Corvallis Weekly Gazette

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CORVALLIS. GREGON.

The report of the Kansas State board of Agriculture says the indications are that the wheat product of that State in 1885 will not exceed 44 per cent. of the grop of 1884. The yield last year was 46,681,321 bushels; 44 per cent. of this would be 20,539,781.21 bushels.

Sidney Everett, lately appointed chief of the diplomatic bureau of the State department at Washington is a son of the late Edward Everett, celebrated as an orator and scholar. The son was born in 1834, and graduated at Harvard College, and was Secretary of legation at Berlin a number of years.

The New York supreme court upsolds the legality of the oleomargarine law, saying that the legislature had power to pass the act by virtue of the police power vested in it, and that it was constitutional and valid. The court said that it might well be that such legislation required the highest reasons for its justification, but, that it was not the province of the court to inquire into their existence.

The immigrant's to the United States during the month of March numbered 23,350 persons, against 38,597 arriving ing in the same month of last year. The total immigration for the nine months ending March 31 was 224,600, as against 304,825 arriving in the corresponding period of 1884. Of the number arriving in March 7,407 came from Germany 5.536 were from the United Kingdom, and 2,410 from the Dominion of Cana-

On paper, the effective strength of the Russian army on a war footing is, in round numbers 1,100,000 men, of whom 45,500 are reckoned as non-combatants. In addition to these the reserves, partly available for active ser-. vice, number 570,000, and there still remain 142,000 Cossacks, besides depot and local troops, to the number of 180,-000. Without drawing on the unhausting her supply of soldiers, place 2,000,000 of armed men in the field.

Of the thousands of messages of condolence and sympathy sent to General Grant the past month from men of all classes, creeds and parties, in all sections of the country, few, we believe, have more touched our dying old hero than the resolution offered by William Preston Johnston-the brilliant and worthy son of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, whose attack on Gen. Grant's forces on the 6th of April, 1862, was one of the greatest displays of skill and valor made during the whole war-at the reunion of the Louisiana division of his hands as he leaned forward, and the Confederate "Army of the Tennessee." Col. Johnston's resolution is as follows: That the Association of the my of the Tennessee hear with deep regret of the pain and peril now endured by Gen. U. S. Grant. Twentydured by Gon. U. S. Grand three years ago our soldiers met him on fact."

There sin't nothin' as goes out of the "There sin't nothin' as goes out of the three years ago." as ever, a soldier without fear and malignity. In his own suffering and the sorrow of his family we tender him and lett.

"You wouldn't like to put a hundred "You wouldn't like to put a hundred wouldn't like to put a hundred "You wouldn't like "You wouldn't lik for them the comfort and peace which come from Him who is not only Lord you?" said Brandy.
"Barrin' the 'Cockney,' I don't mind of Hosts but Father of us all.

The Formidable, which has just been launched in France, and which is classed as the most powerful ship in the French navy, is a steel vessel of 11,441 tons, with an estimated horse power of British, that you see the missis in Liver-8,500 and a speed of fifteen knots. She draws twenty-five and three quarters feet of water, and carries armor ranging in thickness from seventeen and three-quarters to twenty-one and one-half inches. Her armament consists of three seventy-five ton and twenty light guns. The only completed ship in the British pavy which is her equal in size, power or armament is the Inflexible, which is of iron and which has not exhibited the speed which the Formidable is expected to attain. In view of the great attention which France has for some years paid to the work of constructing a powerful navy there is ground for the agitation now going on in England without taking into account the threatened war with Russia, for the improvement of the British navy. It is remarkable that the four most powerful ships in the world-although none of them has been subjected to the tests which the powerful British and French ships have, and into his pockets, sang out to his first two of them are not completed-belong to Italy, which is otherwise an inferior naval power. These four vessels are the Diulio Dandolo, Italia and Lepanto. Each has four 100-ton guns. The two former are armored to the depth of twenty-two inches each; the two latter to that of thirty-six inches. The displacement of the Italia and Lepanto is 14,000 tons each, or from 2,000 or 2,500 tons more than the Formidable or Inflexible.

HOW THINGS GO WRONG.

"Alas! how easily things go wrong; A sigh too much one kiss too long, A sigh too much or a kiss too long, And a father's patience is quite worn out; There's a hurried step and a wrathful shout, And the dream of a youthful pair is o'er, A youth escapes through the open door, With terror imprinted upon his face, And goes down the street at a flying pace With hat in hand and a dog in chase. The dog to the flying youth draws nigh; There's a savage growl and a piercing cry, "Alas! how easily things go wrong;" Why did the lover stay so long?

A panting youth at his mother's door Is vowing he'll go out to court no more; A dog is returning with visage grim,
Dragging an ulster's tails with him.
"Alae! how easily things go wrong,"
When a lover foolishly tarries too long;
"And yet how easily things go right"
When he leaves at a decent time of night.
He's wise who this in his memory logs;
Fathers are fathers and dogs are dogs.

CAPTAIN BRANDY'S BET.

Few cargo steamers were in the habit of making the passage between New York and Liverpool quicker than the "Picayune," Captain Hosea E. Bartlett; and few men were prouder of their craft than was Hosea E. Bartlett of the Picavune." Eartlett was a New Englander, a typical long-legged, hatchetfaced, wiry-haired, keen-eyed, New Englander.

"America," said be, "bosses creation, sir, and New England boys boss America, an' that's a fact."

Upon July 10, 1883, the "Picarune was announced to sail from the foot of West Tenth street for Liverpool. Upon the preceding evening Captain Hosea E. Bartlett was seated in the Oriental saloon, a famous house of call for skippers and gentry interested in shipping, smoking a very big cheroot, and occasionally sipping a "John Collins" at his elbow. He had a contented expression in his face, for he had a full cargo ats full season when freight was going begging, he'd shipped his crew and did not expect to have to whistle for more than three absentees at the hour of starting, and he was going to see his English wife who had settled for a while in Liv-

To him enter Captain Brandy, of the British steamer "Cockney."

Just as the "Picayune" was famous for her smart passages, so was the "Cockney" celebrated as being one of the 'slowest of tubs on the pond." Hence trained militia, Russia can, without ex- it was that American Bartlett and British Brandy never met without exchanging some lively chaff and repartee, although they were the best of friends.

"Hello, Brandy! When's the old m'lasses tub off?" was Bartlett's greet-"The British steamer Cockney, Bran-

dy, master, sails to-morrow morning, July 10, as ever was," replied Brandy. "And d'ye reckon she'll make Liverpool this side o' Christmas ?" asked Barttt, with a twinkle in his eye.

"To-day fortnit she brings up alongside o' the quay," said Brandy. The Yankee skipper burst into

cornful chuckle. Captain Brandy called for a "Bourbon," leisurely lit a clay pipe, took a few whiffs and a sip, rested his chin on

"Bartlett, you reckon yourself tol'blo

spry. don't yer?"
"Wall," replied the American, "I guess I know the difference between a jay bird and a caboose, an' I sin't likely to mistake the crowin' of a shanty-town cock for 'Hail, Columbia,' and that's a

port of, New York as can whip the 'Picayune,'" continued Brandy. "No, I reckon there ain't," said Bart-

pound on a little notion of mine, would

if I do," replied Bartlett. "That's right," said Brandy. here: you're always a-pokin' fun at the 'Cockney.' Well, I'll bet yer a hundred pound that I see Mrs. Bartlett before

"You bet me a hundred pound, pool before I do?" repeated Bartlett. "An' the 'Cockney' sails by first tide tomorrer mornin'?"

"That's so," said Brandy.
"Barrin' all mail steamers?" said

"Barrin' all mail steamers," said Brandy. "Done with you, boss," said Bart-

So the wager was cemented over fresh supply of drinks, after which Captain Brandy walked out, wishing

the American skipper "Good night."
"Derned fool, that Brandy," said the American to himself. In the mists of early morning the "Picayune" cleared out. So did the

"Cockney." Somehow or other, news of the wager had leaked out, and general opinion indorsed that of Captain Bartlett, although others guessed that Brandy wasn't the sort to go slinging away £100 for a mere notion, and that he

knew what he was doing. At seven bells-half past 7 in the morning-Captain Bartlett, on the bridge of the "Picayune," a cheroot in his mouth, and his hands plunged deep

mate: "Mr. Slope, send a hand up to the fore-top and report if the 'Cockney' 's in

sight."
"Ay, ay, sir!" replied Mr. Slope. The man ascended to the fore-top, scanned the ocean for some moments, and bellowed out:

"'Cockney' astern, sir; hull down."
"Brandy's a derned fool," muttered
Captain Bartlett, and rolled himself off the bridge to breakfast.

During the second dog-watch in the evening, Captain Bartlett, reclining in his cane chair on the bridge, observed a how. Bartlett waxed furious, and held

motion forward. The first mate and half a dozen of the crew were assembled around some object, and at intervals cast side-glances at the skipper. Bartlett had the eye of a hawk.

"Mr. Slope, what's going on forf'ard? he sang out. Mr. Slope came slowly aft with the

"Please, sir, it's a stowaway." The effect of this announcement on his superior officer was terrible and immediate; he jumped up from his chair as if agitated by an electric shock; his eyes glared like a couple of torches; his brow contracted into all sorts of frowns and furrows; he foamed and spluttered, and at length roared

out: "Chuck him overboard!"
"Please, sir, it's a she," said the chief

air of a criminal.

"Chuck her-no! Great sakes Bring her aft!" roared the Captain. So the mate returned to the group forr'ard, and presently returned, leading by the hand a fair-haired, blue-eyed

child of about eleven. "Well," said Bartlett, after he had slowly surveyed her from head to foot and from foot back again to head, and noted that she was apparently of a very superior order of stowaway, her clothes being good, and her physical appear-ance that of a child well looked after,

"who are you?"
"Mary Jane Johnsworth," was the ready reply.

"Mary Jane Johnsworth," repeated the skipper; "wall, and what the tarnal does Mary Jane Johnsworth want hidin' of herself aboard a craft as don't belong to her?"

"I don't know," was the answer. "You don't know. Got father and mother?" asked Bartlett.

"Yes sir." answered the child. "Then what are yer a-slopin' from nome fur?"

'I'm not. I'm going home. "Then you're a Britisher, I reckon." "Mary Jane is my name; England is my nation,
Birkenhead is my dwelling place, and"—

said the child. Captain Bartlett filled up the rhyme with something which was not "salvation," then took a turn or two along the bridge, keeping his eye on the child all the time, as if she was some rare zoological specimen.

"Wall," he said, stopping suddenly, "if you wur a man, or a boy, do you know what I should do with you?" "Ask me if I could eat anything?"

was the reply." Captain Bartlett took his eigar from his mouth, and looked at her with increased amazement.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, "you've got sass anyway. Mr. Slope, take her ferr'ard and see that she has something to eat, and—Mr Slope, send a hand aloft, and report the hearings of the "Cockney."

The report presently came that the "Cockney" was out of sight.
"Brandy's a derned fool," chuckled

the skipper. In half an hour Mr. Slope reappeared on the bridge.

"She's a queer 'un, that ther kid, sir," he said; "I left her with a couple pounds o' beef, and a loaf o' bread, an' potaters, an' fixins', and I'm blessed if she hadn't stowed it away in a quarter of an hour. She's a proper stow-away, she is sir."

"Poor little cuss!" said Bartlett: "I reckon I should like to have a ten minutes' talk with her skunk of a father, or whoever her friend Thar's one thing, Brandy's hundred pound'll pay for her passage, an' that's

Three days passed, three days of "Picayune" made her twelve knots regularly every hour. Mary Jane Johnsworth in this time established herself as a general favorite with officers and crew, and particularly with the skipper. She could sing any amount of old sea songs, could imitate to the life the noise made by the men as they ran round the capstan to the shanty of "Johnny Franswaw" or the "Shapan-She could dance, and with all dore.' she had such pretty, piquant ways, that there was not a man on board who would not have done anything to please her, from the skipper to the steward's boy. Her appetite continued huge; with ease she put away twice the ration of an ordinary seaman, although she had a whim of preferring to have her meals alone at all sorts of odd times. On the fifth day out, Marcus, the black cook, came aft with long face to the skipper.

"Please, sah," he said, " I nebber seed such a ting in all my borned days, nebber!" "What is it, you vagabond?" demand-

ed Bartlett. "Why, sah," replied the cook, "de steward he gib me beef, an' mutton, an' pork, an' m'lasses, an, flour, an' biscuit, ebery mornin', and it go!"

"What d'ye mean, it go? of course, nt go," said the Captain, 'yer don't reckon ship's stores ain't made to go." "Dat's jes'what I sez to myself, sez I," replied Marcus. "Ship's stores is

meant to go, but dey isn't meant to fly.' "Wher do they fly to, you black-liv-ered skunk?" asked the skipper angrily. "Dat's jes' the oder ting I asks my-self." replied the cook, "wher does they fly to? Steward he gib me over' lowance.

Dat ain't no good worth a cent." "I reckon some of the boys rob you, Marcus," said Bartlett; 'jest' you keep that weather eye o' yourn open, an' if you ketch any skunk prowlin' around the galley when you ain't thar, jes'fetch him over the head with anything handy, and then tell me. You can bet your bottom dollar he won't do it a second

time. Marcus took all possible precautions. After nightfall he would prowl about the galley with a marling-spike in hand, ready to pounce upon any hungry foc'sle hand or fireman who should be tempted to tap the provision store in the galley. He and Mary Jane were the very best of friends, and in return for little delicacies he made her, she would offer to keep watch whilst he snoozed or joined the

hands in sky-larking. Still, the provisions went, and the rum went, and the skipper's whisky went, and neither Marcus nor Mary Jane, nor any one else could imagine

s consultation with his first mate; the result was that all hands were piped forward of the bridge, and the skipper addressed them as follows:

"Now, look yer, boys, I recken, takin' you all roun', you're as smart a lot as ever shipped, but than's a derned thief amongst you, a lowminded cuss, what can't content hisself with the regylation skinful, but must go sneakin' an' prowlin' around like a coyote, and freezin' to things as don't belong to him. I don't suspect nary a man in partikler, but he's amongst you, an' if I nab him. I set him affoat in the dinghy with a bit o' hard tack, an' an anker of as sure as my name's Hosea E. Bart lett, an' that's a fact."

The men slunk off grumbling. That very evening a bottle of three star Exshaw disappeared from the swinging shelf in the saloon, and a packet of Virginia from the Captain's own cabin.

Bartlett was furious: he swore that the steward was in league with the erew: he swore that he didn't trust a man in his ship from the first mate downwards.

More depredations occured in the regions of the cooking galley. Marcus, the cook, was furious, and the only thing that prevented a row on board was the alternate intercession of little Mary Jane with the skipper and the

There was but one solution to the mystery. The ship was haunted. Strange stories were told with bated breath about spirits who lived on board ships, of which the skipper or an officer was a bad man; big, bearded men, who had braved danger in every part of the world, related all they had ever heard of gnomes and sea spirites with a spite against a certain craft, or a certain member of its crew, with serious nods and winks.

Bartlett alone pool-peohed these idle tales, and linked the believers with Captain Brandy in his category of 'derned fools," and almost got angry with the little girl for sharing the popular

Mary Jane enjoyed herself immensely. The weather was perfect, so that she could romp about as much as she liked; her appetite maintained its invariable excellence, although she generally had her meals alone, and nobody could swear that she ate all that was placed before her.

This last fact gave Captain Bartlett an idea. She was the thief. He knew that she was a favorite with the men and he knew from long experience that the men were up to any dodge to get an increase of rations and grog. They had got over the innocent little thing with their soft sawder. He watched her.

The steward set before her for supper one evening meat and biscuit enough for three men, and left her. Bartlett from the bunk of an empty cabin saw her fall to with fair appetite for a while, although he remarked that she did not eat extraordinarily for a healthy, grow-

ing child. When she had finished, she pulled out a linen bag from her pocket, and into it she put all that was left. Then she rose gently, got on to the seat, took down the whisky bottle from the shelf swinging above her head, and poured

half its contents into a flask. Then she stole away, Bartlett after her. Right forward she went along the deserted deck, and disappeared in the darkness under the raised foc'sle.

"Wall," said the skipper to himself, "ef this don't beat 'possum trackin' bust me of I know what does, an' that's a fact. They're a cunnin lot o' rascals they are! Jes' think that they should come it over a poor innocent little kid , and the like that thar, an'then try an' blarney we knots me with a lot of yarns bout spirits! We're ten days out, anyway, an' we'll make Liverpool to-morrer, so that it doesn't signify wuth much, an' Brandy's hundred pound'll pay; but it's real

mean, that's what it is Bartlett, who, with all his roughness, was a kind-hearted man, could not bring himself to tell Mary Jane what he had seen, but he became concerned with a new thought. was to be done with her on landing? She lived in Birkenhead, but how was he to find out in a huge place like Birkenhead where she lived and who her parents were? Take her to his own home he dare not; partly because Mrs. Bartlett had five youngsters of her own, and, partly, because she was a bit of a Tartar, and would be sure to be down pretty heavily on him for taking so much notice of a strange, stowaway child, when he was always complain ing about the expense and worry of his own.

So this question as to the disposition of Mary Jane Johnsworth vexed Captain Bartlett all the next day, and un-till next evening, when Holyhead Light was sighted, and his attention was directed to other matters.

Little Mary Jane was in a state of great excitement at the approach to her land, now running to one side of the deck, now to the other, then scuttling up the companion ladder to the bridge, then darting into the galley to pester Marcus with all sorts of questions, to which the faithful negro had to invent answers, then dashing away into the foc'sle until it was dark and she could

see no more. At midnight, the "Picayune," Cap-tain Bartlett, was safe alongside the dock quay, and the Captain himself, after a bothering day, was at liberty to turn in.

"Poor little kid!" he said as he ca ressed Mary Jane's fair hair; "and what's to become of you? I'm real sorry that the voyage is finished, as I've got uncommon fond o' you, Mary Jane, an' ef I hadn't kids of my own, I'd like to change your name to Mary Jane Bartlett, and turn you out a real lady."

"Is your home here?" asked the child, looking up in the Captain's face with an artless gaze.

"Yes, my sugar stick," replied the aptain. "Nummer 12 Providence Captain. Road, that's where the Missis is located but she's agoin' back to New York, she is, next trip. But look yer, I reckon you're a bit tired; you go an' turn in an' o-morrer we'll see what's to be done." So he kissed the child as he bade her

goodnight and she pattered off singing as if it were mid-day. "Poor little kid! poor little kid!" solil-

equized the Captain when she had gone. "I should like to have ten minutes with them brutes as have sent her away

like this, and that's a fact!" Early next morning, the Captain sent a hand ashore to find out if the "Cockney" had by chance arrived dur-

ing the night.
"Not that I reckon she's more'n half way across the pond," he said to himself; "but Brandy's up to dodges, he is, although he is such a derned fool."

The reply came that the "Cockney" had not arrived. "Wall, then, I reckon I needn't hur-

ry ashore." said Bartlett He was in the saloon going over his papers with the customs officers, when the chief mate appeared at the door with a broad grin in his face.

"Thar's a gentleman an' a lady come aboard and wants to see you, sir." "A gentleman an' a lady!" repeated the skipper. "Great Thunder! who are they? Tell 'em—no, show 'em in—say, Mr. Slope, is the kid ap yet?"
"Dunno, sir, I'll see," replied the of-

ficer, and disappeared. The skipper bent over his papers again, but was disturbed by the entrance of the visitors. He looked up and beheld Captain Brandy and Mrs. Bartlett.

Had a bombshell exploded on deck, it could not have produced a greater effect on Captain Bartlett than did this apparition.

He jumped up, mouth and eyes wide open, utterly unable for some seconds to utter a word.

"Mornin', Bartlett!" said Captain Brandy. "Wher the-How the-Almighty sakes!-Great Scott-" was all the

American could ejaculate. He took no notice even of his spouse. "The 'Cockney' ain't in port!" he al-

most screamed at last. "No, but her skipper is," said Brandy, "an' he's brought this yer lovely lady to bear witness that Hosea E. Bartlett, master of the ship 'Picayune,' be-longing to the port of New York, owes him one hundred pounds sterlin'. I say Bartlett, your salt-horse ain't by no

for your Exshaw"——
"What the tarnal do you know about my salt-horse an' my whisky?" roared the American

means up to what it oughter be, an' as

"Well," replied Captain Brandy,"considerin' as how I've been livin' on it for ten days, I oughter be a judge.' "You've been livin' on my salt-horse an' whisky for ten days?" exclaimed

Bartlett, more and more amazed. "Yes," said Brandy; "hand us the

hundred pound." Bartlett stared about him as a man newly awakened from sleep; then he burst out into a roar of laughter which shook the little saloon, and which was the signal for everyone else. Customhouse officers, Mrs. Bartlett and all, to join, and for fully-five minutes the united guffaw lasted.

"Brandy," said Bartlett when he had recovered so far as to be able to speak, although the tears were running down his cheeks, "I thought you wur a derned fool. But you ain't.

"You're the derned fool, Bartlett," said his wife, speaking for the first time, "to go and throw away a hundred pound like this, when"-"Don't ye fret yourself, marm," said Captain Brandy, "I ain't a-goin to take the hundred pound, 'cos why? 'cos your

husband has been so kind to my little The chief officer here came in. "Please, sir, the kid ain't nowhere to

be found: we've been all around, and "All right," said Captain Brandy," "she's at home." "Do you mean to say that Mary Jane

Johnsworth"-began Bartlett, with a renewed look of astonishment. "Ain't no more Mary Jane Johnsworth than I'm Hosea E. Bartlett," interposed Captain Brandy." "Look here, old chap. You keep the hundred pound, but don't go larting at the mas-

ter of the 'Cockney' no more."
"No, I'm blest if I do," said Bartlett, grasping his rival's hand. "But the hundred pound, I've fairly lost that." "Give it to the Seamen's Hospital,

an' then it'll be fairly spent."
"Bully for you!" said Bartlett. "Great sakes! I kinder can't help laughin' agin to think of you fixed up thar in the foc'sle for ten days. And that's whar all the ship's tucker went, an' my baccy an' my whisky. I did wonder how the kid managed to put away what she did, an' that's a fact.

"I was right enough," said Brandy.
"I sez to myself, sez I, afore I sees you at the Oriental I'll take a rise out of Bartlett afore I'm a fortnight older, so I gets hold of your chief officer, an' I fixes everything with him unbeknown to any

"Dern that Slope!" put in Bartlett. "An' he shows me an old sail bunk right forr'ard with a port in it, an' fixes a bed on' all that, an' thar I was. "An' whar's the 'Cockney?' "asked Captain Bartlett.

Well," replied Brandy, "you see she's my own craft, so I trusted her to my first mate to navigate her over the "And she'll make port about Christ-

mas time, I reckon," said Bartlett, with a grin.
"Hello! Now then! Avast there!"
said Brandy, shaking his great mahogany-colored forefinger at the American.

"Right for you, sonny, I forgot," said Bartlett, "But say, it'll be kinder hard for me not to have the 'Cockney' to laugh at."

"Laugh at yourself, you old fool," remarked Mrs. Bartlett.

Thus Captain Brandy won his bet, and the story may still be heard round the tables in the parlors of Captains' houses, by the waterside in New York and Liverpool, told by weather-beaten gentlemen in stiff black cloth suits and tall hats, the positions, however, being generally reversed, according to the nationality of the narrator.

FRANK ABELL.

Parties from Howard, Dak., report that the grand jury of Miner county have found two indictments against Rev. J. C. Shelland, a prominent Methodist Minister, in connection with the south Dakota conference, and a strange man whose name is unknown, for the intimidation and robbery of Dr. Conlin of Alexandria at Vilas. Rev. Shelland is now statoued at De Smet, but was at Alexandria last year, where Conlin doctored in his family.

Curious Payment for Land in England. Gloves of various kinds were frequently presented in service for lands.

Thus, two farms at Carlcoats, in Yorkshire, paid "the one a right hand, and the other a left hand glove yearly;" and some lands in Elmesale, in the same county, were held of the king by the service of paying at the Castle of Pontefract one pair of gloves furred with fox skin, or eighteen penceyearly;" while for the manor of Elston, in Nottingham, were rendered two pairs of gloves, together with a a pound of cummin seed, and a steel needle. Needles are met with several times, but one instance must here suffice-where "Roger, for some time tailor to our lord the king," held lands in Hallingbury, Essex, by paying at the king's exchequer "one silver at the king's exchequer "one silver needle yearly." Still more curious is the service for certain lands in Rode. Northampton, which consisted in finding one horse of the price of 5s. and one sack of the price of 4 1-2d., with one small pin, for forty days." Probably this "small pin" was similar to the skewer noticed above, and was used to fasten, or attach, the sack, wifich may have been employed to carry fodder to the horses. That the horses were tolerable cared for, even in those days, seems to be proved by the fact that the manor of Cherburgh, in Dorset, was held "by the service of one horse-comb, price 4d., to be paid yearly." and that certain lands in the hundred of Losenberg, in the same country, were held "of our lord the king, by the serjeantry of finding a certain horse-comb, or currycomb, stc." Among other miscellaneous services by which lands were held may be mentioned certain instances of hose. Thus, Cottington, in Not-tingham, was held by the service of presenting to the king a pair of scar-let hose yearly; Eldresfield, in Wor-cester, was held by rendering to Ro-bert, Earl of Gloucester, hose of scarlet on his birthday, and Henley, in Warwick, was held by Edmund, Lord Stafford, by the service of 3s, or a pair

Battle of Flowers.

Among the teatures of the carnival at Nice this year, writes a correspondtook place on Friday, Feb. 13, and was repeated on the following Monday. Precisely at 2 o'clock on the first day named the gun at the chateau gave the signal for beginning the hostilities and by 3 o'clock the battle had really begun. Vehicles richly deco-rated with flowers, fruits, ribbons, straw, and other decorative material parade the Corso and bouquets fell thick as hail upon the crowds, which extended in a thick mass from one end of the course to the other. The people on foot responded with vigor to the attacks of the riders, many of them having provided themselves with large baskets full of small bouquets, in the manufacture of which a whole army of florists had been engaged during the whole of the preceding day and night. There was a constant shower of violets, mimosas, lilacs, pinks, anemones, roses, and, in fact, every flower to pe found in bloom at the season in that portion of France.

Some of the vehicles were remarkable pretty, and among the most noticeable was a victoria entirely hidden with scarlet pinks, even the wheels being covered with these flowers. Another vehicle was a cart covered with verdure and vegetables and occupied by three pretty peasant girls, who threw leeks, carrots, cauliflowers and even large cabbages as well as flowers among the people. There was of course a great variety of costumes and the battle was a scene of anima-tion and beauty.

Senator Vest's Dog.

"I have a dog," said Senator Vest, who had just heard a precocious crow story, "who is very sagacious One morning he watched intently while a negro boy blacked my shoes. The following morning he came to where I was sitting with a blacking brush in his mouth. You may not believe it, but that dog got down on his haunches, spit on my shoes, took the brush in his teeth and rubbed away like a house on fire. But I must admit that he did not get up much of a polish. One Sunday, while I was living at Sedalia, this dog followed me to church. I noticed that he watched every movement of the preacher. That afternoon I heard a terrible howling of dogs in my back yard. I went out to see what was the matter. My dog was in the woodshed, standing on his hind legs in an old dry-goods box. He held down a torn almanac with one fore paw and gesticulated wildly with the other, while he swaved his head and howled to an audience of four other dogs, even more sadly than the preacher I had heard that morning." The narrator of the erow story "threw up the sponge."-The narrator of the

Memphis Appeal. Foes of the Oyster.

A bill has been introduced in the New York Legislature, at the suggestion of Fish Commissioner Blackford. for the destruction of star fish, which are said to be one of the most dangerous foes of the oyster. The bill authorizes a reward for star fishes taken in quantities from any of the pyster-beds in the waters of the State. he reward to be at the rate of 25 cents per bushel when the number of star ishes taken amount to thirty or more bushels at any one time. - Boston Jour-

THE hunting dagger which belonged to Col. James Bowie, and which has served as a pattern of all subsequent bowie-knives, has been sent for exhibition to New Orleans. It is a formidable double-edged weapon, with a horn handle and a curved blade fifteen inches long and an inch and a quarter wide at the hilt. Like Dr. Guillotin, Col. Bowie unwittingly gave his name to an invention that has earned for

itself a rather unfortunate reputation. "Where do policemen go when they diet" isked little Flossie. "To heaven, dear," reolied the father, tenderly. "Oh, no, papa, they don't," quickly replied the little philoso pher, "for mamma says its always day there and nobody ever sleeps."