WEEKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE.

CORVALLIS, - - - - JULY 9, 1880

ONLY A LINE.

Only a line in the paper
That somebody read aloud,
At a table of languid boarders,
To a dull, indifferent crowd.

Market reports and a marriage,
And the reader read them all;
How could he know a hope died then,
And was wrapped in a funeral pall?

Only a line in the paper,
Read in a casual way,
But the glow went out of one young life,
And left it cold and gray—

Colder than bleak December,
Grayer than walls of rock;
The reader paused, and the room grew full
Of laughter and idle talk.

If one slipped off to her chamber
Why, who could dream or know
That one brief line in the paper
Had sent her away with her woe—

Away into lonely sorrow,
To bitter and blinding tears?
Only a line in the paper—
But it meant such desolate years.

THE HIDDEN SORROW.

It was a bitter cold day; the streets of New York were alive with a dense mass of crowding humanity, evercoated, muffled and veiled, as became those who joyously braved the penetrating wind and sharp atmosphere, in the merry-making time between the death of the old and the birth of the New Year.

Notwithstanding the frosty weather, the Empire City was never in gayer mood, and up and down, and across the thronged thoroughfares, stylish turnouts dashed by to the tinkling music of silver-tongued bells and low, happy laughter, speeding away to the open roads and snow-clad country, lying white and still beyond the hurry and turmoil of the great city.

Though so cold without it was warm enough in the elegant room where we were sitting—my cousin Althea, her half-sister, Mrs. Irene Chester, and I. My cousin Althea was not young—past thirty, in fact; but she was the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and as she sat in the large crimson damask chair by the window, dreamily looking out at the hurried passers-by, I thought I had never seen any one so charmingly and irresistibly lovely. Her lustrous black eyes, clear olive complexion and glossy wealth of purple-black hair, were so perfectly perfect that one did not know which to admire the most, and her voice and smile were as sweet and winning as her form was graceful and her face matchlessly beautiful.

Howard Tremaine loved her as few men love their wives; and Althea, as everybody knew, idolized her handsome husband, and yet somewhere there was a hidden sorrow, the nature of which I could not for my life divine. I had seen the shadow more than once, but the substance itself is well kept out of view, and but for the sad, anxious, restless look that often of late crept into Althea's great, soulful eyes, I'd not have thought sorrow could exist in her luxurious home, much less fix itself permanently there.

We were going to the opera in the evening. Mr. Chester was to attend us in the absence of Howard, who had gone away two or three hours before with three or four friends, who had, very much to his wife's regret, called for him to accompany them on a little half-hour or so sleigh-ride out on the Bloomingdale road.

As the short winter afternoon wore on, Althea grew every moment more and more uneasy; her faith in that "little half-hour or so," never having been very strong, died utterly, before the sun's last cold, golden rays faded in the west; and when Mrs. Chester rang for lights, and carelessly remarked that it was time to dress, she was noticeably ill at ease and would do nothing but walk to and fro between the window and the warm, rosy firelight, in that nervous, listening, expectant way which is so painfully suggestive of secret dread and anxiety too deep and wretched for words.

Whatever Howard Tremaine touched turned to gold and all that money could buy his wife possessed. Her wardrobe, jewels, house and carriage were among the most superb in New York, yet her closet evidently had its skeleton, and tonight, more than ever before, it seemed to rattle its dry bones in our very ears, and make itself felt and seem in every nook and corner of the millionaire's sumptuous home, in spite of all Althea could do to keep the unpleasant thing out of sight.

For the twelfth time she walked to the window, and, with a half-suppressed sigh on her lips, stood watching the sleighs fly past so long that Mrs. Chester lost patience, and exclaimed rather petulantly:

"Nonsense, Althea! Why is it that you always will be worrying about Howard? He is not a baby and no doubt is quite capable of finding his way home alone, as most men are. Mr. Tremaine knows that we are going to the opera this evening and will be sure to drop in before the end of the first act, you may depend. And we must dress, if we wish to hear the opening air in Faust, which I certainly do, however it may be with you."

Mrs. Chester was one of those positive characters who immediately act upon what they say, and in less than an hour we were on our way to the opera.

The house when we entered was literally packed with a most brilliant and fashionable audience, but Althea seemed to move like one in a dream and took not the slightest notice of anybody or anything around her.

I could not make it out at all and hardly dared to look at her for very sympathy. Her magnificent dress of violet velvet and creamy old lace became her perfectly, and never did a queen carry herself more royally, or seem more unconscious of her beauty and grandeur.

Diamonds—a fortune's worth of them—flashed on her arms, neck and bosom, and gleamed like drops of liquid light amid the rich abundance of her dusky hair; but she was not happy.

There was much too heavy a sorrow lying unrestfully at her heart for that—too much of nameless dread and anxiety to allow of enjoyment of any sort.

At the end of the second act a gentleman made his way to our box, and asked, in the usual conventional way, after the customary greetings were gone through with, how we liked the music.

Mr. Chester, who had been comfortably dozing in his chair the whole time, declared he was never more charmed—an innocent fabrication which none cared to question.

"And where did you leave Mr. Tremaine?" inquired Mrs. Chester, in some surprise. "He was with you, I think, Mr. Richland."

"Yes, and I left him with the others at Delmonico's. I don't care for that sort of thing, you know," lowering his voice, and glancing furtively at Mrs. Tremaine. "It makes one feel so confoundedly wretched the next day."

Althea was a well schooled woman of the world, and full and unflinchingly she met his meaning glance.

I can't say just how the evening passed. I only know I was intensely glad when it was all over with, and we were home again.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester went at once to their apartment, but lingered a moment in the parlor with Althea, who seemed in no hurry to go to her room, though it was late and the house as still as death.

But as she did not appear inclined to talk, I kissed her, said good night, and went up to my chamber, leaving her alone there, like another Ariadne, sad, broken-hearted, in the midst of princely splendor and untold wealth.

I had barely left the room before the jingle of bells and the clatter of flying hoofs in the almost silent street arrested my footsteps.

A sleigh dashed passed and stopped at the door, as if driven by a whirlwind.

The night was intensely cold, but the tired horses were smoking, and their quivering flanks white with foam and frost.

Not caring to see more, I dropped the curtain and turned to look at Althea. She stood like a statue in the middle of the room, one hand pressed hard against her breast, and the other holding close about her the rich white opera cloak she still wore, with its soft, snowy fringes and swan's down trimmings shimmering in the faint, uncertain firelight like a silken cloud, for one dim gas jet was burning in the deserted parlor when we entered it, and even this Althea had turned down so low that it was no more than a glimpse of light.

Unsteady steps sounded on the stairs, then came the sound of a muffled fall, and something like a half-muttered oath, mingled with the low cry of uncontrollable anguish that burst involuntarily from Althea's pale lips.

"I knew how it would be," she moaned. "I knew how those unfeeling creatures he calls his friends would bring him home."

And swiftly and noiselessly as a spirit, unmindful of her elegant toilet, and the strangely beautiful picture she made, Althea hurried to the assistance of her helplessly intoxicated husband.

It was not the first time she had waited his coming in a pale agony of fear and dread, not the first time she had heard that dull, soul-sickening fall, not the first time she had glided down the great oaken staircase to find her husband—handsome Harry Tremaine—lying prone on the floor, a sight to stir the pity of the boldest heart, and cause the very angels in heaven to weep.

I could have cried aloud in my unutterable surprise and grief, and on my knees have begged him for God's sake to desist from further breaking the heart of the wife who loved him so dearly—aye, so dearly!

I saw her through a rush of blinding tears help him somehow to regain his feet, and even in his pitiable weakness he looked like a fallen god; the noble head, clear-cut features, the something indescribable that stamped him a man of wealth and intellectual force, was still apparent, though so completely had the man been gotten the better of by the demon that lurks in the wine-cup.

And she—Althea—the look in her eyes I'll never forget to my dying day. She did not say a word; a kind of dumb despair seemed to settle upon her countetenance—a despair that paled her cheek to the hue of ashes, and chilled the very life-blood in her veins.

I had seen enough, heaven knows, of Althea's hidden sorrow, and stole away to my room, wishing I could believe the whole miserable scene but a troubled dream, that would vanish with the coming of the morrow's sun,

Howard did not make his appearance at breakfast the next morning.

Althea explained, in a tone of apology, that Mr. Tremaine came in late, and "was tired."

Mrs. Chester did not guess that anything was wrong, and really thought that Howard was ill—taken cold the day previous, perhaps—and advised Althea to send for the family physician.

Althea, however, did not follow her sister's advice, but sat all day beside the sofa where her husband lay, suffering miserably from the combined tortures of headache and remorse.

Toward evening he began to "feel better," and good resolutions began to shape themselves in his mind, as is often the case when one's head and conscience have been for some little time on the rack.

"Althea," he said, drawing her lovely face down to his and kissing the sweet mouth, that trembled beneath his lips in way that betokened the near approach of tears—"Althea, I saw a look in your eyes last night that I cannot quite forget, and which I hope never to see in them again; and I promise you, here and now, that I will never, so long as I live, touch a drop of wine again. It's the devil's own and never-failing well-spring of sin and misery, and my wife—God bless her!—is not to have her happiness clouded and her heart broken by the folly and madness that lie in a bottle of green seal. There! do you believe me, darling? or do you think me incapapable of successfully resisting the sparkling temptation that has proved the ruin—the utter and absolute ruin—of unnumbered millions, and blighted and embittered the lives of more women than I dare to think of."

"I believe you. Howard," she sobbed; "I must believe you; for to do otherwise would kill me. If there was to be no end—nothing to look forward to but this—how could I endure to live? Oh, if you will but keep your promise I shall be so happy—so happy, Howard."

She fell, sobbing, into his arms, and through the fast-falling tears that filled her eyes the glad smiles were coming and going, like sunshine through an April shower.

Three years have passed since that day, but Howard has never broken his vow, and I feel quite certain now that he never will.

A country preacher pictured the horrible torments awaiting those who yielded to the weaknesses of the flesh so vividly that many persons in his congregation gave way to emotions of alarm. A pallor overspread their faces and their eyes filled with tears. Frightened himself at the effect which he had produced, the worthy parson leaned over his pulpit and said: "I exaggerate a little, my hearers, I exaggerate."

A dealer in cheap shoes recently counseled in one of his advertisements—"Ladies wishing these cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long.

Something Bergh Would Stop.

The conquest of Strasburg by the Germans has added to the empire a city of 80,000 people and several millions of geese, 150,000 of which are devoted to strange uses. These geese live and die for the benefit of the few exquisite livers and the many men and women, especially men, who like to act the part of the gourmand and are willing to pay for it, as well as to indulge in a culinary fib occasionally. These geese are educated with a sole regard for their liver, the latter being used for the "pates de foies gras," which go around the world, packed in tin boxes or the pots of Sargemund, of which the latter are rather preferable. The first pate of goose-liver on record was made by the Romans. In order to get the liver large and fat the geese were placed in iron cages, their heads sticking out in such a way as to make its withdrawal impossible and life wretched. To make misery complete a bright fire was burning close by, keeping up a temperature in which three geese out of four perished, while the fourth succeeded, on the strength of three or four enforced meals a day, to develop a a miserable body and an enormous liver. Roman gentlemen occasionally had their anseraria where the animals were fed on figs, as Horace says:

"Pinquibus et ficis pastum jecur anseris,"—(Of juicy figs they make food for the liver of the goose.)

When the luxury of Rome was swept away by the Teutonic migration of nations, it is reported that the Jews retained the secret of the goose-liver, and the whole secret of the modern pate was divulged only by the French revolution, although the "philosophers" who helped to bring it on enjoyed the dish hugely, provided it was saturated with the aroma of the truffle. The Jews had a preference for onions, but Close, a native of Normandy and chef de cuisine to Marshal Contade, who was commander in Alsace from 1762 to 1788, decided that a large, fat goose-liver was too good for onions and garlic; he filled it with truffles, surrounded it with daintily chopped veal, enveloped the affair in the richest dough, and gave it a slow stew. But he insisted on an enormous liver, the Prigord truffle and appreciative feeders. The latter were found readily among the male and female *beaux-esprits*, the higher clergy and the intellectual liberals; men of affairs are occasionally too prudent to be gormands. In 1788 Close decided to find a constituency of his own; he set himself in the rue Mesange, and now the dish enjoys an international reputation. The Russians admire it greatly; it is liked in France and England, and much used in America. The Germans call it *Leberpastite*, and are not quite up to its refinements.

America will never produce much of this food for mellow palates, unless all its prevention-of-crnelty societies adjourn sine die. For the whole process of making it is unnatural and not specially appetizing. The geese are purchased when about nine months old; they are placed in a dark, damp cellar where they are tied on stone tables with backs down and their necks unsupported, while wings and feet are separated as far as possible. For about a week the unhappy creature struggles and screams against such human fiendishness; then sets in a period of dull resignation, which lasts five or six weeks. They are fed once in two hours, or rather forced to digest little dumplings of stewed corn, buckwheat and chestnuts, and this process is repeated six times a day. Finally the animals approache their natural end, and the great point is to kill them just before. They are usually so far gone as to be unable to make any resistance; they have no real meat; but their liver weighs about three pounds, and consists chiefly of fat. The rest is sold for about 10 cents. The liver is then filled with about a pound and a half of truffles, and placed on ice for a week. Then it is cut up into slices, and placed alternately with the most delicate of finely chopped meats in tin boxes or earthen pots, covered with pure and tasteless fat, and stewed for about five hours. The article is now ready for the market of five continents, and the rule is to like it. The last prevention of-cruelty officer who made his appearance in Strasbourg was denounced as a socialist and scarcely escaped with his life.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Thought He Was Looking Well.

A famous lawyer of Missouri, noted for his legal learning and classical scholarship, illustrated by his eccentric habits an old English song:

"The loss of wealth is the loss of dirt,
As sages in all times assert,
The happy man's without a shirt."

"Billy Campbell," as he was familiarly called, made much and saved little money, for he had no idea of its value. He indorsed for everybody, and if he went out into the street with a pocket full of change, he would return without a cent, having given something to every beggar he met.

One day, the sheriff, in reply to Mr. Campbell's question, "What's the news?" said, "Nothing, sir, but this, I am sorry to say, I had to sell your house and lot for the debt you owed as security to Mr. Hill."

"Oh, that's nothing," answered Campbell; "the property is not lost, it has only changed hands."

Mr. Campbell was an easy-going bachelor, and had the reputation of being one of the most slovenly dressed lawyers in the State. On one occasion, when he was about leaving home to attend the Legislature, his sister informed him that she had packed a dozen new shirts in his trunk.

"Now, brother," said she, "do be more particular about your dress, and don't forget to put on a clean shirt at least twice a week. It's very mortifying to have you go about looking so dirty."

On his return home at the close of the session she congratulated him on his hearty appearance.

"Why, you have grown as fat as a pig," she remarked, "they must have fed you well at the Capital!"

"Yes, they take good care of us," he replied, "for they are always in want of some appropriations."

Looking into her brother's trunk, and finding but two shirts, she called out:

"Where, brother, are all those new shirts I gave you?"

"Don't you find them in the trunk?"

"No; I see but two."

"Possibly I may have some on me."

An examination disclosed the fact that he was wearing six shirts, which accounted for his apparent improvement in flesh.

"Sarah," said a young man the other day to a lady of that name, "why don't you wear ear-rings?" "Because I haven't had my ears pierced." "I will bore them for you, then." "I thank you, sir; you have done it enough."

Farewell to the Chromo.

There is no mistaking the fact that the chromo, as a work of art, has had its day and has now turned its face to the wall. Its remarkable green and red effects, its startling landscapes and lurid sunsets, its moons which no connoisseur on earth could distinguish from its suns, its chromo yellow and olive green storms, its wonderful flowers and exuberant fruits with their glaring disregard of nature, its exaggerated pretensions when it aspired to copy Rembrandt or a Claude Lorraine, all those memories will soon be relegated to that unknown limbo into which pins and peccadilloes vanish.

Yet, there was a time when the chromo was a welcome guest in every family. Who does not recall that period in our country's history when "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep" were let loose on the community, and hung in a conspicuous place in every parlor, to reach by slow stages the sitting room, the nursery, and finally the garret? They were pretty and painty, with an atmosphere of varnish and a color that no sun could fade. Certainly, they were the prettiest of all the lot, and had the chromotype stopped with these little daisied chernbs, as a first and last effort, we would never have endured nightmares of high colored emotion or inflicted this tirade upon our friends. The mills of the gods ground out other chromos, however, and they were worse than the first. They sent us a much lauded effort, "Mamma is in Heaven." It represented a red and white angel, in floating garments, with corkscrew curls, kept on by a very green wreath of earthly laurel, and flying on some sort of a celestial trapeze over the heads of their impossible good children, seated in a red and blue row on an orange colored sofa. This ran its course, and was followed by "Vesta the Goddess of the Hearth," a lackadaisical young woman with a long neck, holding in one hand an ancient oil can, and smiling insipidly at nothing. We cannot be too thankful for the development of home talent which has crowded out the chromo, for, even though we grope in a maze of uncertainty as to the object in the foreground, whether it is a cow, or a windmill, or a patent lawn mower, we are not likely to be struck color blind while examining it.

And we had never been confronted with the interrogation: "Have you had your chromo taken?" That would, indeed, have been a calamity, for there would be even less satisfaction in showing a dead ancestor, done in chromo, than there is in bringing out the family group in daguereotype—a presentment that has no likeness to anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath.

Yet the chromo brightens as it takes its flight and we recall the tender solicitude with which we saw it hung on the parlor wall, just where the startled light would strike its glowing canvass and where admiring friends gathered in pleased comment. Our cup was full.

"How be-a-utiful!"

"Perfectly lovely, isn't it?"

"Just as handsome as an oil painting."

"Did it cost a great deal?"

"Given away. Yes, actually given away without price. Thrown in for a year's subscription to the *Christian Disunion.*"

"Why, how can they afford it?"

The good people had no idea that thirty thousand copies of this work of art could be ruled off in a day and at an expense of a few cents each. Familiarity with the artist's methods would certainly have bred contempt.

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

A prominent lawyer wished to annihilate a witness of the opposing counsel, and, after he had fixed her with his glittering eye, slowly and forcibly remarked: "Can you believe the testimony of a woman who resembles the decoyed chromo of Queen Elizabeth?" and by this fearful comparison won the case.

Farewell to the chromo. It takes its beak from out our hearts and its form from off our doors and we may imagine that it takes the solitude of some distant Plutonian shore, but, at least, we can buy a newspaper or a pound of tea without having a fearful caricature of color and design thrust upon us as "The Fisherman's Pride," or "The Italian Peasant Boy," in thirteen original colors, by Bang & Co.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Indian's View of Custer.

I have heard some versions of the Custer fight from the Sioux chiefs who were in it, and instead of being as the Yankees call it, a "massacre," it was, in my opinion, a fair fight, in which the Indians proved themselves brave men. Big Thunder's account of it is, I think, true. He says the whole band, consisting of about 5,000 men, women and children, or about 800 warriors, were in camp, not at all suspecting that they were being pursued, and consequently had no scouts out. The warriors were engaged in a big feast toward evening, when a squaw came in and told them that a large dust was rising on the prairie. They thought little of it, until they were informed that horsemen were approaching and close upon them. They seized their arms just as Custer's 300 men in line broke into the camp. The women and children ran to the hills near by, while the warriors fired upon the soldiers from under their tepees. He says the soldiers were in a fearful state of excitement, as were the horses, and not seeing the foe, many of the men shot each other, seeming to be frantic and not knowing what they did. He says Custer and a private were the brave men; both, after they had been shot several times, lay on the ground firing their revolvers at every one they could see. The Soux think the private must have been a devil, as they could not kill him until literally hacked to pieces. Very few Sioux were killed in the battle. Big Thunder says that if they had expected Custer, they would have tried to escape him, not wishing to risk a fight. They have a great dislike and distrust of the Yankees, and do not want to have any more to do with them. When General Terry came to Fort Walsh after the battle to see Sitting Bull and get him to surrender, a council was held in the officer's quarters here, and Sitting Bull and his chiefs were sent for. They came and shook hands with all our officers, but would not look at the Americans, and when asked to speak to them they sent for a squaw, the greatest insult they can give. I do not think we need fear trouble from the Sioux, as they seem very well disposed towards us.

We don't know whether it is old or not, but we heard a lady ask a friend, in a street car, the othe day:

"Annie, is it proper to say this 'ere, that 'are?"

"Why Kate, of course not," was the reply.

"Well," said Kate, "I don't know whether it is proper or not, but I feel cold in this ear from that air."

The conductor fainted.

A Low Neck in the Yosemite.

For genuine good taste and a nice apprehension of the requirements of social life, and—and—well, and style, we will back some of our millionaires produced by the last rise, but one, in Union Con. against any class of people in the world. For instance, there is Pat Donovan—sometimes alluded to as "Big Patsy" by envious people not yet in society—who once kept the admirably conducted grocery at the corner of Devisadero and Shag alley, whose pure brown sugar at ten pounds for a dollar, and superb mess mackeral, and—however, as Mr. D. is not in business any more, it is unnecessary to say anything more on that head.

Well, as everybody in real good society knows, Donovan struck it very rich about a year ago, and and since then has built a log house on the "Nob" somewhere, and his daughter and heir, Nora, has come out as a shining light of the "musicales," so frequently given in fashionable circles nowadays. She had only taken six months lessons. So at these *recherche* entertainments she simply improvised "Songs Without Words," which is the safest thing to do under the circumstances, and couldn't very well be criticised, although those who usually applauded did so under the impression that the effort was a masterly imitation of a piano tuner stringing up a concert grand. Last month Donovan concluded that it was about time to do something peculiarly unique and fashionable, so he organized a grand camping-out party for the Yosemite, and started off with a large number of invited guests. Among the wagons was one that excited a good deal of curiosity, as it contained a large, carefully-covered object, the use of which only became apparent after dinner at the first camp. Then, while the party was discussing its coffee, the cover was removed from the wagon referred to, disclosing a Steinway grand piano, and at the same time Miss Nora Donovan emerged from a tent attired in full, low-necked evening costume, and, ascending a velvet-lined step-ladder, proceeded to thump out "Nancy Lee" with great vigor in three flats. Unfortunately, however, the fashionable triumph this was intended to achieve was interfered by an unlooked-for event. The team of bronchos had not been detached, and at the very first note they started off with a jump that landed the piano right on the top of the camp-fire, and stood the sweet singer, low neck and all, on her head in a ditch.

The next day the Donovan picnic disbanded.—*S. F. Post.*

A GOLD MINE IN A COW.—One of the most remarkable cows on record is the 10th Duchess of Airdrie, owned by the Hon. Mat. Cochrane, which has just given birth to her ninth calf, a red heifer, to be named the 8th Duchess of Hillhurst, by 3d Duke of Oneida. Of the 10th Duchess and her daughter's calves, Mr. Cochrane has sold the following animals at the prices named: In the winter of 1875 the bull calf, 4th Duke of Hillhurst, at $7000; at public auction in Toronto, June 16, 1875, the bull calf, 5th Duke of Hillhurst, two months old, at $8000, and the heifer Airdrie Duchess 5th, eight months old, at $18,000; at auction sale in Toronto, June 14, 1876, the cow Airdrie Duchess 2d, at $21,000, and the heifer Airdrie Duchess 3d, at $23,600. In August, 1877, privately, the heifer 6th Duchess of Hillhurst, at $12,000; and at a public sale at Bowness, Windermere, England, September 4, 1877, the heifers 3d Duchess and 5th Duchess of Hillhurst, at 4100 and 4300 guineas each, or $20,500 and $21,500 respectively; making a total of $131,600 for eight animals sold. He has still in his possession, besides the 10th Duchess, Airdrie Duchess 4th, 7th Duke and 7th and 8th Duchess of Hillhurst, five animals, and had lost four animals by death. The above result has perhaps never been equaled by any one animal at the same age. In December, 1875, an offer of $25,000 for the 10th Duchess was refused, and the same for her daughter, Airdrie Duchess 4th. Since then the old cow has brought three heifers and one bull; two of the heifers have been sold for $33,500, and there still remain the bull and the heifer just dropped, besides the dam, who will probably breed a number of calves yet.—[Nova Scotian Journal of Agriculture.

Making Amends.

A dramatist sitting by a friend at a theater, contrived to extract a handkerchief from his pocket and transfer it to his own. Presently a man behind him, tapping him on the shoulder, whispered: "Beg pardon; here's your purse. Didn't know you belonged to the profession; all right!" at the same time slipping into the amateur's hand the purse he had extracted from his pocket. The story may pass, for although honor among thieves has no existence, it is probable that regular practitioners act on the old principle that dog should not eat dog. That they ever go an inch beyond that we do not believe, even though we have it on the authority of the *Gaulois* that Charles Dickens once lost his watch at a theater in Paris, and found it at his hotel with a note running: "Sir: I hope you will excuse me, but I thought I was dealing with a Frenchman, and not a countryman. Finding out my mistake, I hasten to repair it by returning herewith the watch I stole from you. I beg you to receive the homage of my respect, and to believe me, my dear countryman, your humble and obedient servant. A Pickpocket."

Triflers with feminine affections do not always get off so cheaply. A young clergyman, wise enough to choose well, but foolish enough to allow himself to be ruled by his friends after proposing to a young lady, declined to fulfill the engagement; and being sued for breach of promise, was cast in damages—£5,000. This brought him to his senses. Seeking the plaintiff, he vowed that he had behaved infamously, but vowed that he had loved her all the while and loved her still, and prayed her to forgive and forget. "My friends," said he, "can make no objection now; they cannot say you are without a penny, since you have £5,000 of your very own." His pleading proved irresistible, and the lady and money were soon his own again.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Proctor's Views on Marriage.

Richard A. Proctor, in a characteristic letter on the conclusions of Bertellion and Drysdale, that marriage is conducive to longevity and a check on crime and insanity, takes a somewhat converse view. He says: "The statistics advanced can prove nothing as to the effect of marriage on the death rate, until it has been shown that there is no selective influence tending on the whole to bring the healthier and stronger persons of both sexes into marriage relations in greater numbers, relatively, than those feebler specimens of humanity, who swell the death rate for the ages dealt with. Apart from this, although there may be some mischief of promulgating the notion that the feebler sort will find protection in marriage—mischief to them and still more serious mischief to the world in increasing the numbers of weak and ailing persons—this mischief is not to be compared to that likely to arise from encouraging the notion that the best cure for criminal cases is an early marriage, and that a man with madness in his blood should hasten to the altar if he would remain sane. Even if the statistics prove what is alleged, it would be the worst possible thing for the world, and would bring untold misery into families, thus to nourish the mad or criminal taint. It is for the interest of the world that, as much as possible, and by all lawful means, those criminal tendencies should be prevented from increasing and multiplying on the earth. Madness, too, with its associated diseases, even if it could be checked in the individual by marriage would be reproduced in the offspring. The statistics probably show, not that marriage prevents crime, or checks madness, but criminal and insane tendencies diminish the matrimonial prospects of the persons so unfortunate as to possess them. Of course I do not deny that marriage would have an influence on persons of moderately criminal tastes, but it would have such an influence chiefly by reason of that person's better nature, which would lead him or her to avoid any course that might bring sorrow on a beloved wife or husband. With regard to the man with insane tendencies, the best way he could show his better nature (assuming him to be aware of his condition) would be by abstaining from what, in his case, would be the sin of marrying.

Will the world have the good sense to accept the deductions that necessarily follow from the law of heredity, and come to the conclusion that the surer way to improve the general, moral, physical and intellectual statues of the world, is to pay more attention to parentage? If so, there is some hope of redemption.

FALLACIES REGARDING CREAM.—A microscopic examination of cream raised in vessels exposed to the air reveals the presence of minute air or gas bubbles. This being the case, the absurdity of all ventilating appliances is apparent, as the means employed produces precisely a contrary result. No matter how small the opening for ventilation (for nature abhors a vacuum), and the impervious coating of cream is quickly formed. By the submerged system the butter globules neither adhere nor oxidize, and the gases, if any arise, meet with no obstruction, as the same microscopic examination proves, and are condensed and carried off in the surrounding water. So long as the milk is warmer than its surroundings, its tendency is to throw off vapors; when colder, to absorb; hence the necessity of exclusion for perfect results. The theory of raising cream by currents in the milk is a fallacy. Recent critical observations have established the fact that the butter globules rise because their specific gravity is less than that of the other component parts of milk; that they ascend in direct perpendicular lines, the milk descending in the same way, and that whatever current there is in the milk, is the consequence, but not the cause of their rising.—[Wm. Cooly, before the New York Dairyman's Asssociation.

HOW HE GOT THE KETTLE.—Bishop Selwyn was a benevolent and kindly spoken man, as well as a great and famous one. He interested himself much in the poor, especially in miners. One day, coming on a company of the latter, he heard them talking in a very animated way, so loudly that he said to them: "My friends, something seems to interest you all very much; I heard your voices quite in the distance; may I inquire what it is?" To which they replied: "You see that copper kettle there? We found it, and were just saying that the one who could tell the biggest lie should have it." "Oh, said the Bishop, "I am sorry for that; I hope you will never again tell lies. 'Tis a fearful habit, and so unmanly. Why, I never told a lie in my life. Whereupon the miners shouted in one breath: "Give the governor the tea-kettle."

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

Latest Medical Endorsements.

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W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 702 Market street, S. F.—Sir: In regard to your California Elastic Truss, I would say that I have carefully studied its mechanism, applied it in practice, and do not hesitate to say that for all purposes for which Trusses are worn it is the best Truss ever offered to the public

Yours truly, J. H. CAROTHERS, M. D.

Endorsed by a prominent Medical Institute.

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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.

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Proprietor Hygienic Medical Institute,
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