WEEKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE

CORVALLIS, - - - AUGUST 27, 1880

MY MOTHER.

BY ELAINE.

I stand beside my mother's couch
And look on her face so fair—
Upon the calm but care-worn brow—
The waves of snow-white hair.

I think, as I watch her sleeping
With her smile so sweet and rare,
Of the happy days of her childhood
Ere her life had known no care—

When her heart first knew love's dreaming
And the world was radiant with light;
When those silver locks waved golden
Upon this brow so white.

Dearest mother, in your dreaming,
Does your heart e'er know regret
For those days of love and pleasure—
Days you never can forget?

Does there never come, dear mother,
Through the dreary toil of day,
Visions sweet of one who loved you
When your heart was warm and gay?

Do your thoughts e'er wander backward
Through sad memory's grassy lane?
Do you ne'er forget the present
And live o'er those days again?

Ah! methinks, my faithful mother,
In your heart there is a grave;
And over it affection's willows
Evermore shall sadly wave.

Gentle mother, bear your burden;
Weep, in *silence*, o'er your loss;
And remember God's sweet motto—
"*There's no crown without a cross.*"

Terror Number One.

Every day the bull trains, mule teams, and stages roll into the Black Hills with the loads of "fresh fish," as the veterans call the new arrivals from the East. These "fresh fish" rush for hotels, boarding-houses and saloons, get a meal or a lunch, and are presently seen walking up and down the streets of the frontier city or collecting on the corners to hear the latest news from the diggings and the prospects of striking a job.

The other day, when a wagon load of bull-heads was dumped out in Custer City, as wagon loads had been dumped out every day before since grass started, the first man to welcome them to the infant city was a chap five feet high, and weighing accordingly. There was a blood-stain on his left cheek, a scar on his right, and he had fierce eyes, a voice like a roaring lion, and a bad limp in one of his legs. He was whittling out a tenpin with a big bowie-knife as the wagon drove up, and pushing the knife down the back of his neck he lifted up a Henry rifle, ran his eye over the crowd, and called out in an awful voice:

"Is there anybody in that crowd looking for Terror No. 1? Kase if there is, here I am; and I'm just aching to be shot full of bullets weighing about a pound apiece!"

No one was looking for him. Some looked at him, and some looked across the street on purpose not to see him, while there was a uniform movement toward hip pockets.

"I didn't know but that some of you might have come out here from New York or Boston to plant me under the sweet jessamine or the climbing morning glory," chuckled the terror, as he rested the butt of his rifle on the ground and fished up a six-shooter from his bootleg.

There were men from New York and Boston in the party, but they didn't want to bury anybody just then.

"I don't own this town," continued the Terror, as he laid his infant armory across the head of a barrel. "I don't own a foot of ground or a share in any of the public buildings erected at the expense of taxpayers, but when I stand on Washington square and utter one yell this whole town quakes. I'm Terror No. 1. There's one or two other Terrors around here, but I'm the boss—I'm the reg'lar death's head and cross bones of the Black Hills region!"

Before he had ceased speaking most of the new comers had disappeared, some looking pale and anxious, and others feeling shivers race up and down their backs.

An hour later, when a party of five strangers from New England were making the acquaintance of the infernal beverages on sale in one of the shanty saloons, and at the same time pumping the proprietor about prospects, in walked the Terror. He looked as fierce as a catamount cheated out of her dessert, and there was an awful growl in his voice as he called out:

"Five o'clock by Omaha time, and I haven't killed or been killed this whole day long! Turn loose your pet grizzlies, unhitch your whirlwinds, and let a dozen wild lions come for me at once!"

"Take something to drink, my good friend," mildly replied the saloonist. "You are always welcome here, but you don't drop in half often enough. Don't be afraid to pour out all you want."

"To tell the honest truth, Steve," said the Terror, as he poured out nearly half a pint of the meanest whisky ever made, "I came in here to kill some one; but you are a white man clear down to your toe nails, and I won't raise no row. That's good whisky, that is, and if you want any one in Custer City put under ground, just give me his name. Can you think of any one?"

The saloon keeper reflected for a moment, as he slowly wiped off his bar with an old calico apron, and finally he replied:

"No; I don't think of any one just now, but something will probably turn up in a day or two. Any time you feel thirsty come in and help yourself."

One of the five men had formerly been a moulder in a Troy stove foundry, and he had been closely watching the Terror. All of a sudden he held out his hand for a shake, cheerfully observing:

"I'll bet one hundred to one that we used to work, board and room together."

The Terror reached out his hand, closely scanned the moulder's face, and after a moment he said to the whole five:

"Gentlemen, come out doors and take seats on the bench. I begin to know this man, and I don't want to answer any questions in here."

"Well, but I am surprised to find you out here and rigged up in this style," remarked the moulder as the men found seats.

"So you may be," slowly replied the Terror. "When I worked in Troy there wasn't a man or boy about the shop who couldn't make me eat dirt. I was one of the biggest cowards east of Chicago, and now I'm one of the biggest west of that town. I own right up, because I know you won't go back on me. I might fight if I was cornered, but if there was a chance to run or crawl out I wouldn't strike a blow."

"But you talk very brave," said one.

"And it's all talk," replied the Terror, as he picked his teeth with his bowie knife. "I floated out here from Chicago, poor as a rat, and the biggest coward in the whole train. If luck hadn't favored me I should have been under the sod long ago. I've got an awful voice, and I can look as ugly as a bear in a trap; but somehow or other the story got afloat that I killed two men in Chicago, was rescued from the gallows by a mob, and that I had come out here to escape justice. Men grew afraid of me, and I soon got the cue. I determined to become a Terror in order to make an honest living, and I've got the thing right down fine."

"Are you not a fighter and a shooter and slasher?"

"Gentlemen, it's kind o' mean for a man to run his own character down, but to be honest about it, I don't suppose there is a man in Custer City who couldn't wollop me inside of fifteen minutes by the watch. I go around simply to make a show. If that saloon keeper had reached out for me you'd have seen me dig out mighty lively. But these weapons, the name I've got, and my anxious look for gore frightened him half to death."

"Yes, everybody seems afraid of you," observed the man from Troy.

"Afraid? I guess they are! When I walk into a place everybody begins to quake and shiver, though I have never drawn blood in this town. There comes the chap who acts as Marshal, Sheriff, Chief of Police, or whatever you may call him. He's six feet high and weighs over two hundred pounds, and yet see how I can bluff him."

The official referred to was coming up the street at a leisurely gait, and when he came along opposite the group the Terror leaped out with a wild yell and shouted:

"Looking for me, are you! Want to see me bad, do you!"

"For God's sake! don't raise a row with me!" whispered the Sheriff as he looked around for cover. "I don't want you, you don't want me!"

"You see how it works," continued the little man as the official moved on. "That man could make my heels break my neck, and yet he is afraid of me. Here are some grizzly bear claws which I bought in Omaha for two dollars. Everybody around here thinks I pulled the beast out of a hole in the hill, held him by the ears with one hand, and cut these claws off with the other. There are twenty notches in the stock of this rifle. These folks around here have got an idea that I have killed twenty men in rows or fair fights, but I never even shot at one."

There was a period of silence, and then the Terror continued:

"There's money in it, and it's rather pleasant to be top of the heap, but this thing can't last long. Some day before long I shall light down on the wrong man and he'll dress me down and drive me to the hills. I hope you boys will have lots of luck. I've been square and honest with you, and now don't give me away."

At that moment three men on horseback came down the street, and the Terror jumped out with a screech and shouted:

"Here's the holyhock you are looking for. Here's the modest violet who wants to be carved up and fed to the wolves!"

They weren't looking for him, and they got away on a gallop. The party from the East went out among the diggings and were absent a whole week. When they returned to Custer City, they inquired for the Terror, and a hotel keeper replied:

"Yes; they did use to call him the Terror, I believe, but they didn't know him. He was whooping around here in his usual awful style three or four days ago, swearing that he must kill somebody, when a tinsmith from Dayton, Ohio, took his rifle and bowie knife away, spit tobacco juice on his hat, and then kicked him the whole length of this street. The Terror was an awful coward, gentlemen—a regular rag-baby under the bed, and he'll never be seen in Custer again."

A Rough Translation.

A young lady moving in the most exalted social circles of Galveston, after much toil and practice at the piano learned to play with considerable dexterity a piece entitled "Picnic Polka." It is something after the style of the celebrated "Battle of Prague," in which the listener can readily distinguish the roar of artillery, the rattle of musketry, the shouts of the soldiers and the groans of the dying. In the "Picnic Polka" the noise of the wind among the trees and the joyous carols of the birds are reproduced, the finale being a thunder shower which disturbed the sylvan revellers. It happens that a country cousin is in town just now, and the young lady thought she would play the piece to him and hear his comment. He is a plain, simple minded youth, and although he is not very bright, is very appreciative. She told him what the piece was and then proceeded to give him the "Picnic Polka." The first notes are rather slow and hesitating, the idea sought to be conveyed being the solemn solitude of the forest, through which the gentle zephyr (not heifer) sighs. After she got through with this preface, she asked him if he did not almost imagine himself in a lodge in some vast wilderness. He replied that he thought all that slowness meant the delay in getting off. Said he, "There is always some darned fellow that oversleeps himself and keeps everybody else waiting."

She did not care to discuss the point with the ignorant fellow, so to conceal her emotions, she once more let herself out on the piano. The bird whistled as if his throat would split, the cuckoo filled the sylvan bowers with his repeated cry, while ever and anon the mournful cooing of the dove interrupted the matin song of the lark.

"There, now, I guess you know what that sounds like," she said as she paused.

"You mean that 'tootle, tootle, tootle, chug, chug, chug?' You just bet I understand that. Many is the time at a picnic I've heard it from the mouth of a demijohn or the bunghole of a beer keg."

Her first impulse was to hurl the piano stool at him, but it passed off, and once more she went for the piano as if it was the young man's head and was insured for double its value. The thunder growled, the lightning flashed (from her eyes), and the first heavy drops are heard upon the leaves. She banged and mauled the keys at a fearful rate; peal after peal of deafening thunder perturbed the atmosphere and re-echoed in still louder reverbations until it wound up in one appalling clap as a grand finale. Then turning to the awe struck youth, she said:

"I suppose you have heard something like that before?"

"Yes, that's what the fellow with the linen pants said when he sat down on the custard pie."

The audience found himself alone, but he picked up his hat and sauntered out into the street, densely unconscious that he had said anything out of the way.—*Galveston News.*

Presclence of the Mind.

I have intimate acquaintance with a lady in one of the counties of Kansas who is of Scotch descent, well bred, intelligent and truthful. With a part of her family relationship she exhibits at intervals an exceptional mental endowment, either subjection to impressions on the brain from great distances, or the pervasion of space with her sense and sensibility, or clairvoyance, or spirit mediumship. Which is it?

The periods at which this condition is active coincide with misfortunes to distant members of her family. Her sisters are endowed as she is. Throughout their lives they have had immediate intelligence of disaster in the family by dreams, subsequently confirmed in every instance by letter or telegram. These dreams are visions of things seen, not messages by word or sound. They are pictures of events as if seen with the eyes in the daytime.

My Kansas friend has a dream, bare in outline, severe in simplicity, with not a word of speech, rap, or motion of pantomime in it, with no ghostly shade in the chamber. She wakes up with a full knowledge of a misfortune that has happened to a blood relative. Her vision intelligence covers only relations by blood. Relatives by marriage may die, be wounded, or violently killed, and his sisters will know nothing of it. And this clairvoyance or mediumship does not extend to the male line in the family. It is restricted to the females. Now for a dream which Mrs. —— describes:

"My brother Dan had disease of the lungs. It was aggravated by exposure and hard service in the Army of the Potomac. Rendered unfit for duty, he threw up his commission in the Pennsylvania Bucktails and went to Cuba. At that time I was living in Terre Haute, Indiana. My husband was absent in the Army of the Cumberland. A lady friend lived in the house with me. Dan was my favorite brother. At short intervals he wrote to me. One day I received a letter from him in which he said that he was strong, that the disease of his lungs seemed to have passed away, and that he intended to take the next steamer for New York, and then go into the Leathercracker region of Pennsylvania and settle his business affairs. The settlement made, he intended to return to Cuba and engage in business. He urged me to meet him at Altoona, and be with him during his short stay in this country. An impending battle in the Southwest, where my husband was stationed, made me undecided about going. I hesitated, not knowing whether to meet my brother as he requested, or remain at home until after the battle, and until I had heard from my husband. I went to bed at 10 P. M., and dropped to sleep at once.

"At 10:30 I was awakened by a short, vivid dream of warning. Alarmed, I roused my friend and said: 'I have my warning. Something is the matter with Dan.' My friend laughed at me. I soon recovered from my nervousness, and again dropped to sleep. Instantly it seemed the scene was changed. I was on the cars traveling East. Opposite me sat a white haired man who had a covered basket on his knees. There was a hole in the cover of the basket. The aged man occasionally peered into this hole. I was curious about the contents of the basket, and was pleased when I discovered there were fish in it. The train stopped for dinner. Getting out I met a lady I knew, and we had dinner together. I have forgotten the name of this station, but I remember that there was a misspelled sign over an adjoining restaurant. The incidents of the dream were those of a journey from Terre Haute to Altoona. I was happy, pleased with the changing scenery, and thoroughly enjoyed the trip. I looked forward to meeting my brother at Altoona, and in the dream I never doubted that I would meet him.

"Soon after my Western train ran into the depot at Altoona, the Eastern train came thundering in. I stood by a post on the platform watching the passengers get off the train, expecting to see my brother. I began to doubt his being on the train, when an expressman passed me, wheeling a great box on a truck. I looked through this box as though it were clear glasss. In the box was a coffin, and lying in the coffin was my brother. One glance showed me that he was dressed in heavy gray Scotchtwill. From a buttonhole of his coat hung a black ribbon. On his feet were shoes that had perforated toes. Never having seen shoes of this style, they attracted my attention. The buttons on the coat and vest were very peculiar, and forced themselves on my notice. The expressman wheeled the box past me, and it was put on the express car for Hollidaysburg. I got on the Hollidaysburg train also.

"The intense vividness of the dream awoke me. I sat up in bed crying. My friend arose, lighted the gas and talked to me. With tears streaming down my face I insisted that Dan was dead. The hands of the mantle clock indicated 11 P. M. Knowing that something was wrong, I resolved to go home on the day that my brother had requested. Again I slept—this time a heavy, unrefreshing sleep that lasted until morning. At the breakfast table I told my dream. Good humored ridicule from my friends had a beneficial effect on me, and after two days I was almost persuaded that I was attaching too much importance to a dream.

"The day for my departure came. I entered the car in the Terre Haute station. I seated myself and looked about me. In an opposite seat sat a white haired man. I recognized him at once as the man I had seen in my dream. He had a fish basket on his knees. The faces of the passengers were familiar to me. At the dinner station I met the lady I had seen in my dream, and we had dinner together. Arriving at Altoona I stood watching the Eastern train come into the depot. I was sure my brother's body would be put off the train. As I stood watching the passengers hurry into the dining-room, the express man I had seen in my dream said to me: 'Please give way, madam.' I turned to look at him, and on the truck lay a large box that was addressed to my father. I took the Hollidaysburg train, and on arriving home was met by my father, who said: 'Dan is dead. He died at sea five days ago from heart disease. In answer to my question as to the time of day he died, I was informed that it was at 9 P. M. The difference in time of the East and West showed me that Dan had been dead some four hours before I saw him. Silently I stood in the house by the side of the box when it was opened. The lid of the coffin was removed, and there lay Dan, dressed exactly as I had seen him in my dream.

"I have no explanation to make of the dream. I simply tell you the fact of my having seen an apparition of events that were to occur, an apparition of inanimate objects, of dozens of strangers, and of my dead brother's body."

GOING TO EUROPE.

BY POLLY PEPPER.

Portland Evening Telegram.

Mrs. Cavendish, a young bride of nineteen summers, came rushing into her aunt's boudoir one morning in June, announcing her immediate departure for Europe with her husband, in ecstacies at leaving her home for foreign soil. Mrs. Howard enquired of her niece, why her husband had so suddenly changed his mind, as but a few days previously he had stated that he intended to travel through his native land, and visit Niagara Falls, Lake George, the White Mountains and other places of interest in America, which he had never seen.

"Oh! I coaxed the dear old fellow to yield to my wishes now, as it is so much more fashionable to go to Europe, and see the wonderful things contained in England, France, Germany, Switzerland, etc."

"But," said Mrs. Howard, "how long can Robert spare from his business to take this pleasure trip? Can he stay long enough to recompense him for the fatigue, and expense of the journey, besides giving up his own inclinations to yours?"

"You dear old nuisance, he can spare only two months; but we must put on our seven-league boots, stride over the ground, take a cursory glance at everything, buy railroad guides and study them, pick up some curiosities, and return like two "travelled monkeys," jabber away about the wonders we have seen and the glories of the old country, knowing that we are almost as ignorant about it as we are now; but then, dear auntie, we shall have done the fashionable thing, and not be considered eccentric, by travelling on this continent; besides, what is there so very wonderful about Niagara Falls that you think it better for my husband to carry out his original idea of visiting them and Lake George, in preference to carrying out my wishes?"

"I will tell you, Gracie. First, the roaring of the falls can always be heard two miles off, and sometimes forty miles, according to the state of the atmosphere. Then there is Goat Island, standing in the midst of the rapids, dividing them into two unequal currents, and also divides the great cataract. Then the American and Canadian falls unite in a sublime exhibition. Table Rock is directly below the cataract on the Canadian side, and from it is a perfect view of the Horseshoe. As the water flows along, it appears first dark as the rock, then near its descent a dark green color, then a mass of white foam, finally ending in clouds of spray being too dazzling and insupportable for more than a few seconds to the eye; the whirlpool is five miles below, and looks less like a river, and more like a torrent, surrounded by a wall four hundred feet high. Do you think this worth the time and expense of going to see?"

"Well, yes; it sounds awfully grand and all that sort of thing; but what about Lake George; is it larger than a good sized fish pond?"

"Oh, dear, Gracie how can you be so frivolous and forgetful of what you have heard so often—you talk more like a child of twelve than a married woman. Lake George is thirty-six miles long and nearly two broad, and is situated at the southern extremity of Lake Champlain. It abounds in variety of scenery, and is closely surrounded by high mountains, which the sun cannot overtop until he has risen many hours. The water of the lake is so translucent that the bottom can be seen at almost any depth; and it abounds in fine speckled trout, of which you are so fond, and would afford great amusement to Robert, who is so partial to piscatory pleasures, and is a great resort for sportsmen. The Indians called this Lake Horicon, and the French had a superstitious reverence for it and called it Le Lac St. Sacrement, and used the water for baptismal purposes. The English afterwards named it after their patron saint. It is studded with lovely islands, and it has been said there are as many as the days in the year, from which are collected in quantities brilliant crystals, unsurpassed for form and transparency. This would be an attraction for you, and in many other ways the beauties of nature there would make the lake enchanting. Also may be found some marks of entrenchments where the army of the Marquis de Montcalm took up a position in 1757 during the siege of Fort William Henry."

"Now, my dear Gracie, knowing how anxious your good, indulgent Robert is to visit these scenes this year, can you feel justified in asking him to succumb to your bizarre ideas, simply because it is fashionable, and for no better reason? You would not wish him to grow weary of you; but believe me, men soon tire of a woman who seeks her own selfish gratification perpetually, without regard to his wishes—self denial must be practiced by both, if there is to be harmony."

"I will go at once to Robert and tell him my good fairy godmother has been here with her wand, and removed the scales from my eyes, and made me as anxious to see the natural beauties of this land of freedom as he can possibly be; and next year if we be well and prosperous, we can have our trip to Europe, with plenty of leisure to admire its wonderful scenery, and works of art, 'all in the blue, unclouded weather;' but I must have my sage aunt Patience accompany me, to keep my mercurial temperament within bounds, or I shall be sure to transgress, through my gushing spirits, and shock both you and hubby."

"It is a bargain, auntie? We will talk of this at some future time; 'sufficient to the day is the evil thereof;' make your arrangements for this summer, and try to carry them out pleasantly, and enjoy yourself all in your power; always manifesting a delicate regard to the wishes and opinions of your husband, who is an uncommonly good man, and one deserving of respect and reverence for his superior qualifications, and for his unlimited generosity to, and forbearance with his thoughtless child-wife. One kiss, auntie, and pray don't lecture me; but with your advice and assistance I think I shall soon develop into a sapient, dignified matron."

Gracie never regretted having obtained so much information from Mrs. Howard, nor for following her advice, and is rapidly becoming an ornament and useful member of society; and only desires to be fashionable when it does not clash with good sense and the feelings of others.

"What sort of an institution are you, anyhow?" fondly he asked, as he gazed tenderly into the liquid depths of her dove-like eyes. "I'm a self-binder," whispered she, clasping both arms ribfracturingly about his manly form.

Aesthetic Women.

And the women? What is to be said of them with their marvelous color combinations and their picturesque appearance and the virginal downcast style of look which has come in with tight-cut flowing garments and the pent-house-roof style of tangled eye-darkening locks? Here is a girl in a chromatic scale of burnt-sienna drapery. Several different tints blend and mingle, and cause her to resemble a living walking cup of rhubarb and magnesia, like what the nurses of our childhood inflicted on our shrinking selves as we sat up in bed shivering in our night-gowns, and listened to the gentle tinkling of the teaspoons that heralded the nauseous draught. Children now know nothing of nasty physic; and this fair girl, with her hyacinthine locks and sparkling blue eyes, little recks what horrid memories she has inspired us with. This grand creature is the goddess Juno, with suavely flowing robes of grass-green, bordered at the edge with golden tracery, and a bonnet (is it a bonnet, or is it not rather the nimbus of the gods?) all studded with big ox-eyed daisies. How majestically she moves! Who is it? She was once a little barefooted model running nudely in the mud. Now she has married a great painter, whose ideal is Greek, so his wife wears Juno's dress, and looks monstrous well in it, too, by Jove! Here comes, surely, our lady of despair, who has eaten of Dead Sea fruit, and has found it calcined with bitterness and salt-tasting tears. Her brow is sad, her eyes are wide and dark-rimmed; her face is long and angular; her garments are sad-colored, and might be stained, from their appearance, with the dews and toils of years of travel—green that has turned blue, pink that has faded into yellow, white that has merged into pale gray—these are the tints she affects; her hands are white and worn—in one she carries a lily, for she is an admirer of Burne-Jones—and her husband keeps a larger draper's shop in the city. And the little lady here is a poetess, decked with barbaric-looking gold ornaments and a black-and-crimson gown. What a pretty litttle face it is, and what speaking, frightened-looking, fawn-like eyes! She writes of love—well, who could help loving her? And this one is a musician, her inky locks thrown back and curling into wavy rings, like a Medusa head. She has composed an anthem and "Miserere," and wears a brown dress, with pleatings at the waist and straight dull folds, like the Madonnas of Fra Angelico.—*London World.*

Cisterns for Farm Buildings.

In the endeavor to have everything as convenient as possible about farm houses and farm buildings, there are few things more worthy of being cared for than cisterns to hold the rain water from the roof. Even where pumps are supplied it is often an advantage to have cisterns in addition, as soft water, which pumps will not always supply, is of great value. At any rate it often happens that though there may be a pump convenient and water furnished by it all one can desire, even the little labor that a pump requires for a single horse or cow becomes a great task when many are to be supplied. We know of one farm where 75 head of cows, more or less, are on hand; and all the water they require has to be furnished from a pump, and it is no small job to do. Yet on this very farm the land lies so convenient that a cistern could be built on an elevation a little above the cattle yard, and all the water from the roof could go in it and be drawn off into the cattle yard by its own natural flow without pump or labor of any kind. So it often happens for household supplies. A cistern can be built which would cost little, and yet save the women folks—generally overworked—many an hour's labor, besides giving them a quality of water they all so much desire.

There is a prevalent idea that they cost a great deal to make, but it is far less than is generally imagined. If the land is solid—say either of clay or rotten rock—the sides of the natural ground may be shaped like wall, and a lining of mortar, say half an inch, put on before the final cement coat is given. But if there is any chance of settling, so as to crack the mortar framework, a four-inch brick work may be built around first. Most ground is, however, firm enough for the purpose. The mortar as it is laid on to form the lining or framework of the tank should be very well worked by the trowel. The object is to work out all the air. It is the air spaces in the wall that make it porous, and it is through the pores that the water escapes. A working of the trowel backwards and forwards a few times over the soft mortar expels the air and closes the pores. This is especially important to be borne in mind when applying the cement. This need not be put on very thick. The merest film, if properly worked, is sufficient.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

How She Kept an Expense Account.

"My dear fellow," said Lavender, "it's all very nice about economizing, and keeping a right rigid account of expenses and all that sort of thing, but I've tried it. Two weeks ago I stopped on my way home, Saturday night, and I bought just the gayest little Russia-leather, cream-laid paper account book you ever saw, and a silver pencil to match it. I said to my wife, after supper: 'My dear, it seems to me that it costs us a lot of money to keep house.'

"She sighed and said: 'I know it does, Lavvy, but I'm sure I can't help it. I'm just as economical as I can be. I don't spend half as much money for candy as you do for cigars.'

"I never take any notice of personalities, so I sailed right ahead. 'I believe, my dear, that if we were to keep a strict account of everything we spend we could tell just where to cut down. I've bought you a little account book, and every Monday morning I'll give you some money, and you can set it down on one side, and then, during the week, you can set down on the other side everything you spend; and then, on Saturday night, we can go over it and see just where the money goes, and how we can boil things down a little.'

"Well, sir, she was just delighted—thought it was a first rate plan, and the pocket account book was lovely. Well, the next Saturday night we got through supper, and she brought out the account book as proud as possible, and handed it over for inspection. On one side was, 'Received from Lavvy $20.' That was all right. Then I looked on the other page, and what do you think was there? 'Spent it all!' Then I laughed, and, of course, we gave up the account book on the spot, by mutual consent. Yes, sir, I've been there, and I know what domestic economy means, I tell you."

When a lawyer goes in to bathe he is usually non-suited.—*Ex.* Oh, no; he usually wears a brief attire.

Lady Smokers.

That a great many ladies in New York City indulge in the fragrant cigarette is an open secret. Indeed, the custom has become so universal that it can hardly be called a secret at all.

It used to be very common for girls, when a party of them met in some quiet place, where there were no men, to take a few puffs at a cigarette for the sake of the forbidden fruit sensation. But now they are more bold about it, and I will venture to say that the majority of New York girls smoke cigarettes. A number of gentlemen have told me that their wives would take a cigarette after dinner when they took their cigar, and they approved of the custom. I knew one lady, one of the highest born in the land, who was an inveterate smoker until forbidden by her physician.

Spanish, Russian and Polish ladies smoke, almost as much as the men, and no one thinks the worse of them for it. I should not like to see ladies smoke cigars or pipes, but I see no impropriety in an occasional cigarette. There is a great difference in the way they are smoked. I have seen some women smoke a cigrrette so daintily that it was a beautiful sight to watch the delicate smoke curling up from their rosy lips, while others puff away in such a masculine manner that one becomes thoroughly disgusted. I have been at a number of dinner parties where cigarettes were passed around to the ladies when cigars were brought to the gentlemen. I am talking about the best people now, not Bohemians.

If the waiters of Delmonico's or the Brunswick would tell you, you would be surprised at the number of private parties where cigarettes are smoked by ladies. If you ask a lady plump out whether she smokes, she will evade the question until she has sounded your opinions, and if they are favorable, she will generally confess in the affirmative. I have heard some people say that they would rather see a woman drink than smoke; that they thought the latter more masculine. I do not think so, and the effects of a cigarette are certainly more innocent than of champagne or whisky.—*Boston Courier.*

A Shadow that Would Not Out.

When, in the early days of July, John Abbott was brought from the steaming depths of the Union, his head crushed by a falling wallplate, he was laid on the floor of the office and medical aid summoned to minister to his wants, although it was plain that he must die.

Next morning Superintendent Rooney noticed where the dying man had been placed that his outline lay like a shadow on the floor. He ordered the janitor to clean the boards which was done. Before Rooney went to dinner the shadow reappeared. He ordered the floor thoroughly scrubbed and went to his family.

The next morning the floor showed that a vigorous application of soap and brush had been made and the floor was white and clean. But during the day that shadow returned and at night there it lay as though the man was still waiting death on that floor.

Next day Rooney ordered the floor painted. With the coming of the paint pot the shadow vanished, but after a day or two returned and once more limned itself on that office floor. Rooney then again sent for the painter and had a second and a heavy coat of paint put on, not only where the shadow lay but over the entire floor.

This was his last command of "Out, damned spot;" but it would not out. In a few days there it was again, and with each day it grew more and more distinct. Even strangers at length began to notice it and to comment on its resemblance to human form.

Its presence at length became intolerable and Rooney had all the boards of the floor on which this heavy and terrible shadow rested taken out and replaced with new. The paint brush then followed, and now that outlined figure from the floor has disappeared.—*Gold Hill News.*

GRATITUDE OF ELEPHANTS.—A story comes from Tenbury, England, where a menagerie has been paying a visit, which illustrates the well known character of the elephant for humane feelings in a remarkable degree. Among the animals was a fine female elephant, called Lizzie, which was attacked with a violent fit of colic and suffered intensely. A local chemist, whose success as an animal doctor is well known, treated Lizzie and saved the animal's life. On the procession passing the chemists' shop on Friday, the elephant immediately recognized her benefactor, who was standing at the door of his shop, and on going to him, gracefully placed her trunk in his hand. The chemist visited the exhibition at night and met with an unexpected reception from his former patient. Gently seizing the "doctor" with her trunk, the elephant encircled him with it to the terror of the audience, who expected to see him crushed to death; but Lizzie had no such intention, and after having thus demonstrated her gratitude by acts more eloquent than words, she released the doctor from her embrace and proceeded with her appointed task. That elephant seems to possess a holier sense of gratitude than some people do.

Sophie Sparkle, quoting from somebody overheard at a hotel, says that a Boston woman never believes well of you until she finds out that you are really possessed of merit, and treats you accordingly with her grand air of pride and conscious superiority. A New York woman, on the contrary, accepts you as being worthy of respect until she finds out that you are not, and will extend even to a stranger, a spirit of civilty and confidence.

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Rupture CURED.

From a Merchant.

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

W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 702 Market street, San Francisco—Sir: The Truss I purchased of you about one year ago has proved a miracle to me. I have been ruptured forty years, and worn dozens of different kinds of Trusses, all of which have ruined my health, as they were injurious to my back and spine. Your valuable Truss is as easy as an old shoe, and is worth hundreds of dollars to me, as it affords me so much pleasure. I can and do advise all, both ladies and gentlemen, afflicted, to buy any wear your modern improved Elastic Truss immediately. I never expect to be cured, but am satisfied and happy with the comfort it gives me to wear it. It was the best $10 I ever invested in my life. You can refer any one to me, and I will be glad to answer any letters on its merits.

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.

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.

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 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.

Yours truly, WM. PERU,
638 Sacramento Street.

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

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Surgeon and Physician.

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