WEEKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE.

CORVALLIS, - - - AUGUST 6, 1880

THE WORLD AS I FIND IT.

They say the world's a weary place,
Where tears are never dried,
Where pleasures pass like breath on glass,
And only woes abide.
It may be so—I cannot know—
Yet this I dare to say,
My lot has had more glad than sad,
And so it has to-day.

They say that love's a cruel jest;
They tell of women's wiles—
That poison dips in pouting lips,
And death in dimpled smiles.
It may be so—I cannot know—
Yet sure of this I am,
One heart is found above the ground
Whose love is not a sham.

They say that life's a bitter curse—
That hearts are made to ache,
That jest and song are gravely wrong,
And health a vast mistake.
It may be so—I cannot know—
But let them talk their fill;
I like my life, and love my wife,
And mean to do so still.

THE BACHELOR'S CONFESSION.

I live in a French flat. Of course there are objections to French flats. So there are to most things. I can't afford a hotel, and I detest a boarding-house. A bachelor of thirty odd, who has been at the mercy of boarding-house keepers all his days, can easily understand that.

So, when I engaged a suite of rooms—third floor, in a French flat edifice—and arranged my household goods therein, with a fine lookout over a green dot in front, and the glimmer of the Palisades far away to the rear, above a forest of shipping, I considered myself well off.

What is my profession? I haven't any in particular. I am an artist, and draw a little, daily, in front of my easel. I contribute to the press and write when the divine afflatus seizes me. I read law when I feel like it, and I draw a regular income from a snug little property left me when my uncle died in India. Consequently I was able to decorate my new quarters very prettily with Bagdad rugs, old China dragons, black and gold Japanese screens, and pictures I had picked up at a bargain.

And when the fire was burning cheerfully in the grate, that first rainy May evening, the student lamp shining softly on the red carved table, and the waiter from a neighboring restaurant had brought in my frugal dinner of a broiled bird, a mold of currant jelly, a slice of roast beef, and a raspberry dumpling, I considered myself pretty comfortable.

"Upon the whole," said I to myself, "I rather approve of French flats."

I rang the bell.

The janitor, a respectful, decent sort of fellow, in a round jacket and carpet slippers, answered in the summons.

"Janitor," said I, "who occupies the floor above?"

"Nobody, sir," the man answered. "Last party moved out yesterday. New party moves in to-morrow."

"A large family?" said I, rather dubiously.

"Bless your heart, sir," said the man, "no family at all—single lady, sir."

At this I congratulated myself more and more.

"I shall have a prospect of a little peace now, I think," said I; and I ate my dinner in a fool's paradise of happiness.

The single lady moved in on the morrow. She must have moved in when I was down town, selecting some new millboards and color-tubes for the summer sketches that I intended to make; for, when I returned, fondly expecting once more to enter into my kingdom of peace and serenity, everything was changed.

There was a banging and pounding overhead, a thumping and hammering—a sound as if some middle-aged giantess, in hob-nailed shoes, were enjoying herself in a promenade.

I sent for the janitor, in a rage.

"Is the house coming down?" said I.

"It's the new tenant a-movin' in, sir," said he, apologetically.

"Does her furniture consist entirely of Herring's safes and square pianos?" said I.

"There is two pianos, sir," said he. "She's musical."

"The deuce she is!" roared I. "Two pianos! And does she play on 'em both?"

"Don't know, sir, I'm sure," said the man, with a distressed expression of countenance.

I endured the noise until midnight, and then I sent up the janitor's wife.

"The third floor's compliments to the fourth floor, and would like to know if this sort of thing is to go on all night."

Down came the woman again.

"Fourth floor's compliments to the third floor, and wishes to know if he expects people to be settled without a noise."

The next day the piano—only one, however—commenced. I was elaborating a skeleton for a scientific essay, and it disturbed me seriously. I endured it as long as I possibly could, and then I had recourse once more to the janitor's wife.

"Third floor's compliments to the fourth floor, and will feel obliged if she will favor me with a little peace and quietness, long enough to do some necessary writing."

There was no reply, but the music ceased abruptly.

But that evening, when I was beginning to solace myself with a little violin practice in the twilight, tap, tap, tap, came the janitor's wife at my door.

"Fourth floor's compliments to the third floor, and will feel obliged if he will favor her with a little peace and quietness, long enough to write a letter."

How I hated that woman!

So we lived for a month, exchanging constant missiles of warfare. I could cheerfully have given up that miserable French flat, and gone back to boarding, only unluckily I had engaged it for the year. The fourth floor elocutionized, and had friends to select private readings, whose voices were deeper than Hamlet's, and more sonorous than that of a Charlotte Cushman. She was charitable, and had classes of heavy-booted girls there twice a week, to sing hymns and learn to sew. A single lady, indeed! If she had been a quadruple lady she could not have made more noise, nor enjoyed the making of it more.

At the end of the month, however, an accident happened which turned the current of my whole life.

I went on a picnic. I don't often go to affairs of that kind; but this was an especially select affair, gotten up by my friend Harold Webster.

I went, and there I met Barbara Willis, and fell straightway in love with her. She wasn't exactly young, but neither am I—and to my taste a full-blown rose is sweeter than a bud, wherever you may find it growing. She was dark-eyed, with full cherry lips, satin-brown hair, and a complexion as fresh as roses and ivory. We talked—our ideas coincided exactly. It seemed as if our souls were two looking-glasses, to mirror each other's.

"Miss Willis," cried I, "why is it that we have never met before? I feel as if we were old, old friends!"

As I spoke I gently pressed her hand, and she smiled back unutterable things.

I went to my friend Webster, who was making up quadrilles on the upper deck. We were accompanied by an excellent brass band.

"Harrold," said I, "I can never thank you enough for introducing me to that angel!"

"Do you mean Barbara Willis?" said he. "Well, I think she is rather a fine girl."

We grew confidential as we sat together on the promenade deck and watched the moonlight ripple over the surface of the tides.

"A bachelor's life is but half a life, Miss Willis," said I.

"I can readily imagine that," said she, softly.

"I live in a flat," confessed I.

"Do you?" said Barbara (the sweet old English name was just like her.) "Why, how strange! So do I!"

"Isn't it dreadful?" said I.

"Horrid!" said she, closing her rosy lips as if she meant it.

"And there's a female dragon occupies the floor above me, and torments me out of my life.

"Well, if this isn't a remarkable coincidence," said Barbara. "There's a detestable old crab of a bachelor under me, who takes all the pleasure out of my existence!"

"Should two lives be thus blighted?" said I, emphatically.

"I—I don't think they should," said Barbara, looking intently at the bouquet of pansies she held in her hand.

It was past midnight when the boat landed. Harold Webster came up.

"I promised to see you home, Miss Willis," said he, rubbing his hands briskly.

"You need not trouble yourself, Webster," said I. "I shall be most happy."

I called a hack; I helped the divine Barbara in, feeling more and more as if I were walking in cloudland.

"Where shall I drive to?" said the man.

"No. 69 Ravenal street," said she, "fourth floor!"

"What!" cried I, "not the 'Fernandino Flats!'"

"Exactly," said she.

"Why, that's where I live?"

"Are you the third floor?" she cried out, breathless.

"Are you the fourth?" I counter-questioned.

"But you're not a crab at all?"

"Nor are you a dragon. On the contrary—"

But what matters it what we said? Things were altered from the very beginning. I took my violin up stairs the next day, and helped my divine Barbara out with a sonata of Beethoven's. I suggested a new educational theory for the hob nailed classes. I listened enchanted to her recitation of Tennyson's "Brook;" and at the quarter's end we are to be married—Barbara and I.

Walking on the Water.

An exhibition of considerable interest was given on the Harlem River, near High Bridge, yesterday afternoon, the feat of locomotion afoot upon the surface of the water being satisfactorily accomplished. It was not precisely walking, but was, if such a term may be used with reference to the water, more like skating.

The apparatus used was the result of a doubt in the mind of the inventor, Mr. W. C. Soule, as to the truth of what was taught him at school—that to walk on the water by mechanical aid was impossible. The occasion of the first attempt was the presence on the water-side, near his home in Wayne county, of great numbers of snipe in a place too deep for wading and too thick with mud to be accessible by a boat. So he made a sort of wooden shoe, with swinging paddles on the under side, which allowed for a forward push without resistance, but took hold of the water when the foot was drawn back giving a leverage for propulsion.

The floats used yesterday by Mr. Soule were made of sheet zinc, soldered air and water tight. They were five feet long, ten inches wide and five inches deep. They were also pointed at each end to reduce the resistance to the water, having the appearance of models of double-ended canal boats, with perpendicular sides all the way around. In the middle of the upper side a hole, or "well," is sunk to receive the foot of the wearer. This being open at the top, and liable to receive water, is separate from the water-tight body of the "boat." The apparatus is well braced inside for strength. The propelling part is beneath, and consists of two "gang" paddles, one at each end. These sets of paddles, which open and shut by the motion through the water like a window blind (except that the separate paddles are swung by the upper side instead of by the middle), are held by iron side pieces, which are fastened to the zinc boats. Wires before and behind hold these sets of paddles in place perpendicularly under the boat.

When the walker on the water is mounted in his "shoes," which resemble, as they lie together on the water, the double hulls of the new steamship Castalia, built for the English Channel, or of a catamaran, he pushes forward with one foot, the motion opening the paddles, which yield to the water, giving no resistance. Then, as he pushes forward the other foot, he withdraws the former one, closing the paddles, and pulling himself forward by the resistance of the water. The repetition of these motions constitutes the new system "of walking on water." It is not dissimilar to the effort required for the use of snowshoes, except that there is no lifting necessary. The name given the apparatus by the inventor is "water skates."

The useful purpose of the apparatus is briefly described as enabling one to go where he can neither a foot or in a boat. One could fish or hunt after acquiring facility in its use, and when tired could "sit down on his shoes." Mr. Soule crossed the river several times clothed in an ordinary suit, and afterwards dived into the water in a bathing suit, and regained his footing in the floating shoes from the water. The exhibition attracted much attention from the excursionists in the vicinity, and was repeated as often as the curious small boys in boats and the frequent regular landing of the steamboats permitted.—*New York Herald.*

STONE LANGUAGE.—The following is the language of precious stones: White stones, such as diamonds, and pearls, are emblematic of "religious purity, faith, joy and life;" red (the ruby) signifies "fire, Divine love;" blue (the turquois and sapphire) express "truth, constancy and felicity;" yellow or gold is the "sun," or the "goodness of God;" green (the emerald), "hope and immortality," "victory;" violet (the amethyst), "love and truth," "passion and suffering."

The Skagit Mines a Humbug.

From the Evening Telegram.

As much interest has been taken in what has been called the Skagit mines, and many of our people are on the eve of taking their departure for the "gold fields," we have taken pains to become informed of the value of the district, and do not hesitate in denouncing it as a fraud of the first water. We arrive at this conclusion upon the best of evidence, which we give, hoping we will not have occasion to again explode this bauble. We extract as follows from a letter written by Colonel Larrabee and published in one of the Seattle papers, which is interested in keeping up

THE SKAGIT BOOM.

"I see no reason to change the opinion formed when I first saw Skagit gold last fall. I think the time is not far distant when the twelve miles of Ruby creek will be one continuous flume, thus exposing its entire bed. Anywhere at the shore the 'color' is obtained easily. Just above our claim the Nip and Tuck boys took out in a few days 43 ounces, mostly coarse gold, and this with the rudest appliances. * * * A few days ago a man saved with a rocker 1½ ounces with three hours work, and this at the mouth of the creek, six miles below Nip and Tuck. * * * We have men here who have been mining

FOR THIRTY YEARS

In California, Mexico, Cassiar, and even in South America and Australia. I have conversed with a number of these men, and they all agree that the indications are far better here than any they have seen elsewhere. * * * The man who opens his store first, and where he finds men at work with skill and energy, trusts them until the first clean-up—that man will make his pile." The above letter is a fair sample of those written by parties interested in keeping up the excitement in regard to the Skagit mines. Mr. Larrabee, the writer, is a lawyer who owns a share of the claim near the Nip and Tuck ground. He is also interested in town lots

IN RUBY CITY,

A city on paper only, there being only two or three cabins and a few tents on the site. He speaks of what old miners say of the indications. Now let us see what one of these same old miners says over his own signature. Mr. J. E. Bummel, who has had an experience of 28 years in the mines of this coast, spent several months prospecting on Ruby, Canyon and Granite creeks, and for the benefit of his friends published, in a Seattle paper, a full report of his prospecting operations, from which we extract the following: "At the Tunnel House I saw several men rocking. They were making from 40 to 60 cents per day. This is on the main Skagit. From there on to Ruby I saw other parties working with no better success. These were men trying to make a few dollars to take them out out of the country and not to have to beg their way. I camped on Ruby creek for several weeks. Those mining there were making about the same. They could get about

ONE CENT PROSPECT

To the pan in a two-inch strata of gravel with from five to twenty-five feet of dirt on top that would not prospect one color to the pan. There is not a color found outside of the main stream, and not enough in this to justify the working of it. Even if this stream contained gold in paying quantities it would take from $2,500 to $3,000 to open every claim, so a poor man would have no show. But they never will be opened. They call them creeks, but the meaning of the word is lost when applied to Ruby or Granite, for they are rivers, and large ones. There is not half an ounce of gold-dust being taken out a day for all the men in the so called mines. The prospecting and mining that has been done on Granite and Canyon has been very unsatisfactory, and proved those streams to be worthless. Where bedrock was reached, only

A FEW FINE COLORS

Could be found. There is some fine looking gold going the rounds, but it was never taken out of the Skagit. I have been offered one half of claims on Ruby creek if I would bear the expenses of opening them, but after a thorough examination I could find nothing to justify me in doing so. Claims can be had along Ruby for from $5 to $50, part down, and balance on bed-rock. You can't sell $50 worth of grub here at any price. I have seen tea, coffee, bacon and sugar offered at five cents per pound in a camp, but no buyers. There will be no trail for animals this year, for there is nothing found to justify the building of it. There has been

THREE MILES OF BRUSH

Cut out on the supposed trail for which the citizens of Seattle pretended to have raised money for, but at the rate they are working it will take them three years to put it through, and it will cost $5000. My advice to miners is to go slow and in the opposite direction from Skagit." We have before us another letter from Eugene Murphy, an old California miner, which was published by the Red Bluff *Sentinel*, June 29th. Mr. Murphy is even more emphatic in his denunciation of the Skagit country than Bummel. He spent some four or five months in the pretended mining regions, and in that time fully satisfied himself of their worthlessness. In his report he says: "The Skagit region is a God-forsaken country. There is but one claim opened and that is a failure. The immigration to the diggings is at present slim, three persons leaving to one coming in. The mines amount to just nothing at all, the best spots yet found paying but $1 50 per day to the man. There is

NO DEMAND FOR LABOR,

As there is no ground that will pay to work. Those hopeful ones who always look on the bright side of everything still think there may be something found in the country, but nine-tenths of the miners, a majority of whom are old hands at the business, are disgusted with the country. There are no hill claims whatever, the hills being common solid rock, the only indication of color being obtained in the beds of the creeks. I brought some quartz with me to San Francisco and had it assayed. It panned out from $1 to $3 10 to the ton—niggardly poor. I have got all I want of the Skagit, and advise no one to go there." The above is only an extract of Mr. Murphy's report, and goes to show what practical miners think of the Skagit mines after having thoroughly tested them. We think the public less liable to be deceived

BY DISINTERESTED MINERS

Than by interested lawyers. A few days ago we had an interview with an old experienced miner who was stoping at the St. Charles, and whom we have personally known since 1852 when we mined together in the placers of California, and know him to be perfectly reliable. He had just returned from the Skagit, where he had been for upwards of two months. In that time he did considerable prospecting, enough anyway to satisfy him that the country was a humbug, and he so pronounced it. He said no gold, whatever, had been found outside the bed of Ruby creek, and that it would cost $5 to get every one dollar out. Said he, "There has been from 1800 to 2000 miners at the diggings, at times, since the first of May, and now there are not over 75 men in the mines all told." As we said before, these reports from experienced miners, based upon practical tests, ought to outweigh the rose colored accounts given by those interested in

WHOOPING UP AN EXCITEMENT.

However, we shall feel sorry for Col. Larrabee, if he don't succeed in getting some one to go to that camp, open a store and trust him until the first clean-up, as that seems to be what's troubling him most. But what any one wants of trust in a country where one can, as he says, go out and rock out 1½ ounces in three hours, is past our finding out. However, it has now been over a year since the first effort was made to create an excitement and rush to that region, and if there had been any pay dirt there not only one store, but a dozen or more would have been established there long since. Their absence is the best possible proof that the mines are worthless.

One Cow.

The enterprising publishers of the *American Agriculturist* have recently offered prizes for essays setting forth the practicability and profit of keeping up a cow, even for families living in cities and towns. The first of these articles they published in the June number. On the subject they say:

"Every family on a farm, of course, keeps one or more cows, but we claim that the dwellers in villages, and very many cities, can and should each keep a cow. Good milk is the best of all food for young children, and it goes a great way in saving butter bills, and in the preparation of palatable, nourishing food of many varieties. Actual results show the economy of keeping one's own cow. Two to five families, according to size and numbers, can readily unite in having one cow kept, dividing the milk and expenses, and thus always have good, pure, rich milk at very moderate cost. The suitable refuse from the kitchens of three or four families would go a good way toward reducing the cost of purchased food. In rural villages summer pasturage can be obtained near at hand, which, with a daily feed of good meal, will furnish a large supply of rich milk at low cost. A boy can be secured at a small price to drive the cow to the pasture in the morning, and return her at night to the stable. A stable or stall can always be obtained at a trifling rent, and be kept clean. There are always plenty of gardeners or farmers who will gladly take the manure away so frequently as to prevent it being a nuisance, or disagreeable."

We have no doubt that all residents of vallages, manufacturing towns, etc., can, by arrangement like the above, secure an abundant supply of pure, rich, fresh, healthful milk at less than three cents per quart, and at the same time add greatly to their home comfort, and save the health, if not the lives, of their little ones.

MAN'S AGE.—Few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental, bodily toil or accidents. The passion kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression choked with passion has little exaggeration in it, for though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or like the candle, to run, the weak to burn out. The inferior animals which live temperate lives have generally their prescribed number of years. The horse lives 25; the ox 15 or 20; the lion about 20; the dog 10 or 12; the rabbit 8; the guinea pig 6 or 7 years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of the animals, is one that seldom lives this average. He ought to live a hundred years acrording to physical law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that he scarcely reaches an average of four times his growing period; the cat six times; the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard worked of all the animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is no reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that, more than any other animal, man, cherishes wrath to keep it warm and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflection.

CIRCLING THE NORTH POLE.—Lieut. Weyprecht's proposition for a circle of observing stations around the north pole region, is about to be practically carried out, says *Nature*. The Danish government has resolved to establish a station at Upernivik, in west Greenland; the Russian government has granted a subsidy for an observatory at the mouth of the Lena, and another on the new Siberian islands; Count Wilczek will defray the expenses of a station on Nova Zembla under the direction of Lieut. Weyprecht; the U. S. Signal Service Burea, under Gen. Myer, has received permision to plant an observatory at Point Borrow, in Alaska; and it is expected that Canada will have a similar establishment on some point of her Arctic coast. At the Hamburg Conference it was announced that Holland would furnish the funds for a station in Spitzbergen; and it is expected that Norway will have an observing post on the extremity of the Province of Finmark. This is a good begining, and it is hoped that some sort of agreement will be established to have all the observations made after a uniform method, otherwise their value will be greatly decreased.

A PROMISING YOUTH.—A scapegrace under the charge of the Bridgwater (England) Board of Guardians, has manifested extraordinary powers of invention. The rumor has got abroad that the master, to punish a refractory boy, had locked him in the dead-house; that while there the lad lifted a corpse out of a coffin, dressed in his clothes, and then lay down in the coffin himself; that by-and-by some one came to give the prisoner food, and offered it to the newly dressed corpse when the lively urchin in the coffin raised himself and spoke, frightening the the person so much that he dropped the food and bolted. The master was able to show that the whole story was a fabrication, and traced it to the mischievous boy whom he had had to report twice to the guardians for conduct unbecoming a pauper and an inmate of the workhouse.

How She Got Him.

A Detroit justice of the peace was the other day interviewed by a woman about 45 years of age, who announced that she would be married on a certain night at her farm-house, and His Honor had been selected to come out and perform the ceremony. She asked how much the fee was, and paid it and took a receipt. Business concluded she sat down, filled a short clay pipe with tobacco and indulged in a smoke.

"You won't flunk out on this?" she said, as she rose to go, after exhausting the contents of her pipe.

"Oh, no—I'll be there sure."

"So'll I and so'll he, or I'll know the reason why! He's been clawing off a little lately, but I'll make him toe the mark, see if I don't."

"I hope nothing unpleasant will occur," observed the Court.

"I hope so too, but I'm going to be prepared for a scrimmage just the same. You always back the weaker sex, don't you?"

"Y-yes, softly replied the justice.

"So do I, and I guess we'll be all right. Don't you forget the date."

His Honor went out on the night appointed, prepared to perform the ceremony with promptness and good will. He found about a dozen persons assembled at the house, and the woman looked gorgeous under the light of three kerosene lamps. She had her pipe going, and her face was covered with a bland smile as she shook hands and said:

"Take a cheer. The old man isn't here yet, but I'll send for him." Then, turning to a boy in the room, she continued:

"Samuel, go and tell the old man it's time to come in and be spliced."

Samuel departed on his errand, and after the lapse of ten minutes he returned and responded:

"The old man is over to Martin's. He's got his boots off and is whittling out a wooden cat, and I don't believe he cares two cents about being married to you or anybody else."

The widow refilled her pipe, took several strong whiffs and then said to a long-legged farmer who seemed hungry for the bridal feast:

"Moses, you go over and tell Noah I want him!"

"Moses departed. He was absent ten minutes, and then lounged in and said:

"Says he is quite comfortable where he is. Guess he isn't very much on the marry."

"Judge," began the woman as she looked around for her bonnet, "you play a game of fox-and-geese* with Moses while I go over and see about this thing. There's going to be a marriage to night, and I'll bet a new hoss-rake on it!"

She was absent about twenty minutes, and then returned in company with Noah. He had neither coat nor hat on, and only one boot, and both were panting for breath.

"G-go ahead, Judge!" she gasped, as she hauled the groom into the centre of the room. "He heard me coming and got out and run four times around the orchard, but here he is."

"Do you want to marry this woman?" asked the official, as he gave Noah a looking over.

"Yaas," was the blunt reply.

"Then why did you run away?"

"'Spose I'm going to give right in the first thing?" demanded the indignant Noah. "I'll go and fix up and come back."

"No, darling; no you wont, my pet amethyst!" chuckled the widow. "We'll be married right here and now, boots or no boots!"

She crowded him against the table. Moses stood behind the pair to render any needed aid, and the knot was soon tied. As soon as the ceremony was over Noah skipped out of the back door, but no one pursued. The widow called the guests to supper and remarked:

"Sit right down and don't worry about the groom. I've been nine years working him up to this, but he'll be a little bashful for a few weeks to come. Have some of the roast pig, Mr. Court?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A LION'S SKIN FOR A DOLLAR.—An Arizona paper relates an exploit by a Mexican, which, for downright foolishness, puts to flight any of the daring performances of the heroes of Beadle's "yaller-backs." It appears that the Mexican, accompanied by his dog, was on his way to Tempe to do some trading, when the dog treed a large California lion. The man was unarmed, save with a large butcher-knife, but, nothing daunted, and knowing where he could sell the skin for a dollar, he whipped out his knife and started up the tree after this specimen of the king of beasts. Slipping up within reaching distance, he plunged the knife into the animal just behind the shoulder, which so startled him that he leaped to the ground and was instantly bounced by the dog, when the man hastened from the tree, sprang upon the beast, and planted a home-thrust through his heart, without further damage to himself than having his hat torn in pieces. The lion measured about eight feet from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail, and, had he got one good blow at the man, he would have mashed him into a jelly. Mr. Edwards informed us that this same Mexican killed one of these beasts, about three months ago, that measured over nine feet from tip to tip, using no other weapon than a small pistol and a knife, and that he came near losing his life in that encounter. Mr. Edwards pays him one dollar each for the hides, and is tanning them for boot leather.

MIRTH.—Dr. Greene, in his "Problem of Health," says there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minutest blood-vessel of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsion occasioned by good, hearty laughter. The life principle, or the inner man, is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason, every good, hearty laugh which a person indulges in tends to lengthen his life, conveying, as it does, a new and distinct stimulus to the vital force. Doubtless the time will come when physicians, conceding more importance than they now do to the influence of the mind upon the vital forces of the body, will make their perscriptions more with reference to the mind, and less to drugs for the body, and will, in so doing, find the best and most effective method of producing the required effects upon the patient.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

RASPBERRY FRITTERS.—Make a batter of a pint of milk, one egg, a little salt, and enough flour to make a mixture that will drop from a spoon. Add a cup of fine raspberries, with a tablespoonful of granulated sugar mixed with them. Fry in hot lard and dust with powdered sugar.

SPANISH FRITTERS.—Cut the crumb of a French roll into lengths, as thick as your finger, in what shape you will. Soak in some cream or milk, nutmeg, sugar, pounded cinnaman and an egg. When well soaked, fry of a nice brown; and serve with butter, wine and sugar-sauce.*

PAN DODDLINGS.—This is a New England dish, and is nice at the seaside, where appetites are expansive. Take three cups of fine rye meal, three cups of Indian meal, one egg, and three tablespoonfuls of molasses, add a little salt and all-spice and enough rich sweet milk to make a batter stiff enough to drop from a spoon. Fry to a good brown in hot lard.

EXCELLENT COFFEE CAKE.—This is one of the plain cakes, and is very easily made. Take one cup of strong coffee infusion, one cup of molasses, one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one egg, and one teaspoonful saleratus. Add spice and raisins to suit the taste, and enough flour to make a reasonably thick batter. Bake rather slowly in tinpans lined with buttered paper.

CHICKEN HASH.—This is the proper way to serve for breakfast whatever roast or boiled chicken may be left over from dinner. Mince the cold chicken, but not very fine, and to a cupful of meat add two tablespoonfuls good butter, a half cup of milk, enough minced onion to give a slight flavor, and salt, mace and pepper to taste. Stew it, taking care to stir it, and serve daintily with a garnish of parsley. Every particle of bone must be extracted.

LEMON PICKLE.—Wipe six lemons, cut each into eight pieces; put on them a pound of salt, six large cloves of garlic, two ounces of horse-radish sliced thin, likewise of cloves, mace, nutmeg and cayenne, a quarter of an ounce each, and two ounces of flour of mustard; to these put two quarts of vinegar. Boil a quarter of an hour in a well-tinned saucepan; or, which is better, do it in a strong jar, in a kettle of boiling water, or set the jar on the hot hearth till done. Set the jar by, and stir it daily for six weeks; keep the jar close covered. Put it into small bottles.

A SPOILED SERMON.—A Yarmouth (Me.) preacher, while illustrating the need and efficacy of prayer, drew an illustration from his own experience. He was out on a lake in a boat, when by mischance he lost both oars. The wind was rising, night was coming on and he was in imminent danger of being swamped and finding a watery grave. What could he do? Evidently nothing for himself, so he knelt down and prayed long and fervently for deliverence. He placed himself in the hands of the Lord and so was saved. So he passed from one thing to another, and at last the sermon was finished. He raised his hands to pronounce the benediction. The audience stood with bowed heads waiting for the gracious words, when old Captain Sweetser, of North Yarmouth, a rugged old sea-dog, cried out: "Say, Mr. Preacher, I want you to tell me how you got ashore?" The audience was still no more, but broke into a roar, and it was fully five minutes before the minister could explain that a man saw him from the shore and put out in another boat and took him off. But the effect for good of one sermon was spoiled.

THE TALKATIVE JUDGE.—A long-winded lawyer lately defended a criminal unsuccessfully, and during the trial the Judge received the following note: "The prisoner humbly prays that the time occupied by the plea of the counsel for the defense be counted in his sentence." This recalls an incident in our State Supreme Court. The late Michael Sanford was arguing a case and the late Judge Gould was presiding. The Judge had interrupted the counsel considerably, and when he reminded the counsel that his "hour was up," the latter said: "Well, your Honor ought to give me half an hour more, for you have talked half the time since I have been on my feet." The same Judge once fell into a ferry-way, and, unable to swim, he had the presence of mind to turn on his back and float until he was rescued. In narrating the circumstance to a lawyer, he said: "All I had to do was to keep on my back with my mouth shut for three minutes." The lawyer exclaimed: "Judge, how did you manage to keep your mouth shut so long?"—[Exchange.

SINGING AS A PREVENTIVE OF CONSUMPTION.—The statement has been made that during the last twenty-five years not a single singer has died of consumption at St. Petersburg, although this disease has outstripped all others, and now holds the first place among the causes of death in the Russian Capital. From this and other facts Dr. Vasilieff draws an inference in favor of the exercise involved in singing as a preventive measure against consumption. A London medical writer, however, argues that there is room for question as to the relation of cause and effect in this matter, for, though it may either happen that singers are not consumptive because they can use their throat and chest freely, or that consumptive persons are not singers because the weakness which precedes disease incapacitates the chest and throat for exertion, neither of these hypotheses—though true up to a certain point—holds good in all cases; in fact very little observation will suffice to show that a good singing voice may co-exist with a weak or diseased chest, whereas the perfectly healthy may be really unable to sing.

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DAYTON, W. T., Feb. 10, 1879.

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

Latest Medical Endorsements.

MARTINEZ, Cal., Feb. 17, 1879.

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.

Yours truly, BARLOW J. SMITH, M. D.
Proprietor Hygienic Medical Institute,
635 California street, San Francisco.

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This is to ertify that I have examined the son of Wm Peru, and find him PERFECTLY CURED of Hernia on both sides.

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