was one mile in sixty seconds, the fastest I ever ran it. The

next room. trial was not accurately noted, I "Ja, mein err," said madame, smilling, having enough to do to attend to the "I recognized monsieur as a German at machine, and those with me were "By what?" I asked. "Oh, mon once.' too much flustered with the excite-Dieu, by your clothes and your shoes. I cast a glance at my coat and shoes. Dresden make—and I couldn't see any-thing remarkable about them, still they must have lacked something of style. To ment to accurately note anything. I have traveled many thousand miles on locomotives since that day in order to test speed, and while I have tell me so was not polite, however. "And why," I asked, "are the Germans so treated by you? Yet I can well imagine seen some high speed made, still I have never seen the locomotive that could lay right down to it and outthat your husband is overburdened with run the 'Carroll of Carrollton.' In visitors.'

Heine at Home,

I soon found the house, which was on

the corner of a little narrow street that

bends off the rue du Faubourg Poissoon

niere. It bore the number of 46. I

letter from M. Laube. When, madame,

can 1 have the pleasure?" "He is not out! He is not out!" cried

"I cannot deny it," said Heine, who in those days we had no power brakes, and to run at such high rates of the meanwhile had appeared in a more respectable toilet. "There seldom comes speed sometimes became dangerous. anything agreeable to me from the Fathremember one instance in the night erland. The Germans who present themtime of rounding a curve at about selves here are often of a doubtful nasixty miles an hour, when a danger ture. But if a worthy fellow-countrysignal met my view. I shut off steam man, whose name is known to me, does me the honor to pay me a visit he can be and whistled down brakes, but they sure of a friendly reception. But come, did not seem to check me. I whistled come into my room; we must have a long again. Still the speed kept up. I gave the third signal for brakes, and

then reversed my engine, saying to was still far from being the sick man of whom we are accustomed to think. True, the right eye-lid had fallen and nearly concealed the eye, but no other trace of her: 'Do your duty, my beauty, or in twenty seconds it is good-bye to railroading.' We came to a stand-still eighty rods from a train on the main track, having run one mile and the coming apoplexy was visible in his face. The face was of a singular beauty. The forehead was high and broad, the a quarter from the place where I nose finely and nobly modeled. A red-dish-brown beard shaded a well-formed first discovered the red light." A Tough Questions.—Children are often puzzled by questions which are not understood by their elders. During mouth and concealed the chin. The dark brown hair of the head, which hung down upon the neck, betrayed no trace of age. The general expression of the late Franco-Prussian war a Sunday-Heine's face was one of dreams melanschool scholar read about the prayers which the Germans and French were pecholy, but when he spoke or moved an unexpected look of energy appeared, and an astonishing and almost demoniac titioning Heaven for success to their arms. "Mother," asked a little girl of her parent, "I don't see what the Lord smile. He was then in his 48th year. The disease which later made such can do under the circumstances, do you? He can't give the victory to both of them. frightful ravages had only begun to show slight, almost unnoticeable marks and it seems to me like a terrible dilemma to be placed in." Her mother, of its presence.-[Alfred Meissner.

who was not entirely satisfied with the role which Great Britain played in the e Advice to a Lit



From a Merchant.

DATTON, W. T., Feb. 10, 1879. W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 702 Market street, San Francisco Eir: The Truss I purchased of you about one year ago has proved a miracle to me. I have been r. tur-ed forty years, and worn dozens of different kinds of Trusses, all of which have ruined my health, as they were injurious to my healt or an 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 imme-diately. 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. D. BUNNELL.

Latest Medical Endorsements.

MARTINEZ, Cal., Feb. 17, 1879. MARTINEZ, Cal., Feb. 17, 1879. W. J. Herne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 702[°] Market street, S. F.,-Sir: In re-gard to your California Elastic Truss, I would say that 1 have carefully studied its mechanism, ap-plied 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 In-

Endorsed by a prominent Medical In-stinte. BAN 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, to-gether 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 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 tavored by the possession of the improved Elastic Truss. Yours truly, BARL'W J. Surra, M. D. Proprietor Hygienic Medical Institute, 635 California street, San Francisco.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

A RLIMARADLE CONE. 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 PER-FECTLY 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 cruel torture, and it was a happy day for us all when he laid it aside for the CALIFORNIA ELASTIC when he laid it aside for the CALIFORNIA ELASTIC TRUES. I am sure that all will be thankful who are providentially led to give your trues a trial. You may refer any one to me on this subject Yours truly, WM. PLAN, Yours truly,

638 Sacramento Street This is to crtify 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

Trusses forwarded to all parts of the United States at our expense on receipt of price.

send Stamp for Illustrated Catalogue and Price List.

Giving full information and rules for measuring California Elastic Truss Co

702 Market Street, S. F.

HALLS

niere. It bore the number of 46. I mounted three flights of narrow, danger-ously polished stairs, and stooped before a small brown door, by which there was a green silk bell pull. I rang, and a corpulent, rather youngish lady opened the door, cast a sharp look at my father-land coat, and said that "M. Eene" was

out. "I am sorry," said I in French, with real ehagrin, "not to find M. Heine. I come from Leipsic and bring him a

of Virginia about the time that Mary and dropped the paper, striking the table with his fist and exclaiming :

"My God ! Mr. Archer, we have a

" And what of Aaron Burr ?" he said,

"Mr. Archer, I tell you that Aaron Burr was a prophet, and has a sort of prophetic second-sight, as they say over yonder at Mr. McCrea's, my neighbor,

Crump, and then he continued: "A few years ago I was dining in New York with General Scott. He invited a

limited number of gentlemen, and among them was Aaron Burr. I remember it was the first time I had ever seen or met Colonel Burr. He was late in arriving, and when the distinguished visitor was announced every one was hushed into

silence and every eye was fastened upon the little, old, withered figure that entered the room, with the eye of an untamed eagle and the air of an exiled prince or dethroned emperor. General Scott rose to meet him and shake hands; then presented him formally to each of his guests. I don't know how it was, Mr. Archer, but it seemed natural for Mr. Burr to lead in conversation; and he talked and we all listened. I never before heard such a flow of wit and humor, so rich a blending of wisdom and wit, and pathos and eloquence. We listened, entranced, to this little old man in a seedy coat, whose tongue and beauty had charmed women and subdued men

to his will; whose eye was still like the eagle's and whose very courtly air and natural sweetness were undimned and unaltered. I could not have talked if I had wished. I shall never scanted on the ingratitude of princes and republics. Burr listened, while his eye brightened and gleamed with the fire of forms of several of the ladies, the bride included, and there was a suc-cession of affecting scenes until smooth water had been reached. It was romantic to say the least.— seemed inspired with the indignation he felt at a nation's ingratitude and the malevolence of party spirit of which he was a victim. It was many minutes before the company regained its composure, and very soon they dispersed, Col-onel Burr drinking no wine and dining very abstemiously, as was his custom. Talk of personal magnetism! Mr. Burr possessed it as no other man I ever saw; he commanded and subdued men and charmed women by his wonderful eloquence and his matchless beauty, just as willed it." "And now, Mr. Archer," continued the "And now, Mr. Archer," continued the venerable charge d'affaires, "here is Burr's prophecy literally fulfilled. Read yourself and see what the *Enquirer* says." He passed the paper to Senator Archer, perhaps at that time the proudest man in Virginia, a devoted Whig and friend of General Scott, and who hated Burr as much as any good Whig ever hatred a sound Democrat. sound Democrat. And, sure enough, there it was, all written in the Enquirer, which Senator Archer read slowly, and he read wellperhaps better than anyone else of his day, unless it was his sister, Miss Betsy Archer, a most gifted and beautiful woman. That dining party separated at night; the campaign waxed warm, and General Scott was overwhelmingly defeated, and the prophecy of Burr fulfilled to reple-tion. I have heard Dr. Crump repeat-edly say that General Scott firmly be-lieved that the reputation of Burr would be fully vindicated in later years, and and posterity would do him justice as re-gards the charges of treason. cousin if I could.'

Charley opened her eyes, and a smile flashed over her face. "I wanted to die, Hugh," she said faintly, "because-because Josie said

tease any more !" And Charley did not die, but lived to

but, at last, that fickle dame, Fortune, kindly befriended him, and caused him to be introduced to Miss Josephine Page, who, he immediately decided, was "just the girl for him!"

She was just tall enough, plump enough, stately enough—oh! she really could not have suited him better if she had been "made to order," and he hastened to cultivate her acquaintance, showering bouquets and presents and sundry attentions upon her, until the poor girl's head was almost turned. Well, two or three months passed

away, and one morning he called at the home of Miss Josephine, with the intention of offering to marry her, for it never once occurred to him that she, or any one else, would refuse him. He crossed the veranda, stepped

the low, French window into awing-room and finding no one e, threw himself lazily into an easy air, to await the entrance of his

As he did so, his eye fell on a folded

slip of paper lying on the carpet, and picking it up, he found that it was a telegram, and read as follows: "Will be home Thursday. CHARLOTTE DEANE."

Charlotte Deane! Ah! That was Josephine's step-sister; he had often heard Josie speak of her as a very wild, "Oh, Mr. McKay," she had said to him

once, "I do hope you will not be shocked at Charley when she comes home. You can't imagine how she grieves poor mamma and me with her slang and careless wave.

She's real pretty, to be sure, and her father thinks the world of her, but mamma and I really feel quite ashamed of her!"

And so Charlotte, (or Charley, as she insisted upon being called) was coming, or, perhaps, had come, for this was Thursday, thought Mr. McKay, loung-ing back in his chair. cane!'

Just then some one entered the adjoin-Just then some one entered the adjoin-ing room, singing "Baby Mine" in the loudest, clearest and sweetest of voices. Then some one else entered, and Jose-phine's low, even voice said, "Charley, it is not lady-like to sing so loudly!" "Is that so?" exclaimed a clear, merry voice in reply. "Well, Josie, what is ladylike? I can't sing, I can't whistle, I can't wear my hat on one side, or anything else with your consent! Must I paste my hair cousin what he had said! How badly your consent! Must I paste my hair down flat, and discard 'bangs' and hoops and all such abominations? If so, I'll die at once!

'Detestable!" muttered Hugh, unde his mustache. "A regular girl of the period!"

But his soliloquy was at that moment interrupted by the entrance of the interrupted by young lady. There she stood before him-slender,

There she stood before him-slender, slight, graceful! A white hat with an immense, blue-lined brim was placed firmly on one side of her head; her black hair puffed and frizzed and curled in the latest fashion; her parasol under her arm, her gloves tucked in her belt and her dark eyes flashing with a sort of "make-fun-of-everything" expression. When her eyes fell upon him, she stopped still, stared at him a moment; then pulling her hat over a little more to one side, called out in a distinct voice. "My goodness, Josie, here's a man!"

"My goodness, Josie, here's a man!" Josephine came in quietly, and gave Hugh her hand in her slow, graceful way: then introduced her cousin, Char-

Charley gave him her hand with a care en seated herself at a distance,

horrifying and fascinating poor Hugh, until, sometimes, he scarcely knew whether he was standing on his head or

Meanwhile, Josephine was just as cool and easy, and self-possessed, and lady-like as ever, and Hugh thought every time he saw her, how nice she would look at the head of his table, during one of his splendid dinner parties; and once he actually surprised himself in the act of comparing Josephine and Charley, greatly to the disparagement of the latter.

"How do you like Charley?" Josie asked once, when they were alone. "I don't like her at all!" he answered

promptly; he was in a very good humor then, for Charley had been making some very insulting remarks about his whis-kers, which, to tell the truth, were not the prettiest color in the world. He had

found her in the drawing-room, when h called that evening, and she had looked so sweet and provoking, curled up on the

sofa, that he had crossed the room and taken her hand, almost before he knew it. "Heavens:" said Charley, laying down her novel and favoring him with a cool stare, "How I detest black whiskers! Why don't you shave them off?—you look

like a regular bear!" And Hugh dropped her hand angrily (he thought so much of his whiskers, poor fellow) and went in search of Josie when he returned with that young lady,

Charley had vanished. "I'm sorry you don't like her!" mur-mured Josie, in answer to his vehement

assertion, "But, of course she is wild-"She is a flirt!" interrupted Hugh, with an angry red spot on either cheek.

with an angry red spot on either cneek. "Just see how many fellows are paying her marked attentions, and how coolly she receives them all! I pity the man she marries from the depths of my heart! -a sorry old time he will have of it! She has no more heart than—than—my

"Yes-I know!" faltered Josie, looking a little frightened. "But if you will ex-cuse me now, I must go and take my

cited over only Charley. Hugh, left alone, began to feel a little bit ashamed of his sudden outburst of poor, little saucy Charley would feel, and oh! how she would hate him.

And only last night she had given him a spray of heliotrope, and asked him shyly, and actually with a little blush (he had not known before that she could blush) if he knew the language; and he had thought, with a strange, little thrill in his heart, as he looked down into her

and proceeded to draw on her gloves. Hugh carried on easy conversation with Josephine, but his eyes never once waq-used to make cakes and nice things with

San Francisco Chronicle.

JOHING WITH AN ENGLISH SUBALTERN.-As soon as a subaltern joins his regi-ment he is submitted to a course of practical jokes, ill treatment and bullying all around, to which he must offer no resistance, or his career will be a short one. For instance, a few years ago a man named Royd joined his regiment, and on the first evening among his new comrades was "drawn;" that is to say, he was visited in his room during the small hours of the morning, and ordered to go down into the ante-room for court martial, the charge against him being that he had risen from the dinner-table while an officer senior to him the dimetative mained sitting. Royd being of huge stature and gigantic strength, stoutly resisted, and eventually picked up the

largest man in the room, carried him out to the landing, and dropped him over the baluster on to the flagged passage below. The effect was magical. In an instant all the hubbub was hushed, and the injured man was raised. Fortunately the result was nothing worse than a sprained ankle and a severely bruised

sprained ankle and a severely bruised hip. He took it very quietly, and merely looked up at Royd, who was standing near, and said coolly, "TII have you out for this." Very possibly this new comer did not think much of the threat, but his career was virtually over; at every hour of the day and night did he have cause to repent that hasty action, and during the autumn maneu-vers of that year the climax came. It vers of that year the climax came. It was in this wise: On a pouring wet day, or rather, night, he had to visit the pick-

with all her wickedness, and evolution beneve that, we contact in the state the control beneve that, we made a beart hidden a beart hidden do visit the pick of the state of Hugh's religion, that is store and her wick of the state and in the state and the state the beart of the state and the state and

affair, remarked, "Well, my dear child,

perhaps he will do as the English do, and remain neutral." In a collection of Covenanter ballads lately published at Edinburgh there are a few characteristic letters by Carlyle. The board of education-The school-One of them is addressed to a friend who had endeavored to interest Carlyle in a naster's shingle. Americans never sleep with nightcaps on. They generally take them on the incousin whose ambition it was to win a place among writers for periodical literature. It sets forth in such a vigorous There is nothing like having a good quantity of bedding for all animals. It fashion the hardships and uncertainties of the literary career that it is worth quoting for the benefit of young writers in general, who are apt to be so dazzled makes their repose more comfortable and serves an excellent purpose of absorbing by the brilliant career of the few who the liquid excrements. Laying hens need a great deal of lime, in order that their eggs may have the proper thickness of shell. Nothing succeed that they do not rightly estimate the wretchedness of the many who fail. Carlyle writes: "There is no madder

section of human business now welter-ing under the sun than that of periodibetter can be given than raw bones crushed fine. They are of special value on account of the fatty matter contained cal literature in England at this present day. The meagrest bread-and-water wages at any honest, steady occupation, I should say, are preferable for a young man. I mistake much if your cousin in their cells.

Parsnip Fritters: Scrape and halve the parsnips, boil tender in hot, salted water, mash smooth, picking out the woody bits; add a beaten egg to every four parsnips, a teaspoonful of flour, pepper and salt at your discretion, and enough milk to make into a thigh better: were not wise to stick steadfastly by his law and what benefits it will yield him; studying, of course, in all ways to per-fect and cultivate himself, but leaving enough milk to make into a thick batter literary glory, etc., to lie in the distance, drop by the spoonful into hot lard and an obscure possibility of the future, which he might attain, perhaps, but also could do very well without attaining. In fry brown. Drain into a hot colander, and dish. French poultry fanciers who make

another year, it seems, his official salary may be expected to increase into some-thing tolerable. He has his mother and loved ones within reach; he has, or by specialty of raising fowls for the market are now feeding their poultry with barley and steamed carrots. Their rapid attening qualities are something wondiligence can borrow and have, some derful, and it is said that the roots also books worth reading; his own free heart impart a peculiar flavor to the flesh that suits the taste of the French epicure exis within him, to shape into humble wisdom or mar into violent madness; actly. The long yellow carrots are con-sidered the best for this purpose. God's great sky is over him, God's green. peaceable earth around him. I really know not that he ought to be in haste to quit such arrangements. Nevertheless, if he persists in purpose to write, which in my ignorance of the details of his situation I know not that he should abquit such arrangements. Neverthele JOB PRINTING. solutely avoid doing, let him by all means try it. If he turn out to have the fit talent he will decidedly find an editor; if not, it is better in all ways that he do not find one. *** * * They, the editors, will make short work of the business and answer truly, 'That is all they will answer. In conclusion, I should say that your cousin ought de-Plain and Ornamental Printing, cidedly to try for some other subject to start with than criticism on Shakspeare. As neat and Cheap as it can be done by any Office on the Coast. Doubtless he must know best what he

As Bear Bill Heads, Letter Heads Note heads, Sta ements, P. ogrammes, has the call to write upon, if we have really an inward call. But the thing he will have the chance to write entertain-ingly upon will be something he specially himself has seen, not probably Shakspeare, I should say, which all the world these two centuries has been doing Labels. Dodgers. Envelopes, Legal Blanks' its best to see. Excuse this abruptness. Heaven knows I would gladly help your

Bank Notes, Shipping Receipts, Order Books, THE QUAIL'S DANGER-ENVIRONED LIFE. -The existence of the quail is very pre-carious, from the fact, that it always builds its nest on the ground, is not mi-

-THE-

IS NOW PREPARED TO DO

tkets. Invitations Circulars, Businees (ards, Visiting Cards,

Duus, Tage. Etc., Etc

SAFE AND LOCK CO. CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.

General Office and Manufactory, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Pacific Branch.

211 and 213 California St., San Francisco. CHAS. H. DODD & CO., PORTLAND,

gents for Oregon and Washington Ter

HALL'S PATENT CONCRETE

FIRE-PROOF SAFES.

Have been tested by the most disastrous confis

Have been tested by the most disastrous confla-grations in the country. They are thoroughly fire proof. They are free from dampness. Their superiority is beyond question. Although about 150,000 of these safes are now Although about 150,000 of these safes are now in use, and hundreds have been tested by some of the most disastrous conflagrations in the country, there is not a single instance on record where one of them are folial to mear the safe wherein one of them ever failed to preserve its contents perfectiv.

HALL'S PATENT DOVETAILED

TENON AND GROOVE **BURGLAR-PROOF** *AFES.

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

burglars or robbers. Hall's burglar work is protected by letters patent, and his work cannot be equaled lawfully. His patent bolt is superior to any in use. E's patent locks cannot be picked by the most

L's patent locks cannot be picked by the most skillful experts or burgiars. By one of the greatest improvements known, the Gross Automatic Movement, our locks are operated without any arbor or spindle passing through the door and into the lock.

Our locks cannot be opened or picked by bur-glars 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.

THEY ARE THE BEST SAFE

Made in America, or any other country. One Thousand Dollars

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

C. W. POOL, TRAVELING AGENT. office with C. H. Dodd & Co., Portland, Oregon C. B. PARCELLS, Manager, S. F.

AUGUST KNICHT, Cabinet Maker,



Cor. Second and Monroe Sts., CORVALLIS. . . OREGON Keeps constantly on hand all kinds of FURNITURE COFFINS AND CASKETS.

Work done to order on short notice, and at reasonable rates. Corvallis, Jan. 1, 1877. 14:14

