(4).

KLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE

CORVALLIS, - - - - OCTOBER 1, 1880

DAY BY DAY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

I were told that I must die to-morrow
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow,
For any one—
All the fight fought, and all the short journey through,
What should I do?
I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone:
But rise, and move, and love, and smile and pray
For one more day.
And lying down at night, for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which harkens ever, "Lord, within thy keeping
How should I fear?
And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
Do Thou Thy will."
I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All night long; and when the morning splendor
Flashed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile—could calmly say,
"It is His day."

EDITH'S ENGAGEMENT RING.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

Mr. Cyrus Symington, of Symington & St. Humblethwaite, jewelers and dealers in fine watches, diamonds and precious stones, was in an exceptionally bad humor, despite the beauty of the day that gave more than fair promise of a good share of custom.

Mr. Symington walked up and down the store—an immense, elegant place, with rows of plate-glass on bronze pedestals, and shelf after shelf laden with bijous of statuary and bronzes—a short, portly man, with a sandy beard all ound his full, red face, and a big, bald place at the crown of his head; not the most prepossessing looking man in the orld, or as regarded temper, either, as employes might have testified.

'Do you know anything about Santood this morning—why he isn't here?" ked, gruffly, of one of Santwood's -clerks.

rion't know, sir. He was all right he went home on Saturday."

Symington gave an annihilating on the young man.

am not aware that I asked for any tside information," he said harshly. Santwood's condition on Saturday is of no consequence to me. I want to know where he is this morning."

He went fuming along to his private office, where the head book-keeper was waiting for him.

"Santwood is sick this morning, sir, and will not be here; but has sent his cousin to take his place, with your permission. Miss Edith Santwood, is outside there to see you."

Mr Symington looked at his book-keeper with a frown of surprise.

"Miss Edith Santwood! Miss! What the deuce does he mean sending a woman here to do his work?"

He glared at the unoffending man as though he had been guilty of high treason.

"Can't say, sir," carelessly. "He certainly has sent the young lady, and you will find her waiting to see you outside. That's all I know about it."

And, as Mr. Thorn was the one man in Symington & St. Humblethwaite's employ whom the senior partner never succeeded in bullying, Mr. Symington went grumblingly away, while Mr. Thorn returned to his books.

The irate old gentleman certainly was not the most reassuring of mortals, as he went down the aisle toward Edith Santwood standing beside the end of a bronze nd plate glass show-case—a girl fair as lily-white roseleaf, shining black eyes, were looking eagerly at him with host a fearful apprehension in their autiful depths, with waving, jet black ir parted over her low, broad forehead, and banded, in exquisitely becoming simplicity under the little, cardinal lined, cottage straw hat—a lady refined and delicate, but wearing the unmistakable air of frugality that was almost poverty.

Somehow, a large portion of Mr. Symington's surplus spleen evaporated as he saw her.

"So you are Santwood's cousin—eh, ma'am? A substitute, I understand?"

Edith bowed, and smiled slightly, showing a distracting dimple.

"I am Claude Santwood's cousin dith, sir. He boards with mamma and and is unable to come, and very much worried about it—for it is the busy season, he says. Mamma said I might take his place if you would permit it. Claude has explained all the duties to me, and I am very sure I can perform them."

Nobody has ever known crusty old Symington to listen to such a lengthy answer before; but he actually did, only he frowned and twisted his beard.

"I never heard of such a thing," he said gruffly. "Santwood's duties are easy enough for that matter, for any woman to do. He has to fly around lively sometimes. But—why it is a ridiculous idea to send you here to take his place. What possessed him?"

Not that he wanted to know, or cared if he had known.

Edith blushed.

"We are poor, sir, and if Claude's wages should stop—"

"Oh, yes, I dare say! Well hang up your shawl and bonnet in the cloak room yonder, and I'll see whether or not you amount to anything. Women don t, as a general thing, I take notice."

And although Claude had, over and ain, told her how disagreeable ington was, nevertheless Edith f winking to keep back the rs that would

Mr. Roscoe Bellair walked leisurely along after him—a handsome grave-faced gentleman of thirty-five, with tawny hair and moustache, and eyes that were as outlooking, and honest, and whole hearted as a child's—a gentleman whom society had acknowledged one of its choicest favorites, by royal right of his high social position, his personal attractions, his immense wealth—just such a man as Mr. Symington delighted to honor.

Mr. Bellair took a seat beside the caskets of glittering stones, and ran them over with the eye of a connoisseur.

"I want a solitaire, Symington—something A No. 1—with a crown setting. For a lady."

Mr. Symington smiled very knowingly.

"All right. If you can't suit yourself here, you won't this side of the Atlantic. I've a specially choice lot of unset solitaires, Mr. Bellair, that I am reserving for just such orders, particularly suited for lady's rings—engagement rings, and the like. Just let me show them to you."

He trotted off to the safe a few yards away, and Mr. Bellair tried on ring after ring, then leaned back in his chair, and took a leisurely look around him, to see at the next show-case, the very lovliest girl he had ever seen in his life, showing silver thimbles to a shy half-grown miss.

Then Symington came, bustling back, red in the face, but beaming all over.

"Here they are, Mr. Bellair—perfect beauties, that will make a lady's eyes shine to look at. What do you think of *that*, sir?"

Mr. Bellair thought enough to select a magnificent stone, and the style of setting.

"And what size?" Mr. Symington wanted to know, suavely.

Bellair laughed.

"Upon my word I don't know how we'll manage it. The ring is to be a surprise. I think the young lady over yonder was about the same size as the lady who will wear the ring."

He indicated Edith, still showing the silver thimbles.

"Very good!" Mr. Symington said. "Bunn, relieve Miss Santwood. Miss Santwood this way a moment. Just let me see your hand—hold it up."

And almost before Edith knew what she was wanted for, she found herself inside the little sacred place of diamonds, with Roscoe Bellair's handsome blue eyes looking at her fair face, and Mr. Symington fitting a ring on her tapering forefinger.

"I suppose that's the finger, sir," he said knowingly.

Bellair laughed.

"Go ahead, Symington; I hope you won't be far out of the way. Yes, that's a perfect fit, and very handsome," he said, as, in his courteous, grave way, he looked at the fair, aristocratic hand, with its slender fingers, pink nails, and dimpled wrist.

"That will do," Mr. Symington said, as he removed the costly ring from Edith's hand, "you may go back."

As she passed with her eyes bent down Mr. Belaire spoke to her, in a tone that made her lift them suddenly, flashing all their glory full upon him.

"Allow me to thank you very much."

A faint, gratified little flush—a little smile, that just suggested the white teeth and the bewitching dimple—then she passed out, and back to the silver thimble buyer, with a strange fluttering of the heart that she had never experienced before, and an impression left upon her of the handsomest face, the kindlies eye she ever had seen in her quiet homely life—a sensation and an impression that were strongly upon her, when, as she stood putting on her gloves as she was about to go home in the evening, Mr. Symington stepped up to her, with a curious look on his face, that sent her vaguely delicious sensations instantly adrift.

"Where is the cluster diamond ring you stole from the tray while you were in my department to-day."

She looked at him as if she considered him suddenly bereft of his senses.

"The ring *I* stole—*I*—from you?"

"Just so. If you'll hand it over I'll say nothing about it, only you needn't come back to-morrow. Your best policy is to admit the theft and give it up."

The color began to wane in her face until she was ghastly pale.

"Mr. Symington, you don't mean that you think I stole a diamond ring?"

Her voice was indescribably horror-stricken and pathetic.

"I certainly mean exactly that. And I don't propose to waste many more words about it. Just step inside the private office, and unless you at once give it up I will have you searched."

She drew herself up haughtily at that.

"Sir, you insult me! I have not taken your diamond ring. Your accusation is as cruel as it is unfounded."

Her dark eyes flashed with proud conciousness of right, but her lovely face was awfully pale, and her lips quivered with womanly shame and pain.

Mr. Symington sneered.

"Oh, well, if you're going into hysterics, go ahead! Thorn, telegraph for a policeman and a woman from the station. We'll search the young thief--"

A cry came from Edith's lips at the horrible, horrible word.

"Oh, don't say such a thing of me—of *me!* Why I must be dreaming! It must be some awful nightmare I am suffering! They accuse me—me, mother's little Edith—of stealing a diamond ring?"

And just as she fell in a merciful swoon on the office floor, Mr. Bellaire came walking through the store into the private office.

"Look here, Symington—the result of an attack of absence of mind! I actually wore off one of your cluster— Why what's the matter?"

For as he walked into the room, talking, and laughingly removing a magnificent cluster-ring from his finger—the ring for which Edith Santwood lay white and deathless like a perfect statue of ivory—he saw her on the sofa, where Mr. had laid her.

sort of paleness spread over ton's florid face, and he telligible exclamation rrectly translated. don't tell me you rried back with the ly carried off, but ld come to see this. Symington, couldn't a perfect lady? Sy- have thought this of

sharp and cold, and he faintly returning pulse white wrist.

know? She's a stranger." excuse; I wouldn't have you, Miss Edith;" and he t reverently as she opened g eyes, "you are feeling k? My carriage is at the will allow to me take you name is Roscoe Bellair."

almost staggeringly, a wild g back to her eyes as she re-

took the ring. Oh, tell him I am not a thief! You believe me—don't you, sir?"

Bellair sent Symington an indignant glance.

"I certainly would implicitly believe your word, even if I did not have ample evidences of the truth of it. I am the sinner, Miss Edith. I wore the ring away, inadvertently, and have just returned it."

And Edith sank down upon the sofa, crying such blind, relieving tears, that, if ever Mr. Symington felt uncomfortable in his life, it was then.

* * * * * * * * *

Six months afterward Edith Santwood showed a lovely cluster-diamond ring to her gentle little mother, with her dark eyes full of happy tears, her lovely cheeks flushing like a wild rose.

"Roscoe insisted upon having the identical ring, mamma—that is, the same stones—reset to fit me. He says nothing is too good for our engagement ring. Oh, mamma, I am so happy!"

And, although it was a terrible experience, yet Roscoe Bellair's betrothed never regretted the episode of the diamond ring.

Practical Butter Making.

The pioneer in making butter on the associated plan in the West is Mr. I. H. Wanzer, now of Oneida, Iilinois, who ranks among the most experienced dairymen of the country. Here are what he considers some of the essentials in butter making, taken from a paper prepared by him for the Northwestern Dairymen's Association, and read at its recent meeting:

First, we must have clean milk; without this, butter cannot be made. Butter made from filthy milk may pass, when fresh from the churn; but as the seeds of destruction are sown in the process of milking and the delivery to the factory, the butter soon loses its fresh taste, and is classed as a poor article.

In order to obtain the best results the milk should be cooled, within one hour after milking, down to 65 degrees, and at this temperature delivered at the dairyhouse. When received at the creamery it should be at once brought down to 60 degrees, and there kept during the cream raising. If the milk is held at this temperature while the cream is rising, then the cream, when taken off, is just where we want it in temperature, and at this point it should be kept until it has taken acid enough to be churned. Avoid all transitions from hot to cold, and from cold to hot. When churned at the temperature above mentioned the butter is firm enough to be worked without bringing ice in contact. The practice of cooling cream by the introduction of ice is, in our opinion, a bad one; also the practice of warming cream by setting the vessels containing the cream in hot water. In the latter case the cream upon the outside of the vessel becomes melted, and thereby reduced to oil, causing a flat, insipid taste in the butter. The habit of some, of setting their cream around the stove in the cheeseroom, should be condemned; the heat is not equalized unless the cream is constantly stirred, and, to add to this, it is continually taking up the foul odors thrown off by the curing cheese.

We have in the last two or three years, changed our idea in regard to the construction of the churn that should be used. The old-fashioned dash churn, that we formerly used and recommended to others, has many objections. Among them, the greatest is the trouble experienced by butter makers from the adherence of the cream to the cover and sides of the churn; if the cream is thick, the more it sticks. Now, all that adheres to the churn is not agitated; in other words, not churned, and, if not churned, is lost. It is usually scraped down, when the butter shows signs of gathering. But what becomes of this portion of the cream, which is no small amount in a large factory churn? This unchurned cream is either taken up by the gathering butter, or goes to waste in the buttermilk. If taken up by the butter, it is worse than lost; it carries with it the seeds of destruction; for the union between the cheesy and buttery portions of the cream is not broken; if not broken, it is not separated, and all is incorporated in the butter, where it is sure to work mischief. Another serious objection to the dash churn is that it requires three times more power to run it than to run any of the revolving churns, which, by their construction and motion, prevent the cream from adhering to the sides, and are, therefore, more easily cleaned. I am using, with good satisfaction, the square revolving churn.

When cream is churned at 62 to 64 degrees the butter will begin to gather in little pellets of the size of kernels of corn or peas. Then the churn should be stopped, and, after standing ten minutes, to allow the particles of butter to rise to the top, the buttermilk should be drawn of, and clean, cold water added at the rate of one-half gallon to each pound of butter. Set the churn again in motion, making about ten revolutions; then draw the water off, put in fresh water, and churn again as before, when the butter is ready to be taken out and salted. We use one and one-eighth ounces of salt to one pound of butter.

The water used to wash this butter must not be taken from a well that is in any way influenced by the washings of the factory, nor drawn from a wooden cistern. We think that as much butter is spoiled from being washed in impure water as from any other cause.

It is of the greatest importance that we use good salt—that which is free from shells, scales and dirt; the finer the better in our opinion. Fine salt dissolves quickly and leaves no gritty taste. Our butter stands twenty hours after being salted, when it is re-worked and packed for the market. If it stands longer it becomes set, and after working, has the appearance of re-worked butter. As to package, we cannot always suit ourselves as different markets want different packages.

Absolute cleanliness in every department of the creamery is necessary. The accumulation of filth in drains, in corners, under stairs, or even in the immediate vicinity, outside of the building, soon developes bad odors, which are taken up by the cream, working sure destruction to the butter.

A NOBLE THOUGHT.—Daniel Webster once said: "The wild flower will bloom in beauty on the field of battle, and above the crushed skeleton—the destroying angel of the pestilence will retire when his errand is done—the barrenness of famine will cease at last—the cloud will be prodigal of its hoarded rain—but for moral desolation there is no revival of spring—let impudence, intrigue and corruption triumph over honesty and intellect, and our liberties and strength will depart forever."

A Scandalous Dog.

Once upon a time there lived in the city of New York a wealthy old gentleman who had a wayward son. The young man liked to run with the boys, and managed to use up considerable of the old gentleman's substance for wine suppers, fast teams and other unholy dissipations. Consequently, this young man was always in debt, constantly in need of ready cash, and continually making requisitions on his governor's exchequer.

At last the old gentleman took a tumble, whatever that may mean; but the young man, in describing the course his father had concluded to pursue, remarked to a friend that the old man had taken a tumble. The said tumble consisted in his notifying his son and heir that from that on and henceforth no more cash for any funny business, and the old fellow was as good as his word. Down in his heart of hearts the young man was grievous sore, but he assumed a smile though he felt it not, and made earnest protestations of reform. Meanwhile he kept on running with the boys on tick. Tick is one of those things that has a limit, and one day the wayward son found himself at the end of his rope, so to speak, and at his wits' end for funds to keep up his end with the other boys, and after canvassing the matter in his mind and assuring himself that the old gentleman was inexorable and no coin could be squeezed out of him on a square proposition, he hit upon a happy expedient. Entering the paternal presence and assuming a look of business, he said:

"Father, have you read about that man over in Brooklyn, that can teach dogs to talk?"

If the old man had been in his halcyon days of his youth, he would probably have said, "Whatyergivinus?" but being the father of a family, he said, "What sort of a nonsense are you talking about now?"

"Fact, sure's you live," said the young hopeful; I've seen the thing myself, and I didn't know but what it might be a good idea to take old Tige and have him taught. A talking dog would be a cheerful thing to have about the house and would make lots of amusement for the children."

"My son," returned the father solemnly, "I'm an old man, and have seen a powerful sight of the world, and I tell you this is an age of humbug."

"That's all right, father' but isn't it likewise an age of progress? Look at the locomotive, and the telephone and the Atlantic cable, and the patent whatdoyoucallem, and all those other things they didn't know about in the days of the revolutionary fathers."

Certainly, certainly my son; glad to see you showing such knowledge of the world's progress. And do you really think the man can teach dogs to talk?"

"Sure pop! But it don't cost a cent if it's a failure. The Professor says he don't want any money if the dog can't be taught in one week to carry on a conversation with anybody. The terms are just these: 'You take the dog over and pay the $50 in advance. If at the end of a week the dog can't talk, you get your $50 back again; but if he can talk you pay $50 more, making an even hundred for the lessons.'"

"Well, it would be odd to have old Tige talking around the house, and I guess we'll try the thing, anyhow. You can take the dog over this afternoon if you like."

And the old man went down in his "kick" as the boys call it, and handed the boy a $50 note.

Tige left the house that day.

From day to day the old gentleman inquired of his son as to the progress Tige was making in his studies. The invariable reply of the son was: "The Professor says he's just getting on fine, and is going to make a talker from base."

At last the eventful day came when Tige was to be brought home, and the young man took the other fifty from his trusting parent. That evening he came home without the dog.

"Where's Tige?" asked the Governor.

"See here, father," said the young man. "I've got something to say and it won't do to speak it out before all the family. I'd like to have about five minutes' conversation with you in another room."

Father and son retired to another room, locked the door, stuffed paper in the keyhole, and the young man spoke as follows:

"Well, I went over to Brooklyn and got Tige, and he was dreadful glad to see me, you bet. When we got on the boat I just thought I'd have a little talk with the old dog to kinder get him broke in, and astonish the folks when we got home. We sat down at the bow of the boat, and I said, "How do, Tige?"

"Pooty well," said he, "how's the folks?"

"Bang up," says I.

"Gals all well?" said he,

"Fine as a fiddle," says I.

"Has Miranda and that big beau of hers bursted any more of the parlor chairs, sittin' on 'em double?" says he.

"I don't pay much attention to the gal's love affairs," said I, "and Tige, you musn' talk about such things, they're sacred."

"Look a here, Jim," said Tige, kinder solemn like, and winking out of the corner of his eye, "Look a here, dogs the old man keep it up kissing that chambermaid with the red cheeks and pug nose every time he catches her on the basement staircase?"

"Father, just imagine how I felt to have the dog talk that way about the author of my being! Now, what was I going to do under the circumstances? Could I bring that dog home and have him scandalize the family around the neighborhood and before company? Not much! I just coaxed old Tige to the edge of the boat and pushed him overboard. Dead dogs tell no tales."

"The judgment of the court is that the murder is justifiable and strictly in self-defense," said the old man; and he gave the protector of the family honor another fifty, and suggested that it might be just as well to tell the folks that Tige died in a fit, and not to mention anything about his conversational powers.—*Virginia City Enterprise.*

A GOOD TRICK.—A Berlin photographer is reported to have made use of an ingenious trick to attract customers. The artist pretended he could make the photographs of gentlemen so life-like that their dogs would be able to recognize them. When these pohtographs were held up before the dogs of the owners, the dogs would wag their tails and lick the pictures. The other photographers of Berlin who were unable to perform anything similar, watched their col. league, and finally discovered his secret. It was a very simple proceeding. All he did was to cover the photographs with a thin coating of lard, which the dogs, of course, smelled, and then licked off.

Children's Diet.

Five old women about a quilt; can the pen of one give a tithe of their conversation record? Let us attempt but a part of it. Mrs. Green began the tournament.

"I hain't seen ye a month o' Sundays, Miss Walker; where do you keep yourself?"

"Why, I've ben to hum. 'Tain't real handy to take to baby-tendin' when ye git along in years a spell; but there don't seem to be nobody else to take care of Bezy's babe but me. Bezy's as pernickity as a woman about the child; he won't lemme give it a speck of nothin' but red cow's milk an' he's nigh about seven months old, an' he'd oughter set in lap to the table, an' take a taste o' vittles along with us. My land! my children used to set to an' grab things as quick as ever I fetched 'em where they could. Little Jemimy was the greatest hand for b'iled cabbage ye ever did see; an' pork! how that child would holler for fried pork! There wa'n't no peace to the wicked till she got it; she'd ha' ben a splendid child ef she'd lived; but the summer complaint was dreadful prevalent that year, an' it took her off in the wink of an eye, as ye may say; allers doos the healthy children. Then my Samwell, why, he was the greatest hand for pickles that ever was; he'd git a hunk o' fried steak into one leetle hand an' a pickle into t'other, an' he would crow an' squeal. Cuttin' of his stomach teeth was the end o' him; got 'em too early, was took with convulsions, an' died right off. An' the twins: well, they favored beans—baked beans an' minute puddin'; they was eighteen months old when they died, an' they eet toast an' cider like good fellers only the day they was took sick; we'd hed buckwheats an' tree molasses for breakfast that day, an' I expect they'd eet so much sweet it kinder made 'em squeamy, so't the hard cider jest hed the right tang. Poor little creturs! mabbe 'twas the bilious colic a-comin' on made 'em dry; anyway they was awful sick with't, for they died a Sunday week, for they was took of a Sunday, an'—"

Miss Polly Paine, a short, plump old maid, gently interrupted here: she thouhgt Widow Walker had occupied the floor long enough.

"But, say, what do ye give it *red* cow's milk for? I never knowed there was any great o' virtoo in red cows."

"Snakes alive!" Here Semathy House, Deacon House's wife, took up the thread of conversation. "I want to know if ye didn't? Why, red's the powerfulest thing! You jest put a red flannel round your throat, an' it won't never be sore; an' a red string in your ears 'll keep off fever, everybody knows; but then I don't hold to fetchin' up a child on milk altogether; they won't never make old bones that way. I b'lieve in hearty vittles for everybody. Pie's real hearty ef ye make it good, an' so's cheese, when ye can't git butcher's meat. I b'lieve I couid stan' it the year round on pie an' cheese an' baked beans."

"Well, ye see," pottered on Mrs. Walker, who seized a chance to begin again, "Bezy he won't hear to no reason, he claims he knows more about fetchin' up children than I do spite of my hevin' hed four on 'em; he speaks about their all dyin' off, an' says he wants his'n to live—a-flyin' in the face of Providence, as ye may say, for we all know folks die by the dispensations of Providence, an' mortal man can't say, 'Why do ye so?' to the Lord; but I don't know but what brother Bezy thinks he can; he sets dreadful loose to religion, 'specially doctrines an' sech; says he wishes 't Parson Pine wouldn't say sech a lot about 'lection, an' hell, and decrees, an' more about mercy and lovin'-kindness. Land! I want to know how you're goin' to fetch hardened old sinners like some ye could mention of ye was a-min' to—an' I guess we all know who they be without namin' of 'em—inter the kingdom, ef ye couldn't scare 'em out of their seven senses, a-shakin' of 'em over the pit, as ye may say. They don't mind nothin' but a real scare, and they don't mind that no great. I feel to wonder real often why sech folks is spared to—"

—*Harper's Magazine*

Rotten-Egging an Actress.

The rare spectacle of an actress being rotten-egged was witnessed last night at Walnut-Street Theatre, where the C. L. Graves Combination occupy the boards with the "Four Seasons." During the third act, while George Parker, as Susan Sweetapple, a Yankee dairy-maid, was singing a song, an egg in an advanced state of decomposition whizzed over the pit from the west side of the top gallery and came to grief against a canvas palmetto tree, a few feet from Miss Parker. The audience were startled for the moment, and the actress changed color, but did not falter in her song. Half a minute later another egg, similarly disabled, was thrown upon the stage from the east side of the top gallery. The actress was intensely mortified, and finished her song with great difficulty, and in a high state of excitement. The audience showed much displeasure at the deliberate insult to the lady, and applauded her to the echo—so much so that she was compelled to respond to an encore. In the meantime ushers from all parts of the house had gathered to the quarter from whence the eggs had been flung, and a man was seen endeavoring to secrete an egg in his coat pocket. The fellow was pounced upon and hurried into the street, when he was given into the custody of a policeman, and taken to the Central Station. He refused to give his name or to assign a cause for the offence, and was placed in a cell to await a hearing this morning.

THE TOMATO.—It is a popular fallacy that the luscious and health-preserving tomato has its origin as an article of food in this country. But while there is some reason to believe it was found in South America, it was evidently cultivated centuries ago in Mexico and Peru. Dodoens, the Netherland herbalist, mentions the tomato as early as 1853 as a vegetable to be eaten with pepper, salt and oil. It belongs to the nightshade family, and was used in cooking by the Malays more than a century and a half since. It is extensively raised in Southern Italy, and employed there as an accompaniment to nearly every dish, particularly macaroni. But neither there nor anywhere else in Europe is it commonly eaten, as it is here, separately and in large quantities. In England it is sparingly produced, requiring a hot-bed in the spring and in consequence high priced. The Italians formerly called it golden apple, and now love apple, as it was formerly designated in this country. The appearance of the tomato on the table has greatly increased in Europe within a few years; but in no land is it a regular dish—much as it is used for sauce abroad—as in the United States, where it is also picked, preserved and confected.

A Word to Young Men.

An able lecturer in the East recently gave the following true points for young men: In order to have any success in life, or any worthy success, you must resolve to carry into your work a fullness of knowledge—not merely a sufficiency, but more than a sufficiency. In this respect, follow the rule of the machinists. If they want a machine to do the work of six horses, they give it nine-horse power, so that they may have a reserve of three. To carry on the business of life you must have a surplus power. Be fit for more than the thing you are doing. Let everyone know that you have a reserve in yourself; that you have more power than you are now using. If you are not too large for the place you occupy, you are too small for it. How full our country is of bright examples, not only of those who occupy some proud eminence in public life, but in every place you may find men going on with steady nerve, attracting the attention of their fellow citizens, and carving out for themselvas names and fortunes from small and humble beginnings, and in the face of formidable obstacles. Let me cite an example of a man I recently saw in the little village of Norwich, N. Y. If you wish to know his name go into any hardware store and ask for the best hammer in the world, and if the salesman be an intelligent man, he will bring you a hammer bearing the name of D. Maydole. Young gentlemen, take that hammer in your hand, drive nails with it, and draw inspirtion from it.

Thirty years ago a boy was struggling through the snows of the Chenango valley, trying to hire himself to a blacksmith. He succeeded, and learned his trade; but he did more. He took into his head that he could make a better hammer than any other man had made. He devoted himself to the task for more than a quarter of a century. He studied the chemistry of metals, the strength of materials, the philosophy of form. He studied failures. Each broken hammer taught him a lesson. There was no part of the process that he did not master. He taxed his wit to invent machines to perfect and cheapen his processes. No improvement in working steel or iron escaped his notice. What may not twenty-five years of effort accomplish when concentrated on a single object? He earned success; and now, when his name is stamped on a steel hammer, it is his note, his bond, his integrity embodied in steel. The spirit of the man is in each hammer, and the work, like the workman, is unrivalled. Mr. Maydole is now acknowledged to have made the best hammer in the world. Even the sons of Thor, across the sea, admit it.

Young gentleman, let not poverty stand as an obstacle in your way. Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed oberboard, and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I have never known one to be drowned who was worth the saving. This would not be wholly true in any country but one of political equality like ours. The editor of one of the leading nagazines of England told me, not many months ago, a fact startling enough in itself, but of great significance to a poor man. He told me that he had never yet known, in all his experience, a single boy of the class of farm laborers (not those who own farms, but mere farm laborers) who had ever risen above his class. Boys from the manufacturing and commercial classes had risen frequently, but from the farm labor class he had never known one.

True Love Among Authors.

In 1811, at the age of 25, Guizot married Mlle. de Meulan, who was his senior by a good many years. She was a woman of good birth, and well known as a writer. He accidentally heard that she was in distress, and although they had never met, he could not resist the impulse to help her by writing articles for her in a journal to which they both contributed. The relation thus formed ripened into friendship, and after some time "he wrote to tell her all that she had become to him." She associated herself with all his plans, and her sympathy was not only a source of profound happiness, but an incessant stimulus to work. In 1827 Mme. Gnizot died, and for a time her husband was inconsolable. Ultimately, however, he married her niece, to whom he was as devoted as he had been to his first wife. Even her best friends can hardly call to mind or separate the details of her individual life, it was henceforth so entirely absorbed in that of her husband. She worked for him, observed for him, read and talked only for him. After five years of happiness she also died, and was followed by the only son of the first Mme. Guizot, an amiable and clever youth, who was beginning to be of essential service to his father. Guizot felt these successive blows keenly, and their influence on his modes of thought may be seen in numerous references to the more somber and mysterious aspects of human life. But they did not diminish the ardor with which he sought to promote what seemed to him the interests of his country, nor did they prevent him from finding a continually increasing pleasure in the development of his three children.

If the taking of the census had been postponed until green-apple time, in many cases the population could have been doubled up.

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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 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,
D. B. BUNNELL.

Latest Medical Endorsements.

MARTINEZ, Cal., Feb. 17, 1879.

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

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

Endorsed by a Prominent Medical Institute.

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 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 adjustability 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 themselves highly favored by the possession of one of the improved Elastic Truss.

Yours truly, HARLOW J. SMITH, M. D.
Proprietor Hygenic 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 certify that I have examined the son of Wm. Peru, and find him PERFECTLY CURED of hernia on both sides.
L. DEXTER LYFORD, M. D.,
Surgeon and Physician.

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