CORVALLIS GAZETTE

GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.

CORVALLIS, - ORECON.

LIFE IN THE ARMY.

The Menial Service Required the Regular Army, and the Arbitrary Punishment Inflicted.

[New York Herald.]

Our little army, the greater part of which is always "in the field" in the vast west, is called upon, besides much hard marching and often hard fighting, to do much hard work or manual labor. and also much menial service. These last two features destroy all soldierly feeling and esprit de corps, rendering the men sullen and discontented. Take the following for an example, habitually witnessed in the army. After a long day's march, with musket on his shoulder, forty rounds of ammunition in his cartridge-box, and a day's ration of hard tack and pork in his haversack, the soldier reaches camp and longs to rest his weary limbs after putting up, with his mates, the little tent and bringing up his share of wood for the camp-fire. This is done cheerfully. But there is no rest for him. The sergeant calls for details of half a dozen men each to put up the tents for the officers, another detail to unload the officers' wagons and another to bring an ample supply of wood for each officer's tent fire, and also wood and water for the officer's cook. In the meantime the officer for whom

the soldier performs these gratuitous services, and who bore no musket, ammunition or ration through the broiling sun, and who materially reduced the fatigues of the march by alter-nately riding or walking and thereby remaining comparatively fresh, sits his stool or reclines on a soft buffalo robe, sipping his toddy in sight of the tired soldier to whom, with his weary limbs and stomach full of tepid creek or swamp water, a like refreshment would be a blessing. To refuse to ren-der these menial "duties," for which the service and the officers receive curses not loud but deep, the soldier would incur the risk of being tied up to a wagon wheel, to be bucked and gagged or, in the mildest case, get an extra guard and be subject to all sorts of unpleasant treatment.

Again, a soldier is called upon to do too much hard manual labor. He must be, or is made to be, also a carpenter, machinist, wagon-maker, axman, etc. Hundreds of so-called "forts," consisting of officers' and soldiers' quarters, quartermaster and commissary store houses, stables and guard-houses have been built by soldiers, some of whom received a few cents "extra pay" daily, while the majority were detailed as "fatigue parties," without more than their scant soldier pay. Then there have been built thousands of miles of roads through the wilderness, and bridges as well, by our our pioneer soldiery, who are often sadly overtaxed.

Fitted Him Out with a Cigar.

[Knoxville (Tehn.) News.] A very high-toned looking young man in exquisite mustache, loud plaid clothes, red necktie, low-crowned hat, crushed strawberry kids, and knittingneedle cane, walked into Uncle Peter Ricardi's store, next to our office, a few day's since, and throwing a half dollar (with a hole in it) down on the counter, said: "Well, this the worst town I eversaw. A gentleman can find nothing in it fit to eat, drink, or smoke, and for the life of me I cannot see how a gentleman of Oscar Wilde's tastes can live in it. I say, Mr.

ICE RESERVOIRS.

Caves in Different Countries Where Ice May Be Got the Year Round.

New York News.1

In many countries ice is obtained from natural ice-houses, wherein, while the ordinary temperature outside is 80 degrees, ice is continually forming. Such a ravine or cavern has been found in New Jersey, and near Lincoln, Vermont, there is a glen in which snow and ice lie all the year round. One of the most remarkable of these ice caverns is that of Dobschan, in Hungary. It is quite near the town, and is approached though a narrow, winding limestone valley, called "Stracenaer Thal." It is in the interior of a mountain, having a general direction east and west. The entrance is near the top and extremely narrow, and was only discovered by accident. Once, inside, a remarkable scene is beheld, the ice, which seems formed in many layers, having assumed all the peculiar shapes that characterize the limestone caves of our own country. The total rock and ice surface in the cave alone

occupy about 21,000 square feet. The cave is divided into two parts, upper and lower. In the upper part the roof is limestone, and the floor of solid ice, and it is divided into two great halls of wondrous beauty. The roof of the largest hall is supported by three enormous pillars of clear ice one of which is hollow, and through which flows a stream from above, producing strange echoes and reverberations. All about are fantastic forms of ice resembling human be ings, pulpits, monuments and so on, giving to the cave a most grotesque appearance. In one end the ice forms an exact representation of a large cascade as if a rushing stream with of a large cascade as it a rushing stream when its spray had suddenly been frozen solid. De-scending to the lower room, the passage is 600 feet in length, and by following down through the ice you come to the natural outlet of the water.

In all countries such caves have been found. So extensive is the ice cavern on the peak of Teneriffe that it affords a perma source of supply, and even vessels are loaded with its ice. This ice is columnar in shape, with its ice. and does not melt easily, and so can be transported without great loss. Near the village of Stelitze, in the Carpathian mountains, there is one of the largest ice caverns in the world, and, curiously enough, it freezes in the summer and melts in the winter. For instance, in midsummer the roof is entirely covered with icicles, but in winter they disap pear, and by Christmas time the cavern is dry and, warm ompared to the outside world. Ice begins to form as soon as the spring opens. In some deep mines ice forms at certain periods. This is the case in some of the salt mines of the Ural mountains. Great cavities are formed in the gypsum, and in the winter they are filled with cle sar water, but in the summer they are frozen solid. In

We have similar cases nearer home. this state there are several ice wells, and an ice cave has been found at Decorah. Iowa.

The "Many Old Friends."

[San Francisco Call.] It was so long since I had met Gen. Han-

cock that I was prepared to receive new impressions of him during the course of a pleasant chat the other day. I did not, however. He is now, as he always has been to men, a constant surprise; he talks so very much better than I expected him to. He looks like a man useant for very big work, and cer-tainly he has lived up to his looks, but such men seldom talk much or well. However, I am not going to discuss his powers as a conversationalist. I was only wondering if many people would have sus-pected, as I did, that the general was indulg-in some mild irony when he said to me: "I have not been here in over a score of years, and am consequently surprised at the num-ber of old friends who remember me." What made me skeptical of his sincerity was a sudden recollection of a conversation I had with Modjeska during her first appearance here in California. "I am made so pleased," said the madame, who had not then mastered our idom, "by the many old friends I haf here." "Old friends here?" I asked.

"Yes. Only this day a card is sent to my apartment; the name is a Polish one; I say the gentleman may present himself. Well, he did, and he say to me, 'Madame, I am de-

PETROLEUM IN EARLY DAYS. Scientific American.

Forty years ago the word petroleum had no existence in current language. It is a compound term meaning simply tracted the attention of at least 50,000 people rock oil; it was in the dictionaries, but a day for several months in a carpet factory near the Elevated road. The factory in quesit was not known to people in general. And yet the article at that time was on sale, in the large cities, and occasionally in smaller places. But it was in very small quantities, and was disposed of by the ounce. Very probably the entire stock on hand in the city of New York could have been held in a few five gallon cans. Those who are old enough to remember as far back as 1840 can possibly recall a very bad-smelling medicine to which 1840 they were perhaps subjected. It was their called Seneca oil, and was "dreadful good for the rheumatiz," being fortunmen did this every day in the year. ately, in most instances, used externally though not always. It was understood ward the southern window of the buildingto be brought from the "Seneca nation," the one nearest the station. A new-co had taken charge of the machine which faced in the southwestern part of the state of the window. She was a remarkably hand-New York; hence its name. Seneca

some woman, and she charmed the eyes of the multitude from the mooil was simply crude petroleum, and it is on the instant recognized that it ment she made her appearance. came from the immediate vicinity, the had a superb figure, shapely arms, magvery border of the region which has nificent black eyes, lots of color and regula within these later years revolutionized features. Occasionally she glanced down at the multitude who watched her eagerly, but the world with its oil wells.

But in going back to Seneca oil do she never smiled at the dudes, nor gave the we touch the early days of petroleum? Not at all; and we shall never touch slightest glance of recognition to the bankers, brokers and respectable merchants wh them. No glimmering light shines back glared at her so amorously. She was a subject of conversation every morning for a long time after she made her appearance. The men looked for her as regularly as they so far. When the fires fell on the cities of the plain, in the circuit of Jordan at the north end of the Dead sea, the combustible material which insured the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah drawn neatly down over her forehead and was crude petroleum, the "slime pits" of the vale of Siddim. Later still gathered in a tight roll at the back of her petroleum, in its viscid form, served to make watertight the cradle of the baby Moses. But both these instances are relatively of modern date: for perfectly untold ages before that time petroleum stitch became dusty, and the glare from the street and the heat of the air made the work had served to aid in preserving the more and more trying every day. She be-gan to show traces of fatigue; she grew heavy-eyed; her hair, which had formerly Egyptian dead from decomposition, for very oldest of all the mummies yet the brought to light reveal its presence. And how early in the experience of the human race its remarkable properties were brought into play we can only appeared before the oppression of the heat and the awful amount of work which she was conjecture, for nothing remains to tell

AN ECCENTRIC HUNTER. Cor. Detroit Free Press.

The Northern Pacific first touches the Yellowstone river at Glendive, in Montana Territory, and follows it for a distance of 340 miles to Livingston. It is a broad, clear stream of rapid current, of no great depth, but of ever varying characteristics, forming a cheerful feature of the landscape.

her and bet ten to five among themselves that she wouldn't last until August 1. Those Glendive was named by Sir George Gore, an eccentric Irish nobleman, who established a sort of fort at that point nearly thirty years ago. He devoted himself to the slaughter of buffalo, antelope and deer, purely for the sake of slaughter. He had a considerable following, and as game face goes away before August 1, I shall lose \$25. If I find a flag on the roof of the was numerous, and the hunting continued for many years, the wan-ton sacrifice of animal life was, perhaps, unprecedented. Sir George Gore made friends with the Indians, giving \$10 more. I can never draw a long breath until I have seen both lotteries and am safely them presents, being as reckless in his expenditures in this direction as he was in the destruction of the game. He fore August 1 the 50,000 men were st finally became disgusted with the cu-pr gladdened, as the case might be, by see pidity, which manifested itself among ing in the place of the beautiful girl, who the Indians, as well as among his own had so long sat framed in by the window a men, and gathering up everything porraw-boned, scrawny and freckled woman table, set fire with his own hand to the stop a Chinese funeral. Speculation was rife as to what had become of the girl. One fort and houses, and destroyed the premises. When the property had been burned to ashes he mounted his day three of us were going up town about 3 o'clock in the afternoon in August talking pony, marshaled his men, set out for civilization, and the country has never body proposed that we should go up into the carpet house and ask about her. For a moheard from him since.

WANT TO BE NOTICED. Long Branch Letter.

do. But after a little thought we descended The reason startled pedestrians stop the steps and climbed to the second story of and turn to look after the young wom they meet is probably because these young persons intended to produce this effect on crowds when they left home. They have a queer foreign look, which excites comment, if not admiration. Girls don't particularly care for admiration only; they do want to be noticed. Whatever your motive, by turning to look a second time at the girl of to-day you gratify the most profound desire of her heart; you satisfy her that she is outre, strange, grotesque or something or other in front, and that you want to know how the rear view of her will compare in picturesqueness. What strikes the beholder is that the returned summer resort girl is still wearing the flabby, clinging, openmeshed garments you saw her in at the springs, but she has thrown away her big summer hat with its shattered roses and yards of drabbled tulle for a stiff-brimmed, high-crowned straw, displaying a monstrous pigeon, life size, with outstretched wings as if longing to fly, but prevented by that cruel milliner's needle, on the soft breast of a grebe duck. THE AGE OF MONIMENTS London Times. This quarter of the century has been prolific in monuments, and may be called the golden age, not of sculpture perhaps, but of sculptors. As fast as spirited ædiles improve old cities by clearing away narrow streets, there is a demand for groups in marble or bronze to adorn open spaces; and philanthropists are ever at work discovering eminent persons who deserve to have their likenesses set upon pedestals. When somebody inquired of Cato the Elder why no statue had been raised to him. he said that he would rather have to answer this question than hear it asked wherefore he had been honored with a statue; but in these days nobody thinks of questioning a man's claim to a monument if subscribers can be found to buy him one.

ONE WOMAN'S FATE.

["Durandal" in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

I shall never forget one woman who at

looked at the city hall clock.

When she first appeared her back hair was

began. Gradually the woman began to fade;

been neatly arranged, was allowed to strag-

gle over her brow, and the ueatness which

had characterized her whole appearance dis-

obliged to do every day. Her false grew

thinner and thinner, the color departed from

her cheeks and black circles came under her

eyes. The 50,000 men stared at her every

By the time the scorching heat of July had

come she had wasted away to a mere skele-

ton. The pale and wan cheek was heightened

by a hectic flush, and her eyes were un-naturally bright. The 50,000 men looked at

who had put up money on the endurance of

the poor creature were more interested in

her than ever. One passenger, a prominent broker whom I knew, said to me one morn-

ing: "I look for that face at the window and for

the roof of the produce exchange every

morning with the utmost anxiety. If that

produce exchange I will know that some of the members are dead, and that will cost me

The broker lost his money. Shortly be-

with a face so positively ugly that it would

as usual about the carpet girl, when som

ment it seemed a rash and dreadful thing to

housed in my office."

and commenter

observed the change

day,

upon it.

The Novelist a Tireless Worker--How He Utilizes Material---Personal Appearance.

[Paris Cor. Philadelphia Press.]

The famous novelist is a tireless worker. He believes that genius, however great, can tion is situated directly opposite and within twenty feet of the Third avenue Elevated staecomplish nothing durable without labor. He is a rapid composer, but his first composi-tion is always revised and re-revised, often tion at Chatham square. From the statio could be seen several hundred women sewing entirely changed, even reconstructed. Usu carpets on clanging or clattering machines all ally he does not begin a new chapter until he day long. Business men who came down in the morning and were obliged to get off at has finished to his satisfaction the one he is engaged upon. But when his whole manu-Chatham square, so as to connect with the branch road to the city hall, watched the script is complete, he goes over it word for word, in the most critical spirit. If he finds women curiously as they waited for their anything that he believes he can make better trains. At night when they waited in the he tries to mend it, regardless of the time same place they watched them again until and toil it may cost him. He is unquestionatrain came along. More than 50,000 bly tormented, as so many great artists have been, with the passion for perfection. One morning in the early part of May last year the eyes of every man were attracted to-

It is his habit to write between the two breakfasts that Frenchmen take-the coffee It is habit to write between the two breakfasts that Frenchmen take—the coffee and rolls on rising, and the meal, about 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when meat, eggs, and wine are served. His hours of composi-tion average from four to six daily, though they are prolonged when he is anx-ious to complete a chapter or a situation that presses on his mind, and might lose vividness and force if it were deferred until the mor-row. No author here or elsewhere is more absorbed in his calling, which is rarely for-gotten. He never sees or hears anything re-markable that it does not present itself to his alert and ever-vigilant mind as material to be used for his art. It may be said that he is eternally composing; for, be where he may, he is regarding his *l* environ-ment as a possible fragment of a future story. His memory is singularly retentive, yet he seldom fails to record any thought or incident or speech that may be son. In society, which he seens fond of, he is rarely so much interested as not to be thinking of his trade. Dece when he had a sentimental scene with his wife, something quite dramatic oc-curred, as the gossip goes, and he remarked: head. She wore a bit of something white about her neck, and looked refreshing and pretty. This was just before the hot weather the heavy carpet which she was compelled to

She

curred, as the gossip goes, and he remarked: "This seems,my dear, like a chapter that had slipped out of a novel." "It is more likely, Alphonse," was the reply, "to form a chapter that will slip into a novel." Surely enough, within a year the scene was reproduced in one of Daudet's stories. She evidently understands her husband's method of composi tion.

"On the seventh of October I commenced taking the treatment. To my great sur-prise I began to feel better within a week. In a month, I improved so greatly that I was able to come to my office and do some legal work. I then came to the office reg-ularly except in bad weather. On the nineteenth of December a law matter came into my hands. It was a compli-cated case, promising to give much trou-ble, and to require very close attention. I had no ambition to take it, for I had no confidence in my ability to attend to it. I consented, however, to advise concerning it, and to do a little work. One complica-tion after another arose. I kept working at it all winter and into the spring. For three months this case required as contin-Daudet is decidely handsome. He has an olive complexion, well-proportioned features, dark, expressive eyes, and dark, thick hair, falling about his brow and ears, with full flowing whiskers and untrimmed mustaches, something after the manner of the art students so prevalent in the Latin quarter. He looks like a son of the south, and his vivacity of manner, copious gestures and changing emotions, when he is moved and among his intimates, denote the region of his nativity. In general company, however, he is often reserved as if he held a check upon himself, conscious of his ferver and tendency to over-demonstrativeness. His writings have been very profitable,

particularly his later ones. Authors who have 150,000 francs (less than \$20,000(are accounted rich here, and he is reputed to own a property valued at 2,000,000 francs, or about \$400,000, all directly or indirectly the pro-duct of his pen. "The Nabeb," the most popular of his novels, is said to have yielded him 100,000 francs, and it is still selling. The gods have been kind to him.

Tobacco Paper.

[Chicago Herald.] One of the latest cheats is tobacco aper. The stuff is such an exact imitation of the natural tobacco leaf and is so well flavored that it takes a magnifying glass to detect the decep-Cigars made of this tobacco tion. paper have a good flavor, burn well and hold their white ash firmly.

Southwestern Christian Advocate: We look with distrust upon the state that makes the marriage of white and colored a crime, and yet has no statute defining and punishing adultery.

JUDGE FLANDERS OF NEW YORK.

sleep is as natural and easy as it ever was, and my appetite is as hearty as I could de-sire. "A remarkable feature of my case is the hopelessness with which Dr. Starkey viewed it at the outset. It was not brought to his personal attention until after, in Dr. Turner's care, I had begun the treatment. Then my son wrote to him, setting forth my condition, and ask-ing him to interest himself individually it endeavors for my benefit. Dr. Starkey replied that he had carefully examined the case, as set before him, and that there was evidently nothing that could be done. He saw no possible chance of my being made better, and doubted if I could even be made more comfortable. 'I am very sorry,' he wrote, 'to give such a hopeless prognosis, but conscientiously I can give no other.' What would Dr. Starkey have said, had he then been assured that in less than a year from the time of his writing I should be thoroughly restored to as good health as ever I had, and that I should be able to attend regularly to the arduous du-ties of my profession? "Do I still continue to take the Treat-

aplication.

TDERS OF NEW YORK. TOP R. Flanders enjoys the ph R. Flanders enjoys the ties of my profession? "Do I still continue to take the Treat-ment? No; not regularly, for my system is in such a condition that I do not need

"So I kept on until the summer of 1882

in my state it added to my weakness and general discomfort. Several days after this I had another chill, which totally

this I had another chill, which totally prostrated me. "As soon after this as I was able to travel, I went to Malone, my old Franklin county home, intending to stay for awhile among relations and friends, and to com-sult my old family physician. But I found that he was away in the White Mountains with Vice-President Wheeler, my old friend and former law partner. They did not return to Malone until three days be-

for and a former law partner. They did not return to Malone until three days be-fore I left there. Of course I consulted the physician. He neither said nor did much for me. I came away, feeling that the bat-tle of life was nearly ended. The next time I saw Mr. Wheeler in New York, he

HOW ALPHONSE DAUDET WORKS. tried a variety of medicaments which kind friends recomended, and was under kind friends recomended, and was under the care of several physicians from time to time. In the latter part of the summer I went to Thousand Islands, where I staid several weeks with friends. But I found the atmosphere did not agree with me. Soon I had a chill; not a severe one, yet in my state it added to my weakness and

Storekeeper, can you sell a fellow a de cent cigar ?'

"Yes, sir," said Uncle Peter. "What kind of a cigar do you want?" "What kind?"

"Yes. sir."

"Why, look at me, sir, a moment, and see for yourself what kind of a cigar would suit me;" and he drew him-

self up gradually and gazed down on poor Uncle Peter. Uncle Peter thought a moment and

sized the lad up for all he was worth. Then he took the half dollar from the counter and handed his highness a cigar and 49 cents in change, and said : 'I owe you a half cent, sir, but I can't make the change unless you take another cigar." His highness glanced at Uncle Peter, then at the cigar, and, without a word, walked out.

A Chicago Oath. [Philadelphia Call.]

"Why is my darling so sad tonight?"

"I cannot help thinking, my own, that when you are my husband you m y be less devoted than now."

"How could I be, my peerless queen? I swear by yonder moon

"Oh, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon-

"I swear by yon bright star looking down on-

"No, no! That star is a planet and changes with each passing season."

"Then, precious one, what shall I swear by

"Swear by the pork crop. That never fails."

A Great Relief. [Chicago Tribune.]

The superstitious inmates of the imperial palace at Berlin were greatly relieved when they ascertained that the recent apparition of the "White Lady," foretelling death, was in fact nothing more awful than a white-aproped kitchen boy, who, having been kept up late by the preparations for a coming festivity, amused himself with a midnight stroll through the corridors. The voungster would have been dismissed from the royal service except for a friendly intercessor whose wish is a command.

Malarious Wine.

[Chicago Herald.] A crafty New York Frenchman who deals in French wines tells a reporter that American wines are dangerous, as the grapes grow on a new soil which is full of malaria, which goes tl rough the vine into the grape, from the grape into the wire, and from the wine to the man. where it completes its fatal work.

lighted to salute you, for I claim the honor of an old acquaintance.' 'With me?' I say, 'but one is so stupid, for I cannot recall where I haf meet you.' 'No, madame,' he say, 'not so great an honor as that; but my father, forty years ago, he make the brick of which your father build his house in War-SAW.1

After a pause Modjeska added to me, with her charming naivete: "It is pleasant, is it not? But forty years is so long for one to remember who is not yet 40."

Knott's Strategy. [Arkansaw Traveler.]

Proctor Knott, governor of Kentucky, is a great story teller. Several days ago an old feilow, whose son was sentenced to be hanged, called on Gov. Knott, and begged for the commutation of the sentence. "Sit down," said the governor; "want a commu tation, eh? That reminds me of something that occurred in Missouri when I was a young man. An old man's son, you see, had stoler a watermelon from a marketer's wagon, and his father decided to whip him. Well, the boy figured around awhile and finally gave his father half the fruit as a compromise, You have heard of old Maj. Wittleson haven't you? I was out to his house one day not long ago-" "Governor, I am in a hurry. My son is to be hanged to-morrow, and unless I can do something to-day he will be lost." "Sit down and let me tell you." And the governor told a story that made the old fellow laugh so that he got up, slapped Proctor on the shoulder, and went away, baving

forgotten the mission which had taken him to the executive chamber.

Train Delayed by Antelopes.

[Elko (Nev.) Independent.] The west-bound train between Green river and Granger, on the Union Pacific, recently encountered a flock of 1,200 or 1,500 ant opes. The snow was quite deep and drifted in places, and the antelopes were running on the road bed, finding that the easiest road to travel in. When they were first encountered many of them were killed, and the engineer, ing that the train might be derailed un less it was slowed up, decreased the speed. The antelopes kept a short distance anead of the engine, and were strung along the road for a quarter of a mile. They would oc-casionally get some distance from the engine and then they would stop, turn around and

watch the headlight until the engine was fairly upon them. They delayed the train half or three-quarters of an hour.

"A Phenomenal Window Pane." New York Bulletin.]

It is seldom that so many annoying errors creep into a brief paragraph as spoiled a Bulletin item under this head a day or two ago. The fact is (1), the glass was imported, not by "Mr. Peter de Conic," of this city, but by the steamer "Pieter de Coninck." of this city, by the steamer "Pieter de Coninck;" (2) that it was three-eighths of an inch, not 3½ inches; of the (3) it is on storage at the warehouse of the firm importing it, Messrs Boyd & Sons, 61 and 63 Wooster (4) not "Worster," street.

PROFITS OF A "POLICE" NEWSPAPER "Gath" in New York Tribune.

Capt. Thomas Sampson, the chief police officer of the sub-treasury, told me that to the best of his information a publisher of sporting books and newspapers of the police order was making a regular income of \$5,000 a week, or \$250,000 a year. Said he: "This man was a poor newsboy, born in Ireland, but of driving nature, and he found his way into the proprietorship of a police journal which was founded by an old chief of police, and you can depend upon it he is making in that business as much as the large newspapers of the most successful character.

the building. When we got there we were stared at by several hundred employes, and guyed unmercifully until we found the superintendent. He was a little man, with a quick, nervous manner, and a bald head. We stated our errand to him as quickly as possible. He said:

"It is astonishing how much interest that girl created. You are only three of 3,000 men who have come up to ask about her. Her history was not remarkable in any respect, and she is now doing quite well." "What became of her!"

"You seem very anxious to know," said the little man with a very hard twinkle of his right eye as he stared at us.

"Yes, we have come all the way up here to ee if we couldn't find out what had become of her. We have no base and sinister mo tives. We are moved simply by curiosity."

"No doubt," said the little man with the same hard glitter in his eye. There was a painful pause. We stood and stared at each other while the operatives kept on with their guying, and the little man kept on with his staring. Finally, after a long wait, some one of our party said:

"Well, what the deuce did become of her?" "She married," said the little man lacon-There was another dreary pause. ically. Finally, I mustered up courage enough to

"Whof" "Me," said the little man. Then we left.

Carried Away by the Play.

[Exchange.] During the performance of a thrilling play in Norwalk, Conn., last week, a well-known physician of the town, who seldom enters a theatre, was in the audience. When the part came where the heroine swallowed the poison, is dying, and her lover and friends are wringing their hands and a your was lessly, "What can be done?" the doctor was citement. At last the terrible scene was too much for him, and, forgetting where he was, he jumped to his feet and shouted: "Give her coffee, you — fools; give her coffee!" Then a friendly hand pulled him back into his seat, and the surprised actors went on with the play.

Helen Wilmans: In the end nothing exists but by the consent of intelli-Intelligence is always umpire gence. at the last.

Chicago Times: It is the man who doesn't want the presidency who is the most dangerous.

A GREAT HORSEMAN.

Mr. J. H. Goldsmith, owner of the Wal-nut Grove stock farm, N. Y., says of the wonderful curative qualities of St. Jacobs Oil, that having long used it for rheuma-tism and on his breeding farm for allments of horses and cattle, he cheerfully accords this great pain-cure his preference, as the best he ever used, in an experience of twenty years.

The Hon, Jos

The Hon. Joseph R. Flanders enjoys the eminent distinction of being one of the most prominent lawyers in New York. Born and brought up in Malone, Franklin county, on the edge of the Adirondack re-gion, ne early devoted himself to the practice of law, and took an active partin the politics of the State. He was for years Judge in Franklin county; and he served with distinguished ability several terms in the Legislature of New York. He was for a long time in partnership, in the practice of law, with the Hon. W. A. Wheeler, who was Vice-President of the United States, during the Presidency of terms in the Legislature of New York. He was for a long time in partnership, in the practice of law, with the Hon. W. A. Wheeler, who was Vice-President of the United States, during the Presidency of Mr. Hayes. Judge Flanders was a mem-ber of the famous committee appointed about thirty years ago to revise the Con-stitution of the State of New York. He always has been a staunch and fearless ad-vocate of temperance reform, and of purity vocate of temperance reform, and of purity in political affairs. During the controversy which led to the war, he was conspicuous for his consistent and forcible advocacy of "State rights," always taking the ground of the statesman and jurist, and not affil

lating with the demagogues or noisy polit-ical charlatans on either side. In his present appearance Judge Flander's countenance gives no indication of the remarkable physical experience through which he has passed. No one would suppose, from seeing him busily at work in his law office, a cheerful, hearty and well preserved, elderly gentleman. that he was for many years a great suf-ferer, and that his emancipation from elawary to severe disease was a matter of ferer, and that his emancipation from slavery to severe disease was a matter of only recent date. But even so it is. Visiting him a few days ago in his well appointed law offices in "Temple Court," which is one of the new twelve-story of-fice buildings of the metropolis, we found him disposed to engage in conversation regarding his illness and his complete re-storation to health "The information"

storation to health. The information which he communicated in regard to this extraordinary case was substantially as

extraordinary case was substantially as follows: "For many years I suffered from weak digestion, and the dyspepsia consequent upon it. My health was not at any time since I was twenty-one years of age, vig-orous; although by persistence and close application I have been able in most of the years to perform a large amount of work in my profession. Gradually I de-clined into a state of physical and nervous prostration, in which work became almost an impossibility. In 1879 I was all run down in strength and spirits. Energy and ambition had entirely departed. That summer I went to Saratoga, and took a variety of the waters, under the direction of one of the resident physicians. But instead of receiving any benefit I grew weaker and more miserable all the time I was there.

was there. "In September I returned to New York in a very reduced state. I was incapable of work and hardly able to leave the of work and hardly able to leave the house. Soon after my return I suffered a violent chill, which prostrated me to the last degree. But under medical treatment I gradually rallied, so that in the course of the winter and spring I managed to do a little work at my office in my profession. During this time, however, I was subject to frequent fits of prostration, which kept me for days and weeks at a time in the house.

three months this case required as contin-uous thought and labor as I had ever be-stowed on any case in all my legal experi-ence. Yet under the constant pressure and anxiety I grew stronger, taking Compound Oxygen all the time. In the spring, to my astonishment, and that of my friends, I

was as fit as ever for hard work and clo

aphication. "My present health is such that I can without hardship or undue exertion at-tend to the business of my profession as of old. I am regularly at my office in all kinds of weather, except the exceedingly stormy, and even then it is soldom that I am housed My diggestion is good my

am housed. My digestion is good, my sleep is as natural and easy as it ever was, and my appetite is as hearty as I could de-

raced as a duty I owe of rendering possible service to some who may be as greatly in need of physical recuperation as I was." From the above it would seem that even the most despondent invalids and those whose condition has been supposed to be beyond remedy, may take courage and be of good cheer. For the most ample de-tails in regard to Compound Oxygen, ref-erence should be made to the pamphlet is-sued by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia. On ap-plication by mail, this pamphlet will be sent to any address. All orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment directed to H. E. Ma-thews, 606 Montgomery street, San Fran-cisco, will be filled on the same terms as if sent directly to us in Philadelphia.

"Dr. Pierce's Magnetic Elastic Truss" is advertised in another column of this pa-per. This establishment is well known on the Pacific Coast as reliable and square in all its dealings. Their goods have gained an enviable reputation.

A CARD .- To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a receipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionery in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. IN MAN. Station D, New York.

