IF YOU KNEW.

Oh, if you knew how very sad and lonely,
How drear, how homeless in my house am I.
Sometimes adown the street, for that thought only, You'd just pass by.

If you but knew the thoughts that germ and And blossom in sad hearts, with one bright glance, One look up to my window you would throw, As if by chance,

And if you knew to the sick soul the healing That comes from the more processes other, You'd rest a moment 'neath my doorway, feel-For a lone brother.

But if you knew I loved you, if you knew it,
With what a love, how deep, how tender, dear,
You'd come-your very heart would make you
to it-

Straight to me here.-Anon.

Handsome Presidents. Justly enough has it been said that "no man ever was elected President of the United States because of his good looks." Many of our Presidents never could have been nominated for office had bad beauty been an indispensable qualification in our National Chief Magistrate. Washington was a man of imposing presence, and it would have been admitted that he was better looking than most men, even by an observer who was not under the power of the spell cast by his great deeds and great name. The popular idea of the father of his country comes from Stuart's portrait; and there is at least one competent authority that the famous painting is too highly idealthe famous painting is too highly idealized to afford a just likeness of the just man. In Mr. Edmund Quincy's noble "Life of Josiah Quincy," we find the following lively passage: "I was curious to know how my father's recollections of the personal appearance of Washington agreed with the popular descriptions and pictorial representations of it with which we are all familiar. He was not an imaginative man and never was not an imaginative man, and never dressed his heroes in colors of fancy. No man had a profounder reverence for Washington than he, but this did not affeet his perceptions of physical phenomens, nor his recollections of them. My mother, on the contrary, was of imagination all compact, and Washington was in her mind's eye, as she recalled him, more than a hero—a superior being, as far above the common race of mankind in majesty and grace of per on and bearing as in moral grandeur. This was one of the few subjects asked my father to tell me what were his recollections of Washington's personal presence and bearing. 'I will tell you,' said he, 'just how he struck me. He reminded me of the gentlemen who used to come to Boston in those days to attend the General Court from Hampden or Franklin County, in the western part of the State. A little stiff in his person, not a little formal in his manners, not particularly at ease in the presence of affair.

might succeed very tolerably in English society, being heavy and sensible, cool, kindly and good humored, with a great deal of experience of life." He was a bachelor—the only bachelor President we have had—which, perhaps, was the though the county in the was a bachelor—the only bachelor President or reason he took the dissolution of the Union so easily. It has been said that he had a love affair in his youth that turned in out unluckily, like many another such in the county of the particularly at ease in the presence of affair.

President Lincoln was of an ungainly gentleman not accustomed to mix much figure, but he had a good head and a in his address and conversation, and affair of the heart, and a friend of his told us that he had never seen or heard

she was a woman capable of forming opinions on all matters, and because women are far better judges of character than men; but Mr. Quincy's estimate is entitled to great weight.

President John Adams' portraits create the belief that he was a good looking man when young and also in middle ing man when young, and also in middle life. His grandson, Mr. C. F. Adams, in closing his "Life" of his grandfather, says: "In figure John Adams was not wide forehead and expanded brows. His eye was mild and benignant, perhaps even humorons, when he was free from emotion, but when excited it fully expressed the vehemence of the spirit that stirred within. His presence was grave and imposing on serious occasions, but not unbeading." A very good descrip-tion of the man, and remarkable as com-

wilderness lands-employments in which

man—as tall as Washington—and this, a drawback on his figure when he was young and slim, was highly favorable to his appearance in later life. He was, even in youth, an impressive man, with a good, but not a handsome face. He was a very fair man, and for every man of that complexion who is good-looking there are at least twenty dark men who are thus favored by nature. He was a polite and pleasing man, but he never insulted others by condescension. Mr. William Sullivan tells us that President Madison was "a man of small stature and Madison was "a man of small stature and grave appearance" when in Congress (1789-97), adding that "at the close of his Presidency (1817) he seemed to be a careworn man, and appeared, by his face, to have advanced to a more mature.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he is dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself.

WERKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE age than was the fact. He had a calm expression, a penetrating blue eye, and looked like a thinking man. He was dressed in black, bald on the top of his head, powdered, of rather protuberant person in front, small lower limbs (meaning spindle shanks) and grave in speech." Evidently not a beauty man, but he had capital brains.

Of President Monroe we have two ac-

counts, one representing him as tall and insignificant, and the other as short and more insignificant. A life of him by a competent person, could be made a more nteresting work than that of any other interesting work than that of any other President we had in the sixty years that separate the outgoing of John Adams from the incoming of Abraham Lincoln. President John Quincy Adams was a small man. We saw him about the time he had entered his 70th year, when many days had told upon him, making him steep. President Jackson would him stoop. President Jackson would have had a handsome figure had he not been so thin and spare; but as we saw him only when he was riding on horseback—and he was a superb horseman—he may have appeared to be better looking than he was. His face was wan and thin, and his hair, which was abundant, though he was 66 vears old, was milk white. President Van Buren we saw when he was 51 years old, he being then Vice President, and we thought he would have been handsome if his flowing locks had not been long before removed by the malignity of time. Baldness makes a handsome man ugly, and an ugly man uglier. Presi-dent Harrison had the reputation of having been good looking in early life, and portraits of him in his age confirmed the

belief that had come down. President

Tyler really was a good looking man,

but he was not very far advanced in years when he entered office. President

a good head.

The handsomest of all our Presidents was unquestionably President Fillmore. We saw him at Tonawanda (western New York) some years before he became President, and not at first knowing him; and we thought then, as we think now, that he was a most striking specimen of masculine beauty. The only men we have seen to be classed with him in looks are Mr. Webster in his forty-ninth year, and Mr. Hawthorne in his fiftieth year. Mr. Fillmore had the best figure of the three, but Mr. Webster had the bet-ter head, and Mr. Hawthorne's face was that of a god-in marble, and it was well set off by the best of black hair. President Pierce was a bland, pleasing man, but he would not have been noted for good looks in a crowd. President Buchanan had a large presence, but his face often had a semi-simpering expression that did not match well with his portly on which my father and mother differed in opinion. He maintained that Stuart's portrait is a highly idealized one, presenting its great subject as the artist thought he ought to live in the minds of posterity, but not a strong resemblance of the actual man in the flesh. He always declared that the portrait by Savage in the college dining-rooms in Harvard Hall, at Cambridge, was the best likeness he had ever seen of Washproportions. Mr. Hawthorne, who was best likeness he had ever seen of Washington, though its merits as a work of art are but small. One day, when talking over those times in his old age, I asked my father to tell me what were his might succeed very tolerably in English

mot graceful in his gait and movements.' From the recollections of Mr. (William) Sullivam, which, he published many years afterward, it would seem that the impression made upon him by Washington, who was the object of his political idolatry, was the same as that made upon his friend.' He says: 'In his own house his action was calm, deliberate and dignified, without pretensions to gracefulness or peculiar manner, but merely natural, as might be expected in such a man. When walking in the street his movements had not the soldierly air which might have been expected. His habitual notions had been formed long before he took command of the American armies, in the wars of the wilderness lands—employments in which often said that women do not care for elegance and grace were not likely to be acquired. It certainly was perfectly natural that Washington's manners should have been those of a country beauty in men as men care for it in women. It may be so—we know nothing about the matter; but good looks are passports everywhere, like good man-ners and good propriety. Yet it must be allowed that very handsome women should have been those of a country gentleman living remote from cities, he having been engaged in rural occupations the chief part of his life, and moving in a very narrow circle of society when he was called, at the age af 43, to the leadership of the Revolution.'" We prefer Mrs. Josiah Quincy's estimate of Washington to that of her husband, because the balance between the sexes, many wise men marry very dull women, who make good wives of the "homely housewise men marry very dull women, who make good wives of the "homely household savor" order—women who will wash well and wear better.

OUR RAILWAY SYSTEM.-The New York Indicator says during the past ten years the railway system of the United States has nearly doubled in extent of mileage. During this period we have had six years of commercial revulsion and al-most universal bankruptcy. It is not says: "In figure John Adams was not tall, scarcely exceeding middle height, but of a stout, well knit frame, denoting vigor and long life, yet, as he grew old, inclining more and more to corpulence. have been made in the many older roads, and conceiled trunk and especially in the so-called trunk lines. Wooden bridges have been re-moved and iron structures substituted in their stead; iron rails replaced by steel; the building of freight cars of double the capacity of the old ones, carrying twenty tons of live weight instead of ten, as formerly, and more substantial and thoroughly ballasted road-beds. These not unbeading." A very good description of the man, and remarkable as coming from a relative, who was 19 years old at the time of the ex-President's death.

President Jefferson was a very tall man—as tall as Washington—and this, a drawback on his figure when he was young and slim, was highly favorable to his appearance in later life. He was, even in youth, an impressive man, with a good, but not a handsome face. He was a very fair man, and for every man system in furnishing chean transportasystem in furnishing cheap transporta-tion from the centers of the great grain growing districts of the West that has given such an enormous increase of American food crops, and enables us to successfully compete with all other countries in the world in the supply of

What John McCullough Saw in London

Mr. John McCullough, the tragedian, as returned to New York after paying a visit to London partly for pleasure and partly to make arrangements for a season next spring. To a reporter of the World yesterday he said he had been delighted

with his trip to the old world.

"I left here for London," said Mr. Mc-Cullough, "on the 5th of June, in company with Mr. Sothern. My idea was to look around and see what was the best Cullough, "on the 5th of June, in company with Mr. Sothern. My idea was to look around and see what was the best the sweet and musical poem which, in his published collection, bears the title the treatment of the christening ceremonies the sweet and musical poem which, in his published collection, bears the title of "Kenoza Lake." It closes with the was to go and see Henry Irving in the Merchant of Venice at the Lyceum Thea-

"What is your opinion of Irving?" "I can hardly describe my feelings with regard to him. There is a notion that he is the pet of a certain number of men. But he has a great hold on the middle classes—the kind of people who pay two shillings for a seat—and every artist in London takes a pride in him." "Does he take all the credit of a play

"No; he suggests all the artistic phase of the play, arranges the scenery and designs the costumes. I saw him first as 'Shylock.' He takes a different view of the part from any other man's I have ever known. I liked it best the second time." "Is his acting at all irregular?"

"He is better as an actor of peculiar things than as a tragedian. In The Bells and Charles I. he seemed to me to do as fine work as anything of the kind I ever saw. It seemed to me he might play one part well and another part poorly. Na-ture has not given him the swell of passion."
"What is the peculiar secret of his

"I can only say that in artistic taste he is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his prefession. In the way of producing things on the stage in the best manner possible he is unapproachable. Two weeks ago to-night I supped with him.

Polk was paltry, and seemed to be feeble. President Taylor was rugged, but he had At noon of that day I saw the entrance to the pit of the Lyceum crowded with peo-ple who waited until 6:30 to get in."
"Who else is doing well in London besides Irving?"

"Toole. He is drawing crowds at the Folly theater in "The Upper Crust."
Then Mr. and Mrs. Kendall and Mr.
Hare are playing in "The Lady's Battle"
at the St. James' theater. This is the perfection of a performance. I believe if these three people come over here they would make their fortune, and I advised them to come. Their play is a light lit-tle French thing of the time of the revolution, and it is perfectly pure."
"What actress pleased you most in

London? "Miss Terry, who played with Irving in the 'Merchant of Venice.' She the most perfect Portia I ever saw."

"Have you any personal knowledge "Have you any personal knowledge as to Mr. Raymond's reception?"

"Well, he himself was received most cordially, but the play was a failure. The people did not understand it. They could not form any conception of the Americanisms, and they wondered how a man like Raymond could appear in such a piece. So far as Raymond himself was concerned, he was called before the curtain and appleaded but "The Gilded tain and applauded, but 'The Gilded 'Age' fell flat. Miss Katharine Rogers played with him, but she wasn't good." "Did Mr. Raymond say anything to you about the failure of "The Gilded

"Oh, yes. He took the matter very philosophically."
"What are Mr. Florence's pros-

pects?"
"Very good, indeed. He and his wife "How were Mr. and Mrs. McKee Ran-

kin received in London?"

"The people liked 'The Danites' very much. Holfinshed, the manager, of the Gaiety—who by the way is a glorious chap—said at the Savage club breakfast that it was the best American drama he had ever seen. "The Danites' started first at the Globe Theater, and is now running at Sadler's Wells. Mr. and Mrs. Rankin will play there for some time. and will then go into the provinces.

"What is your own programme for England?" "Well, as I said before, I went to England partly on pleasure and partly on business. I thought that by being there in person I could do better than by correspondence. The result was that I made arrangements with Augustus Harris, the manager of the Drury Lane Theater, to appear at the theater next April. Mr. Harris has just begun his career as a manager. I am to appear in 'Virginius,' and he promised me that the piece would be produced in the best style. Every scene and every costume is

to be new."

"Who will form you company?"

"That I do not know. All I know is that the Drury Lane theater is the largest theater in London, that Mr. Harris is to select the company, and that everything is to be arranged in the best possible I shall leave New York during manner. I shall leave New York during the first week in April, shall play in London about a month, spend the re-mainder of the summer quietly without fulfilling any engagements, and will then return to the United States to carry out

my engagements here."
"Will you appear at all in the play of 'Aurelian,' which Miss Dickinson wrote

No: Miss Dickinson took the play ou of my hands. It was a splendidly writ-ten play. I cannot say whether it would have been suitable for dramatic repre-

"What do you propose to do after your return to this country after your London engagement?"
"I will travel all over the country a

usual. I shall open at the Fifth Avenue theater, on November 15th, in 'Vir-ginius,' and will play for four weeks."

"The Savage Club breakfast, of course, was greatly appreciated by the Ameri-

"Why, just look at the menu, 'Con "Why, just look at the menu. 'Complimentary dejeuner by the Savage Club to the Eminent American Actors'—those last three words in big letters—'in London, Friday, July 30, 1880.' Nearly all the actors in London were there. And what a time we had. Barry Sullivan presided, and Minister Lowell made a delightful speech. But of course you've heard all about it."—N. Y. World.

When a man is guilty of a breach of trust, when he loses the money of other people, or when a man makes a bad failure, showing large liabilities and insignificant assets, the matter is made notorious by publication and the talk of men, especially if the offender be a member of the church. But if a man is honest, if he makes an unusual exhibition of integrity, that receives only triffing notice, and nobody stops to inquire whether the virtue he exhibits is an example of Christian integrity or is due to the power of Scriptural truth.

"I wouldn't."

"But I will, sah! Ize gibben you f'ar warnin', sah, an' if you am not on han' wid a one-horse wagin' to convey de body of de Dekum to his late home it won't be my fault. Dat's all, sah—excep' dat I strike with bouf fists to once, an' dat de pusson struck at soon pines away an' dies. Good day, sah."—Detroit Free Press.

A man out West was offered a plate of macaroni soup, but declined it, declaring that they "couldn't play off any biled pipe stems on him.

Scenes of Whittier's Childhood.

A little more than a mile out of town we pass three beautiful sheets of water, the most noteworthy of which formerly bore the name of "Great Pond," to distinguish it from its lesser neighbors, but not many years since it was re-christened "Kenoza," the Indian name for pickerel, with which it abounds. Whittier conexquisite and devout stanza:

And when the summer day grows dim And light mists walk the mimic sea, Revive in us the thought of Him Who walked on Gallies. Keeping by the beautiful lake, with its lofty and irregular shore, wooded on the side opposite us to the water's edge, we take a road to the left which soon brings us to the veritable old home, a two-story

not be the veritable old home, a two-story house with a large chimney in the center. The small square porch at the side of the house, and particularly the stone step, must be noticed, for it was "on this door stone, gray and rude," that the "Barefoot Boy," Whittier being himself the hero of that poem, enjoyed his "Bowl of milk and bread."

Near the house and crossing the road is the little stream, "the buried brooklet," of "Snow Bound," which in summer "laughed" for the "Barefoot Boy," and whose constant ripple was ever "through the day and through the night whisper-ing at the garden wall." Here, between house and barn, is the road which became "a fenceless drift" in the "Snow Bound" winter, and here the old barn to which, after tunneling the drift, they went to the relief of the "prisoned brutes," and where

The oxen lashed their talls and hooked, And mild represent of hunger looked. The house stands in a hollow, and the The house stands in a hollow, and the roads about it form a sort of irregular triangle, and by driving back and forth you can get not only the views given in Hills picture of the place, but others equally attractive. On the drive toward the house and near Kenoza lake, is a short street, which it is worth while to drive down; you can easily return to the main road. Here you will find a picturesque, one-story house, with a door in the center reaching to the roof. I think you cannot fail to recognize it from this description. It was the home from this description. It was the home of Mrs. Caldwell, the "elder sister" of the poet, of whom he writes in "Snow

Oh, heart sore-tired! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself can give thee—rest.
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent,
Whose curtain never outward swings.

On the return drive you will wish see the spot where the school house of Whittier's childhood and of the poem entitled "In School Days" stood. In this poem, you will remember, he has celebrated the devotion of the little girl

Tangled golden curls, And brown eyes full of grieving,

Who said. I'm sor'y that I spelt the word,
I hate to go above you;
"Because," the brown eyes lower fell,
"Because," you see, "I love you."

You must take the road as you drive toward Haverhill proper (the home-stead is in East Haverhill), which will bring the house on the left and the barn on the right. Soon after passing the latter, and on the same side of the road, you will come to the site of the school house, which has within a short time been torn down, much to the disgust of all tourists. Here, says one of his com-panions, Whittier used to sit and read Bible stories when the other boys were at will open on the 30th of this month in The Almighty Dollar.' Of course they feel somewhat nervous, because the play is so very American; but there is no doubt that they will succeed."

Panions, whitter used to sit and test will succeed the play is so very American; but there is no doubt that they will succeed."

Panions, whitter used to sit and test will succeed the play is poems abound in Scriptural allusions that they will succeed."

The Almighty Dollar.' Of course they for his poems abound in Scriptural allusions that they will succeed."

The Almighty Dollar.' Of course they for his poems abound in Scriptural allusions that they will succeed." with the Old and New Testaments.

> Bound to Boss the Funeral. A policeman who was beating through "Kaintuck" one afternoon, was halted by a little negro man who had business in his eye and both hands tightly clenched

> "Say, boss, am you gwine to be 'round vere to-morrer afternoon? "Yes, I suppose so."
> "Waal, dar's gwine to be the power

wants to boss de fun rai bizness.

"Does, eh?"

"He does, sah, an' he's de poorest han' you eber saw. He can't start a hymn, nor make any sort o' speech on de shinin' qualities of de late deceased. Why, what d'ye spose de Dekun got off ober heah on Clay street at a fun'ral in Jinuary?"

"Why, he said dat man cometh up like a flower an' am' cut down. De de-ceased wasn't a man at all, but a girl, an' de ideah of flowers coming up in Janu-ary! Sich ignorance, sah, needs re-buke."

"Well, what about this fuss to-mor

row?"

"Waal, sah, Ize been requested to boss dat fun'ral. I'ze bin requested by de werry man who am gwine to form the subjeck of the sad occashun. De Dekum will be ober dar as usual, puttin' on scollops an' tellin' folks to stan' back and so on. He'll swell up an' walk 'round wid his hands behin' his back, same as if he owned de hull street, an' same as if I wasn't knee-high to a clothes-hoss."

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Well, sah, dar will be a rekonter between de Dekum an' myself. De wery minit dat he begins to swell up I shall shed off my Sunday coat an' purceed to mangle him widin two inches of his life! I'll do it—I'll do it, sah, if I have to go to State prison fur a tousan' y'ars."

"I wouldn't."

"But I will sah! Iza gibben you f'ar.

A Flendish Trick.

The aristocracy of the Tenth Ward were shocked recently by the report of the terrible battle between Timothy Dooley, the chivalrous Fourth street coal-heaver, and Edward Mulchay, the coal-neaver, and Edward Mulchay, the genial Jessie street asphaltum-roofer. The trouble was caused by some insidious and black-hearted enemy stealing a nest of game eggs from Dooley, and substituting therefor the tame product of a duck. The game eggs were supposed to contain in ambryon the chainest posed to contain in embryo the choicest spirits that could wield a gaff. Mul-cahy had reluctantly supplied them at a dollar spiece and intimated that they at a dollar spiece and intimated that they couldn't be purchased at any price if it hadn't been for the illustrious union of the Dooleys and Mulcahys early in the thirteenth century. "No Connaught man could get a smell of 'em, Tim," said the impulsive chicken-raiser, who prides himself on having come from Cork

Cork. Under the circumstances great care was taken of the eggs. The incubation was instrusted to the most sedate hen in the ward, and soon after her patient labor appeared to have been crowned with success. Mrs. Dooley was the first to notice the exhiliaration of the trustworthy hen, and hastened with the news to Dooley, who was still in bed, recovering from the effects of a Democratic speech in a Greenback meeting.
"The chickens are all out, Tim," said

"Glory be to God," was the pious reply. "An' how do they look."

"Begor, they look very quare, Tim; they're as yellow as Chineyman, an' they've got bakes on 'em as fhlat as a

For the first time since the big earth-

quake Dooley got out on the wrong side of the bed and forgot to bless himself. As he made tracks to the yard the fantastic carelessness of his attire would have challenged the admiration of a Piute In-

pulled out one of the chickens and cast a critical eye on it. "It bangs Ban-agher," he muttered, as he pulled out other specimen, and looked aghast at the yellow down.

Mrs. Dooley, who was an interested

observer, chipped in:
"What ails thim toes, Tim? They've all shtuck together. What happened their bakes, Tim? Did the hin sit too

heavy on 'em? Faith, they're the quarest looking chickens I ever see."
"They're ducks, be hevins," said Dooley, and he retraced his steps to his bedroom and dressed himself with the portentions calmness of a man about to step down to Pine street and part with Union Con. on a rising market. The remainder of the story is too easily told. The victims of the lowest-down trick that was ever played on the liberal pa-trons of a noble sport, unfortunately met in fifteen minutes by all the watches in town except those of the Howard street conductors, which made it six minutes and a half. Said the unsus-

pecting Mulcahy:
"How is the clutch of eggs, Tim?" "Clutch, ye thavin' vagabond, I'll

clutch you!' And he did. Officer McGuffy, who arrived too late to witness the duel, testi-fies that from his careful inspection of the battle-ground he is convinced that the fight was the liveliest seen in the ward for ten days back—"and that's saying a great deal for it."-

A Brooklyn Princess.

A divorce suit is pending in Brooklyn entitled Trice against Trice, the parties being colored, in connection with which there are some curious stories. Both sides claim a decree, the wife, who is the plaintiff, on the ground of the defendant's unhusbandlike conduct, and defendant asked the darkey, taking a step toward the pile. "Fifteen cents," replied the dealer, lifting one in his hands. "What'll yer sell me a slice fur?" asked Africa. "Ten cents," said defendant's unhusbandlike conduct, and the husband on the ground that when he married the woman she had a husband ob one?" continued the darkey. "Five living in Africa, no less a person than the King of the Ashantees. About the year 1865, a tall young black from Africa found his way to Brooklyn. He could not speak English, but he acquired the language readily, and it was soon known in the Siloam Presbyterian church, into which he happened to fall, that he was Albert Agamon the eldest son of the "Yes, I suppose so."

"Waal, dar's gwine to be the powerfullest fuss up yete dat ole Kaintuck eber saw, an' you'd better hev about six pa'r o' handcuffs an' shackles ready."

"Why, what's the trouble now?"

"Truble nuff, sah. You see de old man Jinking, 'round on Illinoy street, am gwine to dieafore night. Dat's settled fur shuah."

"Yes."

"Waal, de ole man has axed me to sort o' boss de fun'ral 'rangements, kase he kang of em, you see."

"Yes."

"Waal, dar's Dekun Allen, libin' ober on Calhoun street, one of the most pompous Africans in Detroit. Just as suah as a black man shuffles off de coil anywhar' aroun' 'heah de Dekun' he allus wants to boss de fun'ral bizness."

"Does, eh?"

"He does, sah, an' he's de poorest han' you eber saw. He can't start a shymn, nor make any sort o' speech on line the power of the church, into which he happened to fall, that he was an obtant to the fermal that he was an objust the prince he was, to see it. He was an objust the prince he was born, who is the prince h near him, ready when death came to re-ceive his mantle. This was the last ever heard in Brooklyn from Prince Agamon. After several years had elapsed, the Brooklyn Princess was married to Chas. Trice, who is now a waiter at the Rockaway hotel.—N. Y. Times. The Story of Four Law Students.

In the law office of John C. Spencer, at Canandaigus, N. Y., in 1831-2, were four young law students, to fortune and to fame unknown. Under the careful guidance of Mr. Spencer they were duly admitted to the bar in 1834, and one of them at once struck out for the West, locating at Cleveland. Here he stuck fast, and while waiting the expiration of the 6 months required by the Ohio laws before a citizen of another State can practice in her courts, he was surprised by a call from his three fellow stu They were looking for places to hang out their shingles. "Well, one of you can stay here with me; anyou can stay here with me; another of you can go further to this little French village they call Detroit, and the other can push on to a new place they call Chicago, on the site of old Fort Dearborn." After a little consultation, this plan was finally agreed to. The one who went to "the little French village," was George C. Bates; he who went further on was Stephen A. Douglas, who made a mistake and went to Springfield instead of Chicago; while he who remained in Cleveland was Henry B. Payne. This was in 1834. The young man who thus planned out the career of his three companions was E. H. Thompson, now of Flint, Michigan, who told us the circumstances.

Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all; and him least who is indifferent about all.

Father Farrell's Estate.

The will of the late Rev. Father Farrell, of St. Joseph's church, in this city, disposed of about \$12,500. The broadness of view and tolerance of spirit which it indicated in the testator attracted atention at the time of its publication There was also incidentally aroused some surprise that a parish priest should have accumulated so much money. The question has been raised by those who knew Father Farred only by general reputatation, how he could have gained so much money from his position in St. Joseph's parish. The answer to this question is that he did not so gain it, and in the mercantile sense of that word he did not gain it at all. It was given to him. His friends, including the trustees of St. Joseph's church, desire this to be understood, in order that his true char-acter may be made plain to all.

The property was given to Father Far-rell in Alabama State bonds by personal friends, who were not of his faith, when the bonds were not of as much value as they are now. The basis and true reason for the gift was Father Farrell's love for his country. Although he was educated in a Southern State, he was a warm supporter of the Government. In the dark est hours of the war his voice was clearest in upholding the union. His patriotic impulses led him to the front, where he labored in hospitals and on battle-fields. The gift was made so delicately that an fort, made yesterday, to learn the name of the donors or the occasion of the pre sentation, failed, though inquiries were made of friends who were long intimate

with him. To show Father Farrell's confidence in the Government and his sense of duty toward it, the following is told: A friend came to him indignant because a debtor had insisted on paying him about \$80,000 in United States paper money, then newly made a legal tender. He wanted to know what Father Farrell had to say about that. The priest told him that the transaction was past, and that it was idle to say anything about it; "but," said he, "I can tell you what to do with it. Give it to Uncle Sam. Buy five-twenties with it." A second time his friend called with a repetition of his grievance. A second debtor had put off about \$30,000 of the new legal tender on him. Again Father Farrell advised him to buy five twenties. He shook his head and went away. A third time his friend called on him; this time to tell the priest to take the \$80,000 and keep it for him. He did not know whom else to trust in those times.
"No," said Father Farrell; "I don't

want it; but if I should take it, I should let Uncle Sam have every cent of it."

Again the friend shook his head. "You won't let Uncle Sam have any of my money," he said.

It was not long afterward that the friend made a fourth visit. He came to tell Father Farrell that he had invested the \$80,000 in five-twenties. This, of course, proved very profitable. It is said, however, that this friend was not among those who made Father Farrell the gift referred to .- N. Y. Sun.

A CANDID DARKEY .- An old darkey, who had "put away" watermelons every summer for sixty years, stood in front of one of our grocery houses eyeing a pile of that fruit. The merchant, who sat in the door, noticed the wistfulness of the African's gaze, and finally asked, "Don't uncle?" "How much you axed for one, boss?" inquired the African, still keeping his gaze on the melon. "Twenty-five cents," replied the merchant, getting up from his chair and stepping to the side of the hillock. "What you gib me one-half fur?" asked the darkey, taking

portable turbine has also been invented, and employed in many places in the city, in driving a Gramme machine for the purpose of electric light. Water is sold very cheap in Zurich; but there are perhaps other towns in which this, so to call it, domestic water-power could be advantageously introduced. A turbine of about four inches in diameter has for some time been sold. Its office is to work a sawing machine. work a sewing machine. An india-rubber tube is attached to the ordinary water supply—a similar tube acting as waste pipe to the nearest sink.

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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 and 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, From a Merchant.

Latest Medical Endorsements.

MARTINEZ, Cal., Feb. 17, 1879 W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co, 702 Market street, S. F.—Sir: In regard to your California Elastic Truss, I would say that I have carefully studied its mechanism, applied it in practice and do not hesitate to say that for all purposes for which Trusses are worn it is the best Truss ever offered to the public.

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

Endorsed by a Prominent Medical Insti

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 ested under my observation, and in reals 1 feets as compared with other kinds that have been ested under my observaion, 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 adjust bility to persons of all sizes, ages and forms. I add this testimony with special pleasure, that the several persons who have applied to me for aid in their especial cases of rupture, and whom I have advised to use yours, all acknowledge their entire satisfaction, and consider themse very highly favored by the possession of one of the improved Elastic Truss.

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

A REMARKABLE CURE.

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W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Trues, 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-FECFLY 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 far the California Elastic Tic Truss. I am sure that all will be thankful SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 26, 1879. TIC 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 suo-ject. Yours truly, WM. PERU, 638 Sacramento Street.

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

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