

Corvallis Gazette.

HAS SAMSON'S STRENGTH.

New York, Sept. 13.—Mary Martin, a young woman who was sent to the Kings county penitentiary, has been transferred to the hospital at Flatbush, where the doctors will endeavor to find out the source from which she has a remarkable power. She is timid and extremely sensitive, but possesses the strength of a Samson. She is only four feet six inches in height, small-limbed and has the hand of a child of ten years.

When arrested in Brooklyn she had torn up a lamp-post in the street, and it required five officers to arrest her. She was locked up in an iron cell, and an hour later surprised the Sergeant by appearing before him, having bent the door bars and crawled out of the prison.

She was given the strongest cell, but a few hours later was found airing herself in the prison yard. Mary had snapped the bars of her cell door as if they had been sticks of sealing-wax.

Warden Hayes gave orders for the confinement of the female Samson in one of the strongest cells in the woman's prison.

Mary quietly submitted to her transfer, and the following morning the discovery was made that she had again escaped. She was carried to another cell and a special guard placed over her.

The girl escaped from the "cooler" by using her fingers as a wrench for the purpose of removing the nuts from the ends of the lockbolts, and afterwards taking off the lock.

She wouldn't remain locked up, so Judge Moore remitted her fine, and she was discharged to be again arrested and taken to the hospital.

Mary can't account for her remarkable strength.

WARDEN OF A "LINER."

We grumble at a hotel or on board ship if our food is not exactly what we desire, but few have any idea of the provision needed on one of the American liners. The passengers on the Royal Mail steamship Umbria, on one of her recent voyages from New York to Liverpool, consumed the following:—9,500 pounds of beef, 4,000 pounds of mutton, 900 pounds of lamb, 256 pounds of veal, 150 pounds of pork, 140 pounds of pickled legs of pork, 600 pounds of corned tongues, 700 pounds of corned beef, 2,000 pounds of fresh fish, 20 pounds of calves' feet, 18 pounds of calves' heads, 450 fowls, 240 spring chickens, 120 ducks, 50 turkeys, 59 geese, 600 squabs, 300 tins of sardines, 300 plovers, 175 pounds of sausage, 1,200 pounds of ham, 500 pounds of bacon, 10,000 eggs, 2,000 quarts of milk, 700 pounds of butter, 410 pounds of coffee, 87 pounds of tea, 900 pounds of sugar, 100 pounds of rice, 200 pounds of barley, 100 jars of jam and jelly, 50 bottles of pickles, 60 bottles of sauces, 20 barrels of apples, 14 boxes of lemons, 18 boxes of oranges, 6 tons of potatoes, 24 barrels of flour.—Fall Mall Gazette.

A WHITTLING ARTIST.

There is a man in Biddeford, Me., who has whittled so industriously and skillfully for eleven years as to bring himself into notice. Among the products of his jack-knife are a violin case made of 2,937 pieces of wood of 106 different kinds; a yoke of oxen and a cart, put together in a glass jar with a small neck, and a great number of really well made animals that would sell readily as toys. But this Maine genius will not part with any of his creations for love or money, and, as he does nothing but whittle, he is getting together a large and interesting collection.

Children Cry for,

WHAT WOMEN CAN DO.

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first rate, and no two men can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb nail.

She is cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's head before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a base-ball pitcher.

She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."

She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her, and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can go to church and afterward tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give you some faint idea of what the text was.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She can—but what's the use? A woman can do any thing or every thing, and do it well.

She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better.

She can drive a man crazy for twenty-four hours, and then bring him to paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin, and there does not live that mortal son of Adam's misery who can do it.

RAPID TANNING.

This talk about tanning leather in a few hours by electricity is all rubbish. You might as well try to fatten pigs by electricity. But leather can be tanned in a very short time, although a perfect article cannot be produced in less than five or six months. Some time ago a Buffalo man asked me how long it would take me to tan a goatskin and make a pair of boots. I told him it could be done in twelve hours. He bet me \$100 it couldn't be done. That night I went to a butcher and bought a goat. At 6 the next morning the goat was skinned, twenty minutes later I had the hair off the hide, colored and in the liquid. By noon it was dried, dressed and dried again, and glazed and ready for the boot-maker, who finished the boots by 5 o'clock in the evening. It cost the Buffalo man nearly \$200 after the wine and extras were paid for. It was leather, but it wouldn't do to risk a reputation on its wearing qualities.—Shoe Man in Globe-Democrat.

BUILDING DOWN.

A visit to Japan tells of the peculiar methods of construction employed in that country:—"Speaking of house-building, the Japanese begin their work at the top. The roof goes on first, and then they begin to build the walls and to construct the interior. One of the greatest curiosities to me in Tokio is a new hotel which is being built. It is to be on the foreign style, and is to have four stories. It will be the greatest hotel in Japan. It covers about an acre of ground. As yet not a stone of the foundation has been laid, but the roof is already up,

and this stands on a great four-story skeleton of scaffolding, awaiting the building of the rest of the structure. This scaffolding is made of long poles from the size and thickness of a campaign flag-staff down to the size of a bamboo fishing rod, and the whole is tied together with ropes. Imagine an acre of scaffolding of this nature upholding a heavy roof, and the whole made up of sticks and ordinary rope. There are, I was told at the office, 7,000 poles in the skeleton, and 2,000 men had been at work for months in making it."

NO THIRDS.

A story is told of a farmer who rented some land to a colored man for a third of the crop. When the drought came on his corn and cotton were affected by it. He gathered two bales of cotton and two wagon loads of corn. The latter he penned up for his own use and the cotton was sold. When the landlord called for his share he was told there was none for him. He was thunderstruck, and asked—

"Didn't I rent you my land for a third of the crop?"

"Yes, boss," said the darky, "but you see, dar was no third. Dar was only two bales of cotton and two loads of corn; all mine, and nuffin for you by the contract."

And the landlord could not make Cuffee believe any other way. He left the premises, saying—

"No man can make me say dat two am three, nairy time."—Yorkville (S. C.) Enquirer.

DON'T ROB IT.

The Bank of England's doors are now so finely balanced that a clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed in the metropolis from robbing the bank. The bullion department of this and other banks is nightly submerged several feet in water by the action of the machinery. In some banks the bullion department is connected with the manager's sleeping room, entrance cannot be effected without shooting a bolt in the dormitory, which in turn sets in motion an alarm. If a visitor should knock off one from a pile of half sovereigns, the whole pile would disappear, a pool of water taking its place.—New York Sun.

SWEEP BY THE TIDE OF POPULARITY.

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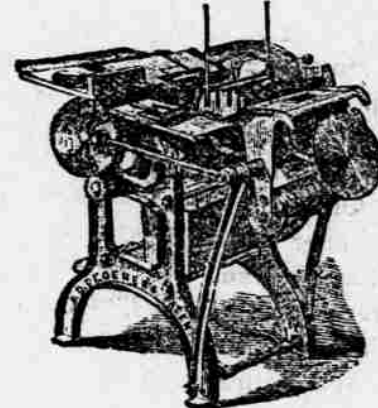
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