### **WEEKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE**

CORVALLIS, - - - AUGUST 13, 1880

FALSTAFF TO THE BARTENDER, Fal.-Bardolph, I say!

Fal.—Bardolph, I say!
Bard.—Here, sir.
Fal.—Go brew me a quart of sack, thou dog.
Bard.—With an egg, sir?
Fal.—Aye, with a goose egg.
Bard.—And strong?
Fal.—Strong as a steam stump-puller;
With sloohol, red pepper and gun cotton,
And with cilro glycerine, thou mangy one!
Make it rise up and seize a man
By the throat like a fierce Numidian lion!
Have I lived to be carried in a basket
And thrown into the Thames, begand!
If i be served such another trick
I'll have my brains ta'en out
And replaced with apple sass.
The rogues alighted me into the river
With as little remorse as they should
Had I run with the machine in politics,
I should have drowned but that the shore
Was shelvy and I'm tailest when I m down,
And it's a death I do abhor;
For, you know, it swells a man so;
And what a David Davis I would be
If I were swelled!
—Petroleum World

### -Petroleum World AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.

"Yes, they had a hard time of it there," says a short, sallow, keen eyed man, glancing over the illustrated newspaper which contains an engraving of Mr. Augustus Van Cleef's fine monument to the "unknown dead" at Salisbury, North Carolina. "I guess I ought to know something of what the Southern prisons were during the late war, for I had five months of it in Andersonville myself."

In a Pennsylvania train, among men of whom not a few have taken part in the great struggle themselves, and who have had at least one relative engaged in it, such an announcement is quite sufficient

to command general attention.

"No! did you, though?"

"S'pose you tell us the story, mister; there's time enough 'fore New York, I

"All right, if you care to hear it. You see, when I first came over from England the war was just about beginning, and as there didn't seem anything for me to do I thought I'd better soldier than starve, and so I went and 'listed right away. I wasn't long in finding out that soldiering and starving might sometimes mean pretty much the same thing, for rations were pretty scarce with us once once or twice, when we got down on the Mississippi. I tels ye, after lying all night in a rice swamp, stiff and wet and miserable, with nothing to eat and only marsh water to drink, it was just like a breath of life to me to hear the alarm sounded and know that we'd be at the enemy in a

few minutes more.' At this moment a pale-faced man, who was going from seat to seat with a basket of newspapers and magazines, paused for a moment to listen, with a look of such evident appreciation that it hardly required the testimony of his empty coat sleeve to show that he, too, had been a soldier in his time.

soldier in his time.
"We had plenty of hard fighting down
there," pursued the narrator as the newspaper man passed on, "but most of it was just the sort I didn't like—skirmishing about thick woods, where all you could see of your enemy was the smoke of his piece as he let fly at you, where lots of our fellows were shot down withone night. I was standing sentry at the outposts when a rebel let slap at me from the thicket, and just caught me from the thicket, and just caught me across the cheek here; you see the scar. I got behind a tree as quick as winking, and there I stuffed my jacket with grass and set it up against a tree, with a stick through it and my hat on top, to look as if I was peering around for a shot; and then I dropped down and crawled away into the bushes. Presently I heard the crack of the reb's piece again, and lookcrack of the reb's piece again, and, looking, out, just caught sight of his arm and shoulder, and brought him down

with one shot. "Well, not very long after that, I and some more got picked up by the South-ern Cavalry, and it wasn't a great while efore we found ourselves hard and fast in Andersonville, and there we did have

a time, sure enough.
"The place has been described so often that I dare say you have a pretty good idea of what it was like. It was a great, wide, swampy field, with a stockade around it, inside of which thousands of us were cooped up like cattle in a pen.
If a man happened to have a blanket and
two or three bits of sticks, so he could rig up a shelter against the sun and rain, all the better for him; if he hadn't he only took his chances, and I can tell you there were mighty few blankets among us, and many of us had little enough

clothing, either.

"All day long the sun kept roasting us alive, and all night the damp and chill ate into our very bones and set us shivering till our teeth rattled again. As to food, many's the time I have gone all day upon a couple of biscuits, and small ones at that, and so as to water, all we had was from a stream that ran through a cypress swamp, and you may think what kind of stuff that was."

"You must have been powerful hun-gry, I reckon," remarked a sympathetic

'Hungry? Well, I'll tell you some thing about that. One day a young fellow, the son of the general who had us in charge, came into the pen to look around, with his little poodle-dog follow-ing him. He had hardly turned his back when that dog was chopped up and eaten bodily; and when his master came back to look for him there was nothing left but a bit of skin about so big. They stopped our food for a whole day be-oause we wouldn't say who did it; but we

told no tales—not we.
"Now, I should tell you that to make sure of our not 'scaping they'd run a wire all around inside, about eighteen feet from the stockade; and that eighteen feet was the 'dead line,' because if a pris-oner only put his head over that line he got a bullet in him the next minute from

one of the sentries.

Well, one night late in the fall I'd got as close as I could to the dead line, so as the stockade might shelter me a bit from the cold wind. (Ugh! how it did bite through me on that night!) I was just wondering if I could live through till morning, and hardly caring whether I did or not, when a sentry just outside gave a 'P'st' that made me look up.

"Say, Yank," he whispered, "I guess you'll want a blanket to-night. Catch hold of this." And he rolled up his own and chucked it to me. "I can get along

"God bless you," says I—and that was I chucked it back to him the first thing next morning, so as he shouldn't get found out, but I guess it saved my life, all the same.

Not long after that a lot of us were exchanged, and I among the rest. I tell you I hardly felt the ground under my feet when I went out of that filthy hole a free man—though just at first I was as weak as a baby, and could hardly stand without being held.

"And did you never hear no more of that feller as giv' yer the blanket?" asked one of the audience with undistinguished

"Never, worse luck; and I don't suppose I shall ever now, for it's fifteen years since it happened, and I've never een south since. At that moment a sharp voice said,

"Say, Yank, I guess you'll want a blanket to-night!" The soldier started as if he had been shot, and turning hastily found himself confronted by the thin face of the onearmed newspaper man, lit up with a knowing smile.

"Why, if there ain't the very man himself!" shouted the himself!" shouted the narrator, seizing him with both hands, "Well who'd ever have thought it? You're just going along to New York with me, old chap, and you don't ever go back to peddling papers while I'm about."

And the ex-prisoner was as his word.—Good Company.

### On an English Railway.

Bells are scarcely needed, for all crossings are guarded by gates and attended by gatemen, who close them at least ten minutes before the passage of a train is expected. Cowcatchers are also as unnecessary as bells, for the locomotive can catch a cow just as well without them. Although the guard has practically the control of the train, yet the enginedriver is responsible for keeping time. If time is lost on one part of the journey it must be made up, if possible, at another. If there is no reason for losing time the enginedriver is docked sixpence for every minute lost. Under these circumstances it is safe to say that no time s lost that cannot be accounted for. Trains are often pushed to a reckless speed to avoid the fine. "Fire, Tom," is heard more frequently from the engineer as he presses his nose against the circular pane of glass

and peers ahead. I remember being on the locomo tive with an engineer one day, who was trying to make up time, the train being the mid day express. He til it was fully a mile a minute, when, on turning a sharp curve to enter upon a bridge which crossed a small river, a horse was observed on the track not more than a hundred yards ahead.

"Too late to slack up," muttered the engineer as he opened the throttle valve wider, accelerating if possi-ble the speed of the train. The horse was standing with its tail toward the approaching locomotive. A moment and the bunter of the engine struck the animal a good way abaft the beam and knocked him completely well. off the bridge into the river. The train scarcely felt the jar the shock out ever knowing who hurt 'em. I had was so sudden and the removal of a pretty narrow escape myself that way the obstruction so rapid. Imagine our surprise on turning around to see the horse rise to the surface and swim for the shore. Whether he ever reached it or not, or what damage he sustained I cannot say, for we passed on like a whirlwind.

When the driver completes his journey he steps from his engine and examines it with a critical eye to see that it has sustained no damage either to its machinery or ornamental parts during the journey. Then he gives his fireman such instructions as he may deem necessary, and, taking his jacket under his arm, hurries to the refreshment room of the station hotel to solace himself with a glass. The passenger engine driver is seldom a total abstainer. He is a sort of dashing, reckless fellow, qualities he seems to acquire from the nature of his occupation. I have known a great many of them and they were nearly all alike in this respect.

### Wetting Lead Pencils.

The act of putting a lead pencil to the tongue, to wet it, just before writing, which we notice in so many people, is one of the oddities for which it is hard to give any reason—unless it began in the days when lead pencils were poorer than now, and was continued by example into

the next generation.

A lead pencil should never be wet. It hardens the lead and ruins the pencil. This fact is known to newspaper men and stenographers. But nearly every one else does wet a pencil before using it. This fact was definitely settled by a newspaper clerk away down East.

Being of a mathematical turn of mind,

he ascertained by actual count that of 50 persons who came into his office to write an advertisement or church notice, 49 wet a pencil in their mouths before using it. Now this clerk always uses the best pencils, cherishing a good one with something of the pride a soldier feels in his gun or sword, and it hurts his feelings to have his pencil spoiled. But politeness and business considerations require him to loan his pencil scores of times every day. And often after it had been wet until it was hard and brittle and refused to mark, his feel-

ngs would overpower him. Finally he got some cheap pencils and sharpened them, and kept them to lend. The first person who took up the stock pencil was a drayman, whose breath smelt of onions and whiskey. He held the point in his mouth and soaked it for several minutes, while he was torturing himself in the effort to write an adver-

himself in the effort to write an advertisement for a missing bulldog.

Then a sweet-looking young lady came into the office, with kid gloves that buttoned half the length of her arm. She picked up the same old pencil and pressed it to her dainty lips preparatory to writing an advertisement for a lost bracelet. The clerk would have stayed her hand, even at the risk of a box of the best pencils Faber catered, but he was too late.

And thus that pencil passed from

And thus that pencil passed from mouth to mouth for a week. It was sucked by people of all ranks and stations, and all degrees of cleanliness and uncleanliness. But we forbear. Surely no one who reads this will ever again wet a lead pencil. Minneapolis Tribune.

The Detroit Free Press says: The Milwankee house of correction is now run on the moral suasion plan, and it is said that the worst old topers look almost as happy as angels when they get two chalk marks for being good all day.

### "Small Fruits."

The following is from the Burlington

"I just rolled out here from the gro cery," said the little green apple, as it paused on the sidewalk for a moment's paused on the sidewalk for a moment's chat with the banana peel; "I am waiting here for a boy. Not a small, weak, delicate boy," added the little green apple, proudly, "but a great big boy—a great, hulky, strong, leather-lunged, noisy fifteen-year-older; and, little as I am, you will see me double up that boy to-night, and make him wail and howl and yell. Oh, I'm small, but I'm good for a tenacre field of boys, and don't you forget it. All the boys in Burlington," the lit-tle green apple went on, with just a shade of pitying contempt in its voice, "couldn't fool around me as any one of

them fools around a banana." "Boys seem to be your game," drawled the banana peel, lazily; "well, I suppose they are just about strong enough to afford you a little amusement. For my own part, I like to take somebody of my own size. Now there comes the kind of a man I usually do business with. He is

large and strong, it is true, but—"
And just then a South Hill merchant, who weighs about 231 pounds when he feels right good, came along, and the banana peel just caught him by the foot, lifted him about as high as the awning post, turned him over, banged him down on a potato basket, flattened it out until it looked like a splint door mat, and the shock jarred everything loose in the show window. And then, while the fallen merchant gathered himself from various quarters of the globe—his silk hat from the gutter, his spectacles from the cellar, his handkerchief from the tree box, his cane from the show window, and one of his shoes from the eaves trough, and a boy ran for the doctor, the little green apple blushed red and shrunk a little out of sight, covered with

awe and mortification. "Ah," it thought, "I wonder if I can ever do that? Alas, how vain I was, and yet how poor and weak and useless I am

But the banana peel comforted it, and bade it look up and take heart, and do well what it had to do, and labor for the good of the cause in its own useful sphere. "True," said the banana peel, "you cannot lift up a 200 pound man and break a cellar door with him, but you can give him the cholera morbus, and, if had pushed up the rate of speed un-til it was fully a mile a minute, when, your power and the medical colleges will call you blessed."

And then the little green apple smiled and looked up with grateful blushes on its face, and thanked the banana peel for its encouraging counsel. And that very night, an old father, who writes thirteen hours a day, and a patient mother, who was almost ready to sink from weariness, and a nurse and a doctor sat up until nearly morning with a thirteen-year-old boy, who was all twisted up the shape of a figure 3, while all the neighbors on that block sat up and listened and pounded their pillows and tried to sleep and wished that boy would either die or get

And the little green apple was pleased and its last words were, "At least I have been of some little use in this world."

### Fool Friends.

Nothing hurts a man, nothing hurts a party so terribly as fool friends.

A fool friend is the sewer of bad news, of slander and all base and unpleasant

A fool friend always knows every mean thing that has been said against you and against the party.

He always knows where your party is losing, and the other is making large

He always tells you of the good luck your enemy has had.

He implicitly believes every story against you, and kindly suspects your

A fool friend is always full of a kind of stupid candor.

He is so candid that he always believes the statements of an every.

He never suspects anything on your

Nothing pleases him like being shocked by terrible news concerning some good

He never denies a lie unless it is in your

He is always finding fault with his party and is continually begging pardon for not belonging to the other side.

He is frightfully anxious that all his candidates should stand well with the op-

He is forever seeing the faults of his party and the virtues of the other. He generally shows his candor by scratching his ticket.

He always searches every nook and corner of his conscience to find a reason for deserting a friend for a principle.

In the moment of victory he is magnanimously at your side. In defeat he consoles you by repeating prophecies made after the event

made after the event. The fool friend regards your reputa

tion as common property, and as com-mon prey for all the vultures, hyenas and jackals. He takes a sad pleasure in your misfortunes. He forgets his principles to gratify

He forgives your maligner and slan-derer with all his heart. He is so friendly that you cannot kick

He generally talks for you, but generally bets the other way.—Col. R. G. In-

THE IDEAL SMOKER .- "Tis a delight to watch him. Lazily leaning back in his chair with his feet on the table, he gently draws into his system the fragrant aromatic smoke, and removing his cigar carefully from his mouth, lest the white shes should fall, he blows into the air a succession of vaporous circles, watches them float for a second, expand and break into etheral blue. He sees in them bright visions, satisfying day dreams, and he again inhales from his brown Havana the gentle narcotic that soothes his nerves and gives him unbounded rest from business cares. If we could be sure of enjoying a cigar as this man does, we'd learn to smoke before night, if it laid us on a bed of sickness for a week.—[New

M. Guizot, while on a visit to Lord Aberdeen, in Scotland, was talking to him in the park one day about the English system of elections, when his host stopped before a cottage. "This little house," he said "recalls to me a shameful deed in my political life." What! an act of violence?" You shall hear. I had as tenant here an independent fe!low, who annoyed me horribly. In every election he strenuously opposed me. I made up my mind, to be rid of him." "Ha! you turned him out?" "No. I reduced his rent by a guinea, and destroyed his qualification. A mean trick, and I've always been ashamed of it.' M. Guizot, while on a visit to Lord

### The Wheel Horse.

There is a wheel horse in every family; ome one who takes the load on all oc-asions. It may be the older daughter, possibly the father, but generally it is the mother. Extra company, sickness, gives her a heavy increase of the burden she is always carrying. Even summer vacations bring less rest and recreation to her than to others of the family. The city house must be put up in order to leave; the clothing for herself and the children which a country sojourn de-mands seems never to be finished; and the excursions and picnics which delight the heart of the young people are not wholly a delight to the "provider." I once heard a husband say, "My wife takes her sewing-machine into the country and has a good time doing up the fall sewing." At the time I did not fully appreciate the enormity of the thing; but it has rankled in my memory, and appears to me now an outrage. How would it be for the merchant to take his books into the country with him to go over his accounts for a little amusement? Suppose the minister writes up a few extra sermons, and the teacher carries a Hebrew grammar and perfects himself in a new language, ready for the opening of school in the fall?

Woman's work is never done. She would never have it done. Ministering to father and mother, cherishing her husband, nourishing and training her children—no true woman wants to see her work done. But because it is never done she needs resting times.

Every night the heavy truck is turned up, the wheel horse is put into the stable, and labor and care are dismissed until the morrow. The thills of the household van cannot be turned up at night. and the tired housemother cannot go into a quiet stall for repose. She goes to sleep to-night feeling the pressure of to-morrow. She must have had "an eye" over all until everyone was in bed, and must keep an eye ready to open at any moment to answer the need of children, and open both eyes bright and early to see the machinery well started for a new

There is never any time that seems convenient for the mother of little children to leave home even for a day; but with a little kindly help from her husband, and a little resolution in herself, she may go, and be so much the better for it that the benefit will overflow from her into the whole household. She will bring home some new idea and will work with the enthusiasm that comes from a

fresh start. One word for the older sister; who makes the salad for lunch and the dessert for dinner, who takes the position of wheel horse quite cheerfully while her younger sisters make themselves beautiful and entertaining, and, one after another, find "one true heart" apiece to love them, and leave the maiden to grow into an old maid. However willing her sacrifice, it is one; and nothing but the devoted love and gratitude of the households whose fires she has helped to kin-dle will reward her for what she has given.

### The Armless Violinist.

the name of Hermann Unthan, without

linist. He is the son of a poor village school-master at Sommerfield, near Elbing. The violin lies upon a kind of footstool, which he himself designed. The young violinist sits before it on an ordinary chair. In tuning the instrument he turns the screws with the toes of the right foot, one of which also serves to press the strings, while he grasps the bow lightly and tenderly with the toes on the left foot. Gliding over the four strings with a soft touch, he produced a pure trill with his two toes as quickly and with as much precision as the best violinist with two fingers. He can play an entire line of chords in valse time. He has in his power all the shades of expression, from the pianissimo to the

Hermann Unthan is no object of pity, but a perfectly contented man. He is happy in the thought that he has helped himself, and that he has perfectly overcome the apparent helplessness with which he came into the world. He does not feel the want of arms, which he never possessed. His legs are his arms, his feet are his hands, his toes are his fingers, and with them he does all that other men do with arms, hands and

He is a young man, full of life and eager for travel, and will probably go through the whole world. He is accompanied by two faithful attendants, one of whom manages all his concerts, lodgings and things of that kind. He is certain of the success which he so highly deserves, not only for his artistic skill, but for his excellent dis-

## position. It is said that he transmits a large portion of his gains to Sommerfield for the support of his parents. Cold Cabbage.

George Abrahams was extravagantly fond of cold cabbage, and, one day, seeing that quite a dishful was left after dinner, asked his wife if she would save it for his salad at night. About midnight George came home laboring under a stress of heavy weather. Feeling hungry, and thinking of his favorite cabbage, he asked where

His wife replied: "In the pantry, on the second shelf. Down he went, found the cabbage, got out the oil, mustard and vinegar, cut up the cabbage, dressed it to the queen's taste, and ate it all.

In the morning his wife noticed the plate of cabbage where she had placed it the night before, and, turning to her "dear George," innocently asked him why he did not eat the cabbage.

"I did," he said. "How did you like it?" "Oh, not very well; it was tough and

stringy. you find any more?"
"Why, on the second shelf, where you told me."

A quick glance at the shelf by the wife, and then a cry of agony.

"Why, George, you have eaten \$20 worth of lace collars and cuffs that I had not in the shelf by the shelf b put in starch; stringy cabbage, indeed."

The examiner is trying to explain to the The examiner is trying to explain to the fat-headed listeners the character of a miracle. He asks a scholar, "What is a miracle?" "I don't know, sir." "If—a!! at once—the sun appeared in the heavens at night, what would you say it was?" "The Moon." "Bût, if you were told it was the sun, what would you say?" I'd say it was a lie." "Now, I never lie. Suppose I told you it was the sun?" The scholar, after a moments deep reflection, hobbed his head. "Please air Eleany you after a moments deep reflection, is head. "Please, sir, Pd say you

### The Flight of the Hawk.

We had the good fortune to see a eregrine falcon wheeling round some ow lands on the right of the road to York in slow, wide and majestic circles, and naturally discussed the object of such a singular flight, which seems to be common to the hawk tribe in all parts of the world. Often have we seen them on American marshes hovering with expanded, motionless wings, and, with a slight flutter at the end of each circle, mount up to the altitude they had lost. Some old-fashioned works on natural history speak of these circles as intended to dismay the prey that hawks wish to capture, and say that they lessen them until they find them within their reach; but against this it must be said that, with the exceeding fleetness and keen sight of a hawk, all prey he wishes for is very much within his reach the moment keeps along hedge-rows or the side of plantation, and very easily finds a sup-per. I was pleased to hear a theory I had formed in America confirmed, for when waiting for wild ducks we used to shot they would circle round very probably within easy reach of a gun. My game-keeper friend quite confirmed this; and, as the passage in Macbeth occurred to me at the moment, I quoted the time. Quite recently an engineer of

A faicon towering in her pride of place Was by a mousing owl bawked at and killed. He said that he could well believe this was an actual scene, as when owls are hungry they will take birds in the air, and he might have mistaken the falcon easily for a more dainty meal. In the course of our conversation I learned that five had been seen on Salisbury Plains, and one I saw in the hands of the birdstuffer. It is a great pity that such no-ble birds should be allowed to die out, should do well to imitate the Americans in their generous protection of native fowl, and even stop shooting for a season when the gunner threatens to exterminate any particular species.

## Lecture on Ticket Agents and Hotel

Colonel Forney, in the Progress reads a letter to ticket agents which should be appreciated and endorsed by the public. He says: Nearly all us have growled at what we con sider downright impudence of ticket him any more cowhide. After a day or sellers at railroad stations, in theater two a different plan was tried. The box offices and hotel clerks. These ladies and gentlemen—for occasion- him up a cure. In ten minutes after ally nowadays you find a woman drinking it he was excitedly informed that he had been given a large dose of There is a young man in Germany, by similar duty—frequently are peevish morphine by mistake. A party was at and short in answer, all of which is hand to play doctor, and it was decided exactly what they ought not to be. that the tramp must walk until he over They are paid for their work; much | came the influence of the drug. One and or little, it matters nothing; when another took turns with him until he had they accept the office they agree to the pay, and a very important part of that work is to treat the customers of their employers with stud- protesting a word, and as he started for ied politeness. That the public has a right to expect of them. But is nothing required of the public in return? Reference is not intended now to those stupid creatures who said that he had walked in vain. Findask silly questions, and who wear away alike patience and time. Noth- him, he had returned to die with his ing will ever change them; their ig norance is too deep-seated ever to be dug out. But there is the man who addresses the hotel clerk as if he were his special lackey, who bangs chair and upsetting a table, and after few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a at the windows of the theaters as if big business, and an undertaker and Corthe gentleman inside the office was oner called before the old chap let any there only to be bullied. The man one know that he wasn't dead. He came knows better; he was fully aware he was doing something out of the common, but he does it to attract attention to himself, and succeeds at the cost of being set down as a ruffian. When sufficiently restored to sit up, he was given nearly a pint of wine, and as his strength increased, he got He presumes on the position of the away with enough lunches for four men. person he insults; he would not dare to act so toward him were he to him half a dollar and turn him out upon meet him away from his duty. He

is therefore a cowardly, mean fellow. STUART'S ARTISTIC TREATMENT OF THE EYES.—Stuart, the painter, once executed the portrait of a lady in New York who was fussy, critical, over-exacting and nice to a degree that tried in the ex-treme his rather excitable temperament. The portrait was changed again and again; the shade of the hair, the color of the eyes, the expression of the mouth, the pose of the head, the arrangement of the drapery, etc., were repeatedly altered at the suggestion of the lady. One that such robbers shall leave no determined the suggestion of the lady. One that such robbers shall leave no determined the suggestion of the lady. day madame came in with several friends to see the portrait: and, as usual, she began to criticise, and said: "I do not think, Mr. Stuart, you have given my eyes the right expression." The patience of the artist was exhausted; he could stand no more. Walking up to the portrait, and drawing back his fist, he thrust only son died at the hands of savages in it through the canvas, and exclaimed in blunt, but vigorous Anglo-Saxon: "Madame, — your eyes!" throwing the canvas aside—the portrait was finished. He had given it the last touch.

only son died at the hands of savages in a strange country. There is not a descendent left of Napoleon III. or of the Duke de Luynes.

The game of Smith was saved by Po-

LOVED ANOTHER. - Fanny Fuld was one of the beauties of Baltimore. She married Eli Ellas, a wealthy young merchant, and the wedding was a great social event in that city. A few months ago, after six months of seeming happiness the wife confessed to her hysband. ness, the wife confessed to her husbi that she was in love with another man He said at once that they must part, and, though she begged hard to stay with him, promising the utmost circumspec-tion of conduct, he insisted upon casting her off. She grew despondent, and wrote imploring letters to him, but he would not see her. At last she has committed

A TELEPHONIC DIALOGUE.-The fol A TELEPHONIC DIALOGUE.—The following telephonic dialogue occurred the other day between one of the bright boys in an Exchange Place insurance agency and a Mr. R.—, who was a loser by one of the late fires: "Hullo, Mr. R.—." "Hullo." "We shall have to get out those papers to-day." "All

### An Engineer's Need of Nerve.

Unquestionably the bravest men n America are those who can stand upon the foot-boards of the locomotives which draw the fast express trains. But few persons are aware of it, but on the leading railways, where connections must be made if possible, only engineers known to be brave and daring are given engines on express trains, and as soon as an engineer shows the least timidity about running fast, he is taken from his engine and given one on a freight train to run. Two such cases have occurred recently on Indianapolis roads. Railroad officers state that the first sign that an engine is becoming timid is that he trains. But few persons are aware neer is becoming timid is, that he will be five or ten minutes late, possihe sees it; and, as my very intelligent will be five or ten minutes late, possi-companion said, a hawk when after his bly a half hour, for some days or prey generally flies low and with some-what the motion of an owl. He usually called to an account, and unless his reasons are convincing another engineer is given his engine to run for a few times, and should he bring the train in promptly on time, the first see these birds of prey soaring around in great sweeps, and it seemed most probable that they were only taking an airing; indeed, they appeared to be almost in a dreamy state, for even after hearing a chot they would similar and respect to the respect to t named engineer gets a freight train it as to have the bravery to step on

one of the roads running west from here got the impression that some accident was to happen to him, and one night, when running a fast express, he constantly lost time. At the first station the conductor berated him for running so slow. The engineer actually shed tears, and owned that fears had overcome him. two years previously a bustard had been owned that fears had overcome him, shot in these parts of Yorkshire, and two and that he dare not run fast, and at more had been seen. Now, of course, such birds are regarded as extinct, though at the same time not fewer than meeting point was given the train to freight train which stood at the meeting point was given the train to run through that night, the conductor telegraphing the train-master, asking that the request be granted. or, rather, to be exterminated; and we The timid engineer has since run a freight on the road.

### A Tramp's Revenge.

A few days since one of the seediest sort of tramps, seemingly about 50 years old, attached himself to a free lunch saloon on Monroe Avenue, and soon felt perfectly at home. When ordered out, he went out, but the trouble was he wouldn't stay out. As a last resort be was kicked out, but in an hour came back and seemed so humble and forgiving that the proprietor didn't like to give "vag" had several times referred to a pain in the chest, and the bar-keeper mixed the green fields it was supposed the saloon had seen the last of him. Nevertheless, he returned in about four hours. lame in the left leg, covered with dust, ing that death had determined to claim friends. Before they could protest he fell to the floor, breaking the back off chair and upsetting a table, and after a care that every kick counted on some-thing. When sufficiently restored to sit the world. Just how much profit the saloon keeper made in playing the morphine trick, is what will puzzle him for a week to come.

THE CURSE AT WORK .- A singular fact is noted in connection with the sarcophagus of Ashmenezer, King of Sidon, now deposited at the Louvre, the scendents, but shall be driven from their their country. The Duke de Luynes bought the sarcophagus; he and his own son were killed in the Papai war of 1859. Again Napoleon III. brought it to Paris

cahontas trumping her father's club with a soft heart.

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A Telephonic Dialogue.—The following telephonic dialogue occurred the other day between one of the bright boys in an Exchange Place insurance agency and a Mr. R—, who was a loser by one of the late fires: "Hullo, Mr. R—." "Hullo" "We shall have to get out those papers to-day." "All right; shall I have to swear to them?" "Yes." "Can't I swear by the telephone?" Here the conversation was interrupted by the sharp voice of a female operator of the line, who said, "No, you can't swear by telephone or use any had language at all." And then an audible grin went over the line from either end.

# Rupture

CURED. From a Merchant.

my life. You can refer any one to me, and I will be glad to answer any letters on its merrits.

I remain, yours respectfully,

D. B. BUNNELL.

### Latest Medical Endorsements.

MARTINEZ, Cal., Feb. 17, 1879. 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.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6, 1879.

W. J. Horne, Esq.—Sir: You ask my opinion of the relative merits of your Patent Elastic Truss, as compared with other kinds that have been tested under my observation, and in reply I frankly state that from the time my attention was first called to their simple, though highly mechanical and philosophical construction, 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.

A REMARKABLE CLIRE Endorsed by a prominent Medical In-

## A REMARKABLE CURE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct 26, 1879.

W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss, 702 Market street, San Francisco—Sir I am truly grateful to you for the wonderful CURE your valuable truss has effected on my little boy. The double truss I purchased from you has PER-FECTLY CURED him of his painful rupture on both sides in a little over six months. The steel truss he had before I bought yours caused him cruel torture, and it was a happy day for us all when he laid it aside for the California Elastic Tayse. I am sure that all will be thankful who Tauss. I am sure that all will be thankful who are providentially led to give your truss a trial. You may refer any one to me on this subject.

638 Sacramento Stree This is to crtify that I have examined the sor of Wm Peru, and find him PERFECTLY CURED of Hernia on both sides. L. DEXTER LYPORD, M. D.

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Although about 150,000 of these safes are now in use, and hundreds have been texted by some interesting in the of the most disasteous conflagrations in the country, there is not a single in-tance on record wherein one of them ever failed to preserve its

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

Hall's burglar work is protected by letters patent, and his work cannot be equaled lawfully.

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By one of the greatest improvements known, the Gross Automatic Movement, our locks are operated without any arbor or spindle passing through the door and into the lock. Our locks cannot be opened or picked by bur-glars or experts, (as in case of other locks), and we will put from \$1,000 to \$10,000 behind them any

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