

# EUGENE CITY GUARD TELEGRAMS.

## EASTERN.

### Victorio Defeated and Slain.

CHICAGO, Oct. 26.—A dispatch received at military headquarters to-day gives particulars of Col. Joaquin Terraza's victory over Victorio's band of Indians. The Mexican attacked Victorio in the Castillo mountains, surrounding his fortified position and by simultaneous attack capturing it. Victorio, 60 warriors and 18 women and children were left dead on the field. Sixty-eight women and children and two white captives were taken, and 165 animals delivered with all the arm and plunder. Terraza lost three men killed and 12 wounded. Thirty Indians escaped through being too late on the ground, but a competent force is pursuing. Colonel Boel, through whose hands the dispatch passed says, "This is one of the results of our movements into Mexico, and virtually ends the war with Victorio. I think I shall be able to head the small party that has escaped. I shall re-organize here, having columns for operation both east and west."

### A Poor Man Now.

BOSTON, Oct. 26.—John Duff, the builder of the Hannibal & St. Joe and Union Pacific Railroads, died this morning. His property was valued at four millions.

### Equestrianship.

CHICAGO, Oct. 26.—In the twenty-mile race between Misses Jewett, Finney and Buckingham, the former won in half a second less than one hour. Miss Buckingham dropped out after going five miles and Miss Finney claimed a foul and stopped on the 15th mile. The crowd was large and wind very high.

### A Year's Work.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—The bureau of engraving and printing the fiscal year delivered 7,536,341 sheets, notes and securities of the face value of \$789,249,950; 15,252,505 sheets of internal revenue and customs stamps, containing 330,822,200 stamps; and 765,251 sheets of checks, drafts, etc., for the treasurer of the United States and disbursing officers of the several departments, besides a large amount of miscellaneous work. The aggregate expenditures for the year were, for salaries of officers, etc., on pay roll, \$25,865; for labor and other expenses, \$883,171.

### The Drought.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—The moderate rains of the past day or two have brought but partial relief to the industries dependent on water power; the drying up of streams in the Atlantic States may be said to extend from the Chesapeake down to the James, and even some of the local rivers, like the Delaware, are fordable at points where such a thing has not been known for many years. The drought, however, is felt more seriously at the eastward, and its effects are beginning to be felt in commercial as well as manufacturing circles. The Boston Journal of yesterday, says the scarcity of water is having a bad effect upon nearly all kinds of merchandise, restricting the demand especially for raw materials. Cotton, woolen and paper mills are all running on short time. In Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware not a few important industries have been brought to a dead halt by stoppage of the mills. The Pascaic and Raritan are unprecedentedly low. The Brandywine is quite dry, and at Wilmington and other places in that part of the country several establishments have been compelled to shut down.

### Summing up the Prospects.

CHICAGO, Oct. 27.—The Times, summing up prospects of the campaign, says it has concentrated now in New York. Before the October elections it concentrated elsewhere. Republican tactics do not by any means include abandonment of Connecticut, New Jersey and Maine. They are conducting a fairly vigorous canvass in those states also, so necessary to their success if they lose New York, but they have evidently determined to fight the enemy on his own grounds and make their victory more crushing by carrying his center at the same moment they turn his wings. The republicans can spare New York and the democrats cannot. But, notwithstanding this, the republicans are making ten times more vigorous efforts to carry that state than are the democrats.

### A Flyer.

PROVIDENCE, Oct. 27.—At a private trial at Narragansett Park, this afternoon, J. B. Barnaby strotted Billy D. with running mate, made a mile in 2:13.

### Great Windstorms.

A terrible southwestern gale reported from Plymouth, last night. Daybreak showed five vessels stranded but the crews all saved.

At Plymouth the brig John May, from Bull river, S. C., for Friedrichstadt, drove alongside the Batten breakerwater this morning and remains there. Capt. Mitchell was drowned while endeavoring to go ashore on the breakerwater. At Bradford there was a heavy rain and hail storm, and heavy traffic was impeded. At Leicester the rain began to fall Tuesday and has continued since, flooding the low lying districts. Winlock experienced 36 hours heavy rain and many houses were flooded. At 6 P. M. the gale suddenly went out, leaving the whole town in darkness. At Oldham there was a heavy storm. At South Shields there was heavy rain.

Fishing boats were unable to go out and ships put back to harbor. In wealds of Sussex low-lying lands present the aspect of lakes, while in Warwickshire the waters in some places extend as far as the eye can reach. Hundreds of acres are submerged, roads under water and traffic much interrupted. At Sirley last evening the barometer fell to 28.60.

### Acquitted.

OMAHA, Oct. 30.—The trial of C. K. Allen formerly Union Pacific agent at Sidney, on the charge of grand larceny, terminated at Sidney in his acquittal. It will be remembered that some months ago \$122,000 in gold bullion and a small amount of currency received from the Black hills en route east disappeared from his office in mid-day while he was at dinner. It had been taken through a hole in the floor. After some considerable search it was found hidden in a coal brick under the office, except one gold brick and currency amounting altogether to about \$12,000. The evidence against Allen was very strong, but not strong enough to satisfy the jury, who were out about 18 hours before coming to an agreement not to convict. The parties who took the bullion and hid it under the office, intended no doubt to come and get it at the first good opportunity.

### Capture of Indians.

FORT KNOX, Oct. 30.—Capt. Higgins brought in Rain-in-the-Face and 550 In-

ties. Sitting Bull sent word to Gen. Miles to hold a twelve days' truce, as he was negotiating through Maj. Walsh with the Canadians to be taken on exhibition through the states of Canada.

## PACIFIC COAST.

### A Mother's Sacrifice.

SAN JOSE, Oct. 26.—Last night the dwelling, barn and hay-stack belonging to Daniel Nolan, on the old infirmary grounds, were destroyed by fire. Mr. Nolan was absent at the time, and his wife and four children were asleep. When the mother awoke the house was filled with flames and smoke. She got out her baby and two other children and went back after the four-year-old child. She had secured it and had reached within eight-feet of the outer door when she fell suffocated. Two men who were passing heard her moans, and at some peril succeeded in getting her and the little one out. The mother was literally roasted about the face and arms. The child was also badly burned, but will recover, while there is no hope for Mrs. Nolan.

### A Rise in Sugar.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 26.—The Bulletin says: San Francisco sugar refiners have to-day put up prices 3c all round. This is the first change since September 29th, and is the tenth made this year. The stock of raw sugar here has been scarce for some time, and enforced delay in arrival of expected consignment from Hong Kong has made matters still worse, but for weakness in the New York market and the fear of a renewal of imports from that direction, prices here would have been advanced earlier in the month. Revised schedule of American California refiners from this date is as follows: Fancy extra powered in bbls 13; powdered 12; cube crushed and fine crushed 12; dry granulated 12; moist granulated extra golden c, 11; Eldorado c, 10; Mariposa c, 10; other yellow sugars, 10.

### Neutrals in Peru.

LIMA, Oct. 26.—The ministers of England, France and Italy have taken steps to protect neutrals in the event of Chilean occupation.

### Canadian Cabinet Changes.

OTTAWA, Oct. 30.—Mr. Bailey, minister of eternal revenue, has resigned to take a judgeship. Mr. Caron, of Quebec, succeeds to the cabinet.

### Great Storm in the Baltic.

COPENHAGEN, Oct. 30.—One hundred vessels, of different sizes, were destroyed by the storm.

### Monument to Freedom.

LONDON, Oct. 26.—The erection of the monument memorial to perpetuate the act of Thomas Clarkson, as advocate of slave emancipation, was begun Monday at Wisbeach, when the first stone was laid.

### Written Examinations.

A writer in an educational journal says: "Of all species of labor, whether manual or mental, marking children's examination papers is the hardest. One hour of such work is equivalent, in the intensity of fatigue, to ten hours directed to literary or clerical labor. The exasperation at the blunders observed grows like the pressure of steam in a boiler, without the poor advantages of a vent or safety-valve, not even that of swearing. Persons of other occupations, however laborious, have the legal, if not the moral right, to express in fitting terms their unbiased opinion of the mortals over whom they have control; and the teacher must grin and proceed to mark with calmness and deliberation, with judicious discrimination, the work that would break his heart, or turn his head, if the pain were not somewhat evenly distributed over the whole body. The fatigue of the work commences at the base of the brain, travels down the spinal column, creeps along the limbs, and, coming to a jumping-place at the tips of the fingers and ends of the toes, takes one wistful look into the vast unknown, and then, instead of running off, it deliberately creeps back again."

### Fall Plowing.

The better the preparation of the ground the better the crop. The high average crop of the English farm is no doubt largely due to the thorough preparation of the ground before seeding. Our climate is superior to that of England for wheat growing, yet a production of 64 bushels per acre is not uncommon among farmers there, while here 40 bushels per acre is an unusual production. Two plowings, several harrowings, and in many cases rolling or crushing; and the excellent preparation of the soil by a previous root crop must have a much better effect upon the soil than one plowing, very poorly done because of the hardness and dryness of our soil in mid-summer, and very imperfect harrowing. It might be well for us to lay out more labor on our wheat crop, and so prepare the ground better, and raise our average from 12 to at least 20 bushels to the acre. The difference in the amount of wheat at harvest would pay for a great deal of extra work in plowing, etc., and yet leave a profit; besides the soil would not forget the generous treatment in one year nor two.

### WHAT THE THUMB DOES.

Have you noticed that when you want to take hold of anything—a bit of bread you will say—that it is always the thumb who puts himself forward, and that he is always on the side by himself, while the rest of the fingers are on the other. If the thumb is not helping, nothing stops in your hand, and you don't know what to do with it. Try, by the way of experiment, to carry your spoon to your mouth without putting your thumb to it, and see how long it will take you to get through a poor little plate of broth. The thumb is placed in such a manner on your hand that it can face each of the other fingers, one after the other, or all together, as you please, as with a pair of pinches, all objects whether large or small. The hands owe their perfection of usefulness to this happy arrangement, which has been bestowed on no other animal except the monkey, man's nearest neighbor.

## HENRIETTE.

At Saint Helena, when the weather was favorable, Napoleon always rode out either in his carriage or on horseback, but as soon as he became familiar with the confined space allotted to him there, he often preferred exploring the secluded roads. After having finished his daily task of dictation (for one of his favorite occupations was the dictation of his memoirs), and spent some hours in reading, he dressed about three o'clock, and then went out, accompanied by General Bertrand, Monsieur Las Cases, or Gen. Gourgaud.

His rides were all directed to the neighboring village, which he took much pleasure in exploring, and where he found himself more free from observation. Though the roads were in some places almost impassable, his taste for exploration seemed to increase rather than diminish—even the pleasure of ranging this valley was to him a species of liberty. The only thing to which he had an unconquerable aversion was meeting the English sentinels, who was constantly stationed to watch him. In one of these rides he found a sequestered spot in the valley, which afterward became to him a daily retreat for meditation.

One day he discovered a neat cottage among the rocks of the valley, and entered the garden attached to it, which was radiant with flowers and geraniums, which a young girl was watering. This young girl was a brunette, and as fresh as her flowers; she had large blue eyes of most pleasing expression, and Napoleon, always an admirer of the fair sex, was much struck with her beauty.

"Pray, what is your name?" he inquired.

"Henriette," she replied.

"Your surname, I mean?"

"Brown."

"You seem very fond of flowers."

"They are all my fortune, sir."

"How is that?"

"Every day I take my flowers to the town, where I obtain a few sous for my bouquets."

"And your father and mother, what do they do?"

"Alas! I have neither, replied the young girl, with much emotion."

"No parents?"

"Not one; I am quite a stranger in this island. Three years ago my father, an English soldier, and my mother left London with me for the Indies, but, alas, my father died, on the voyage, and when the vessel reached this island, my poor mother was so ill that she could not proceed further, and we were left here. She was ill for a long time, and having no resources left for our support, I was advised to sell flowers. A gentleman in the town, who made inquiries as to our prospects, took pity on us, and gave us this cottage, where my mother's health improved, and where she lived nearly two years, during which we were supported by the sale of flowers. About a year ago my poor mother had a relapse, and obtained a release from all earthly sufferings. On her deathbed she recommended me to trust in Providence, and I feel a pleasure in obeying her last wish."

The young girl, having thus spoken, burst into tears. During this short recital Napoleon was much affected, and when she burst into tears, he sobbed loudly. At length he said:

"Poor child! What sins could you have committed that you should have been exiled here so miserably? Singular fulfillment of destiny! Like me, she has no country, no family—she has no mother, and I—I have no child!"

After pronouncing these words, the emperor again sobbed audibly, and his tears flowed freely. Yes; this great man, whom the loss of the most brilliant throne in the world affected not, who was calm amid desolation itself, wept at the recital of this poor girl!

After a few moments he resumed his customary firmness, and said to her:

"I wish to take home with me a souvenir of my visit to your cottage. Gather some of your best flowers and make a grand bouquet."

Henriette quickly made the bouquet, and when Napoleon gave her five Louis d'or for it, she cried with astonishment:

"Ah, grand Dieu! sir, why did you not come sooner! My poor mother would not then have died!"

"Well, well, my child, those are very good sentiments. I will come and see you again."

Then, blessing and regarding the five pieces of gold, Henriette replied:

"But, sir, I can never give you flowers enough for all this money."

"Do not let that trouble you," answered Napoleon, smiling. "I will come and fetch them."

He then left her. When he had regained his companions he informed them of his discovery. He seemed happy in having found one so unfortunate as himself to console; and, on the spot, the young Henriette augmented the special nomenclature of Longwood. He called her "the Nymph of St. Helena," for among his friends Napoleon habitually baptized all that surrounded him by a familiar cognomen. Thus the part of the island which he most frequented, he called the "Valley of Silence." Mr. Barcombe, with whom he stayed on his first arrival at St. Helena, was the "Amphitryon." His cousin, the major, who was about six feet high, was called "the Giant." Sir George Cockburn was designated as "Mr. Admiral," when the Emperor was pleased; but when he had cause for complaint, his only title was "the Shark."

Some days after this visit to the cottage, Napoleon said, when dressing, that he would return to his pupil, and perform his promise. He found the young girl at home; she had learned since his last visit the name of her benefactor; and much moved, not by his past grandeur as by his recent calamities, entreated him to accept the hospitality of her humble cottage. She then brought him figs, and water from the spring of the river valley.

"Sire," she said to Napoleon, "I have waited at home for you since you were last here, and have, consequently, not been able to procure wine for you, as your bounty will now enable me to do so."

"And if you had," said the Emperor, "I should have scolded you well. When I come to see you I wish nothing better than your water, which is excellent on this condition, I will revisit you. After all, I am an old soldier as your poor father was; and the soldier who is not satisfied with figs and water is no soldier at all."

From this day Napoleon did not visit the valley without calling at the cottage of Henriette. On these occasions she presented him with a magnificent bouquet, prepared especially for him; and after a little friendly chat with her he would continue his ride, familiarly discussing with those who accompanied him, which this young English girl possessed. In the following year Napoleon began to suffer from the attacks of the malady which afterwards proved fatal to him.

Henriette, not receiving the visits of her benefactor, went to inquire after his health; and after having left the customary bouquet with one of his attendants, returned home very disconsolately. One day shortly afterward, as she was sitting in her garden, she heard the sound of an approaching carriage, and, running quickly to the gate, found herself in the presence of Napoleon. As soon as she beheld him her face assumed an expression of great sadness.

"You find me much changed, do you not, my child?" said he, in a faint voice.

"Yes, sire, I do, indeed; but I hope that you will be restored soon to health."

"I much doubt it," he said, shrugging his shoulders with an air of incredulity. "Nevertheless, I much wished to pay you a visit to-day, to see you and your flowers again."

He then slowly descended from the carriage, and, leaning on the arm of Bertrand, reached the cottage. When he was seated he observed:

"Give me a cup of water from the spring, my dear Henriette; that will, perhaps, cool the fever which consumes me—here," (laying his hand on his side.)

The young girl hastened to fetch some. When Napoleon had partaken of it his countenance, till then contracted, became serene.

"Thanks! thank! my dear child," said he; "this water has eased my sufferings a little. If I had taken it sooner, perhaps—" added he, raising his eyes to Heaven; "but it is too late."

"Ah!" replied Henriette, affecting a gaiety of manner, "I am so happy this water does you good. I will bring some every day; it will perhaps cure you."

"No, my dear child, it will be useless now; all is over. I fear this will be the last visit I shall make here. There is a settled grief here which is consuming me (and the Emperor touched his side), and as I may never see you again, I wish to leave you a souvenir of me. What shall I give you?"

At these words the young girl could contain herself no longer, but, bursting into heartfelt tears, fell at the feet of the Emperor saying:

"Your blessing, sire!"

Napoleon rose and blessed her with becoming gravity, for he always had respect for the creeds of others.

From this day Henriette did not fail to visit Longwood regularly. She carried water from the spring and her customary bouquet, but always returned home disconsolate; for each day she received the most alarming accounts of the health of the emperor.

At the commencement of May, 1821, when the sun shone more brightly than usual, Henriette was informed that Napoleon was much better and that his reason had returned.

She arrived at Longwood, but alas! the reality was the reverse of her hopes. She found every one there in consternation. This time, fearing that he was dying, and wishing to see him once again, she desired to be admitted to his presence. She was told that he was too ill, and that it was impossible. Her supplications were at first in vain; but at length her tears and entreaties prevailed, and she was admitted to his chamber.

It was at this moment that Napoleon, surrounded by his faithful friends, and lying on his death bed, had requested them to place the bust of his son before him. He then bade affecting farewells to his friends and to the French people, whom he loved so well. His arms then contracted with convulsions, his eyes became fixed, while he gasped, "France—My son!" Then all was silent. Napoleon had ceased to live.

At these words the flowers which the young girl had brought dropped from her trembling hands; she fell on her knees by the bedside; then, making an effort, she seized and tried to press the hand of Napoleon to her lips—but immediately her head fell back, her mouth was discolored, her eyes fixed, and she sunk on the floor, buried in that sleep which knows no waking.

Henriette was dead!

### The Duty on Sara's Wardrobe.

So prodigal is Sara Bernhard with her money that it seems a novel bit of economy on her part to take measures to do the United States Government out of the import duty on the dresses she brings to this country. Report has it that she is now exercising herself in three of her dresses each day, in order to bring them through the Custom House as apparel which has been worn. There are forty-seven dresses, besides a large catalogue of feminine sundries. The total duty on this lot of finery will be about \$8,000. The Custom House officers say that such a collection is too large to be called either wearing apparel or implements of trade. If invoiced as works of art they can be admitted free of duty, provided they are taken out of the country within six months. To this end it is necessary to put the goods in bond. But if Sara's dresses were stayed in a bonded warehouse during her stay in this country, her bringing them would be in vain. Therefore it is proposed to put the lady herself together with the dress in bond, and instead of locking her and them up in a musty storeroom, to let a Custom House officer continually accompany her. This would be in some respects a distinguished honor for such an officer, but the honor would hardly console him for the risk of being knocked down whenever the brilliant Sara should be in one of her petulant or frisky moods. The proper thing for Sara to do in regard to the raiment would be to bring it all in, invoiced at the utmost price she can put on it, and bravely pay on the whole lot the biggest duty the Custom House people will consent to receive. It would be a much better advertisement of all these fine clothes to herald them as those which paid more duty than any other clothes ever landed in this country than to let the public understand that they dodged the duties. Even if there is not much of Sara herself, there is a good deal of her when her finery is taken into account.

## The Isthmus Ship Railway.

Captain James B. Eads, the well-known engineer who has projected a ship railroad across the isthmus, arrived in this city from St. Louis a day or two ago, and was visited by a Tribune reporter yesterday at the Albermarle Hotel.

"I have come to New York city," he said, "for the purpose of conferring with capitalists and persons interested in my enterprise. In two or three weeks I shall start for Mexico in order to find out whether I may expect any encouragement from the Mexican government. In other enterprises the government has given grants of land, and even subsidies, and I am anxious to know whether it would be disposed to aid us effectually in the matter."

"As far as the route of my railroad is concerned," Capt Eads continued, "my preferences are for the Tehuantepec. It is true that the ground to be covered in this region is far greater than at the two other points proposed; namely, Panama and Nicaragua. But taking an American point of view, we find that a vessel going from New York to any point in California, would gain by the Tehuantepec route 1500 miles over the Panama, and 700 over Nicaragua. Another objection to the Panama route is that a belt of calm reaches from one end of the coast to the other on the Pacific side, which would greatly impede the progress of vessels which had crossed the isthmus."

"What do you think of the construction of the Panama canal?" the reporter asked.

"In my opinion, that canal will never be dug at all, because the present age is by far too practical to incur the cost of such an undertaking when the transfer of ships can be accomplished more safely and more expeditiously by a ship railroad that will cost one-third as much as a canal over any of the three routes that may be taken for comparison. The largest ships which enter the port of New York can be transferred when fully loaded with absolute safety across the isthmus on the marine railway. On such a railroad the grades need be no steeper than those on our chief lines, and the road bed need not be over forty feet wide nor have more than eight or ten rails laid upon it to sustain the car or cradle upon which the ship is placed. The weight of the largest merchant steamer, and their cargoes seldom exceed eight thousand tons, and such a one would easily be carried on a cradle composed of easily locomotives built for the purpose. These would have about one thousand wheels bearing on eight or ten rails with a pressure of about twelve tons to the wheel. The total weight of ship, cargo and cradle would be distributed over an area of roadbed 40 feet wide by 500 feet long, and would be only 1,250 pounds for each square foot, allowing 2,000 for the weight of of the car. This is not half the pressure on the earth under each tie when each pair of the driving wheels of an ordinary locomotive engine passes over it. An ordinary freight locomotive engine will pull about fifty loaded cars on moderate grades from fifteen to twenty miles an hour. A burden of about 1000 tons, constituting the weight of the cars and their load, is carried on about 400 wheels. The largest ship and her entire cargo, therefore, should not require more than the power of a dozen such locomotive engines to move it at the same rate of speed over similar grades. From this it must be evident that the ship, once safely placed on a properly constructed car adjusted to the railway of a substantial and well ballasted road, can be moved with certainty and ease at a much higher rate of speed than would be safe in the very best canal that has been proposed."

"I think the actual cost of operating such a railroad would be, in proportion to the tonnage moved over it, considerably less than that of the most successful railway line in this country, for the reason that the tonnage carried would be exclusively handled by machinery, and the ratio of paying cargo to non-paying weight would be much greater. In proportion to the tonnage, the cost of maintenance should also be much less."

[New York Tribune.]

### Tender Memories.

The following lines will touch a sympathetic chord in many hearts: "I saw my wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old bureau one evening, and I went softly out and wandered up and down until I knew she had shut it and gone to her sewing. We have some things laid away in that drawer which the gold kings could not buy, and yet they are relics which will grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I haven't dared to look at them for a year; but I remember each article. There are two worn shoes, a little chip hat, with part of the brim gone, some stockings, pants, a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip, and several toys. Wife, poor thing, goes to that drawer every day of her life, and prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles, but I dare not go. Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over dreaming. Sometimes, when we sit alone of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child in the street will call out as our boy used to, and we both start up, with beating hearts and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever. It is still and quiet now. I look up to the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, his merry shout, and his ringing laugh, but there is no sound. There is no one to search my pockets and tease me for presents, and I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down, or ropes tied to the door knobs. I want someone to tease me for my knife, to ride on my shoulder; to lose my axe; to follow me to the gate when I go, and be there to meet me when I come; to call 'good night' from the little bed now empty. And wife, she, she misses him still more. There are no little feet to wash, no prayers to say, no voice teasing for lumps of sugar, or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe, and she would give her own life almost, to awake at midnight and look at the bed and see our boy there as he used to be. So we preserve our relics, and when we are dead we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them."

[Rochester Union.]

We are always anxious to know why we are loved; they only care to know how much we love them.

## A STRING OF FEARS.

When Time spares beauty he contemplates it.

Women do not read; they listen with the eye.

Wit makes it easy to grow old but not impossible.

A woman would sooner rule a heart than fill it; not so a man.

A woman listens to a play with her mind and judges it with her senses.

It takes as much wit not to displease a woman as it takes little to please her.

It is surprising how near age brings a woman to death and how little it prepares her for it.

The woman who confides to one man her partiality for another seeks advice less than an avowal.

It takes one less time to get over one's own misfortune than to be reconciled to a neighbor's good fortune.

The latest school understands literature as much as the English do cooking. Its ideal is raw meat and plenty of condiments.

How many of our writers most in vogue should bear in mind that if talent supplements everything it can dispense with nothing.

There are people with whom penitence stands for repentance—people with whom wearing mourning dispenses with feeling sorrow.

One should meet death as resolutely as a general would meet an inevitable conqueror. This is the best way to obtain easy conditions.

It is above all things—love that a feast is not as good as enough. A wit insists on revealing himself where he is only asked to show himself.

The highest mark of esteem a woman can give to a man is not to ask his friendship, and the most signal proof her indifference is to offer him hers.

She is to be pitied who thinks to find a friend other than her husband, if she be a wife, than her children, if she be a mother, than God if she be neither.

The jealousies of friendship are in this more exhausting than those of love; there are only phantoms to fight, and the price of peace is merely a chimera.

These women are to be pitied who pass their lives between the world and the theater; poor souls who have only fiction as a relief from falsehood.

Friendship is a picnic to which all parties contribute, and therefore is something women cannot understand. With them one party or the other must stand treat.

A woman's fall is something like that of a child. The first intimation that the child has that it has tumbled down is conveyed in the fact of its being picked up.

The customer is inclined to think that a dollar apiece is rather an extortionate price for watermelons, but he wouldn't think so if he had to sit on the fence every night for a month, with shot-gun in hand, keeping off trespassers.

### Killed by Inches.

The origin of the above expression is thus explained in a recent English work.

Allusion is made in the phrase to divers ways of prolonging capital punishment in olden times; e. g.

1. The "Iron coffin of Lissa." The prisoner was laid in the coffin, and saw the iron lid creep slowly down with almost perceptible movement—slowly, silently, but surely; on, on it came with relentless march, till, after lingering days and nights in suspense, the prisoner was at last slowly crushed by the iron lid slowly coming upon him.

2. The Baiser de la Vierge, or the "Virgin's Kiss," of Baden-Baden. The prisoner, blindfolded and fastened to a chair, was lowered by a windlass down a deep shaft from the top of the castle into the very heart of the rocks on which it stands. Here it remained until it was conducted to a torture chamber, and commanded to kiss the brazen statue of the "Virgin" which stood at the end of the passage; but immediately when he raised his lips to give the kiss, down he fell through a trap door on a wheel with spikes, which was set in motion by the fall.

3. The "iron cages of Lquis XI" were so constructed that the victims might linger for years, but whether they sat, stood or lay down, the position was equally uncomfortable.

The Chamber a Cruce or "crushing room" was a heavy chest, short, shallow, and lined with sharp stones, in which the sufferer was packed and buried alive.

The "Bernicles" consisted of a mattress on which the victim was fastened by the neck, while his legs were crushed between two logs of wood, on the uppermost of which the torturer took his seat. This process continued for several days, till the sufferer died with the lingering torment. Many other modes of stretching out the torment of death might easily be added.

### The Old Forests Under the Sea.

In many districts, says an English scientific paper, where our shores are shelving—as near the mouths of the Tay, the Huber and Severn—after a more than ordinary tempestuous day, we see quantities of a peaty looking matter cast up by the sea, and the