THE INDEPENDENT,
PUBLISHED
Every Thursday Evening,
—BY—
H. B. LUCE,
Office, - - - Old Court House,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.

Terms of Subscription (coin rates.)
Single copy per year.....$2 50
Single copy six months.....1 50
Single number.....

Washington Independent.

VOL. 4. HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1876. NO. 6.

THE INDEPENDENT
Advertising Rates.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS (coin.)
One square or less, one insertion.....$2 50
One square each subsequent insertion.....1 00

BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS (coin.)

TIME.	1 sq.	2 sq.	3 sq.	4 sq.	¼ col.	½ col.	1 col.
1 month....	$ 3 00	$ 4 00	$ 5 00	$ 6 00	$ 7 50	$12 00	$20 00
2 months...	4 00	5 50	7 00	8 50	10 00	17 50	27 50
3 months...	5 00	7 00	9 00	11 00	13 00	22 50	35 00
6 months...	7 50	10 00	12 50	15 00	17 50	32 50	50 00
1 year.....	10 00	18 00	20 00	25 00	30 00	50 00	80 00

The Laughing Philosopher.

I know a funny little boy,
The happiest ever born;
His face was like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks;
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks,
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes
And till the day is done;
The school-room for a joke he takes,
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

He's plump and round—he once was slim;
I have not told you half;
I soon expect to hear of him
Exploding in a laugh!

Struggle with an Alligator.

BY CAPT. CHARLES STEADMAN.

I was returning from my half-built sugar-mill one day, perhaps a month after my first arrival here, at about four o'clock in the afternoon. I had left the dingy-complexioned masons sipping their chocolate, and received the foreman's solemn assurance that a fresh course of blocks, properly cemented, should be laid before he permitted his gang to give over work. I was riding homeward, then, thinking of many things—friends and school-fellows that I should perhaps never see again in the flesh; of—

What was that? A cry of pain? Yes, a cry, certainly of pain or terror—the shrill appealing cry of a child's agonized voice; and I started, and wheeled my horse toward the quarter from which the sound seemed to come. The cry was repeated, more feebly than before; and as I had now no doubt as to the direction whence the call for help proceeded, I dashed across the ravine, and scrambling up the steep bank opposite, came in sight of the chain of lagoons, connected with the mighty Rio Plata by a small river, which skirted the plantations of rice and tobacco, and on the banks of which I had shot many a snipe and flamingo. Here, at the edge of a cane bordered creek that ran up from the nearest lagoon into the broken ground, where the hillocks were gay with purple rhododendrons and the wild geranium, I beheld a sight that chilled my blood with horror.

Close at the margin of the water, knee-deep in the flowers and the tall Pampas grass, just where the white and yellow pond-lilies mingled with the rich-colored blossoms of the flowered prairie, was a child—little Charlie—Don Miguel's hope and heir—his one tie to life and its affections. I knew the bare little golden head at once. But the boy stood rooted to the ground, transfixed by terror, crouching down, his blue eyes, dilated by mortal fear, fixed on something huge, shapeless, unclean, that drew nearer and nearer yet, a grim and monstrous thing, that had more the aspect of a large log, glistening with slimy mud, than of anything else. What is the ugly thing that has crawled out from the creek, fringed with bushes of the laurel-rose, and that is clumsily climbing the bank with awkward hurry of its ungainly claw-tipped feet? An alligator, by heaven! for I see the slanting sunlight glisten on its scaly back, and the formidable jaws open and displaying the curved row of gleaming white teeth, as, with its cruel red eyes fixed upon its prey, it approached the spot where stood the fated child, frozen by a terror that denied him the power to flee.

"Run, Charlie, run! run toward me!" I called aloud, at the same time urging my horse down the bank. The little fellow turned his pale face toward me, and recognized me; but fear was still too potent with him, and he remained where he was, crying out to somebody to save him. I dashed in the spurs to well deep, and at one bound came crashing through the rhododendrons to within some three or four feet of the place where the child stood. The alligator wheeled angrily round to confront the intruder who dared to come between him and his toothsome supper; and my horse, driven wild with terror at the sight and smell of the monstrous reptile, reared, swerved, and threw me, galloping off like a mad creature. I was on my feet in a moment, and had just time to throw myself between the alligator and the boy, before the blood-thirsty jaws could close in the first fatal snap. The brute recoiled a little, for alligators are cowardly as well as fierce, and they have been known to watch for hours in their ready ambush, allowing men to pass them uninjured, until they could pounce securely on a woman or child. But the reptile's slow blood had been too much stirred, by the expectation of an easy triumph, to permit him to decline the fight, and he crawled upon me, uttering the hoarse cry, half roar, half-whimpering moan, that a cayman gives under the sting of pain or fury.

I had my sheath-knife out, a strong, double-edged blade of Barcelona steel, with a cross-handle and buck-horn haft; but this seemed a poor weapon against such a foe. By a hasty impulse—one of those life-saving thoughts that come upon us at moments of extreme peril, as if they were the whisperings of inspiration—I tore the blue woolen poncho from my shoulders—happily, I had adopted the New Spain style of dress—and wrapping the mantle round the tough handle of my whalebone riding-whip, I forced it between the alligator's jaws as he closed with me, while at the same time, bending forward, I struck hard with my two-edged knife at his white throat, which was comparatively unprotected. The first stab told, for the white streak was soon crimsoned with blood; but the second stroke failed, for the knife slipped and rattled uselessly on the armor-plates of the creature's mailed back, and then began a struggle for death or life between my terrible antagonist and myself. My strength was nothing to that of the huge reptile, and I felt myself dragged to right and left as if I had been a rat in the gripe of a terrier, and yet I held on fast to the whalebone handle of the whip, while the sharp teeth vainly gnashed and tore at the spongy wool that clogged them, and I retained my hold in sheer desperation, striking in with my knife whenever I got a chance, but usually baffled by the tenacious armor of my invulnerable adversary.

Charley, a few feet distant, was sobbing piteously, at times crying aloud to Guachos whom he knew—"Sancho!" "Diego!" "El Negro!"—to help me; for the dear little fellow, delivered from his first agony of alarm, seemed now to think only of my peril. The idea was a good one, although the child's weak voice could not of course reach far. Exerting the full strength of my lungs I twice shouted forth the well-known desert cry when a jaguar is sighted: "Mozos, a mi!—El Tigre! Mozos!"—and I fancied, as I uttered the second call, that I heard a distant answer, like a faint echo. But now I had need of all my breath and all my muscles, for the infuriated animal with which I fought, tearing the cloth of the soft mantle to pulp, was gradually getting its grim jaws free. Twice, already, had my wrist and arm been grazed by its keen teeth—I bear the white scars to this day—and the horrible odor of the creature and the remorseless glare of its small bloodshot eye, impressed me with the fantastic notion that my enemy was something evil beyond the mere furious greed of a wild beast. Yet I grasped the whalebone whip-handle, and drove in the knife with all the force of an arm that was fast growing exhausted. Spent, breathless, giddy, I was dragged down, and in a kneeling attitude exerted the remains of my waning strength in a stab at the alligator's throat. The blade broke short off by the handle as it lodged among the stout scales of the neck!

Just then I heard a shout and the tramp of a horse coming up at full and furious speed. On they came, the steed foam-decked and gored by the spur, the rider brandishing high above his head the spiral coils of the lasso. I recognized the horseman in an instant. It was Juan, the boldest and most dextrous of all that Centaur brotherhood; and he knew me and comprehended at a glance the state of affairs.

"Stand back, sir—stand back!" he cried aloud, "and I'll do the rest; Mozos!—El Tigre!—Mozos!" and he whirled the lasso high, spurring his frightened horse near and nearer to the spot. Reeling, breathless, and dizzy of brain, I understood the Guacho's meaning sufficiently to stand back, letting go my hold of the tough whip-handle, which, with the tattered poncho wrapped around it, I had hitherto obstinately kept between the alligator's churning jaws. The infuriated brute followed me up with bitter hate, his hateful snout all but brushing my knee as I staggered back. But just at that instant, whirr! crack! came the well known sound of the heavy lasso whistling past, launched with unerring aim, and as I gazed about me with haggard eyes, I saw that the noose was tightening round the reptile's neck; while Juan, with the end of the stout cord fastened to the saddle, had started off on a canter, towing along the alligator after him, as he had tugged along many a bull and many a wild steed.

For an instant it seemed as if the Guacho's would be an easy triumph; but it was only the surprise of the shock that had mastered the alligator, a very large one, and the great weight and strength of which soon began to tell. I saw the horse brought, with a jerk, to a stop, and then, to my dismay, beheld steed and rider dragged by sheer force toward the lagoon, vainly striving to resist the superior power of the gigantic tyrant of the waters. Juan drove in his spurs, urging his panting and terrified horse by voice, hand and knee, to put out its whole strength; but it soon seemed plain that unless the saddle-girths gave way, dragged down into the pool he would be, horse and man, while there could be in such a case little doubt of the issue of the conflict. To cut the cord would have been the only mode of separating the combatants in this unequal duel; but I had let fall my broken knife in the long Pampas grass, and a Guacho clings to his lasso with the same mechanical impulse that causes a seaman to hold fast to shroud or stay. "Let go the rope!" I called out to him loudly as I could. "Loose the end from the saddle-ring, and let the brute go!" But Juan paid no heed to my advice, but spurring his struggling horse, uttered at the full pitch of his voice the "tiger-call" of the herdsman.

The child had crept close to me, and was holding on to my coat, weeping and calling on his absent father, and his presence embarrassed me; for wearied and disarmed as I was, I felt eager to come to the aid of the bold lad who had saved me from the very jaws of death; but just at the moment that the mulatto girl, Charlie's nurse, came running down the hill with sobs and outcries in search of the truant charge who had strayed off while she was threading scarlet berries for a necklace, four of our mounted men came thundering down with cheery shouts and lassoes whirled aloft; and in a very short time the alligator, strong and savage as he was, noosed and entangled by the pliant cords, stabbed with knives and beaten down by bolas, lay dead and harmless.

Before we left the spot, a number of other persons, alarmed by the "tiger-call,"—never before heard so near the hacienda itself—came up, and among the last of these was Don Miguel, already instructed by a mounted messenger as to what had occurred. He arrived, pale with emotion, sprang from his horse, and clasped his little son in his arms, eyeing the child all over with jealous anxiety, as if to be assured that he was really unscathed; then, coming up to me, he grasped both my hands, and before I could prevent him, kissed them as fervently as ever devotee pressed his lips to the relics of a saint.

KINDNESS is not relished plain; it needs the sweet sauce of flattery.

Talking at Table

Is one of the very best digesters; there is no tonic known equal to it, as it is of the kind calculated to promote hilarity and good feeling generally. Most parents are prone to prohibit their children from laughing and talking at the table; it is unphysiological; it is a cruelty.

Joyousness promotes the circulation of the blood, enlivens it, invigorates it, sends it tingling to the remotest part of the system, carrying with it animation, vigor, and life. The louder the little ones laugh the better; the faster they talk the better, for then they eat less in a given time, consequently chew their food more thoroughly.

Discard controversy from the dining-table. Discourage all subjects which invite political or religious rancor. Let every topic introduced be calculated to instruct, to interest or amuse. Do not let the mind run on business or previous mishaps, or past disappointments. Never tell bad news at the table, nor for an hour before. Let every thing you have to communicate be, if possible, of a gladsome, joyous, hilarious character, calculated to bring out pleasant remarks or agreeable associations. On the other hand, never administer a reproof at the social board to either servant or child; find fault with nothing; speak unkindly to no one. If remarks are made of the absent, let them contain some word of commendation, which, if repeated in their hearing afterwards, will kindle kindly feelings; and thus will thoughts of the family table come across the memory in after years, when we have been scattered and some laid in their final resting-place, bringing with them a sweetness of emotion which makes it a pleasure to dwell upon them.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE BEDROOM.—If it can be so contrived, a bedroom carpet should not be put under any heavy pieces of furniture, and then it can be the oftener taken up; nor should it go entirely under the bed, for that portion of the floor should be washed over every week. In placing the furniture contrive if possible that the bedstead should not be placed opposite a window, for the light falling upon the eyes, especially in the early summer mornings, is often injurious to sight. If this cannot be avoided, and also when the room is exposed to a hot sun at any time of day, a most excellent device, because it is at the same time effectual and inexpensive, is to pin green glazed calico over the white blinds. This does not show at all outside the house, neither does it look untidy inside the room; and it softens the glare in a delightful manner.

TREATMENT OF SORE THROAT.—In cases of ordinary sore throat the simplest and best treatment is the wet pack, using a linen cloth wrung from cold water, and over this a knit of crocheted yarn band, four feet long and four inches wide. Apply this two or three nights in succession, unless it is a very serious case, when the pack should be kept on during the day. If taken of in the morning, wash the throat in very cold water and rub dry with a coarse towel and with the hand. This will prevent taking more cold. The more friction used the better. Let it be a sort of squeezing of the parts so as to affect the deep-seated tissues. Sore throats may be prevented by these means from becoming chronic.

FRENCH ROLLS.—One pint of milk, one small cup of home-made yeast (you can try the baker's), flour enough to make a stiff batter; raise over night; in the morning add one egg, one tablespoonful of butter, and flour enough to make it stiff to roll. Mix it well and let it rise, then knead it again (to make it fine and white), roll out, cut with a round tin and fold over, put them in a pan and cover very close. Set them in a warm place until they are very light, bake quickly, and you will have delicious rolls.

TO MAKE HOP YEAST.—One handful of hops, steeped in two quarts of water, three large potatoes, boiled and peeled, and rubbed through a cullender, with three tablespoonfuls of flour. Strain the water upon them while rubbing them through, when not too hot; add one tablespoonful of yeast, and let it raise till light; add a half-tablespoonful each of salt and sugar, and bottle for use. Shake well before using, and keep in a cool place. Two-thirds of a teacupful is sufficient for four good-sized loaves.

BETTER THAN SHORT-CAKE.—Make nice, light, white gems by mixing flour and milk nearly as soft as for griddle cake, and bake quickly in hot gem pans. Break, not cut them open, and lay in a deep platter and pour over strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, or even nice stewed apples, mixed with sugar and a little rich cream if you have it. Ten times better than any pastry or short-cake and you get rid of soda or baking powder and shortening.—*Laws of Life.*

TO CLEAN FINE GLASS.—This mode of cleaning fine glass gives it great brilliancy: Take fine powdered indigo, dip into it a moistened linen rag, smear over the glass with it, and then wipe it off with perfectly dry cloth. As a substitute for this, fine sifted ashes, applied by a rag dipped in spirits will answer just as well. Spanish white is apt to make the glass rough and injure it.

SPICE NUTS.—Six pounds of flour, one and a half pounds sugar, one and a half pints molasses, one ounce cardamon seeds beaten in a mortar, one and a half pounds butter and lard mixed, five teaspoonfuls yeast powder. Heat the shortening, sugar and molasses together, let cool, then mix with the other ingredients. Roll into long strips, and cut into cakes about an inch long.

SAUCE FOR PUDDING.—One cup of butter; one-half cup of sugar; beat these together with one heaping tablespoonful of flour. Pour into it (a little at a time, stirring all the while) one pint of boiling water, and let it simmer on the stove a few minutes. Add one tablespoonful of lemon extract, and the juice of one lemon or teaspoonful of lemon sugar.

MONTREAL has sent eighteen car loads of goods to the Centennial.

Daniel Drew's Bankruptcy.

Apropos of Daniel Drew's bankruptcy a New York correspondent says there is food for reflection in the fact that almost every man who has risen to eminence as a speculator in Wall street during the past twenty years has fallen much more rapidly than he rose. Vanderbilt is the only exception; but Vanderbilt never was a speculator in the strict Wall street sense. His policy all along was to buy only those stocks which he knew to be valuable, and never to buy on a margin. When he bought stocks he paid for them in full and then locked them up in his safe. But the general rule is to sell short or go long on a margin, and many a man has it brought to grief. Among the monarchs of the market who preceded Drew or were his contemporaries one of the first was Henry Keep, who made a large fortune in a short time, lost the greater part of it in less, and then withdrew from Wall street, to die in comparative obscurity a few years later. Woodward, a Brooklyn Sunday school superintendent, next figured conspicuously and got jammed to a jelly, so to speak, in the Rock Island corner, several years ago. That was the last of him. Fisk's career is too well known to need any particular mention. He was supposed to be worth millions, but when death snatched him through the pistol of Stokes, they quickly melted away to thousands. Stockwell, the head of the Pacific Mail, who almost ruled the street a few years ago, lost all he had made and has disappeared altogether. Legrand Lockwood went down as suddenly and is now almost forgotten. A broker named Dimmock made a sensation for a short time as leader of the Atlantic Mail speculation, but he, too, got swamped, and every dollar he had made was swept away. Jay Gould is the successor of these and several others. Luck has stood by him thus far, but it will be strange if he too is not brought down in the long run. Fate seems to have ordained that every man who takes the leadership in Wall street shall ultimately come to grief. Vanderbilt left the street long ago, and he advised Drew to do the same; but the fascination was too strong for Uncle Daniel. He kept on fooling between Scylla and Charybdis, and one of them got the old man at last.

Sleeping Stories.

M. Plater, the celebrated lutanist, or lute-player, one evening dropped asleep, while playing, after partaking of an unusually liberal supper. He continued to "discourse sweet music" correctly and tastefully until roused from his drowsy nap by the noise of his lute falling on the floor. A "reader" in a printing office fell asleep while reading for the correction of proof, but continued reading down to the bottom of that page. In this case the probability is that his sleep only went to the extent of drowsiness; at any rate, when roused up, he could not remember the words he had just been correctly reading. Sir John Moore, during his ever-memorable retreat to Corunna, had to make forced marches night and day, as the only mode of averting capture by a vastly larger French army; his poor, tired soldiers often slept as they marched, or marched as they slept. A truly remarkable manifestation of somnambulism is that which can be brought about by the influence of other persons on the sleeper. External voices and sounds can move him to action even when his consciousness is asleep. Dr. Carpenter and other physiologists have recorded many instances of this kind. A young naval officer, signal lieutenant to Admiral Lord Hood at Toulon, sometimes continued his anxious duties for eighteen or twenty hours at a stretch. Going to his berth and falling instantly asleep, his mind was, nevertheless, so far awake on one particular subject that if a comrade whispered "Signal!" in his ear it roused him at once and irresistibly. A young military officer, voyaging with his regiment in a troopship, displayed a tendency which some of the mischievous wags about him took an unfair advantage of. When he was asleep in his berth, they would whisper in his ear, giving him all the details of a duel, a shipwreck, or a battle; his mind unconsciously followed the narrative until he was roused to action by the climax, and woke by springing out of bed. Fortunately for society, such cases are rare.

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION.—Jake was heard calling across the fence to his neighbor's son, a colored youth who goes to school at the Atlanta colored university:

"Look hyar, boy, you goes ter school, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Gittin' eddykashun, ain't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Larnin' 'rithmetic and figgerin' on a slate, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it don't take two whole days to make an hour, do it?"

"W'y, no!" exclaimed the boy.

"You was gwine ter bring dat hatchet back in an hour, warn' yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' it's bin two days sence yer borrowed it. Now, what good's eddykashun gwine ter do you thick-skulled niggars when yer go to school a whole year an' den can't tell how long it takes to fotch back a hatchet?"

The boy got mad and slung the hatchet over the fence and half way through an ash barrel.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

WAITING FOR BETTER TIMES.—"You are having many nice dresses this year," said one Chicago belle to another the other evening.

"No, I know I don't," was the reply.

"But why don't you?" continued the inquisitive friend.

"Well, I will tell you, Madge," was the answer. "You see that pa says that we've got to scrimp along a little for awhile until he can make an 'assignment' or something, after which he says we can 'splurge' all we want."

The friend looked surprised for a moment, and then, turning to her associate, exclaimed in a burst of confidence:

"Why, that's just what *my* father keeps saying—what can they mean?"

A Host in Himself.

It was in the alley, just north of the *Union* office, Monday morning, that three hoodlums were engaged in the peaceful pursuit of gobbling Spencer & Noftsker's kindling. Two of the boys were brothers and wore pretty nearly a suit of clothes between them; the other was a whole family in himself. He wore ten year old boots, a full grown vest, a middle-aged overcoat, a hat of very dubious age (say 75) and a large red woolen comforter, the ends of which hung down so far that it was a continued conflict between him and them which was the longest.

"See here, boys!" said he, standing on tiptoe so that none of his garments should trail in the mud. "Just you .... share ....kindling, or suthin'll happen, sure's you live!"

It seems the other boys thought that as they were two they had a right to two times the kindling that one could take. Not being aware that the other boy was a whole family they resented his remarks as being too individual and picked up some chunks of dirty rock.

"See here!" said the family boy, dropping his kindling and slapping down his grandfather's hat in the mud. "See here!" he yelled, unbuttoning his uncle's overcoat and dropping out of it, while he braced up his father's vest and trowsers, and wrapped the tails of the red comforter three times round his neck. Then he flung his arms around and kicked his legs about in the manner of a boneless man and gave a terrible whoop, "Drop them stones and go home and get your two brothers and I'll whip the whole four of you! I'll show you! I'm a native, freeborn American son of a gun, *I* am. You hear me?"

They were going to fight him when they thought he was only one, but when they heard his words and their rueful eyes fell upon the various ages and sizes of his garments lying around, the truth dawned upon them how many constituents there were to his make-up and they fled.

He resumed his attire, picked up his own kindling and that of the vanquished and walked off with an air of victory.—*Rock Island Union.*

Business Law.

1. Ignorance of law excuses no one.
2. It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.
3. The law compels no one to do impossibilities.
4. An agreement without consideration is void.
5. Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.
6. A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive.
7. The acts of one partner binds all the others.
8. Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.
9. A contract made with a minor is voidable.
10. A contract made with a lunatic is void.
11. A contract made for advertising in a Sunday newspaper is invalid.
12. Agents are responsible to their principals for their errors.
13. Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.
14. A minor cannot make a legal obligation.
15. Notes bear interest only when so stated.
16. It is not legally necessary to say on a note "for value received."
17. A note drawn on Sunday is void.
18. A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected by law.
19. If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker. He must pay it.

SWINDLING POSTAGE LAW.—The effect of Senator Hamlin's public record upon his own character has been to bring him up to a point of profound egotism. In a recent interview with a newspaper correspondent, he said: "I have no intention of putting back transient newspapers to the exact rates which existed prior to the 3d of March, last year." If Mr. Hamlin has the power which this remark would imply, why does Congress legislate upon the question at all, or waste time in discussing it? Let the Maine Senator state his intentions to the Postmaster-General instead of a newspaper correspondent; then write his edict upon the gate-posts, and the thing is done. But perhaps Mr. Hamlin has overestimated the power and pervasiveness of his ego. He has shown such lamentable ignorance regarding the whole purpose and force of the postal system, and such blundering tenacity in clinging to what common sense rejected, that he will hardly be able to crowd his new bill through as he did his old one; in other words, the last state of that man is worse than the first, and the sooner he retires from a service he does not understand the better it will be for his own credit and the interests of the nation.—*Home Circle.*

IMMENSE WIRE ROPES.—Commodore Shufeldt has ordered the proper authorities of the Boston Navy Yard to make several seven-inch steel-wire hawsers. These will probably be the largest wire ropes ever made. The Navy Department has use for immense hawsers to tow monitors and vessels in distress. They are put on board the men of war for use when required. The usual appliance is a 12-inch hemp rope, but it swells when wet, and gets very heavy by absorption of water. The steel-wire hawser will be seven inches less in diameter, much lighter, non-absorbent, more pliable and durable, and in every respect better. This is a curious and, in fact, wonderful advance in the application of iron and steel to commercial uses. A hemp hawser twelve inches thick is a wonderful thing in itself, but a steel-wire hawser, five inches in thickness, better answering the same purpose, is something fruitful of thought to the student in ship-building and rigging.—*New York Bulletin.*

NEVER be idle. When your hands are not usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

The Fair Incendiary.

It is now about twenty years since a young lady, an only daughter of an ancient and noble house in the north of Germany, from having been one of the most cheerful girls, became subject to fits of the deepest melancholy. All the entreaties of her parents were insufficient to draw from her the reason of it—to their affection she was quite cold, to their caresses rude; and though society failed to enliven her, she bore her part in it with a power of venom and sarcasm that were as strange to her former character as they were unbecoming to her sex and youth. The parents contrived, during her temporary absence from home, to investigate the contents of her writing desk; but no indications of a concealed or disappointed passion were to be found, and it was equally clear that no papers had been removed. The first news they heard of her was, that the house in which she had been visiting had been burned to the ground; that she had been saved with difficulty; that her room was not in the part of the building where the fire commenced; that her escape at first had been taken for granted, and that when her door was burst open, she was found still dressed and seated in her usual melancholy attitude, with her eyes fixed on the ground. She returned home neither altered in manner nor changed in demeanor, and as painfully brilliant in conversation when forced into it. Within two months of her return the house was burned to the ground, and her mother perished in the flames. She was again found in the same state as on the former occasion, suffered herself to be led away without eagerness or resistance, did not alter her deportment upon hearing the fate of her mother, made no attempt to console the father, and replied to the condolence of her friends with a bitterness and scorn almost demoniacal. The father and daughter returned to a Spa for a change of scene. On the night of her arrival the hotel was in flames; but this time the fire began in her apartment, for from her window were the sparks first seen to issue; and again she was found dressed, seated and in a reverie. The hotel was the property of the sovereign of the little State in which the Spa was situated. An investigation took place; she was arrested, and at once confessed that on each of the three occasions she was the culprit; that she could not tell wherefore, except that she had an irresistible longing to set houses on fire. Each time she had striven against it as long as she could, and was unable to withstand the temptation; but this longing first supervened a few weeks after she had been seized with a sudden depression of spirits; that she felt a hatred to all the world, but had strength to refrain from oaths and curses against it. She is at this moment in a madhouse, where she is allowed some liberty. She still possesses her memory, her reasoning powers and her petulant wit.—*Reynolds' Newspaper.*

Worse than Hazing.

The Yale Freshman had a hard time of it in the Eighteenth Century. In *Scribner* for April there is an article on the College by Henry A. Beers, who quotes from the old regulations:

"Every student," runs one of the old laws, "shall be called by his sir name, except he be the son of a nobleman, or a knight's eldest son." As between the college classes, a strict subordination was enforced, and a somewhat laborious etiquette prevailed between Faculty and students. The Freshmen were almost in the condition of fags in the English public schools. The following statutes from a book of "Freshmen Laws" seem incredible, but were gravely meant, and put in practice:

"The Freshmen, as well as other undergraduates, are to be uncovered, and are forbidden to wear their hats (unless in stormy weather) in the front door-yard of the President's or Professor's house, or within ten rods of the person of the President, eight rods of a Professor, and five rods of a tutor."

"A Freshman shall not play with any members of an upper class without being asked."

"In case of personal insult, a Junior may call up a Freshman and reprehend him. A Sophomore, in like case, must obtain leave from a Senior, and then he may discipline a Freshman."

"Freshmen shall not run in college-yard, or up or down stairs, or call to any-one through a college window."

Woman's Nature.

At the street corner, yesterday, an old apple woman offered her fruit to a vessel captain who was sighing over the good times of 1864. She wanted three cents apiece for her apples. He gave her a pleasant look and said:

"Well, well. Why, you look as young as you did ten years ago. Same bright eyes and red cheeks—same white teeth."

"Take an apple for two cents, captain," she replied.

"I presume you are fifty years old," he continued, "but who'd know it? Lots of ladies at thirty look as old as you do."

"Take an apple for a cent, captain," she answered, smiling like a rose.

"Some rich old fellow will come along some day, searching for a buxom wife," said the captain, "and you won't have to peddle apples any more."

"Here, captain, two for a cent, take two of the biggest!" she exclaimed, and then ran after him and dropped two more into his overcoat pocket.

HOW TO MAKE A NICE GIRL.—First get the girl. (N. B.—She musn't be an old girl, but a young one, nice and tender.) Bring her up from early infancy on a strict diet of hot pickles, cold brandy and water, and French novels. Send her to a fashionable boarding-school to be "finished off;" and when she comes home for the holidays carefully develop her latent love for dress, extravagant habits and fondness for flirtations. Buy her the Slang dictionary, and let her go everywhere and do everything she likes. By the time she is twenty-one she will be quite a nice girl.

KEEP good company or none at all.

Stage Nonsense.

We were speaking to a friend the other day, respecting the merits of a "celebrated tragedian," when we had occasion to comment on the rant of the stage—the loud mouthing, the outrageous gesture, the furious rolling of the eyes, the stride, swords that rattle in the hilt, and all the "pomp and circumstance" of the modern drama.

Fancy this style carried into real life. On being introduced to a lady you would say, throwing yourself into a splendid attitude:

"Most gracious madam, on my knees, I greet you," impressively placing your right hand upon your heart.

To a creditor who would not pay:

"Fraudulent knave! Payest thou me not? By yonder sun that blazes in the zenith, thee will I sue, and thou shalt see thy impious name flaming the streets on posters huge!"

At dinner:

"Now, by my soul and all my highest hopes, those beans are royal. Were I Jupiter beans should grace each royal banquet. What, ho! waiter, bring hither more beans!"

To your wife:

"Madam, beware thou dost excite me not; else, being too hot with wrath, I do myself some harm. A needle here—a button on my shirt—see it instantly performed. Do it! Nor leave the task to me!"

To your butcher:

"Thou ensanguined destroyer of bovines, send me some mutton and some beef; and mark you, let it be tenderer than love, and sweeter than the bee's rare burden. I would dine to-day."

To a friend:

"Excuse a rash intrusion on your grace, but hast thou in thy box a portion of that plant, ranked by the botanist among the *genus nicotiani?*" or, "Most noble friend, wilt thou partake with me some strong libation? Thou lookest dull to-day; 'twill cheer thy sinking heart."

Reply: "O noble soul! alas, not all the wine of Bacchanalian revels could ease the sorrow here—here! (Left arm struck several times). Oh, what a fool and arrant knave am I, the very sport of fortune!"

This is scarcely more ridiculous than three-quarters of the stage nonsense.

Methods of Distinguished Authors.

It is interesting to know what method most distinguished authors followed in the composition of their works. David Hume, for instance, wrote rapidly, but corrected slowly and laboriously. His pages are full of erasures. In the writings of Gibbon the erasures are few, for he made all his corrections in his mind, and never wrote a sentence till he had balanced and amended it to his entire satisfaction, either seated in his arm-chair, or walking on his balcony at Lausanne, with the lake of Geneva below him. Dr. Adam Smith walked slowly up and down his room while dictating to his clerk. Hence it is alleged that his sentences are nearly all of the same length, each containing exactly as much as the clerk could take down while the doctor took a single turn. Adam Smith acknowledged that in lecturing he was more dependent than the generality of professors on the sympathy of his class. "During a whole session," he said, "a certain student, with a plain but expressive countenance, was of great use to me in judging of my success. He sat conspicuously in front of a pillar. I had him constantly in my eye. If he leaned forward to listen, all was right, and I knew that I had the ear of my class; but if he leaned back in an attitude of listlessness, I felt that all was wrong, and that I must either change the subject or the style of my address." Adam Smith disliked nothing more than that moral apathy—that obtuseness of moral perception—which prevents man from not only seeing clearly, but feeling strongly, the broad distinction between virtue and vice, and which, under the pretext of liberality, is all indulgent even to the blackest crimes. At a party at Dalkeith Palace, where Mr.——, in his mawkish way, was finding palliations for some villainous transaction, the Doctor waited in patient silence until he was gone, then exclaimed: "Now I can breathe more freely. I cannot bear that man; he has no indignation in him."—*Sketches of Old Times and Distant Places.*

SNOW-CLEARING IN THE HIMALAYAS.—The inhabitants of Zunskar, a district of Ladakh, high up in the Himalayas, live in a severe climate. Spring, summer and autumn make, altogether, but little more than five months. Winter closes in at once, confining the people and the cattle indoors for more than six months.

As the snow lies on the ground and the summer is very short, the people have been obliged by necessity—the mother of invention—to devise a special contrivance to clear the snow from the fields in time for the sowing.

During summer and autumn earth is collected in large quantities and stored in the houses. "In the spring," says an English traveler, "when the time of snowfall is thought to be over, and the snow in the fields is partly melted, and has begun to cake in the sun's rays, they spread the earth, which absorbs warmth from the sun, and melts the snow in contact with it. Sometimes snow falls afresh, and the labor is lost, and has to be repeated. In 1869 there were three or four layers of earth and snow thus accumulated before the work was done."

A CERTAIN judge, whose pompous and officious ways tempted some of the lawyers to acts which his honor construed to mean contempt, fined them $10 each. When they had paid their fines, a certain dry and steady-going old attorney walked up to the bench and very gravely laid down a $10 bill. "What is that for?" said the judge. "For contempt, your honor," was the reply. "Why, I have not fined you for contempt," answered the judge. "I know that," said the lawyer; "but I want you to understand that I cherish a secret contempt for this court all the time, and I am willing to pay for it."

THE delicacy of ordinary friendship is such it cannot endure a naked or ragged associate.