(4)

WEEKLY CORVALLIS GAZAETTE

CORVALLIS, - - - AUGUST 20, 1880

BEST AFTER ALL.

"But tell me, dear," she said
And coaxingly the dark eyes shone,
And shyly dropped the modest head,
Aside his own—
"But tell me, have you loved before?
Or one, or more?

The eager, sparkling face
Was full of tender, touching grace,
She did not fear his answer then,
Her king of men!
"But tell me, dear, the best and worst,
Or am I first?"

He turned his eyes away,
Yet closer still her hand he pressed,
Nor answer yea or nay:
A blush confessed
All, in one burning word,
Unsaid, unheard.

Quick came a burst of tears,
A tempest storm from April sky,
And then, "Forgive my doubts and fears,"
He heard her sigh,
"What should I care what lives are past,
So mine is last."

How I Got Promoted.

"Tom," said the chief, "there has been a rather mysterious robbery at Barrowtown, and it's likely to give the 'locals' some trouble. So I wish you to go down as soon as possible."

This order I received one hot day in August, on the day after the robbery had taken place. Of course I did not let much time pass before I was at the station and fairly started. Once there, Barrowtown is a quaint, picturesque little town, like many another in goodly England. It seemed almost too dull to be able to boast the doubtful honor of having had a full-grown robbery. Still, I like the quiet little town, for it was there that I gained my first promotion.

I was met at the station by the local inspector; a stout, pompous, excitable, little man, who looked doubtful as to the prudence of the Scotland Yard authorities in sending down such an ordinary-looking man as myself.

"Oh," he remarked at last, "so it's you, young man, is it? I don't think we are likely to trouble you much this time. The fact is—ahem—we have caught the culprit ourselves."

I merely bowed, and expressed a wish to see the prisoner, and we both set off for the county jail, perhaps a mile or so away.

Well, it certainly seemed as plain as day to me that the unhappy wretch on whom Inspector Muggridge had laid his fell grasp could easily have proved an alibi had not that worthy officer continually interrupted him with:

"Better keep all that for your examination, my good fellow, or it'll all be brought up against you, my man, you know."

I told him seriously, as soon as I could, in private, that the man he had arrested was no more guilty than I was; but he simply smiled incredulously, and asked who else could be the culprit, as this was the only really abandoned character of the town, and it was plainly the work of some one who knew the place. "Besides," he added, "it isn't very likely that any one could beat me on my own ground, where I know everybody, you know; and if he didn't do it, who did?" With which really unanswerable argument he accompanied me to the scene of the robbery, where we were shown over the premises by the mistress of the house.

When I saw the ground-floor window by which access had been gained to the house, I quite agreed with the worthy "local" that it was the work of a "new hand;" and that from the fact that his footprints, wherever we could trace them, showed no hesitation, but rather a thorough acquaintance with the grounds; the culprit, whoever he was, must have had some opportunity of visiting the scene of operations and probably lived somewhere in the neighborhood.

It seemed that the thief had entered the house by a window in the rear, and carried off a small box of valuables from the room of the master of the house, who had been staying at a friend's on that night. Both these facts showed an intimate knowledge of the premises on the part of the culprit, and strengthened our former belief. We were informed that the lost casket—an ordinary tin cash-box—had been almost filled with various articles of jewelry, and therefore the loss was rather heavy. Of course, the knowledge that there would be a good reward for the recovery of the missing property did not abate my zeal. Still, in spite of my eagerness to discover the culprit, I could make but little of the case, and might even have come over to the opinion of the "local," but for one very important fact, namely, the footprints in the garden bed were all smaller than those of the prisoner. Now, although a man may wear boots several sizes too large for him on occasion, yet he can harly walk with comfort in shoes an inch or so too short.

Very much annoyed at my want of success and dreading the chaff I would be sure to get, when compelled to give it up, I should return to town, I was not particularly delighted next morning to see Mr. Muggridge coming up the road to the house, accompanied by the editor of the Barrowtown *Weekly Banner*, who had determined, he said, to write up the account of the robbery himself. But there was no escape; and so, prepared for a host of questions, I was walking slowly to meet them, when my eye was caught by something bright among the bushes by the roadside. Yes, there could be no doubt of it; there lay the lost box, empty of course. Without stopping, however, I walked as calmly as possible on to the inspector, and was introduced to Mr. Shears, the editor. It was simply wonderful how obliging I had become. I, even when Mr. Muggridge hinted that he was pressed for time, volunteered myself to give Mr. Shears the information he wished, and to go over the premises with him. Once left alone with the zealous representative of the press, I gave that gentleman all the points of the case, and a few more, as you shall see.

The next afternoon, as soon as a copy of the *Banner* came to the house where the robbery had occurred—I had for the last few days spent from the forenoon until dusk there—I turned to the end of the column devoted to the "Great Robbery," and read, with a chuckle, the announcement that "the loss of the jewels would be less felt had there not been between the two bottoms of the box almost two hundred pounds in bank-notes, of which, unfortunately, the numbers had not been taken."

Probably the intelligent reader sees my plan, but certainly I did not choose to explain it to Mr. Muggridge, when, an hour later, that worthy but excitable gentleman rode, very hot and very red, up to the shadeless road, to complain of my having "made a confounded mess of the account, you know." I simply advised him to wait for a few days, and then I would be happy to explain everything.

That evening, as usual, I left the grounds at dusk, after spending most of the day watching—though apparently engaged in something else—whether any one went near the spot, a few hundred yards from the grounds, where lay the box on which I especially depended as a bait to hook the thief. By walking slowly, I managed to let the shades of evening close around me before I was far beyond the spot where I had made up my mind to watch and wait.

Eight! Nine! Were they never coming? And was the trap laid and baited in vain? Ten! Surely they should have come by this time. Still——Was that a sound on the road? Yes, and coming to the village, too. There were evidently several of them, and I began to regret not having brought some help. Nearer they came, laughing and talking, as I cautiously drew further back from the road. And now they were opposite the spot where the box lay hid. But—what? They've gone by, and in the hearty guffaw of the man furthest away of the three, I recognized Farmer Lobbins, an honest fellow, whose acquaintance I had made during my short stay.

After this sell, I had almost given up, and was actually making up my mind to abandon the affair, when a faint sound from down the road made me crouch as low as possible once more. It was no hoax this time. A short, thin man, whom I easily recognized as a man-of-all-work who had been helping the gardner that day, was creeping stealthily down the road, close to the bushes. As soon as he reached the spot where the box had been thrown, he lit a small lantern to aid him in the search. This time I felt sure, and so when the man blew out the light, after securing the supposed treasure, the capture was made.

"Oh? why, yes;" observed the worthy Mr. Muggridge, who was in the office when I brought in the prisoner that night, "I thought as much; I've had my eye on that fellow all along."

The man made confession—indeed he was caught in the act, and could not deny it. The jewels were all recovered, and the reward proved very useful in helping me to marry and settle down quietly, when one month later, I received my promotion.—[*Chamber's Journal.*

Summer Complaint.

The remedy on which we place the greatest reliance in the treatment of summer diarrhœa is undoubtedly camphor. It is of inestimable value in the diarrhœa which is often epidemic during the hottor months of the year, and is especially indicated when the onset of the attack is sudden. Even when the strength is sinking rapidly, as the result of the excessive purging, and the face is pale and livid, and the whole body is icy cold, camphor will restore warmth to the extremities and rescue the patient from an apparently almost hopeless state. It is essential to give the strong preparation—the essence of camphor; to give it frequently, but above all, it is essential to give it as soon as possible, for every moment's delay is of importance. The dose is six drops every quarter of an hour till the symptoms abate, and hourly afterward. It is a good plan to mix it with a little brandy, but it answers admirably if given in a little milk and water. If the essence of camphor is not at hand, the camphor pillules, sold at any druggist's, will do as well. The tincture of cinchona or bark also gives good results in the treatment of these cases.

Lime water is often of great benefit in young children suffering from chronic vomiting and diarrhœa and consequent wasting. It improves the digestion and removes the irritating condition of the urine, which is so common an accompaniment. It neutralizes any excess of acid that may be present in the bowels. It may be given in milk; one part of lime water to three of milk. Opium is an excellent remedy in almost all kinds of diarrhœa, although it must be confessed that in this, as in the case of several of the following, the indications for its use are not as yet very strictly defined. It may be given in the form of laudanum in a twenty-drop dose in a little water. This is for an adult; it must never be given to children. Acetate of lead (sugar of lead) is another good remedy. It should be given in five-grain doses every four hours. It is suitable for obstinate cases. Oxide of zinc is also useful in diarrhœa. It may be given in the form of the pills, two to be taken every three hours. Sulphate of copper or blue-stone is sometimes used in obstinate cases. It is a very powerful astringent and should be used with a certain amount of caution, and only in severe cases. The same may be said of nitrate of silver. Either may be given in half-grain doses made into pills.

Gallic acid, tannic acid, catechu and kino are all useful in simple cases of diarrhœa, and a mixture containing several of these astringents may be taken.

Bismuth is a remedy which often succeeds when everything else has failed. A drachm of the nitrate of bismuth could be given in milk several times a day. This dose is larger than is usually recommended, but it will not disturb the stomach or cause any inconvenience. It is a remedy of which we can speak highly in obstinate cases. We have seen it succeed when almost everything else has been tried in vain. Children do very well with smaller doses.—*Philadelphia Times.*

MR. BRET HART AS DRAMATIST AND POET.—"Two Men of Sandy Bar" does not seem to us to give much evidence of dramatic faculty; certainly it gives none of dramatic faculty at all equal to the faculty which the author has shown in other directions. The action is confused, the speeches are often too long, and one of the most telling characters—Colonel Starbottle—pushes his habit of sententious broken utterance, interspersed with the "er," so familiar to auditors in the House of Commons, a good deal beyond the verge of tolerable tediousness. It is to the "Poems," the shorter poems especially, the readers will turn; and it is these which are most worthy of critical examination for the purpose of fixing the author's virtue. * * * It is characteristic of Mr. Bret Harte's work that it relies very little upon the merely mechanical aids of misspelling, of familiar biblical quotations and the like, and have hitherto defrayed to such an extent the expenses of American humor. It rests upon far more solid ground than this—namely, upon accurate observation of nature and fact on the one hand, and upon a sufficient acquaintance with literature on the other; while a sure if limited artistic faculty is shown in the management of the materials drawn from these two sources.—[The Pall Mall Gazettte.

The Joke on Hoeflich.

Some weeks ago John Mackay was sitting in the Gould & Curry office reading about the "Jumping Frog of Calaveras," when the idea occurred to him that some sort of a trick like that would be a splendid thing to ring in on Maurice Hoeflich, the mining expert. Hoeflich is about the office a good deal, and when he takes lunch with Mackay is sure to get into some sort of a dispute and offer to make a bet. Mackay don't like betting and frowns it down, unless he thinks people are trying to bluff him. At last he determined to cure Hoeflich of his habit and began to watch him a good deal to determine where the weak spot in his armor lay.

One day he saw Hoeflich on the stoop playing with an enormous grasshopper which he was learning to jump. Hoeflich's grasshopper could jump twenty-three feet, and it wasn't long before he remarked to Mackay:

"I'll bed two dollar dot you cand find a hinsect to peet him."

Mackay bet ten dollars that he could beat it, and Hoeflich raised him twenty dollars at once. The bet was closed at these figures, and Mackay said he would have the hopper there in a day or so. He then sent a trusted emissary down to Carson Valley to secure a contestant for the winged steed of Hoeflich.

The man spent nearly a week roving around Carson valley catching hoppers. He finaly sent an official report to Mackay stating that he had caught over three thousand grasshoppers and put them through their paces. The best gait any one of them had was seventeen and three quarter feet. He doubted if a bigger jump could be secured. On receipt of the letter the Bonanza Prince telegraphed to the man to bring him up anyway. The next day he arrived with about a dozen hoppers from Farmer Treadway's, and Mr. Mackay gave them quarters in his room as Vanderbilt would stable his stud. Each hopper occupied a cigar box, and every morning they were taken out and put through their paces. It was impossible, however, to get one to jump over eighteen feet, although all sorts of invigorating diet was given them.

Mr. Mackay was in despair; but one morning a hopper sniffed at a bottle of ammonia on the table and immediately skipped thirty feet. After making a few experiments it was found that one sniff of ammonia so enlivened the hoppers that they made jumps that were almost incredible. Next day Mackay announced to Hoeflich that he was ready for the match.

The expert was on hand at the Gould & Curry office at 9 o'clock, an hour before the time, with his pet hopper. Not finding Mr. Mackay in, he sat down in his study, and there noticed the bottle of ammonia, While he was examining it, Bridget, the old faithful domestic of the Gould & Curry house, came in with:

"Don't be techin' that numonia, Mr. Hoflick; it's to make Mr. Mackey's hoppers sprightly. Bedad, I belave he's out o' his sinces since the pump broke at the north ind."

Hoeflich pumped the domestic and soon knew all about Mackay's game.

A light broke on Hoeflich, and, grabbing the bottle, he rushed up town to Perkins' drug store, threw away the ammonia and ordered it filled with chloroform. In ten minutes he was out, and, leaving the bottle where he found it, got out of the place as fast as he could. Mackay soon arrived with half a dozen mining superintendents he had invited up to see him have some fun with Hoeflich.

They were hardly rested before Hoeflich came in with the hopper in a cigar box under his arm.

"I vash a leetle late, Mr. Mackay, but I'm here mit de hobber and de coin."

He laid down his money, which was promptly covered.

"Anybody else vant to pet?"

Joe Stewart laid down $100.

John Kelly put up $50.

Warren Sheridan stepped in for $200.

Hank Smith wanted a like amount.

Sam Jones only had $60, but he put it up.

Then a few got into the corner of the room and concluded it was a shame to rope Hoeflich in that way, and finally agreed to give the money back after they won it. Mackay then bantered Hoeflich to raise the pot 100 shares in Union coin. Hoeflich wrote an order on his broker and remarked:

"Dare's no limits to de bets, shentlemen; de coin sbeaks."

Nearly every man doubled his bet, and then Mackay got behind Sam Jones and let his hopper sniff of the ammonia bottle which held Hoeflich's chloroform.

Time being called, the hoppers were placed side by side on the piazza, and at the word "Go," each insect was touched on the back with a straw. Hoeflich's hopper described a simicircle in the air and scored twenty-four feet. Mackay's gave a lazy lurch of four inches, and, turning over on its back, folded its legs across its stomach and fell fast asleep. Jones swore that you could hear it snore. Hoeflich walked back into the room, swept the coin into a canvas sack, and Mackay wrote out an order for the stock. Hoeflich went up town with his hopper under his arm, leaving the others too astonished to speak. Presently Sheridan put up the ammonia bottle to his nose and called Mackay's attention to the smell.

"Chloroform, by—!"

Then the Milesian woman who was the author of all the mischief appeared with a broom and announced that it was "swapin'" time, at which the crowd dispersed, each going in a different direction. As Mackay started for the Union shaft he remarked:

"That feller Hoeflich plays in d—d queer luck."

And to this all hands inwardly agreed.

ADVERTISING HIS MUTTON.—At the church of Great Salkeld, in Cumberland, this custom prevailed thirty or forty years ago. I fancy that it has now fallen through. After the banns were published for the third time the parish clerk exclaimed, "God speed them weel!" Nor was this the only curious custom in this parish. As the congregation were leaving the church after service, the clerk, taking his stand on a "thruff" in the churchyard, announced all the sales by auction which were to be held in the parish during the week, and other matters of interest to the parishioners, such as, "On Wednesday next Willie Pearson will kill a sheep," evidently suggesting that Willie Pearson would be glad to dispose of part of the mutton to his neighbors, his own family not being equal to a whole sheep.—[Notes and Queries.

The manufacture of paper bricks is said to be carried on extensively in the West. The quality of the bricks render them well adapted for building purposes. The Chinese make the soles of their shoes of paper similarly prepared.

Naming a Steamboat.

In my boyhood days it was the custom among the Cincinatti boys to own all the steamboat bills possible of the boats then running, as well as those that had been—boats worn out, sunk, burned or exploded. The boy that had the greatest variety and number was envied by his fellows, and fabulous prices were, as we thought, paid for the bills of old time boats, such as the Mediterranean, Walk in the Water and Car of Commerce. It was not an exception for a boy to have two or more hundred steamboat bills, and often the case that they would look over their wealth and assort in different piles the boats that had sunk, burned, exploded, etc. This brought to my notice what seemed to be a fatality which attached itself to all steamboats whose name commenced with the letter M, and since then, now over thirty years, I have given this my attention; but stop, I know you will say that I am superstitious. Let us look into this before you condemn, for I do assert that, with barely an exception, all steamboats built and run on the Mississippi river and its tributaries, whose name commenced with the letter M, were either burnt, sunk, exploded or unsuccessful as an investment to their owners. You can look over the long list of Missouri, Mississippi, Mary, Michigan, Marie, Monarch, Mediator, etc., and you will find that they met the fate of one as above indicated.

Over thirty years ago Captain John Pierce built the Metamora. The custom had always been to christen the boat when launched, and before this occurred I tried my best to persuade the Captain to name his boat some other name, and gave him my reasons, going over a large number of boats whose names commenced with the letter M. He laughed at what he called a superstitious notion of mine, and called his boat the Metamora. She was a great success, but sank above Choctaw Island, while she was in the prime. Captain Charlie Davis about the same time built a splendid Cincinnati and New Orleans boat, in which Captain Harry A. Jones had an interest. This would be sufficient to the knowing ones that she was "a good one." Davis, like his old partner, Pierce, would not listen to my idea, launched, and christened her the Midas. She sank in the bend above Island Sixteen. Captain Joe Brown built the Mayflower some time during the '50s. Long before she was launched I tried to talk him out of calling the boat by that name—no use. She was burned at Memphis. Our old townsman, Norman Cutter, Esq., who in 1850 owned the Josiah Lawrence and the Atlantic, bought a hull that had been at Hannibal. Her cabin and machinery were put on at St. Louis, where she was finished, and was then (1852) the finest boat in the St. Louis and New Orleans trade. It was the owner's intention that I should have taken charge of the Charles Belcher, which was the name Mr. Cutter gave her about a month before the Belcher was ready to start on her first trip. I accidentally found out from Emerson, who had built the hull, that she had been launched and christened Magnolia. That was enough for me. Nothing could have induced me to take charge of the Belcher. She was burnt on her sixth trip at New Orleans.

I could name hundreds of instances to show the fatality that seems to shroud the steamboats whose name commenced with the letter "M," but I will content myself by giving one more instance. I was in New Orleans in 1875, when I met Captain Frank Hicks and his clerk, Mr. Alf Grissom, who were at that time building a hull at Metropolis, Ill. They talked of calling their boat Mary Bell. I did my level best to persuade them not to call her that name, or any name that commenced with "M;" gave them my reason and recited many instances of losses, etc., all to no good. The boat was called Mary Bell, made a few trips and burnt with a full load at Vicksburg. I do not pretend to give any reason why a steamboat's name commencing with the letter "M" should be any more unlucky than one commencing with any other letter, but the fact still remains, superstition or not.

THE BEGGARS AND VICTIMS OF CHARITY.—It is impossible to calculate the waste of time and of money with which this whole irregular machinery of public charity is kept at work. Persons are induced to give to objects of which they know nothing. They give, and they fancy they have done with it, until the claimant, in due course, reappears, as importunate as ever, and with something of a prescriptive right on his side. Begging is fast becoming a profession. It has its well-known rules and cautions, its literary style and manner and tone of voice, its various methods of approach to suit every case. Its victims proper would not feel flattered if they knew how their faults and weaknesses, their virtues and their vices, are described, when the soft-spoken applicant is off duty, or how they are kept on record for his future guidance. Each may be sure that in some phrase or other he has been duly written down an ass. There is no malice in the description; there is scarcely a bare flavor of half unconscious contempt. Of course the man is an ass; he would be of less use otherwise for the professional beggar's purpose. To the rest of the world he may be a well-to-do 'squire, or a wealthy banker, or a merchant tradesman who has retired with a fortune larger than he knows how to employ. But all these are disguises which the professional beggar very soon strips off. His concern is with the man under them and he differs from his fellows in the degree of skill and assurance with which he manages to reach this.—[London Times.

A JUDGE WHO BELIEVES IN GHOSTS.—The Newburyport *Herald* says: In the police court, the other morning, Isaac Hibbs of West Newbury was indicted for an assault and discharged. The facts of the case appear to be as follows; On the morning of the 5th, a company of young men thought it would be a good joke to throw a stone into the chamber window of one of the citizens of the town. A member of the family however, overheard the young fellows plotting mischief, and hurrying home, informed the old gentleman of the plan, and he, quickly donning a portion of his undergarments only, hastened to put himself in ambush. When the young rioters came along he sprang out, and all ran but one; who stood up and knocked the old gentleman down a couple of times. Whereupon a warrant for assault was issued, and when brought into court, Hibbs pleaded that "he thought it was 'a ghost' and he wasn't going to run from it." Accordingly, his honor ruled that if the young man thought it was "a ghost," and was struck with that idea, he committed no assault, and consequently, should be discharged. Such a judge as that deserves a much wider reputation than we are able to give him.

Exchanging Dusters.

I hurriedly called for my linen duster (ever since my uncle in California left me $300,000 I always wear a linen duster when I travel; I feel as though I could afford it and society rather demands it of me) and climbed into the train and waited for it to start. By and by I reached into the capacious pockets of that duster, and in an idle, vagrant kind of a moment, drew forth a *Police Gazette*, radiant with the usual astonishing display of all kinds of stockings, in all manner of attitudes, save proper ones, with female figures attached to them. Now I never buy and never read that journal, and I was amazed to find it in my pocket. I went down again and brought up a couple of beer tickets. Then I raked down again and found a piece of billiard chalk, several grains of coffee and a bit of lemon peel. It seemed to me that my ordinary well-behaved and exemplary duster had evidently been out with the boys last night, instead of reposing in the quiet of my coat room. Curious to know just how far this iniquity went, I reached into another pocket and found a corkskrew, three dice, reveling in the luxurious affluence of three aces apiece and a poker deck, containing four kings of spades. I was ashamed of that duster. Not only had it been out with the boys, but it had fallen among thieves, and was itself the meanest thief of the lot, and unworthy to be called one of the boys. I was almost afraid to examine the last pocket, but I finally sent down the grapple and up it came with a whisky flask, very empty but very odorous.

I began to wish the train would start so that I might watch my opportunity and throw that duster, with all its manifold iniquities on its wicked head, into the river. I stealthily felt under the bottle and found a pair of brass knucks. That settled it. My duster was irrevokably bad. I would wear it as far as the first river or the first tunnel, and I would never wear it farther. Would the train never start?

Just then a gentle hand touched my shoulder. I started guiltily and looked up to see a policeman. If I had been arrested on any charge, theft, burglary, murder, sheep stealing, treason, anything, I should have given right in and gone along. I hadn't enough confidence in myself to deny anything. But when I looked up and saw a kind, tender face, and I heard the tender voice of a Methodist clergyman.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I fear you and I have exchanged dusters. I only noticed the change this moment, when I found some letters and lecture tickets bearing your name in the pockets. The mistake was my own, I have no doubt. I am so very careless, and our dusters are so nearly alike."

I was so shocked that I didn't know what to say nor where to look, but I just had enough sense to say yes, that it was my duster he held in his hands. That I couldn't find my own in the coat room and took the only one that was left. And then I gave the good, innocent man the villainous old sin-dyed Philestine that had been corrupting my morals all morning.

And then, to sit there and never look around, but just listen to that man's acclamations of amazement and horror. First he found the billiard chalk. He didn't know what that was, so he only said "H'm!" When he found the coffee grains—but he didn't exactly understand them, and he just said "Ha!" Then he fished out the corkscrew and he seemed to understand that in a general way for he said "What!" in a staccato of astonishment that elicited an encore from the entire audience. The poor man's "Merciful heavens!" that greeted the appearance of the whisky flask was drowned in a perfect torrent of applause and wild cries of "Go on, go on!" and "More." And then when he pulled out the *Police Gazette* and the brass knucks, he fell back into his seat with an audible gasp of horror, and the whole car full of people just rose as one man and yelled and howled, and trampled on their hats and wanted to get out and tear the bottom out of the car and throw it into the Shanango river to express their feelings. I never saw so great enthusiasm over such a little thing. And the fainting clergyman came to me, holding the disreputable, character-destroying old gallows bird of a duster in his trembling hands.

"Sir," he said, with patient rebuke and pitiful appeal mingling in his tremulous utterance, "Sir——"

But I steeled my heart against him, because I was as innocent as himself, and it was the pulpit and the rostrum for it.

"Go way," "don't bring it around here! Don't you point that thing at me! 'Taint mine! You claimed it yourself! Don't dare to charge me with it! Throw it under the car! Burn it up! I won't have it! Don't you dare——"

But the clergyman held it toward me and raised his right hand appealingly to Heaven. Just before the tableau began to tell with the jury, however, the porter came panting down to the train. He had an innocent looking duster in his hands with a package of papers bulging in one pocket, and a Moody hymn book flattening in the other.

"Gent'men," he said, "de barkeeper sent me down and he says as how somebody has don' run away wid his duster, and he want it sent back or he make it pow'ful lively for de man what took it ef he have to come after it hisself."

That settled it. The clergyman took his own ulster and gave up the robe of unrighteousness to the embassador. The man on the wood box made a generally consolatory remark about the false and fatal strength of circumstantial evidence. The band played "Benny, Come Back to the Farm" and the train pulled out.—*Hawkeye.*

Protection Against Flies and Mosquitoes.

A correspondent of Nature makes known what he calls "an absolute preventative of the bites of mosquitoes, gnats, of green fly in the vinery, blight in the garden, and a protection to animals from these insect pests." It is simply a weak solution of quassia. He applied it to a peach tree growing upon a wall, exposed to drought, and which blighted, and blight was prevented. In the vinery it succeeded equally well. Instead of limewashing the wall to get rid of the green fly, one watering with quassia dismissed them in a day. His head gardener, who had previously much experience in nursery grounds, wondered that he had never heard of it before. He now uses it in all cases as a protection from flies and blight. The dilution goes a long way; one pound of chips of quassia wood, boiled and reboiled in other water until he has eight gallons of the extract for his garden engine. He finds it inadvisable to use it stronger for some plants. This boiling makes the quassia adhesive, and being principally applied to the underleaf, because most blight settles there, it is not readily washed off by rain. And now as to gnats and mosquitoes: A young friend of the gentleman was severely bitten by mosquitoes, and unwilling to be seen so disfigured, sent for quassia chips and had boiling water poured upon them. At night, after washing, she dipped her hands into the quassia water and lift it to dry on her face. This was a perfect protection, and continued to be so whenever applied. At the approach of winter, when flies and gnats get into houses and sometimes bite so venomously, a grandchild eighteen months old was attacked. The nurse was given some of a weak solution of quassia to be left to dry on his face, and he was not bitten again. It is innocuous to children, and it may also be a protection against bed insects. But this has not been tried. When the solution of quassia is strong it is well known to be an active fly-poison, and is mixed with sugar to attract flies, but this is not strong enough to kill at once.

Jelly Fish.

A little more of the present summer sunshine will soon fill the river-mouths and harbors of the coast with those curious creatures, the jelly fishes. Yachtmen and steamboat passengers, where the sea-water is clear, will mark the familiar but ever-wonderful bell of glass opening and closing as it slowly makes its way beneath the surface. Children playing on the beach will find the shapeless masses of many a medusa—for such is its scientific term—helplessly tumbled on the sand, like a spilled mold of that jelly from which its ordinary name is so reasonably derived. But spilled jellies, especially when gritty with sand, are useless to play with, and the children quickly tire of poking the dead medusa about with their spades; nor is it very great fun either to catch them alive; to say nothing of the fact, dimly known even to young naturalists, that some species sting severely. Yet beautiful as well as marvelous is the creature of the wave. Its body, or swimming-bell, is a cup of crystal, clearer than any wine goblet ever blown by glass-makers, and gemmed around the rim with spots or bosses of violet, blue and purple jewelry, which Salviati could not equal for brilliancy and effect. From the bottom of the translucent chalice hang leaf-like processes encircling the mouth, which is veiled by a delicate membrane, as if the medusa were an Eastern beauty and kept the "yashmak" over her lips. The sapphire and amethyst-colored spots are rudimentary eyes; the cavities seen round the lip of the crystal cup are ears, and it has countless hands or "tentacles" hanging from the pellucid brim. Some of them, even more modest than their simpler sisters, cover their violet eyes, as well as their mouths, with a hyaline hood, and others shine at night with a lambent white and blue fire which lights up the sea as though with submarine lamps. Sea-side visitors are soon weary of observing them, and the thawl fisher and the shrimper hates them for clogging the nets; nevertheless, objects more graceful and perfect are not found in the wide waters, and it might more easily be believed that etherial, diaphanous, and divine beings may conceivably exist and more in the upper ether when these gemmed phantoms of the wave have been seen winnowing, as it were, their way through the elements from the substance and color of which only the most delicate outlines divide them. Even the power of offense which some possess is an interesting creative marvel. The "sea-nettle," as they are styled, have cnidæ, or "thread cells," each of which contains a tiny lash-tongue pointed at the end, and furnished with stinging fluid from a sac. When the cell is pressed it bursts and shoot forth a flying dart which pierces the skin and injects the poison from the effect of which—as many have found out who incautiously handle the "Portugeseman-of-war"—a rash experimentalist may suffer for many days or even weeks.

Woodcock Carrying Their Young.

Having had the pleasure this summer for the first time of verifying, with my own eyes, what before I had accepted on the testimony of others, I give the circumstances for the benefit of your readers. While watching some warblers in a small clump of pine trees near a little patch of ground, sufficiently moist to admit of "boring," I flushed four woodcocks. Three of them, two males and a female, may be dismissed, with the remark that their flight showed nothing peculiar, they went off unencumbered, as far as I could see. But as the fourth bird rose, a female, I could plainly detect, tightly clasped between the thighs and close to the belly, a dark bunch of something, the effect of its weight being visible in the slow moving wing and the over balanced body of the bird, which appeared almost perpendicular. Had I been in any doubt as to what that something was, the old bird's actions could have told the story. For, when a few feet away, she settled to the ground, but apparently without lighting on her feet, and with beating wings scuttled along the ground, using the old trick of the disbled bird which we all know so well. I was a willing dupe and followed her for some distance, until she had decoyed me far enough away from her remaining young, she took a longer flight, and I lost sight of her. I take it for granted that she had more young near the spot where she first got up. Perhaps she had time to conceal all but one, as I approached but slowly. At all events, I did not succeed in finding them, closely as I searched. In this instance then, her companions, one of them doubtless being her mate, showed no special interest in the fate of the young, but left the mother to take care of the nest as best she could.

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From a Merchant.

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

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I remain, yours respectfully,

D. D. 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.

Endorsed by a prominent Medical Institute.

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 CURE.

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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 PERFECTLY 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 TRUSS. 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.

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