

Terms of Subscription (cash rates). Single copy per year \$1.00. Single copy six months \$0.50. Single number \$0.10.

Washington Correspondent.

VOL. 4. HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1876. NO. 7.

Idle Words. By WILLIAM WALLACE HARNY. Obey not idle words like a sycophant on the sea; For oft a wandering chord will strike The heart's deep mystery...

Two Hours in Long Island Sound. We were two girls, sisters in all but the name, feeble in health from too many hours in the schoolroom, and too few out-of-doors. Hence our sensible physician had ordered us both, for three months, to some retired seaside spot, where there should be plenty of cooling, good food, no books, and no fashions at least three years old.

This delightful spot we found on the Connecticut shore of the Sound, in the family of a retired seascapist, whose motherly wife was a capital house-keeper, while he might be said to live in his boat. The old man was not a very entertaining companion, and was far from being an amiable host. He had a strong affection for his boat, and there was little we would not have endured for the sake of the air of blood and exhilaration of heart that came from plunging straight on in the face of the wind, and joyously meeting the spray showers of spray.

Our physician knew what he was about. We, who three months ago could hardly pass an open door without taking cold, now cared not for wind or weather. We, who then had no appetite to speak of, could now have digested train-oil. We, who then could hardly lift a dictionary, could now render effectual aid in getting a beached sail boat off into the water.

One morning in early October we started for our farewell sail. It was very cold for the season, yet not too cold for us. The higher the wind blew the better we liked it. The spring was laid to side with every tack, by using my hand to the windward side of the boat when waves were washing over the gunwales on the lee, and with the other hand to pivot swiftly the old tin basin that serves as a bailing-bucket, in a delightful sort of gymnastics.

By noon the bright sun of the morning became overcast. The multitude of white and white-gray clouds had consolidated into a dense, leaden-gray mass over the whole sky. The wind, from a strong, steady breeze, had become fitful—flawy. Captain B— called it—and came down upon us in sharp, unexpected gusts, now from one quarter and now from another, demanding the utmost keenness of observation and quickness of motion on the part of the helmsman.

Besides ourselves, the old captain had brought with him his little grandson, a pretty child of two years old. For a short time we had been quietly sailing before the wind, and consequently the boat stood nearly level. In its bottom lay the child, sweetly asleep. Looking at him, the grin old man smiled slightly. "I'm going to back pretty soon," he said, "and then, most likely, she'll ship water again. Guess I'll move him up here, out of the way."

To lift the child, the captain for an instant let go his hold of the helm. In that instant came a loud, frightened flutter of the sails—a hurried whistle as the boom swung across over our heads—a swift shoulder of the boat—and we found ourselves neck-deep in water, standing on the lee gunwale of the boat. With a hurried scramble we gained the slant of the center-board, where we stood waist-deep in the water, awaiting the next gust.

The captain gave us neither encouragement nor advice. He had apparently forgotten our existence. He was sitting on the upper side of the boat fully absorbed in his grandchild. Little Charlie had given one frightened cry as the shock of the water ruffled his baby-dimonds, but now sat as self-possessed and unconcerned in his grandfather's arms as if the last sea had been in the last that was ever stirred him. "What can be done?" "Nothing," said he, "we must just hold on as best we can, till some one comes to our help."

I asked him how long we could remain as we were. "As long as you have strength and presence of mind to hold on," he said. "So far, though, starting as I did not being in the least frightened, as the captain's words increased our courage. If that was all that was needed we were surely safe for several hours; and if course some one would soon destroy us, though in our position—waist-deep in water, with a hammering wave washing clean over us every minute—so could not see if there were any boats near. Signals we could not make, as our hats and every loose, valuable thing had been swept away from us."

While we were yet laughing at our predicament, the captain gave a hoarse, hoarse cry. We had been breathing the upturned side of the boat, as we could thus hold on better. Now, as we gave a quick look over our shoulders, we saw the most frightful sight that I shall ever see if I live to be a century old. The great sails, that had been lying out in broad, still billows on the surface of the black water, were rushing up toward us as if of their own volition, with

ghostly arms outstretched to enfold us in a death embrace. There was no time to think anything about it—only time to take in the awful impression. We were told afterward that the wind probably had caught under the tops of the sails as they were slightly raised by the action of the waves, and had swiftly piled them up, turning the boat as the sails whirled over, bottom-side up, and us under it. At the time we could see no cause, and the sudden rush had all the effect of the supernatural.

As the boat turned its somersault, the mainmast slipped out of its socket, and again the big, white sail lay prone upon the water, with its tip pointing in an opposite direction to that in which it had pointed before, and its lower or broadest end just under that of the upturned boat. With an insular notion of beseeching mercy, I saw caught both of the boats as it flew over us. I could not very well have done a worse thing, as I was now entirely under water, held there by the weight and spread of the sail.

That morning at the breakfast-table the captain had told us about a boat that had lately capsized in New Haven harbor, and that one lady in it was drowned because she was caught under the sail. Now, I cannot say that I thought of this story. But I saw that woman under the sail, and saw how, if she had had hold of the boom, as I now had, she might have saved herself by a hand-over-hand motion—a sort of walking with hands—until she had reached the end of the boom, and could get her head beyond the spread of the sail. The whole time that I was under water may not have been more than one minute, yet there are years that have seemed shorter. Probably I was not far enough gone to see my whole life pass before me in lightning-like review—as they say drowning people do—for I only remember thinking of one or two things that I wished I had not done, imagining the anguish of my mother if I should die, and praying with all my heart that I might live. Besides this I was conscious of struggling, with a horrible sense of suffocation in a half-transparent mass of surging green water, that seemed very full of black specks, and rapidly shaded off into opaque dark. I remember, too, the look of scared ferocity in a small fish that darted across within a hand's breadth of my face, and a small, dark, pointed object before I could get half the distance from the middle of the boom to its end, for during what seemed to me ages after this I was only conscious of a helpless fight for breath.

The boat was a fine one, of the kind called sharpie, much used on the Sound as a means of conveying the very light water, and thus being adapted for the rough shallow and slightly-sunken bottom of the Sound. The bottoms of these boats for two-thirds of their length from the bows, are almost if not quite flat, and then slope rapidly up to the stern. On the centre of this boat's bottom, with one hand clinging in the crevice through which the centre-board runs, holding it still placidly solemn-looking lady in his arms, sat the captain. On the lee gunwale, as Mary, vainly hoping for her wet curls hanging all about her face, giving her a grotesque resemblance to a much-demoralized water-spaniel. As I rose, before the din of water was fully out of my ears, I heard the captain coolly telling Mary that "E— was doubtless drowned—he had been under so long."

I could not speak, but at that instant I saw me, and, reaching for ward, caught my arm and pulled me upon the sloping end of the boat. We were still in the utmost danger, yet it was some time before I was conscious of much besides the sense of exhaustion. Finally I dimly noticed Mary taking off her over-shoes, and heard her advise me to do the same. Her struggle in the water had not been so prolonged as mine, but she had floated up at the bow, where the water was shallow, and had been two feet out of the water, and had raised herself by main strength, having nothing to grasp but a thin cleat nailed round the side of the boat's bottom, receiving no help from the captain, who was so situated that he could not reach her, as he did me, without changing his position.

The attitudes we had each involuntarily assumed would have seemed ridiculous enough at any other time, but now the comic was all thrown away upon us. Mary, with her cap and vest clinging to her, was in the centre-board crevice, while I—hanging in a helpless, wretched fashion, the captain's fingers round my neck—floated up and down with every wave that broke over us and retired, too much broken with cold and exhaustion to care that the boat's bottom was not provided with cushions. Even the captain's injunction to be "very careful to preserve the boat's balance, and not to let the water might act as a lever to overturn the boat again, in which case it must all sink," roused but a momentary interest. I remember a sort of dim wish that this should not happen, and a more vivid prayer that if it did I should remember to let go my hold of the captain's boat, that I might not drown him and the baby.

At the same time I had a feeling, now long forgotten, that if I did not remember it, I would have been right for faring no more what became of Mary and me. "By-and-by" Mary asked him if he knew where she was. "Oh, yes," he said, "about ten miles from shore off New Haven Light."

"Can you see any boats?" she asked. "Not many," he said, "and they are a good ways off. Nobody seems to see us."

"Is it almost night?" she asked, after a while. "I don't know," he answered; "my watch stopped at two o'clock, and it's so cloudy I can't tell by the sun."

Speaking of the sun vaguely recalled to my half-wandering mind the sunshines in our village home, and the shadow of our church-steeple on the green; and I wondered passively, whether its deep-tinted old walls would not soon be told for Mary and me, and if any one besides our parents and brethren would feel sorry. But I didn't care much one way or another, as I was so cold.

Now under the water, now in a deep hollow, now riding a wave, with all my remaining strength and thought concentrated on maintaining my precarious position, I was not conscious of attending to anything else; yet I can never recall the time without remembering that the water was of an angry, greenish, black color; that the waves rolled up to us with a dark, menacing front, and broke over us in a white foam of bluster, as those who threaten long, yet may at any time carry their threats into relentless execution.

But overpowering every other thought or sensation, slight, memory, or fear, was the one feeling of intense, horrible cold—the soul-chilling, wet, corpse-like cold, that can only be felt by those exposed to the alternate attacks of cold water and bitter wind.

Now long moves from side to side to preserve the balance of the boat, as she was the only one of us so situated that such motion was practicable; but after a time she maintained a position just in the centre, as one to whom movement had become impossible, but who must die at her post. The feeling of entire helplessness was more exhausting to our souls than were the attacks of the elements to our bodies. From the first we had uttered no scream or useless word of complaint, had done all that we could to save our lives, but—"there was the pinch of it"—there was no longer anything that we could do. Wave after wave rushed up, broke over us, and retired. Blast after blast pierced us with bitter arrows of cold, and we must submit to it all; as incapable of effort or resistance as was the boat's delirious pin, torn off in the wreck, and now repeatedly tossed upon us by the contemptuous waves, only to be carried back and flung tauntingly at us again and again.

By-and-by, after I had seemed to sleep and waken hundreds of times, I heard the captain's eager "Thank God! here comes a boat."

I don't know that we laughed at the time—though I believe we did in some ghastly fashion. At any rate we've often laughed since—with grateful tears in our eyes—when we have thought of the guile in which our rescuers presented themselves.

Being as fast as their stout arms could pile the contents of their boots, and in the craziest of little flat-bottomed row-boats. One of them excitedly swung his hat round his head to encourage us, and revealed a thicket of light bushy hair standing up as straight as if each hair were separately wired. Both were shouting like mad to us to "keep up heart," and then, as they came nearer, exhorting us not to all jump into the boat at once, as their boat was small and leaky, and would not hold us all.

Jump! We could as easily have flown, we were so paralyzed with cold. With rough gentleness they lifted Mary, the baby and me into their boat and pushed off, leaving the captain on the overturned boat till they could return.

A schooner passing about a mile from the scene of the wreck now espied us, and signalled that we should be brought there, as it was so much nearer than the shore.

Arrived at the schooner, she looked to our helplessness, like an impenetrable fortress. She was in light ballast, and of course very far out of water. How could we, without ladders or other preparation, scale such a height? The question was answered for us. The men were strong and we were small. They first handled the passive baby up to the schooner-cabin, leaning far over the side to reach him; then Mary and I were served the same way; only that, being heavier, the men could not lift us quite so high, and the captain could only grasp us each in turn by one arm and our hanging hair, and drag us over the bulwarks—a muddy, exhausting, yet painless, and largely easy or draggible, but sufficiently safe, and under the circumstances we "stood not upon the order of our going."

The captain said we must go to the fire, and more dragged than led us to the cook's galley. Here was a good fire, indeed, but on one side of the little box of a place was a sliding window that would not shut, and on the other was a sliding door that would remain open. Through these the wind drove with a spiteful force, and we could get no relief from that terrible, overmastering cold.

Holding little Charlie between us as well as we could, and wrapped in the sailor's oil-skin coats, we shivered until it seemed to us that every pore had a separate ache and quiver of its own; and each breath drew a torture of needles of pain and cold down our spines, in a broad belt round our waists, and through the soles of our feet.

And we were so tired! We hardly felt our brains beat, but for weeks after we knew that these had been neither few nor small.

After a while we asked the good captain what time it was. "It is five now," he said; "it was a little past four when I sighted you."

"So we were only two hours on the bottom of that boat," sighed Mary; "it ought to have been years."

To Get Rid of Household Pests. Charles Thompson writes to the Scientific American that he has got rid of a bed-bug or flea in his house for many years, and adds—If an army of these vermin were brought in, merely to annoy, and especially exterminate them, but if they should be the best and perhaps the only preventive. The common house fly, do not molest, believing it more than compensates for its trouble by clearing the atmosphere of effluvia and the animals which ally arise from the putrefaction of decaying substances during the warm weather. So also with the birds, which are quite numerous here, and get the summer. Instead of showing them or setting up scare-crows to frighten them away, I throw out every possible bait for them to build their nests upon.

The bird's nest is a share of the insects in the larval state, and the millers are prevented from depositing eggs for a future crop of worms. As to the loss of fruit by the birds, the latter are always sure to be on hand in force in the season of ripe fruit, whether they come early enough to take the worms or not. For the reason of insects which infest my vegetable garden I find that the laboratory of the chemist furnishes materials fatal to them all, among which white hellebore and cayenne pepper are of the most utility.

The bug or worm which cannot find vegetable unfavored with these articles will seek its breakfast elsewhere, and blast my garden unmolested. A few drops of carbolic acid in a pint of water will clean house plants from lice in a very short time. If mosquitoes or other blood-suckers infest our sleeping rooms at night, we uncork a bottle of oil of pennyroyal, and these insects leave in great haste, nor will they return so long as the air in the room is laden with the fumes of that aromatic herb. If rats enter the cellar, let white powdered potash thrown into their holes, or mixed with meal and scattered in their runways, never fails to drive them away. Cayenne pepper will keep the buttery and storeroom free from ants and cockroaches. If a mouse makes an entrance into any part of your dwellings, saturate a rag with cayenne in solution and stuff it into a hole, which cannot be repaired. If rats enter the cellar, rat-traps or mouse will eat that rag for the purpose of opening communication with a depot of supplies.

To Cook Beans.—When beans are kept over a year or more they become rather difficult to cook tender. One way to accomplish it is to soak them overnight in soft water, and in the morning put them to boil, putting a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda into the water. The water must be turned off as soon as it boils, and changed two or three times. Have a teacupful of boiling water ready to cover them when the other is poured off, as cold water hardens them again. After they begin to crack open they should be put in the oven, with a piece of pork previously freshened, and water enough to keep them from burning, and bake a couple of hours. Beans are a healthy and convenient food, and should often appear on a farmer's table, being as good or better when cold than when just cooked.

BRAN PORRIDGE.—When the beans are skinned from the kettle to be put baking, leave a teacupful or more of the beans in the kettle. Set the kettle on the top of the stove where the beans will slowly cook fine. Then season the broth with sufficient salt, pepper and butter to make it relish, and with good Graham bread, it makes a soup fit for a king or a dyspeptic.

CLEANING KNIVES.—A small, clean pot, with the end cut off, is a very convenient medium of applying bric-a-brac to knives, keeping it about a right moisture, while the juice of the potato assists in removing stains from the surface. We get a better polish by this method than by any other we have tried, and with less labor.

INDIAN CAKE, or pone, as it is sometimes called, makes a delightful breakfast. It is made as follows: One quart of buttermilk, four teaspoonfuls of Indian meal, two of wheat flour, four tablespoonfuls of molasses or brown sugar, one even tablespoonful each of soda and salt. Bake in a quick oven. This recipe makes two handsome cakes.

HOT SLAW.—Butter the size of an egg, half a cup of milk, yellow of two eggs, teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper, small level teaspoonful of dry mustard and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Put the butter into the skillet with the fine cut cabbage and the other ingredients, and stir all the time until the cabbage is well through.

TO MEND CHINKAMAR.—Take a very thick solution of gum arabic and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture is of proper consistency. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges of the chinaware and stick them together. In a few days it will be impossible to break the article in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

SCALLOPED VEAL.—Chop cold cooked white fish, put a layer in a baking dish, alternating with a layer of powdered crackers, salt, pepper, and butter, until you fill the dish. Beat up two eggs, add a pint of milk, pour it over the veal and crackers. Cover with a plate and let the top brown.

Two teaspoonfuls of finely-powdered charcoal, drunk in half a tumbler of water, will often give relief to the sick headache when caused, as in most cases it is, by a superabundance of acid in the stomach.

PARENTS should be very careful and not let the rays of the sun shine directly upon the faces of sleeping children. Strong light is very injurious to the eyes, especially if they are inclined to weakness. A small piece of paper or linen, moistened with spirits of turpentine and put into a bureau or wardrobe for a single day, two or three times, is said to be a sufficient preservative against moths.

The Runaway Elephants. The Cincinnati Enquirer thus describes a ludicrous and, at the same time, serious accident that occurred during the Mardi Gras celebration on Tuesday. The car of King Leo, originally the property of a party ten feet high, set in a large plate garlanded with the usual trimmings of roast pig. Midway between the cars of the pig, balled in a garland of cabbage leaves, was the throne of the King. On his right and left, on the ears of the royal pig, sat the King's pages, and astraddle the snout sat the Jester. The car at last, first drawn by horse, afterward Uncle John it drove a four-plentiful elephants—Mary, Bismarck, Chief and Princess—drew the car. The account says: "As his Highness' triumphal car left Twelfth street and crossed the bridge on the down grade it ran against the trunk of the rear elephant, the 'Empress.' Her ladyship was somewhat frightened at this unexpected sensation and resolved not to stand the pressure. With a gallop (very few people have ever seen an elephant gallop) she started off at a fearful speed. The other three large animals in front of her became infected with her alarm, and led in the huge runaway. The jolly King was scared, and by the least. We doubt if a man ever lived who experienced exactly the same sensation as felt to the lot of His Majesty William just then. There was nothing in front of him to lay hold of; with desperation his Highness swung himself round on his belly, and grabbing the back of his throne with both hands, he held fast, and regarded not his unkingly position. Away went the royal car as fast as four plunging, snorting elephants could haul it. In vain did the King from his inverted position on the throne yell, 'Whoa there! Whoa Empress!' The frightened elephants would not heed him until they were headed off at the corner of Elm and Twelfth streets by men with spears. As they stopped, they ran into the gutter just west of Elm street. The keeper of the elephants, John King, was caught between the car and a tree box and seriously crushed about the thighs and groin. Dr. Mussey, who attended him, thinks with proper care he will soon recover. We sought out King William shortly after midnight this morning, and interviewed him in regard to the runaway. But his Majesty excused himself by insisting that his position during the runaway was such a one that he was permitted to see very little of it.

A Remarkably Bold Attempt. Last evening, as the passenger train from Charlotte, on the Lake Shore road, was about to start, under the direction of Conductor Day, a peculiar smell was noticed by Mr. F. P. Eagle, who was a passenger on board, and on looking around he discovered that a strange appearance of a stow-away had come over all the passengers. His suspicions being aroused his action was prompt and energetic. He was out in a twinkling, and in a few moments he was in the rear end of the car. He lit upon him at once, and discovered in his possession a curiously constructed tin can, and demanded to know what he had in it. "Coffee," said the fellow with the utmost effrontery.

"If coffee you say," said the Oswegoian, "this coffee you are in a full dose of the substance, which was fast escaping."

"Here, conductor! Dick! Help! Up with the windows! Seize the rascal! He is all being chloroformed! It's the same fellow who chloroformed and robbed a whole passenger train on the Michigan Central last week."

The now thoroughly aroused passengers sprang from their seats, and the windows were put up and the doors were thrown open. Conductor Day, who was in the rear, there was enough of pure steering air forced through the car to counteract the effects of any quantity of the stupefying ether. The culprit was seized by Mr. Eagle and Conductor Day, and his "can" was found to contain enough "coffee" to have stupefied a dozen car-loads of passengers. A vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Eagle by the grateful passengers, who felt that they had been saved from robbery, if not worse evils, by his remarkable self-possession and prompt measures.—Oswego Times.

Impressing a Wife. The New York World describes a case of Eysman and Talsin in Paris. Mlle. Ferrand, wife of M. Ferrand, sub-leader of the orchestra of the Opera Comique, came into court to secure a separation from her husband. Mlle. Ferrand was a rich widow at the time of her marriage with M. Ferrand, but the latter took the funds into his own custody, locked them securely up in a strong box, and only doled out to his wife what she considered a very inadequate pin-money. By way of remedy Mlle. Ferrand took occasion one day when Monsieur was out, to break into the safe and help herself. Monsieur, upon returning, discovered that he had been robbed, and sought Madame for an explanation. He found, however, that Madame, with her maid, had locked herself up in her own room, and refused to admit him over the barricade. He offered to pay her the money would use, entering the door of the room, and making his proposals for a separation, and so the lady, hand retailed by successfully waiting up the barricaded door so that it was impossible for the wife to get out. Finally, when nearly starved out, Madame Ferrand let upon the plan of writing a statement of her perilous condition, wrapping it around some soap and throwing it into the street. Unfortunately, however, it happened to be All Good Day, and the Parisian was so much afraid of taking a poison 'Adieu' that it was seven hours before the police were notified. When finally they came to her relief, Madame and her maid were preparing a fricassee of pig's hooves, having previously eaten a rice pudding and drunk a bottle of wine de Chateau and one of Hungary water. For this scandalous treatment Mlle. Ferrand demands a separation, and it is hoped the courts will grant it.

Sava when you are young to spend what you are old. Looks as if spring was here, but don't turn your mother-in-law out doors yet.

A Frenchman's Mistake. A citizen of France, who has an inveterate habit of confounding every thing which is said to him, and has been endeavoring to acquire a knowledge of our government, was about leaving his boarding-house for a most comfortable quarter. All the little mysteries of his wardrobe, including his last nether garment and umbrella, had been packed up, when he bethought to himself the unpleasant duty now devolving upon him, that of bidding "adieu" to his friends. After shaking his fellow-boarders cordially by the hand, and wishing them, with incessant bowing, "un verve best success in sa vie!" and "un benediction de chef," he retired in search of his dear landlady to give her also his blessing. He met her at the staircase, and advancing, hat in hand, with a thousand scrapes, commencing his speech: "Ah, madame, I'm going to leave you. You have been verve amiable to me, madame; I will never forget you for zat. If I am in my country I will ask your government to give you a pension, madame." The good lady put down her head and blushed modestly, while our Frenchman proceeded: "Vell, I must go; you know in zeese life, madame, it is full of pain 'n trouble. If God adopted ze virl vich Lamartine made in his poesie, ze zere should be no more pain. Adieu, madame, adieu, perhaps forever." Thereupon the Frenchman was making his exit, when he was suddenly called back by his landlady, who, interestedly inquired, "Why, Mr. C, you have forgotten your latch-key." Mr. C. appeared amazed, apparently not understanding his interrogator. "Yes," continued Mrs. M., "you know it is the rule for all boarders to give me their keys." "O, madame," interrupted the Frenchman, with enthusiasm, "I will give you not one—not one, but zezantiz" and, applying the action to the word, he sprang towards Mrs. M., and, embracing her tightly in his arms, kissed her most heroically. The aghast Mrs. M., recovering herself at length, cried out, "The key, Mr. C, the key!" Frenchy, looking confused, confounded, ejaculates, with heavy sighs, "O, madame! I got you as me for one kees, 'n I give it to you. Vat a fatal mistake!"

Characteristics of the Rothschilds. Gossiping about the Rothschilds and the methods by which their enormous wealth has been acquired, a correspondent says they are not to be believed by such. They will have nothing to do with the lucky men or enterprise, if they think they are such. If an agent makes a failure of any of their schemes he is immediately discharged, even if he is not directly responsible for the failure. They prefer their own race for assistants, and in most of their offices the Hebrew element predominates. They have always been noted for their political faith, and strict in observing all the laws of the synagogue, believing that much of their good fortune has come from unswerving fidelity to Judaism. They endow schools, hospitals and alm-houses for their faith, and ever renew an ardent attachment to the ancient form of worship. Save at rare intervals, they intermarry, and are likely to while they hold together. Nathan conceived the idea of perpetuating the name and power of the Rothschilds by consanguineous connections, a custom from early times with Hebrew families, and the union of blood relatives has been for years a common practice in the family. The great house now exists in the persons of some twelve of the family, descendants of Mayer Anselm Rothschild. They are united as of old in their lives and fortunes, and are men with rare genius for pecuniary planning, as far as bearing the largest and most difficult enterprises to successful issues. Their blood has flown in kindred channels generation after generation. The mere passion for gain has doubtless long since ceased to impel them, for many years ago their wealth had swelled beyond accurate reckoning, but the gratification of power probably urges them now to increase their capital by all means of traffic. They consist of the greatest families of Europe, and have the hereditary title of Baron. Despite their hundreds of millions, they are still very willing to add to them, for the love of domination is strong.

WHAT ONE CAN GO THROUGH.—The Worcester Spy tells this extraordinary story: "A Tanton man of forty-six has had a checkered career. He has been shipwrecked once, narrowly escaped being hanged, and has been in jail, and has been shot in the neck at Gettysburg, had a taste of the honors of Liberty Prison, fell overboard from a whaler, and, before being picked up, left two fingers in the mouth of a shark, was drafted twice, had the right arm broken in two places during the New York riot, stood on a barrel with a halter around his neck in an Alabama town, at the outbreak of the rebellion, from which he escaped in 1863, was crushed under a falling building during a California earthquake, and was without food or drink any fifty hours, and when homeward bound from the mines of the White Pine region, narrowly escaped lynching through a mistake in person. And all he preserves his equanimity and refuses to believe that luck is against him."

DREW AN INFERENCE.—A Portsmouth, New Hampshire, young man, who was considered enough to "come in" after he had secured a girl home from "sawing" the other Sunday evening, was obliged to stop to family prayers, which came on very soon, but when the pious household prayed that "the young man who, for the time being, is one of our number, may be directed towards his Father's home," he took his hat and left without ceremony.

THE SUPREME COURT has decided in the case of the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Cleveland Railroad, against the Company. The patents issued to the road for what are known as the Gage road lands, must be cancelled.

Stolen Fortune. Anna S. H., Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Leader, writes as follows of a glowing light in Washington society: "There came here early in the season a lady with her children and sister. Expensive apartments were taken at a hotel; carriages were splendidly stored; two French curies ministered to the wants of the two children. My lady wore splendid diamonds; her street carriages, her carriage and evening dresses, her India shawls and velvet mantles were the envy of all who beheld her, while her sister, advertised as a young, splendid girl, wore brilliant array. She became distressingly intimate with other young ladies in the house, and openly laid snare for various gentlemen. She vowed that the erump in her hair was natural, that the bloom on her cheek was natural, that of health, and that, rather than she held her way triumphantly, she would have passed from lip to lip. Somebody made an assertion in Washington, New York, Mr. Williams came after awhile, and when the young lady was questioned she said, 'We are from New York; except while I was at school I have lived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel,' and society, dazzled with the glitter, accorded all the honor and dignity claimed. At length Mr. Williams arrived; a great mass of flesh and stupidity, yet with a cunning look in his evil eyes, so that the general opinion was that he smoked and gave away expensive cigars, but rumors began to be circulated antecedent by no means credible, and finally the story leaked out. In an interior town there lived a venerable old man with his one son. While the son grew to manhood, the estates grew valuable till the father was deemed enormously rich. It was a manufacturing district. Among the mill girls, one whose bright powers, but the stupid son of the miller and he married her greatly to his father's wrath. The bride's young sister was in direct poverty; the young husband placed her at school, and the bride being really a smart girl, was the old man's liking. When the father died he left the son nearly a million in personal property. What more natural than the establishment of a bank? The bank was opened, and the capital was well known and it promised to depositors a tempting amount of interest. Poor people brought their little hoardings; mill girls and mill boys were eager to invest; widows deposited their all, seamstresses and school teachers alluded to snatch the shining hair, and the bank went on swimmingly for—just one year. Then it failed, paying seven cents on a dollar, bringing to many a household utter ruin. The young man, who was the President of the bank, and has since lived without any ostensible business as he was Cyrus himself. This winter Washington has had the benefit of his lavish expenditure, while hundreds in that far-away town are suffering the direst penury to pay for his magnificence. The story became so unpleasantly common that the party left, but society had smiled for then her sweetest welcome, and Miss was paragoned as an heiress. To what?"

EAST INDIA GUM ELASTIC.—With regard to the conservancy and working of the East Indian rubber-trees, the yield of which forms one of the most important products of the Assam forests, we learn that there have been three proposals made to government, the first is that government should purchase the right to collect the rubber; the second, that the rubber should all be purchased by government; and the third, that government officers should manage the forests. In opposition to this, however, it is said that much of the rubber is brought in from forests by wild and half-civilized tribes, and still more by tribes that are under no suzerainty at all; so that conservancy is impossible, and government management very difficult. Only two courses seem possible: either to allow speculators to make their own bargain with the hill men as they like, or to enforce an effective government control. Sir George Campbell considers the latter course to be the right one. The exports of caoutchouc, it appears, which amounted to 91,000 manuels in 1871-72, fell in 1872-73 to 11,000, this decrease, however, is attributed to the closing of the Etemkhar forests with a view to preventing frontier complications.—Nature.

WHAT ONE CAN GO THROUGH.—The Worcester Spy tells this extraordinary story: "A Tanton man of forty-six has had a checkered career. He has been shipwrecked once, narrowly escaped being hanged, and has been in jail, and has been shot in the neck at Gettysburg, had a taste of the honors of Liberty Prison, fell overboard from a whaler, and, before being picked up, left two fingers in the mouth of a shark, was drafted twice, had the right arm broken in two places during the New York riot, stood on a barrel with a halter around his neck in an Alabama town, at the outbreak of the rebellion, from which he escaped in 1863, was crushed under a falling building during a California earthquake, and was without food or drink any fifty hours, and when homeward bound from the mines of the White Pine region, narrowly escaped lynching through a mistake in person. And all he preserves his equanimity and refuses to believe that luck is against him."

DREW AN INFERENCE.—A Portsmouth, New Hampshire, young man, who was considered enough to "come in" after he had secured a girl home from "sawing" the other Sunday evening, was obliged to stop to family prayers, which came on very soon, but when the pious household prayed that "the young man who, for the time being, is one of our number, may be directed towards his Father's home," he took his hat and left without ceremony.

THE SUPREME COURT has decided in the case of the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Cleveland Railroad, against the Company. The patents issued to the road for what are known as the Gage road lands, must be cancelled.