WREKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE

CORVALLIS, - - - OCTOBER 15, 1880

ONLY. BY " ELAINE." BY "ELAINE." Only some faded blossoms, On which my tears fail down; Only a lock of softest hair, Waying, and dusky brown. Only a heart that is breaking, Yea, breaking, day by day, All for an old, sweet lesson, Taught in a man's sweet way.

Only a heart, rebellious, Struggling egainst God's will; O, why should you longer murmur?--Peace! Peace! my heart, be still! You have had your dream of love--Why murmur because it is done?--Other hearts have been broken, You're not the only one!

Only a life that is empty. Only a life that is empty, bevold of pleasure or joy; Full of wild, bitter longings, And grief, without alloy. Only some bitter mem'rics That will come surging back, Along the hills and valleys Of Time's relentless track.

Only a "bundle of letters," Tied with a ribbon, blue; Letters that drifted into my life, And caused me to think him true. Only a heart that is breaking. That is, if hearts can break; Only a life that is blighted, All for a man's sweet sake!

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

"So your brother George and his bride have returned home from their honeymoon. How do you like her?"

And as she spoke my old friend and schoolmate, Nellie Cranbrook, leaned toward me, and whispered the pronoun in a low, mysterious voice.

It was a lovely summer afternoon. Nellie had come over to have a long gos-sip with me. We were sitting under the trees on the lawn that sloped from the front of the house to the river. brother had gone out to visit some patients. His wife accompanied him for a drive. My two younger brothers were off on a fishing expedition; so we had the house and grounds to ourselves for some time to come

"Like her?" I answered, crossly; "like " brother's wife? Not at all. Has she walked along. bed me of my brother-taken surprised. way all that made life precious, and left me homeless?"

"Homeless!" echoed Nellie, aghast. "Why, will she not allow you and Johnny to live here still? Where will you go? Arthur is going to Edinburgh.

"Oh, yes, no doubt we may still live here," I answered. "My brother is our guardian. He must keep us here or find us somewhere else to live. But I don't call it home with that hateful woman in it. I shall be polite to her, of course, for George's sake, but she will always be my enemy."

"Is she so very horrid, then ?" asked "Don't the boys get on with Nellie. her?"

"Oh, yes, very well indeed. That is partly what I have to complain of," I re-plied, with a bitter laugh. "She has evdently made up her mind to take every body's love away from me. You know George always promised that I should keep house for him when I left school. I have looked forward to that ever since

ago. Well, of course, it was a great blow to me his getting married, but I put up with that. I knew quite well that I should never have left him for but still I was patient, and but still I was patient was patient was patient. but still I was patient was pa

few days after my return, with an open letter from Frank to my brother in her hand. "Naughty girl, why didn't you tell me all about it?" you would have been overjoyed at this prospect. "I do not wish to go away with strangers," I answered, pettishly. And George got almost angry because

vitation.

come with me for a walk ?"

afraid of you at first."

felt humiliated.

"Oh, Margaret," I answered, "I was I so persistently refused the invitation, and for the first time in his life, spoke so ashamed of my own cruel conduct to you. Will you forgive me?" hastily to me. After dinner I went to

"Willingly, my dear little sis. I know you were jealous, but it was only excess of love for the best brother that ever lived. Well, I took your pet my room, that I might be alone with my own melancholy feelings. "It is quite plain to me George, too, wants me to go away. He has a wife whom he loves. He is happy with ber, and I am in the way. Well, I will grant their wish. I will go to these people; I can't be more unhappy than I am here, and when my visit to the seaside is endbrother, and now you take my favorite consin so we will consider it, as Blanche

Mark Twain on the Gold-Bearing Water.

ed, I will go away altogether. I will I have just seen your dispatch from San Francisco, in Saturday's Evening Post, about "Gold in Solution" in the not live where my presence is only a re-straint upon the happiness of others." With these resolutions, I returned to Calistoga Springs, and about the proprie-tor's having "extracted \$1060 in gold of the utmost fineness from ten barrels of my brother and Margaret, and coldly in-formed them that I would accept the in-

the utmost fineness from ten barrels of the water" during the past fortnight, by a process known only to himself. This will surprise many of your readers, but it does not surprise me, for I once owned those springs myself. What does sur-prise me, however, is the falling off in the richness of the water. In my time the yield was a dollar a dipperful. I am not saying this to injure the property, in case a sale is contemplated; I am only saying it in the interest of history. It may be that this hotel proprietor's pro-"Why, what a book-worm you are, little cousin. Always reading-reading. I see you are resolved to be one of the shining lights of the age. But may I suggest a change just now? Will you And before I could object, with one hand Frank Shirley had taken my book, and with the other he had raised me from may be that this hotel proprietor's pro-cess is an inferior one—that may be the fault. Mine was to take my uncle—I had my favorite nook, the shade of a large, disused fishing vessel on the beach. I had now been with the Shirleys a

an extra uncle at that time, on account of his parents dying and leaving him on my hands—and fill him up, and let him stand fifteen minutes to give the water a chance to settle well, then insert him in week, and I could not help liking them all, though I had arrived at Hastings with the full determination that, as relatives of my hated sister-in-law, though they might be ever so gracious, I should never feel anything but cold indifference an exhausting receiver, which had the effect of sucking the gold out through his pores. I have taken more than \$11,-

towards the whole family. But that was impossible. I was naturally of an affectionate disposition, and could not keep up the role I had 000 out of that old man in a day and a half. I should have held on to those proposed. They received me with a warm welcome, and tried to make me feel at home, and I soon thawed under springs but for the badness of the roads and the difficulty of getting the gold to market.

'I consider that gold-vielding water their genial influence. "Cousin Margaret told us all about in many respects remarkable; and yet not more remarkable than the gold bearyou-how fond you were of books, and air of Catgut Canyon, up there toward the head of the auriferous range. The air—or this wind—for it is a kind of a trade wind which blows steadily down through six hundred miles of rich how you had carried off all the prizes at Queen's college," said Frank as we "Margaret told you that?" I answered,

through six hundred miles of rich quartz croppings during an hour and a quarter every day except Sundays, is heavily charged with exuisitely fine and impalpable gold. Nothing precipitates and solidifies this gold so readily as con-"Yes; she gave us such an account of your talents, your good housekeeping, and your love for your brothers, that I can assure you we were almost alarmed and solidifies this gold so readily as con tact with human flesh heated by passion at the thought of entertaining so talented and charming a lady. Blanche was quite The time that William Abrahams was dis-I looked up at Frank Shirley as he spoke; I felt sure he must be joking; but no, his face was serious as his tone. I appointed in love, he used to step out doors when that wind was blowing, and

come in again and begin to sigh, and bis brother Andover J. would extract over a dollar and a half out of every sigh he sighed, right along. And the time that John Harbison and Aleck Norton quarreled about Harbison's dog, they stood there swearing at each other all they knew how-and what they didn't know about swearing they couldn't learn from you and me, not by a good deal-and at the end of every three or four

and at the end of every three or four minutes they had to stop and make a divi-dend—if they didn't their jaws would clog up so that they couldn't get the big nine syllabled ones out at all—and when the wind was done blowing they cleaned up just a little over sixteen hundred dollars apiece. I know these facts to be ablars apiece. I know these facts to be ab-solutely true, because I got them from a man whose mother I knew personally. I do not suppose a person could buy a water privilege at Calistoga now at any price; but several good locations along the course of the Catgut Canyon Gold-Bearing Trade-Wind are for sale. They not privilege at calistoga for the New his gun against the table. We looked at him inquiringly. He kept his eyes wan ering over and around the flocks while he explained, "Wall, you see, sir, after seein' the spear wound on the crawler, I looked about me purty sharp, but couldn't see nothin' till I was leavin' the belt there, when I sighted

Saved by the Doctor.

The episode I am going to relate oc-The episode I am going to relate oc-curred not far from the township of Horsham, Victoria, Australia. Where the exact locality is I have no intention of divulging; but if any of my readers are acquainted with the part of the world I refer to, they will remember that there exist one or two large streams within the wide radius I have named. Beside one of these rivers there uses Beside one of these rivers there was standing, about twenty years ago, a hut, which was known at the homestead as the Deep Water Station, and it was here

that my lot placed me as a hutkeeper. I lived at the Deep Water Station for two I remember I was sitting at the hut

(the Deep Water Hut) one summer afternoon, looking for the coming of "Long Mat." The sun was passing away blood-red behind a range of dim blue hills; long shadows were fast spreading; the deep water-hole had lost the light; the hills behind the river were just tipped with a crimson glory, and stars seemed dropping like silver specks on the paling sky. Long Mat, the shep-herd, was later than usual.

herd, was later than usual. The darkness had not quite fallen be-fore I recognized the bleating of the flock in the distance, and soon after the white fleeces of the sheep slowly appeared from out the somber shadows of he trees. I had just walked inside the hut to prepare supper, when the quick, mufiled fall of horse's feet became audible. I knew the canter well, and came to the door to await the arrival of Mr. S—, the owner of the station. He galloped up to the hut, with a cheerful "Good evening, Bill;" and as usual came inside to ask me if I wanted anything,

and to light his pipe. "I can't stay long with you this time, Bill," he said pleasantly, but with a lit-tle anxiety; "the black fellows are about again. I hope your gun is in order. Do

again. I hope your guin is in order. Do you want any powder or lead?" "We have quite enough," I replied, "both Mat and myself; bat there's no bullets; I'll run them to-morrow. Mat's rather late this evening; but the flock's not far off; they'll be home in a quarter of an hour; I saw them pass the belt before you came." At this instant the shadow of a man

darkened the door and Mat entered.

"Good evening," he said quietly to Mr. S— and myself. "The sheep's feedin' home all right, sir, but there's a few missin'. One of my marked ewes is gone, and I can't see two of the crawl-

'You'll pick them up to-morrow, Mat, oplied the strong, pleasant voice of the equatter. "Bill says you've enough powder and lead. The blacks are about; o you know that?"

Without waiting for an answer Mr. - proceeded to undo his horse and was about to mount when Mat (who was an American) said: "I guess you had better stop to-night, sir." "Why?"

"Why?" "Injuns is close up. One of the sheep I spoke of was speared." "I heard there were black fellows about, said Mr. S—, delaying to mount; "but the rice is safe enough; I've got my rifle with me." "They're too close," responded the

shepherd, after filling a panikin of tea, and, contrary to his custom, standing

his gun and fired. The human figure American's rifle rested in the loophole seemed to sink down so quickly, so calmly, so helplessly, that I felt a strange "There's the worst of them," Mat thrill of pity. "He's fixed as safe as houses; let's

physic another or two, and maybe they'll make tracks," again muttered the shep-

A Wonderful Feat of Memory.

The history of the celebrated conjurer, Robert Houdin, furnishes a remarkable example of the power of memory ac-

qui of by practice. He and his brother, will yet boys, invented a game which they played in this wise: They would

"There's the worst of them," Mat said, looking along his weapon; "he's coming up with a log to stave the door. We'll never do it;" and our last bullet brought down the ringleader. There was consternation and a hurried consultation. After a lapse of about five minutes, the whole force of the be-siegers rushed shrieking on our little carrison. A moment's surge outside herd, in a tone of suppressed glee "Cook, why the devil don't you shoot? Squint around that first block to the right of the wattle." Looking in the direction indicat 1 by Looking in the direction indicat 1 by garrison. A moment's surge outside, Mat, whose eyes seemed everywhere, I and the door fell back as Mr. S---'s gun

Mat, whose eyes seemed everywhere, 1 saw the figure of a man partially visible against the ground. He was evidently sheltering himself from the other two guns, but, owing to my silence hitherto, he must have been of the opinion that the portion of the hut where I stood was unoccupied. For an instant I could see nothing through the the smoke but it

unoccupied. f'or an instant I could see nothing through the the smoke, but it cleared almost instantly. Just as the shepherd said "Don't shoot again—he's fixed," I saw the poor wretch staggering wildly towards the hut, and then falling with a dull sound. God forgive me, it was very like murder. This was the the first life I had ever taken. The next thing I remember was Mr. S— asking me if I had run any bullets. "Not one." "Have you any in the hut?"

"Have you any in the hut?" "Not one."

Mat informed us that we were "tree'd, of another blow, and a low moan of pain much in the same way as he would as the station hands rushed in. The Doc-tell the overseer that the rations were short. He quietly pulled his gun from the loophole, saying, "I've only one more pill to keep our skins whole. We'll hev to trust to Doctor." nies. I-well I have a large scar across my breast.

"Mat's dog Doctor was partly a Smith-

field and partly a Newfoundland. He had been trained by him to all sorts of tricks. Amongst others, he repeatedly took written messages to the station, when attached to his collar, and I pre-sume this was the object Mat had in view when referring to him as capable

of procuring relief. "Mister, d'ye think you kin rite a missage in the dark, or by the moonlight,

askin' the hands at the Homestead to come this way? No time to lose; I see the darkies dodging round the hut. Bill, knock away the low part of the rotten slab behind your back. Here, Doctor.'

ened to the dog's collar in little less than a minute, and the noble brute, who seemed to know the danger, stood anx-iously trembling till the preparations were completed. As I before stated, the hut stood close

to the stream, and from the rear the bank sloped abruptly toward the water. The American for the first time seemed ffected. When the man fell under our shots, there was not the slightest change

he spoke to his dog were broken and singularly soft. I'll be sworn there were tears in the man's eyes. Everything "We shall see, replied Houdin. "Let some of the company go into the library and look, and I shall call out the names

yelp of pain. "My God!" said I involuntarily, "the

red morocco; 'Gibbon's Decline and Fall;' next to these, four volumes of half calf; 'Boswell's Johnson;' 'Rasselas,' in "No, he arn't, darn ye!" snapped Ben. cloth; 'Hume's History of England,' in

"He must be quick, then," said Mr. the unspeakable wonder of the whole ; "the black devils have struck a company. More than once a gentleman



From a Merchant.

Brom a Merchant. DAYTON, W. T., Feb. 10, 1879. W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic The Truss I purchased of you about one year soo has proved a miracle to me. I hare been ruptured forty years, and worn dozena of different kinds of russes, all of which haye ruined my health, as they were injurious to my back and aprine. Your valuable Truss is as easy as an old shoe, and is worth hundreds of dollars to me, as it affords worth hundreds of dollars to me, as it affords both addies and gentlemen, afflicted, to buy and wear your modern improved Elastic Truss imme-diately. I neyer expect to be cured, but an sat-wear it. I twas the best \$10 I ever inyested in my life. You can refer any one to me and I will be deal to answer any letters on its merits. Temain, yours respectully. D. B. BUNNELL

Latest Medical Endorsements.

MARTINEZ, Cal., Feb. 17, 1879. W. J. Ho.ne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 762 Markei street, S. F.-Sir: In re-gard o yoo: California Elastic 1 cuss, I would say thos I have carefolly studied its mechanism, ap-plied i. in practice and do not besitate 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. do it," said he, with renewed energy; "take that;" and I heard the dull sound

Endorsed by a Prominent Medical Inst

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6, 1879. W. J. Horne, Esg.-Si.: You ask my opinion of the relative merits of your Pater . Elastic Truss of the relative merits of your Pater : Elastic Truss as compared with other kinds that have been ested under my observator, and in reply I frank-ly state that from the time my sttention was first called to their simple, though highly me-chanical and philosophi al construction, together with easy adjust bility to persons of all sizes, ages and orms. I add this testimony with spe-cial ble sure, that the several persons who have applied to ne o aid a their especial cases of rup-ture, and whon ' have advised to use yours, all acknowledge their entire satisfaction, and consid-er themselve highly havered 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 REMARKARIE CURF**

A REMARKABLE CURE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 26, 1879. W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss, 702 Market street, San Francisco-Sir: I ticle in it. When Robert became a professional conjuror, this habit enabled him to achieve feats apparently miraculous. It is told of him that, visiting a friend's house where he had never been before, he caught a glimpse of the book-case as he passed the half-open library door. In the course of the evening, when some of the company expressed their anxiety to witness some specimens of his power, he said to his host: Truss, 702 Market street, San Francisco-Sir: I am truly grateful to you for the wonderful CURE your valuable trust is seffected on my little boy. The double trust is purchased from you nas PER-FECTLY CURED aim of his painul rupture on both sides in a little over six months. The steel trust he had before 'oought yours caused him cruel torture, and it was a happy day for us all when he 'aid it aside far the Callforen that all will be thankful who are providentially 'ed to give your truss a trial. You may refer any one to use on this sub-ject. Yours truly, 638 Sacramento Street.

ject. Yours truly, 638 Sacramento Stree

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 Physic

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pace a shop window and glance into it as they passed, without stopping, and then at the next corner compare notes and see which could remember the greatest num ber of things in the window, including their relative positions. Having tested the accuracy of their observation and memory, so that after running by a shop window once, and glancing as the passed, they would enumerate every ar The message was scrawled and fastticle in it.

to witness some specimens of his power, he said to his host: "Well, sir, I shall tell you, without perceptible in his voice; but the words stirring from this place, what books you have in your library." "Come, come," said he, incredulously, "that is too good."

being at last prepared he spat upon the dog's muzzle, held his head close to his check for a moment, and then pressed him quickly out of the hole and away down the shelving bank.

We listened anxiously for a time, and then there arose a wild jabbering for a minute; the next instant we detected a

Doctor's speared.'

'He's jist touched, and no more. He'll calf, two volumes, but the second one wanting," and so on, shelf after shelf, to do it.

stole into the drawing-room, certain he

any man, but still I was patient, and submitted. But I did not think it would be so dreadful. She has only been home a week. George seems to worship her, and the boys really like her better than me, and leave me for her.'

"How unkind! I can hardly believe

"It is true, nevertheless. Only this morning I asked them to go to the town with me, and they both refused. They had both promised to take their jolly new "Siss," as Arthur called her, for a row before luncheon. Of course she pretended to be very sorry, offering to give it up, asked me to go with them, and then tried to persuade one of them to go with me and one with her. But she only did that to make a show of selfsacrifice. I could see; so I cut short the argument and left them, saying I would go alone. And alone I am likely to be. She has usurped my place in their hearts," and I burst into passionate tears.

tears. Nellie soothed me, and sympathized with me. I had represented myself as an ill-used martyr, and as such, in her faith-ful frieudship, she regarded me. "Poor Dorothy, I am so very sorry for you! I wish your brother had never seen her. Where did he first meet her?" "At the Lyndons," I replied. She was governess to Nellie and Flora Lyndon."

Governess at the Lyndons!" answered Nellie, in a tone of great surprise. "Why, I have always heard such a good account of her! They said she was ex-ceedingly clever and nice and amiable."

"Oh, I dare say she was all that to them." I replied, angrily, "but that does not alter the case to me." And I returned to my complaints and

refused to be either comforted or refuted. I did not want my bete noite to be white-washed by my favorite friend.

"Have you told Dorothy the news. Margaret?" asked my brother, a few weeks after at dinner.

"No, dear, I have not," answered my sister-in-law, with what I thought a rather nervous glance at me.

rather nervous glance at me. She had been growing in favor with my two youdger brothers; they like George, now idolized her, as lads will do with a handsome, amiable young woman some years their senior, who pets and sympathizes with them. But in propor-tion as she gained their hearts, I reso-lutely shut her out of mine. I was scrupulously polite, but repelled all her advances at sisterly intimacy with freez-ing coldness. ing coldness.

Well, you have been kept out at Eden unnecessarily for the last two or three hours," said my brother laughing. "Now, Dorothy, listen: Your sister"-I frowned at this word-"has heard us say how fond you are of the sea, and, by some magic, has secured you an invita-tion to go down to Hastings with some

relatives of hers next week." "Mr. and Mrs. Shirley, with their two sons and daughters, Frank, Blanch and sons and daughters, Frank, Blanch and Sydney, my uncle and aunt of Belford Hall and their family. I think Dorothy, you have heard me speak of them," said my sister-in-law. "Yes, I have heard of them, and I am

much obliged for the invitation, but I do not wish to go. I thank you," was my ungracious answer. "She wants to get rid of me now," I thought.

"Not wish to go? Why, Dorothy, what an absurd, changeable girl you are!" said George. "Last year you were aw-fully disappointed because I could not take you, and because we could not find any one else that was going. I thought Isn't she spending her holidays with you this year? I started at this question, and Blanche

answered: "Why, didn't you knew she is married?'

"You must have been dreadfully dis-

appointed when I arrived." I managed

to say, coloring to the roots of my hair, as I thought how different had been my

lescription of his cousin to my friends. We walked along almost without a word from me after that. I allowed Frank to do all the talking until we ar-

rived at the Lover's seat. Here we found Blanche and Sidney,

and an old college friend of Frank's,

and an old conlege friend of Frank's, Norman Montrose, who had just met them—accidentally, of course, we were told, though Blanche's happy face re-

futed the idea-on the beach.

"Married? No. I have not heard of it before. Where is her husband, that I may shoot him? I always meant to marry her myself!"

"Coxcomb! she would have scorned you," said Frank, dramatically, with an

you, said Frank, dramatically, with an amused smile at me. "You great stupids, do hold your tongues," exclaimed Blanche, laughing. "She is married to Doctor George Ver-non, and this young lady"—indicating me—"is his sister. We have not our cousin Margaret with us this year, but we have our cousin Dorothy instead. I well that a fair exchange." call that a fair exchange." How I thanked Blanche for that kind,

graceful speech! And how mean my own conduct to Margaret seemed now!

"But we have been shamefully robbed. none the less," grumbled Sidney, who was lying at full length on the ground at Blanche's feet, and throwing stones into the sea.

"No one else is so jolly as cousin Mar-garet; she was the kindest, cheerfulest girl that ever lived; she could make the time fly, I warrant you. Coming to the seaside is awfully duffing without her." "Syd, do you want to be pitched after those pebbles?" whispered Frank, stoop-

ing over him. He had seen the vexed flush that rose on my face, and with that quick sympa-thy which already made me half in love with him, he divined the unpleasant feeling of being depreciated, which the boy's hearty praise of his cousin awoke in my mind.

"We were all very fond of cousin Margaret. Will you make my compli-ments to her and tell her it is like her kind thoughtfulness, being unable to cheer us with the light of her counten-ance, to provide us with so bright a sub-

stitute ?' said Norman, with a profound obeisance to me. I blushed, and the others all laughed

at his florid compliment. We were soon engaged in merry bandinage, and the golden hours passed away only too swiftly.

From that day I altered my conduct. I exerted myself to please my friends who had been so kind to me, and soon won the good opinion even of Sydney. I wrote long letters to Margaret, describing my happy visit, and received an-swers from her, full of sisterly affection. And a sweeter happiness soon became my mine. Frank Shirley loved me; I read it in every glance and tone, and in every pressure of his hand.

And then a new fear arose—would not Blanche be jealous? She was very fond of Frank; they had been inseparable companions. Would she not resent to hold their noses so offensive was the stench. If Sir James Ross and his party companions. Would she not resent another girl taking her place, and ab-sorbing his a lention? True, there was Norman, who was unmistakably in love with her, but he was very busy in Lon-don; and could only come down for a day at a time now and then.

But I need not have feared. Blanche seemed pleased rather than annoyed at her brother's preference, and went off contentedly with her father and mother or Syd to leave us together. * * * * *

"So you are going to be my cousin as well as sister," exclaimed Margaret, com-ing into the room where I was sitting a

Hancock veterans-in the South.

MARK TWAIN.

A Monster Sewing Machine.

The largest sewing machine in the world, a Singer, has recently been finished. The machine weighs over four tons, and is in some respects of new design, uniting much simplicity of new design, uniting much simplicity or construction with great strength of parts. It is adapted for general manu-facturing purposes of the heavier sort, although specially made for stitching cotton belting, an article which is just now taking the market as a cheap and servicable institution for the gearing and

the ordinary leather belting. The material used is of great strength and toughness, and is sewed together in piles or layers up an inch in thickness. The belting in being sewed together is passed through heavy feed rollers some nine inches in diameter, and more than eigh-feet in length, getting stretched and

pressed in the process. There are two needles at work with two shuttles which can be removed from the bottom without can be removed from the bottom without disturbing the overlying piles of belting. The rollers between which the work and cam motions, and the machine has in addition to these roller feeds, what is known as a top-feed motion, suitable for a lighter chees of work. The stitch as a lighter class of work. The stitch, as in the ordinary sewing machine, can be adjusted from one eighth inch upward, and the pressure of the rollers on the work passing through the machine can be regulated at the will of the operator. The machine, which is driven by steam, has been made for a manufactur-

ing firm in Liverpool.

LIEUT. SCHWATKA'S DISCOVERIES NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—The Herald's Lon-don special says: Schwatka's discoverdon special says: Schwatka's discover-ies and Polar matters generally continue to be the leading topics of discussion in the English journals. Among the latest coatributions to the literature on this subject is a letter from Commander Cheyne in reply to an article in the Standard. "It was not the Arctic regions," says Commander Cheyne, "that sent Franklin's men to the next world. sent Franklin's men to the next world. They were murdered by the contractor who supplied the expedition with pre-served meats. The same contractor fur-nished Sir James Ross' expedition, to which I belonged, and the tins la-belled 'Beef' and 'Mutton' contained nothing but offal Some of the tins when opened contained nothing but big knuckles of bone. Everything belong-ing to the animals was put into the tins, except the horns hoofs and hides. The very entrails were there, and when they

stench. If Sir James Ross and his party had been out another winter they would have starved. I have repeatedly, in my lectures throughout England, denounced this contractor as a murder, and dared him bring an action for libel. I should be glad to have him do so, for I could

establish the truth of what I say. A baby latery had the misfortune to A bady intery had the instructure to swallow the contents of an ink bottle. His mother, with wonderful presence of mind, immediately administered a box of steel pens and two sheets of foolscap paper, and the child has felt write inside ever since.

are going to be stocked for the New York market. They will sell, teo; the people will swarm for them as thick as give him a pill, but I saw another wrig-gle in his wake, and then another; and." continued the narrator, with something like a glow of expectation, "they ain't fur off now, I reckon."

He had scarcely uttered the words when he lifted both hands and struck Mr. S—full on the chest with enough force to drive him to the extreme end of the hut. At the same instant a spear whizzed through the open doorway, and quivered in the slabs behind.

More remarks were drowned by a loud quivering snort from the poor horse; a moment after, and he rolled heavily across the hut door, completely blocking up the entrance. Mat muttered away: "First-rate for us

coons! Ye'd better bar the door, Bill Doctor! Doctor! Doctor! Pst! Pst! Here lad." The dog leaped on the shep-herd. "By gum," he said, "I thought he was outside."

By this time Mr. S-was coolly recor noitering through the loopholes. He had let down the window, and was preparing for action as unconcernedly as the shepherd.

These quiet, brave men inspired me with confidence, and I remember think-ing, as I threw water on the fire so as to extinguish the light, that the black fel-lows had met with their match. By this time the moon was up and the light was gradually growing on the landscape. At first we could discern the outlines of the trees, and then, as the night gathered, the white seared grass between the shadows. There was a long time of silence. Mat, Mr. S- and myself had our barrels through the loopholes and were closely watching for any movement out-The convulsive shudderings of

side. The convulsive shudderings of the horse had ceased, and there was a painful silence. The squatter and Mat were like two statues, and, notwithstand-ing the quiet breathing of the dog and the croaking of the frogs along the river, there seemed to be a frightful signifi-cance in the silence that was brooding above these sounds. Every instant I was expecting a rush from the outside, but there was not a sign or sound to be but there was not a sign or sound to bebut there was not a sign or sound to be-tray the presence of any enemy. The sheep were camping quietly around the hurdles. Silence—the bright moon—the white fleeces mingling with the color of the grass—the still shadows of the trees— the far black forest—the spectral tracery of the hurdherin the meeticalt. of the branches in the moonlight. The silence was terrible. One of the outside wethers rose and walked forward a few yards, then commenced stamping quickly on the ground.

"Darn my eyes," said Mat, for the first time breaking silence, "if de 'Ole Parson' ain't sighted one of the niggers!" The "Ole Parson" was a patriotic wether that was afflicted with the footrot, and usually fed on his knees.

"So he has, and by gum there's a crowd; the whole tribe hey come to visit Not enough in shade, boss," concluded Mat, after another interval, and in a half whispering tone.

The next moment the first report rang out into myriad echoes. A shrill death shout followed, as the dark figure of a man leaped with a sudden force from his ambush and fell prone, gurgling out blood and broken words. "Now, boss," said Mat, looking out, but still charging, "fifty yards to the right of the hurdle." Boss (Mr. S.) changed the position of

ight somewhere, and they're going to would catch Houdin reading a catalogue; burn us out. Look!" Our eyes were now intently scanning

the movements of the savages through the loopholes, and we saw a flaming

brand whizzing through the air and scattering sparks in all directions. It fell on the stringy bark roof above our heads. Another and another came, but it did not appear to us that any of them had taken effect. By this time the black fellows had

athered courage. Believing that our in was spended, many of them rer and might be seen flitting becters. They had kindled a distance off, and across its mmuni had left about li fire s ows were almost constantly glare

The fire brands were thrown a prepare

ing. Our suspense continued for a long period (nearly half an hour), during which time not a word was spolen by any of us. Our soul dependence was on the Doctor; and if help did not soon arrive it was certain we could find no es-cape from the demons who were trying to compass our destruction.

"Now, look slick," whispered Mat. I see their game; they're goin' to give us hts. How's the moon?-well aback of the hut, I guess. Bill, stick your cabbage tree on a pillow, and hold it at the open window when I tell you. I'll ust go out and bid them good evening. Don't bar the door after me, mister, but when I show them my heels open it.

You see we can't spare ammunition." While speaking Mat unbarred the door. He slipped out noiselessly as he concluded the sentence. Through the slabs he said to me; 'D'ye see that devil with the blazin' log?

When he gits close to the wattle, open Take care of their spears yourself." As soon as the black fellow came to

the point indicated, I opened the long little shutter with some noise and held up the dummy. In a moment a dozen spears passed through the aperture, and I let the window fall as though one of us

was mortally wounded. There was a wild shout without. At this time the black fellow who carried the log was within a few yards of the hut, and I heard Mat preparing for his move outside. Looking out as quickly as I could, I had just time to see his tall as I could, I had just time to see his tail figure emerge beyond the shade as the butt end of his gun fell crashing on the head of the fire bearer. The door was opened as Mat turned; it required but one or two bounds to take him to the door, but the savages were too quick for him with their spears. He staggered through the entrance and fell just as he cleared the threshold.

"Caught in the thigh, I guess," he exclaimed, as he slowly recovered him self, and painfully struggled to the window. "Don't mind the spear," he remarked to me as I approached him;

remarked to me as 1 approached mm; "its better as it is, till help comes." "If it ever does," thought I. The American's sortie, I believe, had rather a disastrous effect, for the black fellows seemed to conclude at once that

fellows seemed to conclude at once that our ammunition was all expended, and they thronged around the hut without caring to shelter themselves. In a short time the crackling flames on the roof put an end to our trouble. The hut was on fire, and there was nothing left for us but an attempt to

dash out and clear the aborigines. I proposed this, but Mr. S — would not try without Mst, and underneath the blazing roof, with clubbed guns, we grimly awaited the final attack. The

but there sat the conjuror, with his hands in his pockets, looking into the fire. Side-Hill Chicken Houses. An Iowa correspondent writes to The

from this room.

They did so, and Houdin began:

"Top shelf, left hand, two volumes in

American Poultry Yard: I have built several chicken houses in my day, having pitched my tent from time to time in several different States. I first used the south end of a barn cellar as winter quarters for my fowls, putting in windows to give plenty of light and heat. I have seen barn cellars very ill-suited for the purpose, being too damp for the confine-ment of any animal, and I would not use

one for this purpose unless the site was dry and afforded a good southern exposure.

The next best chicken house that I am acquainted with is built into the south side of a hill. The front side is nearly all glass, with board shutters to close over the windows at night. Last winter when the mercury stood 22 degrees below zero outside, it was 2 degrees above

the freezing point inside this house. Another building was banked up to the eaves on the north and south sides and west end; four large windows in the south side of the roof, and door in east end. At night the windows were covered with straw mats and board shutters. In-

Have never been broken open and robbed by with straw mats and board shutters. In-side, the building was lathed and plas-tered, and the floor covered with gravel. This house would be just the thing for a flat country, but where hills are plenty and handy, I should build a side-hill house if I could not have a barn cellar. burglars or rokers. Hall's burglar work is protected by letters patent, and his work cannot be equaled lawfully. But whatever style of house you may

His patent locks cannot be picked by the most skillful experts or burglars. By one of the greatest improvements known, the Gross Automatic Movement, our locks are operated withont any arbor or spindle passing through the door and into the lock. Our locks cannot be opened or picked by bur-glars or experts, (as in case of other locks), and we will put from \$1,900 to \$10,000 behind them any time arginst an equal summer. conclude to raise your chickens in, have it constructed so that it will be warm enough without the use of artificial heat. Stoves in poultry houses are a nuisance any way, and in the long run will do more harm than good. Put in plenty of

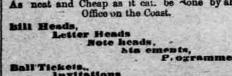
window glass, and the sun will warm your chicken houses cheaper than you can do it with wood or coal.

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