# WEEKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE.

CORVALLIS, - - - - JULY 23, 1880


### *DREAMS OF THE PAST.*

BY ELAINE.

From the Portland Telegram.

I am thinking yet, with a fond regret,
Of an eve in the long dead past;
Of a sunset sky—a stream flowing by—
A happiness too great to last—

When my young heart beat to the music sweet
Of a voice that I loved too well;
And the passionate bliss of that first sweet kiss
Was too holy for lips to tell.

Ten years have flown since we sat there alone
In our hearts' sweet summer time;
But I'll never forget, or cease to regret,
Those days of rapture sublime.

And so, to-night, in the soft twilight,
Tho' a *truer* love is mine—
I weep on the breast where my head sinks to rest,
And wish again it were *thine*.

### "THE DAY WHEN YOU'LL FORGET ME."

BY ETHELIND RAY.

From the Portland Telegram.

Greta St. John sat in her little, rose-covered arbor, waiting for her lover, while the twilight deepened and darkened into night, and the moon rose slowly above the distant mountains, and looked peacefully down upon the fair and beautiful scene.

All was silent, save for the monotonous croaking of the frogs, in a clear, little pond near by, and to which Greta listened in grateful pleasure—anything was better than that calm, stifling stillness that had fallen over her—that dreadful suspense and waiting which seemed so long she could scarcely live through it.

Clyde Leighton had gone to ask Mr. St. John that all-important—that much dreaded, much feared—question, which all honorable lovers, whether timid or bold, are forced to ask, sometime in their lives; *i. e.* if he would trust his daughter to *his* care for life!

And as Greta sat there, awaiting his return, she felt certain that her poor, little, frightened heart had wandered from its original home, and found a resting-place in her throat, where it was now fluttering and throbbing in a way that almost stifled her.

For her father did not like Clyde, and she knew, only too well, what his answer would be.

At last she heard him coming, and his slow, weary step, and sad, bitter face, told the truth more plainly than any words could have done.

Greta went to meet him, and he took her silently in his arms, and held her close to his heart, for a moment; then released her, and threw himself on the rustic bench, with a sigh that was almost a groan.

Greta knelt down beside him, and drew his head on her shoulder.

"My poor Clyde!" she said tenderly, "Cheer up, for you still have me and my love. What did he say, dear?"

"He said that if we would be true to each other for five years, without meeting once in all that time, he would give his consent!"

The color faded slowly from Greta's cheek.

"Five years!" she said, with a sigh, "Why, I will be quite an old maid by that time, and you will not love me then, Clyde!"

"Not love you!" cried Clyde, pressing her passionately to him, "O, my darling, it is only for *you* that I fear! You will surely forget me when I am far away, and other and better men plead for your love. And yet, dear, I cannot give you up! Promise me, Greta,—swear, by your love to me, that you will be true!"

"Clyde," said the sweet voice reproachfully, "how can you doubt me? I promise, dear, but oh! you must 'trust me not at all, or all in all!' You will not doubt me again, Clyde."

"Never, no, never!" said her lover solemnly, "no matter what happens, or wherever I go, I will still believe you true!"

"O, darling, to-night we must part; it may be for years, and it may be forever; so make me one more promise, Greta,—if ever I am ill, or in trouble, will you brave your father's anger and come to me?"

"Yes, Clyde, I will!" The sweet voice was low and steady. "And you, oh! Clyde, I will not ask you to promise to be true, for I *know* you will—I will not wrong you by any wicked doubts for a single moment. You are so good and noble, Clyde—you have been so kind and tender to poor, little me, that I am afraid I cannot live without you. Tell me once—just once Clyde—that you do not respect me less—that you do not hold me *cheap*—because, I tell you so frankly that my whole heart is yours, and because I do not refuse your caresses. Tell me, Clyde, that you do not, for sometimes I feel that there is more of *pity* than *love* in your kisses!"

"My dear Greta," murmured Clyde reproachfully, "how can you ask me such a question? Would I ask a girl whom I did not respect, or whom I held cheap, as you suggest, to be my *wife?* Nay, darling, the sweet assurance of your love—for did you not love me, you would not allow me to kiss you—is dearer to me than all the world! I know you are a little bit of a flirt, Pet, but I know, also, that you are not flirting with me—I '*trust you all in all!*' And now I must go! Farewell, darling, and sweet angels ever attend thee!"

One moment he strained her to his heart in passionate embrace, then released her and strode quickly away in the darkness. And as he went, a song floated out through an open window just across the street, and he paused involuntarily and listened. Greta, weeping alone, in her little arbor, listened too, and her tears fell the faster.

"You call me sweet and tender names,
And softly smooth my tresses,
And all the while my happy heart
Beats time to your caresses.
You love me in your tender way,
I answer as you let me,
But oh! there comes another day—
*The day when you'll forget me!*"

The sweet voice of the singer died away, the frogs hushed their noisy croaking, and the flowers swayed gently beneath the soft zephyrs, throwing out little whiffs of fragrance. All the world seemed cold and desolate to Greta—even the stars seemed to have forgotten to pity her!

Five years stretched out, blank and cheerless before her. What did they hold for her? What blessings? What sorrows?

"O, Clyde! Clyde!" she sobbed, burying her face in her hands, "I pray God that the day will never come 'when you'll forget me!'"

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The weeks lengthened into months and Greta stifled her heart's bitter murmurs, and bore her trials as only a woman—a true, noble-hearted woman—can bear them. She was always cheerful and patient, but all her old, girlish gaiety and coquetry were gone—the coquetry for which Clyde had so often scolded and reproached her! She smiled now, sometimes—little, sad, tearful smiles—as she remembered how angry he would become, and how difficult it was to coax him into a good humor, and make him believe that, despite all her independence and coquettishness, she loved him with a true, faithful love. And then, besides, he had wronged her, and wounded her terribly when he accused her of flirting. She liked to talk to gentlemen and receive attentions from them, to be sure, but this was natural for her, and she could not help it. He ought not to have censured her for what she could not help, especially when she willingly gave up everything and everybody for his sake, when he asked her! And she really did not know *how* to flirt—had never, in all her eighteen years, allowed any man the lover's privilege of kissing her until *Clyde* came.

And now he was gone, and five years must come and go before he could see him again; for she loved her father, stern and cold though he was, and his word was her law.

In the years that followed, many good and eligible men, repaid their addresses to Greta, but though she received them kindly, she gave a firm but gentle refusal to all—her heart was not her own to give, and her hand could never go without her heart!

She wes not allowed to receive letters from Clyde, but she often read of his successes in the papers. He was in a distant city, working steadily, and her heart ached because she could send him no word of encouragement, to help him bear his burden; for men require more encouragement than women, no matter what is said to the contrary.

In the long summer evenings she would sit out in her little arbor, while the twilight deepened, and the frogs croaked in the little pond, and think of the evenings she had spent there with Clyde; and then she would fall to wondering what he was doing just then—was he sitting in some quiet corner, thinking of her and of the happiness that was waiting at the end of those five years?—was he dreaming of the happy day when his arms would once more clasp her, and his lips once more press hers?

Poor, little, coquettish, faithful Greta! Dream on, while yet you may, for the awakening will come only to soon!

Other girls have dreamed their innocent, little love-dreams, and been awakened—why not you?

It was a calm, fair, June morning, just five years since Clyde's departure, that Greta came into the breakfast-room, and kissed her father with flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

"Papa," she said softly, "it is five years to-day, and Clyde will come I know! You will like him now, will you not, papa?—you will welcome him for my sake? For oh! think how true he has been all these five years!—he shall have his reward now, shall he not, papa?"

Before Mr. St. John could answer, a violent peal at the door-bell brought Greta from her father's knee, her face flushing, and her heart bounding with hope.

But it was only the postman, and to hide her disappointment, she began reading the morning paper, but suddenly her eye fell upon a few words that drove the blood from her face, and the hope from her heart.

"Clyde Leighton was lying dangerously ill at the Western Hotel."

Only for a moment did she stare at the words, reading them over blindly again and again; then she arose.

"Papa," she said, hoarsely, but steadily, "Clyde is ill; I promised to go to him, and—I will!"

Her father said nothing. The five years had passed, and he could not refuse.

All that day and night Greta was on the train that bore her swiftly to Clyde. Poor Clyde! alone, ill, and among strangers! No cool hand to touch his burning brow! no loving lips to soothe him to rest.

O, that long, weary night! It seemed to Greta that it would never wear away; but it did, at last, and the dull, gray light of morning broke in upon her.

An hour later, pale, dusty, weary, she stood in the parlor of the Western Hotel. and asked for Clyde Leighton.

A tall, royally beautiful woman turned from a window and came towards her; she was dressed richly, and even in her anguish, Greta could not help admiring the bewildering beauty of her great, dark eyes, and wonderful, golden hair.

"You wish to see Clyde?" she said, smiling. "Who are you?"

"I am Greta St. John, and Clyde's betrothed! Who are *you?*"

"I?" echoed the lady, still smiling.

"O, I am Mary Leighton, and I am *only* Clyde's wife!"

Greta turned and went blindly down the stairs, and the next train carried her home to her father.

The five years had passed, and the day had come when Clyde had forgotten her. Gay, coquettish little Greta had been more faithful than the man who had selfishly doubted her love and made her promise so solemnly to be true! Alas! is it not often so, in life?

### Chivalry.

Chivalry! What a word to conjure with! What visions of glorious deeds, of glittering pageants, of beautiful womenrise before the imagination at the name! Chivalry flourished as a distinct institution while the world was yet young and it will go on forever awaking a responsive echo in the hearts of the young, the generous and the enthusiastic so long as lofty deeds shall fascinate or knightly valor be celebrated in song. Poets and chroniclers have written much in praise of chivalry, but no one has so fully portrayed its features or reproduced its vital spirit as Sir Walter Scott. Under the magic spell of his genius the warriors whose inanimate forms slumber in many a Cathedral crypt, start once more in full panoply into life and he has faithfully painted both the true and the false knight. Cervantes is said to have annihilated chivalry by his inimitable satire. True chivalry cannot be annihilated unless the love of valor, of generosity, of true nobility could die out of the human heart. Cervantes did give the finishing stroke to knight errantry, an outgrowth of chivalry of which the world was beginning to tire; but it is safe to assert that the highest and noblest chivalry exists more truly to-day than even before. When did the rich and powerful ever concern themselves, as now they do, for the welfare of their lowlier brethren? The best intellects are devoting themselves to the elucidation of social problems, to the prevention of crime and suffering, to the care of the sick and to the providing of homes for the aged and infirm.

### Religion and Fashion.

It is wonderful how much can be learned in New York by the eager, unprejudiced and liberal searcher for knowledge. In that city of cities original teachers abound and those who do not despise innovation are every day enlightened. Once baptism by immersion was cherished as a wholesome washing away of the sins, but it was required that the entire body, the very top of the head and the very tip of the nose should be subjected to the purifying influence. Now all this is changed. Appearance is almost everything in this age, even in baptism, but it is not generally known that this religious rite is often as much of a sham as those placed for show over the pillows in a stylish bed room or the underskirt of a fashionable costume. The secret of the simulated baptism, although a religious one, is not confined to the church, for the necessary co-operation of the manufacturer of ladies' wearing apparel makes it a part and parcel of fashion. It is simply a matter of dress.

"Is my wife's baptismal suit ready?" questioned a red-faced gentleman with a deaconish necktie, in one of our principal palaces of fashion. The polite head of the manufacturing department bowed.

"Sure the garments are waterproof?" asked the gentleman.

"Certainly! that was the agreement."

The case was growing interesting, and my face showed desire for information.

"Can I take the box home with me in my carriage?"

The manufacturer saw a pleading look in a listener's eye and respected it, so he nodded consolingly and called to the head lady: "Is Mrs. J.'s immersion robe ready?"

"Not quite, sir," was the cheerful response. "The bullets ain't in yet and the cap hasn't come."

"Bullets and cap! Good gracious, is she going to be shot as well as drowned?" whispered an irreligious friend.

When the gentleman left contented with the promise that the article would be sent that evening, the manufacturer explained that the bullets were placed in the hem of the dress to hold down the skirt and the cap was to protect the crimps.

A few moments later womanly curiosity was satisfied, for before me was placed one of the most dainty wardrobes one can well imagine. The undergarments, Turkish drawers, French chemise, underwaist and skirts were of a silken fabric, something like pongee, a kind of Japanese or Chinese material, in cream color, exquisitely trimmed with fine torchon lace and knots of ribbon. The dress, of a heavier fabric in the same shade, was a full, indescribable arrangement that fell about the figure in graceful folds of drapery, held in place at the waist line by a wide sash of ribbon, floriated in passion flower pattern, in cream color, to be tied in a large bow in the back. The cap was a little gem of some illuminated fabric, decorated with the golden gleam lace, that made the face appear as if surrounded by a halo.

"And now," said the suave proprietor, "you have admired the beauties of the wardrobe, let us test its peculiarity." To an attendant: "Bring me a pitcher of water and a bowl." The order being obeyed, he placed the sash and cap into the bowl, half full of water, and resumed his conversation. Some ten minutes later he took them out, unfolded them; the insides were perfectly dry; he gave them a shake and the water rolled off and they were as fresh as before being placed in the water. Then he dashed a goblet of water over the dress, shook it and no dampness nor stain was the result; even the lace held up, like cream lilly after a rain. Everything in the outfit was waterproof—the beautiful silken embroidered hose, the shoes and gloves. About the tops of the stockings, the bottom of the drawers, and inside the neck of the dress and the sleeves were inside pieces, which fitted closely, held in place by rubber, so no water could get above or below. "And see," continued the exponent, "this cap is worthy of consideration and praise, it is indeed, the crowning perfection of the toilette—hear its virtue; the modern attendant to the minister and assistant in raising the convert must be educated to, just before the head goes under water, quietly push the crimps under the rubber that secures the lace-edged cap, hence, not one particle of the lady will be touched by the water except her face, and when she gets on shore, has her face wiped, shakes herself, and the water falls off like from a duck's feathers, and has her hair taken from under her crimp cap, she is as dry and fresh as a naiad or water nymph, with her crimps as wavy and artistic as when she left home."

"Now all this," remarked a lady friend, "is splendid for feminine vanity, but the question arises in my mind, does it benefit the condition of the soul quite as much as a veritable old fashioned immersion, when, instead of being dressed in waterproof garments and carefully dipped in a tank of warm water in the church, we had to ride miles to the river bank, through mud and rain, to reach the appointed spot, in midwinter, clad in flannels or alpaca garments, and after the service we shivering men and women were tenderly wrapped in shawls and cloaks and rode home in wet garments."

"It seems to me," remarked a hearer, "that if you have related your own experience you ought to be a better woman."

The matter could not have been personal, for the lady only smiled and said:

"While I am doubtful as to the religious efficacy of the new method of rendering everything water proof, it certainly must be admitted to be perfection as a protection to those who are necessarily exposed to rain, for excursions and mountainous expeditions, and it is said these costumes will be favored for bathing purposes, but when the salt baths are taken to renew strength I am of opinion that ordinary flannel suits are far more healthful, if not quite so elegant as these fancy creations that protect the body from the water that is to benefit it."

AN OBSTINATE COURT PHYSICIAN.—On the return of King William, from Holland, in 1699, says the London *Quarterly Review*, he sent for Radcliffe, and, showing him his swollen ankles, while the rest of his body was amaciated, said: "What think you of these?" "Why, truly," replied Radcliffe, "I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms, which freedom cost him the King's favor, and no intercession could ever recover it. When Anne came to the throne, the Earl of Godolphin endeavored in vain to reinstate Radcliffe as first physician, but the Queen would not be prevailed on, alleging that Ratcliffe would only send her word, as he had done before, "that her ailments were nothing but the vapors." The Queen, however, sent for him in her last illness, when he answered "that he had taken physic and could not come." The Queen died on the 1st of August, 1714, and Radcliffe on the 1st of November following; his death having, it is said, been hastened by dread of the populace, who were incensed against him for his neglect of the Queen.

Sunday school scholar to the teacher—"Did you say that the hairs of my head were all numbered?" Teacher—"Yes, my dear." Scholar—"Well, then," (pulling out a hair and presenting it) "what's the number of that one?"

### Can Women Drive?

"Isn't it rather singular that women never learn how to drive a horse properly?" remarks some irate man, as he inspects a tired animal and finds the bridle over its ears and the bits half down its throat?

"But women can drive," cries a champion of the sex. "Don't they drive seven or eight miles to market with vegetables or loads of hay? Don't they take their babies out to ride whenever they can get hold of a horse? Why, there never was a woman who couldn't drive, and some of them can handle a horse much better than their husbands can."

"Can women drive? and do you let them handle your best horses?" were the questions put to a good-natured livery-keeper by an interested party.

"Drive?" he answered, "I should think they could; but as to letting them our best horses, that is another matter. We have horses in our stables few men could drive. We keep what we call safe horses for ladies' use—the kind that will go anywhere if you just guide them—old family nags, sensible enough to trot along and mind their own business, and not fret if they are pulled two ways at once."

"Do you object to letting horses out for women to drive?"

"No, indeed; we have from twelve to fitteen ladies come to us for horses, and we give them good ones, too; but somehow, women fret horses when they drive them, so we don't care to give them high-spirited animals. Now, look at that sorrel," pointing to one from which the harness had just been removed. "I let that horse this morning to a bit of a woman with wrists no bigger than my two fingers. I didn't want to let it go, because its such an ugly puller. I told her it had a mouth like iron, but she said she wanted to take an old aunt that was visiting her out to see the town, and she drove off quietly enough. But half an hour after I saw her coming down Woodward Avenue like a streak of lightning, everybody running to get out of the way, and the old aunt hanging on for dear life. She just had the lines wound around those little wrists, and braced her feet on the dash board, and when she came to a corner whisked around it on one wheel. The rig came in all right, but that horse won't get its breath for a week."

"Do they often meet with accidents and have a smash-up?"

"No, it is curious, but a woman will take a team through a dozen hair breadth escapes and bring it back all right. We have any amount of trouble with men, who take out our best rigs, get on a spree, and break things all to pieces. A woman is either more cautious, or she will call upon every man in sight to help her out of the scrape. They are more apt to lose their heads in a crowd or collision, but there is most always some special providence at hand to help them. If you notice, the most disastrous runaways happen when some man has the rein."

Further talk developed the fact that women were not considerate in their management of horses. They forget to blanket them in winter and to tie them in the shade in the summer. They sometimes use the reins as hitching straps, and have a settled dislike to learning proper names for harness. Not one in a hundred could tell the difference between the surcingle and the martingale, or had the least idea to which end of the animal the crupper belonged; and if compelled to divest a horse of its trappings would undo every buckle in the service, and take the collar off over the animal's head, to all of which the intelligent beast would submit, as if charmed by being steadily talked to during the process in the witching tones of a women's voice.

All of this may be a libel on the sex, but it is certainly true that when an old family horse, with a ten-minute gait, comes see-sawing down the street with a comically reckless air of running away, a woman's head looks out from under the buggy top, a woman's hand guides the steed in its eccentric orbit, and a woman's voice shouts in distinct tones, "Wh-o-o a a," at the same moment that the reins are jerked and the whip applied, while pedestrians scud to the sidewalk in terror. However liable woman is to run over a cow or a street-car, she will always stop or turn out for a baby. This is one of the instincts of her maternal heart to which even "get up! gl-a-n-g" is sacrificed.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

The moon was once a region of intense activity, as is clearly shown by the vast volcanic craters covering its surface, but it has long been believed that all changes in its form due to cooling from a molten mass ceased years ago, leaving our statellite a cold, dead world. Recent observations, however, have shown a great black crater, over three miles in diameter, which was never seen prior to 1866. As many very minute features in the same vicinity were maped by careful observers before that time, it can scarcely be supposed that the existence of so large an object could have escaped notice. The conclusion is therefore drawn that the crater was formed during the year 1876 or 1877. This would seem to indicate that the moon's internal fires are not completely extinguished, and it is possible that some day we may witness the interesting spectacle of an active lunar volcano.

A religious body having resolved to build a new church, the pastor went begging very zealously, accepting not only the widow's but the child's mite In the Sunday school a few day's afterward, while instructing the children, he compared himself to a shepherd, and then inquired what the latter did with his flock. One bright-eyed little fellow promptly replied, "He shears them."

When a man draws an inference h should draw it mild.

### "Our Future."

As soon as the meeting was fairly under way Brother Gardner announced that Judge Affidavy Martin, late of Alabama, but now traveling in the North as the agent of a patent fish-hook, was present and desired to address the club on the subject named above. It was voted to hear the address, and after being received in due form and introduced, the Judge stood upon the platform and began: "We mus' not look in de past fur our fuchur. No man kin tell what de nex hun'erd y'ars will bring fo'th by lookin' ober de fence of ole graveyards. What am our fuchur? Who kin tell what dis nashun will amount to if it keeps on in the way it hez begun? If any one had told you twenty years ago dat to-night I would stan' befo' you wid a paper collah on my neck, you would have set him down as an assassin. Yet de march of improvement has accomplished eben mo' dan dat. For de sum of fifty cents you kin have a brass watch-chain fixed up so nigh like gold dat you kin work it on a hoss trade for fifty dollars. Ef anybody had told George Washington dat de day would come when shirts would button behind what would dat great man have said? Dis kentry am a mighty clock. Ebery time de pend'lum swings a child am bo'n. Ebery time de minit hand takes a jump somebody comes to the front wid a new sort o' stomach bitters or an improved rat trap. Ebery hour ticked off am a mile o' railroad built, a bridge laid down, a hill levelled or a forest cleared. Such of us as kin remember back a hun'erd y'ars realize de change mo' dan de young folks. Sich of us as lib a hun'erd y'ars in de fuchur will not be surprised to see mugs wid free handles, coffee pots dat shet up like a jack-knife, rat traps dat illuminate de house an' rockin'-cha'rs dat sail aroun' on wheels." The speaker closed amid cheers and applause, and for the remainder of the evening was put in the seat of honor under the Bear-Trap.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### A Reminiscence of 1864.

In February, 1864, Alexander Long, a Democratic member from Ohio, offered a resolution providing for the appointment of a Peace Commission to bring the war to a close and restore the Southern States all their "rights under the Constitution."

Gen. Garfield rose and replied extemporaneously:

"Mr. Chairman, I am reminded by the occurrences of this afternoon of two characters in the war of the Revolution, as compared with two others in the war of to-day. The first was Lord Fairfax, who dwelt near the Potomac, a few miles from us. When the great contest was opened between the mother country and the Colonies, Lord Fairfax, after a protracted struggle with his own heart, decided that he must go with the mother country. He gathered his mantle about him, and went over grandly and solemnly. There was another man who cast in his lot with the struggling colonists, and continued with them till the war was well nigh ended. In an hour of darkness that just preceded the glory of the morning, he hatched the treason to surrender forever all that had been gained, to the enemies of his country. Benedict Arnold was the man. Fairfax and Arnold find their parallel in the struggle of to-day. When this war began, many good men stood hesitating and doubting what they ought to do. Robert E. Lee sat in his house across the river here doubting and delaying, and going off at last almost tearfully to join the army of his State. He reminds one in some respects of Lord Fairfax, the stately royalist of the revolution. But now, when tens of thousands of brave souls have gone up to God under the shadow of the flag, when thousands more, maimed and shattered in the contest, are sadly awaiting the deliverance of death; now, when three years of terrific warfare have raged over us; when our armies have pushed the rebellion back over mountains and rivers, and crowded it into narrow limits, until a wall of fire girds it; now, when the uplifted hand of a majestic people is about to hurl the bolts of its conquering power upon the rebellion; now, in the quiet of this hall, hatched in the lowest depths of a similar dark treason, there rises a Benedict Arnold, and proposes to surrender us all up body and spirit, the nation and the flag, its genius and its honor, now and forever, to the accursed traitors to our country. And that proposition comes—God forgive and pity my beloved State—it comes from a citizen of the time-honored and loyal commonwealth of Ohio."

Being in a tobacco store on Gravier street, New Orleans, Colonel Sam Boyd fell to praising his blooded dogs of the terrier and bull species. His extravagance provoked the remark from Colonel D. A. Wilson, a bystander, that his colored porter owned a coon which could whip any fighting dog in the city. The talk became a dispute and the dispute grew and out of it came a wager. The fight took place at Nelligan's, once the great sporting center in New Orleans. The rules for the combat were drawn up regularly. Boyd led out a bull terrier named Sam. The dog weighed thirty-five pounds. He was a terrible thing of bone and teeth. The Coon was a veteran, with long claws and teeth and heavy fur. The bets ran: A thousand dollars to five hundred that the coon would give in in five minutes; $1,000 to $250 in ten minutes; $1,000 to $100 in one-half hour by the watch. Several buckets of water were placed in the ring for Andy's benefit. By the time that all was in readiness $50,000 had been staked on the result, and the betters were all men of position in society. A member of Congress, the Sheriff and all the city officials were present. The fight was opened by a dash of the terrier. For a full minute the beasts rolled in deadly embrace over the arena and the fur flew. At the end of the first round the dog wasn't such a favorite, though he led. The coon with singular cunning upset the buckets of water in the saw dust so that the dog slipped here and there. The fight ended in the complete discomfiture of the dog, which died on the following day from its wounds. But where was the S. P. C. A.? And yet considering that the historical combat occurred on Christmas Day, 1855, the S. P. C. A. were not blame perhaps.

Now treat your girl with coolness and she'll like you all the better, and vanilla is the safest flavor.

### A Mother's Love.

In one of the public schools of San Francisco, a few days ago, a youth bubbling over with high spirits violated a long established rule, and was summoned to the bar of judgment. With sobs and tears he confessed the soft impeachment.

"Have your mother call to-morrow," the teacher remarked, with awful and ominous significance. His maternal ancestor appeared on the following day. and after being duly and publicly informed of the flagrant breach of discipline her son had been guilty of, was requested to know if she would punish hin herself or have the teacher attend to the matter. She preferred the latter course, and urged that the blows be well laid on. The next day was appointed for the flagellation. At the usual hour for such unpleasant affairs the youth was summoned to the front. He came with hang-dog look and some trepidation. An oration on youthful frivolities having been duly delivered, the boy was ordered to extend his hand beneath an upraised ruler. He refused, and in accordance with the usual custom in such cases was spread across the teacher's knees, and the punishment was administered in another quarter than the one originally intended. For some unexplainable reason the most energetic blows fell without the desired effect. A consultation of male teachers ensued and the offender was conducted to a private room and his wardrobe subjected to a rigid examination. On the interior of his bifurcated garment, at a locality of great strategical importance in such an emergency, was a thick flannel baby's frock securely attached.

"Who sewed that on?" demanded the principal, in a voice of thunder.

"My mother!" answered the boy, with heart breaking sobs.

The teachers hurriedly consulted again, instructed the boy never to reveal the circumstance, and sent him to his studies. Somehow the matter leaked out.—*Leadville Democrat.*

### Boiling a Ham.

How rare it is to find the simple operation of boiling well done! How often we hear it said of boiled beef or ham, for instance, "Fine flavor, but so tough," and how few people know that the toughness preceeds, in nine cases out of ten, from quick boiling! In the case of ham that most abused of all joints, and perhaps the easiest of all to cook, your cookery book probably tells you to boil it slowly for four, five or six hours, according to size; and people usually interpret this direction into putting the ham in the pot and letting it boil at what is actually a slow gallop for the time given; while very often, if entrusted to a cook, it boils only at intervals. So that it remains on the fire a given number of hours, Biddy thinks the boiling is done. Ham should not boil—it should merely simmer. A fair sized ham put on at 10 in the morning, if propeyly cooked, should be done and tender by four or five in the afternoon The water should be brought to the boiling point, the pot then set back on the stove and the water allowed to simmer—but remember, it must never be below boiling point, nor scarely a degree above. The ham should be turned in the water once twice during the time it is on the fire. When sufficiently done the rind should be stripped from it, and the ham well dusted with sifted bread crumbs, made by baking slices of bread in a slow oven until they are of a fine golden brown all through, and dry enough to powder under the rolling pin. Never stick your ham with cloves; it suggests flies and spoils the flavor for many tastes. A pretty finish is given by dusting it well with sugar instead of bread, and then passing a hot knife over it until it has melted and coated the ham with a caramel glaze. A much finer way is to glaze it with strong meat jelly, or any savory jelly you may have, boiled down rapidly until it is like glue, taking great care during this boiling down process to prevent burning. This jelly should be brushed over the ham when cool; it makes a handsome dish of a plain one.

WOMEN'S POCKETS.—"Oh, dear," sighed a young woman after exploring the festoons and furbelows of her new spring suit with a desperate air for some time, "I do wish dressmakers would put in a pocket. Or I wish I was a man. Bob, how many pockets have you got?' Brother Bob, after some seconds of profound arithmetical effort, answered with deliberation tinged with sadness, "Well, let us see; four and three is seven and four is eleven, but I mean to have another put in my vest right away, and an inside one on both sides of my coat would be handy. Father carries things sometimes in his hat, but I can generally get along with about a dozen pockets." We submit that pockets are a privilege which must be opened to the sex. The inconveniences of feminine attire for business purposes are sufficiently onerous without making it barren of pockets. Trimming is most all pocket now-a-days, except that they seem to be put on wrong side up. Even the ladies' purse has to be carried in the hand, or is exposed to a shallow outside bag with mouth gaping to the passer-by. We can scarcely recall a woman's right of which the sex is in more dire need than the right to pockets. It is a concession which will not be gained perhaps till wrung from dressmakers by a campaign at the ballot-box. But it will have to come. When it was once decided to teach women the alphabet, all other exclusive immunities of manhood were thrown open to her, and in due time pockets right side out and receptacles of the current impediments of immortal souls shall be devised both to improve and adorn the attire of womanhood. What would man be without pockets?—[Springfield (Mass.) Republican.


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

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

Endorsed by a prominent Medical Institute.

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