Forest Grove Independent.

VOL. 1. FOREST GROVE, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1874. NO. 42

THE INDEPENDENT.

PUBLISHED AT

Forest Grove, - - - - - - Oregon.

H. B. LUCE.

Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year,	$2 50
Six months,	1 50
Three months,	1 00
Single copies,	10

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

	1 *m*	2 *m*	3 *m*	6 *m*	1 *y*
1 inch,	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00	$ 7 00	$10 00
2 i's,	3 50	5 00	7 00	10 00	15 00
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¼ col.,	7 00	9 00	12 00	16 00	25 00
⅓ col.,	9 00	12 00	15 00	20 00	30 00
½ col.,	12 00	15 00	18 00	30 00	50 00
1 col.,	15 00	20 00	30 00	50 00	90 00

LOCAL NOTICES, 25 cents per line for the first insertion, and 15 cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

FOR Legal and transient advertisements, $2 50 per square of 12 lines for the first insertion and $1 00 per square for each subsequent insertion.

Legal Advertisements to be paid for upon making proof by the Publisher.

Subscriptions sent East, $2 00 a year.

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S. Hughes,

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LEGAL PAPERS DRAWN. ACKnowledgements taken. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. n40 1y

GEO. H. DURHAM, *District Attorney.* H. Y. THOMPSON.

Durham & Thompson,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

No. 109 First Street,

PORTLAND, - - - - - - OREGON.

ALFRED KINNEY, M. D.,

SURGEON.

OFFICE IN DEKUM'S BUILDING, N. W. corner of First and Washington Streets, Portland, Oregon. n37 1y

C. A. BALL. RALEIGH STOTT.

BALL & STOTT,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

No. 6 Dekum's Block,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

n35:1y

FOREST GROVE LODGE NO. 136,

I. O. G. T.

MEETS AT ITS HALL EVERY SATURDAY evening at 6 o'clock. Al members of the Order in good standing arcordially invited to attend. m22:1y

FRANK L. STOTT,

Attorney-at-Law,

HILLSBORO, OREGON.

Office in new Court House.

W. H. SAYLOR, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

FOREST GROVE, - - - - OREGON

OFFICE—At the Drug Store.

RESIDENCE—Corner Second Block south of the Drug Store. m22:1y

D. SHATTUCK. B. KILLIN.

Shattuck & Killin,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS

AT LAW.

Dekum's Building, First Street,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

THOMAS H. TONGUE.

Attorney-at-Law,

Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon.

John Cooper,

DENTIST AND JEWELER

SOLICITS THE PATRONAGE OF THE Grove. *Work warranted.* Office cor. Walnut and Pine Streets. n39 1y

FOREST GROVE LODGE, No. 136,

I. O. G. T.,

MEETS AT ITS HALL EVERY SATurday evening, at 6 o'clock. All members of the Order in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

CORNELIUS LODGE, I. O. O. F.

N O. 4 0.

MEETINGS EVERY TUESDAY evening at 7½ o'clock in Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Order in good standing are nvited to attend. By order of N. G.

HOLBROOK LODGE NO. 30,

A. F. & A. M.

FOREST GROVE, OREGON. Meets Saturday before the Full Moon in each month. Brethren in good ding are invited to attend.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Fruit Trees for Sale.

FRANK McMILLEN HAS ALL KINDS of fruit trees for sale in Forest Grove.

FRUIT TREES.(one to five years old:)

Apples, Pears, Cherries, Plums, Quinces.

CURRANTS:

Cherry, White Crystal, Red Dutch.

BLACKBERRIES:

Lawton and Kittatinny.

RASPBERRY AND GRAPE VINES.

ORNAMENTAL TREES:

Black and White Walnut, Chesnut and other varieties.

SHRUBBERY:

Rose Bushes of all kinds.

FLOWERS:

Tulip and Peony bulbs.

HOUSE PLANTS

Of all kinds.

Call and see me before purchasing elsewhere. Everything warranted. n42 tf

J. R. WALKER.

(At the Old Tualatin Store.)

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, and

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Forest Grove, - - - - Oregon

FAIR PRICES PAID FOR ALL KINDS

OF PRODUCE.

☞ Premium on Cash Customers. n15:tf

Notice.

ALL PERSONS KNOWING THEMselves indebted to me are hereby requested to call and pay up before the beginning of the New Year, and save costs.

JOHN R. WALKER.

Tualatin Store, Forest Grove, Ogn. n39 tf

National Business College

PORTLAND, OREGON,

Affords advantages for the thorough and practical Business Education of young and middle-aged men. Send for College Paper. n37 1y DEFRANCE & JAMES.

POST OFFICE HOURS.

Mail going south closes at 8 A. M.; Mail going east closes at 1 P. M. Office hours on Sunday from 10:30 to 11 A. M.

☞No departure from this rule.

N. E. GOODELL,

Post Master.

n7:1y

New Meat Market!

IN

FOREST GROVE!!

YAKIMA BEEF, FAT AS BUTTER. Mutton, Pork, Veal, Fish, both fresh and salt, Fruit, Flour and Game, constantly on hand. n39 1y

H. McDonald,

ARCHITECT AND BUILDER,

WILL FURNISH PLANS AND SPECifications for Buildings of all descriptions and superintend the constructions of the same; also, Bridge and Stair building, Hand railing, Newell posts and Balusters, also, all kinds of solid furniture, viz: Bedsteads, Tables, Bureaus, Stands, &c., on reasonable terms. Shop and office over Johnson's Plaining Mill, Forest Grove.

Produce taken in exchange.

11:5:1y H. McDONALD

DWELLING HOUSES AND STORE

TO RENT.

SEVERAL COMFORTABLE DWELling Houses and one Store-house to rent, conveniently situated in the City of Forest Grove. J. T. SCOTT.

December 16th, 1873. n37 1m

NOTICE.

THOSE WISHING TO AVAIL THEMselves of the New Series of school books at the "introductory rates," which are 33⅓ cents less than they will sell at after the time mentioned below, would do well to send in their orders to Dr. Saylor's Drug Store before the tenth of January next. All orders must be accompanied by the cash as the books are sold on commission.

Wm. McCREADY

FOREST GROVE OREGON.

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN all kinds of

HARNESS,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS & Lashes

☞ Repairing promptly attended to. n13:2m

J. R. Spencer,

DEALER IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

CORNELIUS, OREGON.

All kinds of Produce bought and sold. n14:1y

FURNITURE!! FURNITURE!!

AT

J. R. WALKER'S STORE. PERSONS wishing anything in this line will do well to call before buying elsewhere. n36tf

The Old Man's Dream.

BY OLIVER W. HOLMES.

Oh, for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a gray-beard king.

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age
Away with learning's crown:
Tear out life's wisdom-written page
And dash its trophies down.

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame;
Give me one giddy, reeling stream
Of life, all love and fame.

My listening angel heard the prayer
And, calmly smiling, said—
"If I but touch thy silvered hair
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay?
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

Ah, truest, best of woman-kind,
Without thee, what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind—
I'll take—my—pre—cious—wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen,
And wrote with morning's dew—
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband, too!"

"And is there nothing yet unsaid,
Before the change appears?
Remember all those gifts have fled
With the revolving years."

Why, yes! for memory would recall
My fond, paternal joys—
I could not bear to leave them all—
I'll take—my—girls—and boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen—
"Why, this will never do!
The man would be a boy again—
And be a father, too!"

And so I laughed: My laugh awoke
The household, with its noise—
And wrote my dreams when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

A Hole Through Hoosac Tunnel.

The great bore which is to give Massachusets a great railway route through the State to the West is at last nearly completed. On Thanksgiving Day an unusually heavy charge of nitroglycerine blew a hole through the last few feet of rock which remained to be pierced, and, at least so the news papers say, let the daylight in from end to end. There yet remains a great deal of work to be done before the final completion of the great job, and it is not likely that the tunnel will be opened for business within less than a year. How long it is since work was first begun on this undertaking, we do not know. It is enough to say that it is a very long time. Before it was half completed, it was clearly seen that a great mistake was made in not going over the mountain instead of under it. But Yankee pluck and energy, having spent so much labor and money, and given the world to understand that there was to be a railroad under that mountain, were not to be daunted by any obstacles in the path, and pushed the work with hardly any intemission, night or day, up to the final moment The cost did not all consist in time, labor, and money, however; the job was indirectly the means of creating the first full-fledged lobby which the State ever had, an institution which has never ceased to exist, and which is likely to last as long as the tunnel itself. The greater portion of the boring had to be done through almost impenetrbale rock, but latterly soft material was reached and the progress made was much more rapid. Quite a number of heavy contractors who undertook the job, utterly failed and were ruined by the losses which they incurred in consequence. The tunnel is when nearly five miles long, and by far the longest railroad tunnel in America. It has cost something over $12,000,000.

We should judge that not much less than a hundred men had been accidentally killed in the process of its construction. The section of the road of which it forms a part is 45 miles long, and extends from Greenfield on the Connecticut river to the northwest corner of the State. The direct connections, East and West, makes up a continuous line of road from Boston to Troy on the Hudson.

The tunnel and short road are both the property of the State, and the question now is, what shall be done with them? Three or four different railroad companies are fighting to get possession of them, and one of the most important questions which the State Legislature will have to decide this winter, is whether they shall be turned over to some one of those companies or kept under the control of the State. Boston is, of course, intensely interested in its solution, for her growing trade with the West is liable to be greatly affected thereby.—*S. F. Bulletin.*

BRINE FOR PRESERVING BUTTER.—To three gallons of brine strong enough to bear an egg, add a quarter of a pound of nice white sugar and one teaspoonful of salt-peter. Boil the brine and when it is cold strain carefully. Make your butter into rolls, and wrap each roll separately in a clean, white muslin cloth, tying up with a string. Pack a large jar full, weigh the butter down, and pour over the brine until all is submerged. This will keep really good butter perfectly sweet and fresh for a whole year. In summer, when the heat will not admit of butter being made into rolls, pack closely in small jars, and using the same brine, allow it to cover the butter to the depth of at least four inches. This excludes the air and answers very nearly as well as the first method suggested.—*Dutches Farmer.*

Brevities for the Ladies.

In less than three months, more than thirty women have been appointed Post-mistresses in the United States.

There isn't a woman in Milwaukee who can cook a healthy meal of victuals. one of the papers there says so.

A rich old lady in New Haven keeps her hens in the parlor and feeds them with jelly cake and English walnuts.

A fourteen year old girl of Brooklyn has sued a boy sixteen years old for breach of promise, and wants damages.

A citizen of La Crosse named Gin, has petitioned to have his name changed, because his sweetheart doesn't like it.

A young lady of Terre Haute, Ind., has proved her ability to support a husband by shooting over one hundred quail this season. Jinks remarks on this that he has shot over a thousand quail this season himself, but he never kills any. He shoots over them always.

Says the *Courier-Journal:* The subject of Anna Dickinson's last lecture is "For Your Sake." If she means our sake, she is ducedly mistaken. We want her distinctly to understand that so far as she and other young strong-minded females are concerned, we have no sake.

The day when a boy begins to feel uneasy at being dependent upon somebody else, is the day when his boyhood begins to give way to manhood. The day when a girl finds somebody on whom she is willing to depend is that in which she passes from girlhood to womanhood.

A western paper relates as an illustration of the power of love, the case of Miss Catharine Oates, of Cornwall, England, who traveled all the way to Tuolume county, California, to wed the lover she had not seen for eight years, and foudn him wedded to a Mexican ranchero's daughter and the father of five children.

The Duchess de Burgoyne one day conversed with Madame de Maintenon on the subject of Queen Anne. Do you know," said the Duchess, why the queens govern better than the kings? Because," she immediately added, "under kings the ladies rule, whereas, under queens the rulers are men."

A Steubenville "local" has had an adventure. He says: "We willbe somewhat cautious hereafter as to how we write up a local item about a woman. We have been intervi ewed by a strong-minded one that had hunted us for two days, and she had a business look on as she spoke. We are not so durned smart' as we were."

THE CHARGES AGAINST WILLIAMS.

The following clear and dispassionate view of the charges against Judge Williams appears in the *Sacramento Union* long known to be the soundest and ablest political paper on this coast and perhaps second to none in the American Union. It hints the view held by some of the Oregon papers that Williams was influenced to remove the District Attorney by our unscrupulous and political mountebank Senator. At heart the Attorney General is a good and honest man, but in this case the confidence he has placed in Mitchel and the Custom House ring of corruptionists has proved his ruin, and made him another melancholy case to point a moral or adorn a tale. The article proceeds as follows:—

Late news from Washington indicates that the romoval of District Attorney Gibbs by Attorney-General Williams has seriously endangered the confirmation of the latter as Chief Justice, though Grant says he will not withdraw the nomination. That act of Williams is interpreted as a disposition to assist bad men in preventing the punishment of election frauds. It is no justification of the Attorney-General to say that the District Attorney disobeyed an order, for the order itself was clearly one that should not have been made. The District Court, at the instance of Gibbs and with a full knowledge of all the circumstances, which Williams could not have had, changed its rules so as to have a Grand Jury selected impartially by lot instead of by an untrustworthy officer. The change of the rules was an act within the discretion of the court, and the order of the Attorney-General that the District Attorney move to rescind the new rules appears to be, and seems to have been intended to be, an attempt to reprove the court and to so intimidate the officers concerned as to shield Mitchell's friends from trial. It was a direct dictation to the court as to how it should exercise its discretion. If Gibbs had made the motion, Judge Deady would not have been bound to grant it. He would probably have regarded it in its true light, as an unwarantable interference with the judiciai discretion, and would have done as Coke, when, menaced by Attorney-General Bacon, said he was ready to do "that which shall be fit for a judge to do." Lord Campbell in his "Lives of the Chief Justices of England' mentions an instance where Sir Matthew Hale refused to go on with a trial after learning that the jury had been returned at the dictation of the Protector, in order to secure the conviction of a personal enemy. Perhaps Attorney-General Williams overlooked this precedent when he issued his order. Can it be that he thinks the roll of Cromwell can be more successfully played in the ninteenth than in the seventeenth century? If so, it will be fortunate for the country if the Senate so understand him before passing upon his nomination.

By recent advices from Oregon it appears that among those who were William's best friends a short time ago, and who were proud to hear of his nomination for the high office to which he aspires, there are but few now who wish to see him confirmed. The best excuse that has been offered for him is that he acted hastily, and was deceived by Mitchell. But there should be no haste in such cases; and he knows Mitchell so well that he ought not to be led by him at all, especially in opposition to such men as Gibbs and Deady, whom he knows even better than Mitchell. If he lent himself to aid Mitchell in order to secure his vote in the Senate, that is of itself a sufficient reason why he should be rejected. The matter of expense is a mere pretext. When the ballot-box is to be protected against fraud, the people do not care for a few dollars.

New Poems.

Says the San Francisco *Bulletin,* Laura C. Redding, better known by the pseudonym of "Howard Glyndon," is, we believe not only deaf and dumb, but blind. There is therefore a peculiar aptness in the title "Sounds From Secret Chambers" to a volume of poems written by her, which Osgood&Co., Boston, publish in a very attractive style. There is something touching in the very idea of a soul thus bereaved of light and speech blossoming into song. She, who never saw sky or sea—who never heard the murmur of wave, the ripple of stream, the rustle of forest leaf, the joyous note of song bird, paints nature with the fidelity of an artist and the enthusiasm of a worshipper. Some of her more ambitious efforts are not successful, but the minor poems—those that sing of love and hope—are very sweet and tender. Take the following:

ENTRE NOUS.

As we two slowly walked that night,
Silence fell on us, as of fear;
I was afraid to face the light,
Lest you should see that I loved you, dear.

You drew my arm against your heart,
So close I could feel it beating near;
You were brave enough for a lover's part—
You were so sure that I loved you, dear.

But, though your face was so close to mine
That you touched my cheek with your chesnut hair,
I wouldn't my lips to yours resign;
And yet I loved you—I loved you dear.

And all at once you were cold and pale,
Because you thought that I did not care;
I cried a little behind my veil
But that was because I loved you, dear.

And so you thought 't was a drop of rain
That splashed your hand? But 'twas a tear;
For then you said you'd never again
Ask me to say that I loved you, dear.

Well! I will tell,—if you'll listen now,
I thought of the words you said last year;
How we girls weren't coy enough, and how
There were half a dozen that loved you, dear.

And I was afraid that you held me light,
As an imp at my shoulder said, "Beware!
He's just in a wooing mood to-night."
So I wouldn't say that I loved you, dear.

Not though I thought you the Man of men,
Chiefest of heroes, brave and rare;
Not though I never shall love again
Any man as I loved you, dear.

I have suffered and so have you;
And to-night, if you were but standing here,
I'd make you answer straight and true,
If you'd ask again if I loved you, dear.

The authoress occasionally strikes the deeper chords of grief and sorrow, as in these tender lines:

THE DOOR BETWEEN.

I know that it was mine own hand that shut it
And locked it—but I threw away the key,
And so the door can never more be opened
That stands so grimly betwixt you and me.

Though sometimes I have fancied that I heard you
Pleading and knocking on the other side,
I would not answer for my heart was sullen,
And made so cruel by my wounded pride.

And there were hours when I knelt beside it,
Anigh to death for just one word from you:
And you, in turn, were proud and would not answer
For anything that I could say or do.

And sometimes idle 'twixt sleep and waiting
I think the door swings back to let you in:
But when I spring to give eager welcome,
I only meet the ghost of What has Been!

And often in my sleep my heart is asking,
"Where is the key? Alas! where is the key?"
And I arise and vainly try to open
The closed door that is 'twixt you and me!

ONCE a careless man went to the cellar and stuck the candle in what he thought was a keg of black sand. He sat near it drinking wine. The candle burned low. Nearer it got to the black sand; nearer and nearer, until the b-l-a-z-e reached the black sand, and as it was nothing but black sand, nothing happened.

Washington County Agricultural Society.

The Washington county Agricultural Society met at the Court House in Hillsboro, Jan. 2, 1874, and was called to order by the President, Robert Imbrie, Esq.

On motion the Society proceeded to the election of a Board of Directors for the ensuing year.

H. C. Raymond and A. Luelling were then appointed tellers.

The following members were then chosen as Directors: R. Imbrie, U. Jackson, L. Patterson, A. Luelling, Ben. Cornelius, J. Freeman and W. R. Jackson.

The bill of S. W. Carter, for $20, was then ordered paid and the Society adjourned.

At a meeting of the newly elected Board of Directors, immediately held, the oath of office was administered and the Board chose its officers for the ensuing year as follows: A. Luelling, President, G. M. Raymond, Secretary, and L. Patterson, Treasurer.

On motion, all books, papers and accounts of the Society were referred to the finance committee for examination.

A motion was carried instructing the Secretary to purchase silver cups for such parties as were entitled to them as premiums at the last Fair, or give such parties the equivalent in coin, at their option.

The Directors resolved to thoroughly revise their premium list at the next meeting of the Board.

On motion, the Board adjourned to meet on the first Thursday in February, 1874, for the transaction of business.

The Cracking of Fruit by Rain.

Almost every one, says an exchange has noticed that juicy fruits such as plums, peaches, grapes, tomatoes, etc., will be cracked by a rain. The phenomenon has been of painfully frequent occurance the past season, and the losses to some growers have on this account been heavy. The cracking has been explained in various ways, but we think it is properly attributed by Bousingalt to *osmose.* If a bladder filled with syrup be immersed in a vessel of water, the water will after a while become sweet; the syrup passes through the membrane of the bladder into the water, and correspondingly the water passes into the interior of the bladder. But this interchange is not an equal one; the lighter liquid, the water, passes in many times more rapidly than the heavier liquid, the syrup, passes out. The consequence will be that the bladder will be distended to its utmost, and at length burst. This is a general rule, that where two liquids of unequal densities are separated by a membrane, whether animal or vegetable, they will interchange, the weaker liquid passing more rapidly than the denser one, and this will be kept up until the liquid on both sides of the membrane is of equal density. A ripe tomato or plum may be considered in the condition of the bladder of syrup. The rich juices of the fruit correspond to the syrup, and the thin membrane which forms the skin of the fruit represents the bladder. When the ripe fruit is kept constantly wet with water by a rain, *osmose* takes place, and the water passing through into the fruit distends the skin, which not being very strong is soon ruptured. If the fruit were to be surrounded by a liquid denser than its juices, it would instead of expanding and breaking, shrink, and the skin become shriveled. When strawberries or currants are sprinkled with sugar, a syrup is formed by some of the juice of the fruit, and this being considerably denser than the juices of the berries they are soon flabby and shriveled.

The Flax Crop.

It is to be hoped that the farmers of this valley will make ample preparations for a large flax crop in 1874. There is now no doubt of the fact that the flax crop in any and all seasons here will average, in point of profit, with the wheat crop. And it is not so exhaustive to the soil as the wheat crop is, if the flax stubble is plowed under in the fall. As to foul seed in the flax crop, this can and will be obviated. Clean seed will be furnished by the Oil Company at Salem; and the farmers will consult their own interest by cleaning their lands of all foul plants. It is sure that any lands which will yield good crops of wheat or oats, will, if properly tilled, produce good crops of flax. And there is no doubt but that excellent hemp can be produced here. I cannot too much urge the farmers to plow their lands very deeply in the fall, and drain them well. All sorts of clean manure should be spread over the flax lands this winter, and well mixed with the soil next spring, twelve inches plowing in depth in the fall, and six inches in the spring, and thorough harrowing, will insure a good crop of flax or wheat. The farmers should bear in mind, that the price of flax seed is fixed before hand, that it is *sure money,* and that no *middlemen* are nibbling at the profits. The Oil Company of Salem can extend the manufacture of oil, just to the extent of the supply of flax seed they receive. This is one of many of the home enterprises among us that should be fostered and encouraged. The company are of our own citizens; and their interests are interwoven with ours. What a large amount of gold they will pay to our farmers for flax seed if it be furnished them.

A FARMER.

Dead!

BY CHAS. HOWARD, CENTREVILLE, CAL.

I saw one kill a bird—and the world lost a song:

Poor little queen of birdland,
Slain in the midst of a song!
A region of quavers and trills,
A region of blossoms and trees,
A murmur of passionate rills,
The music of infinite seas.

The love of the sun and the moon,
The peace of a star and the night,
Trill-flutters that swell to the moon,
Song-wavers whose fringes are white:

Noon-bugles, star-voices, outled
In a victory song far heard—
All these lying dead—lying dead
In the broken heart of a bird:

The Defence of France.

Writing from Berlin under date of November 12th, the correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* says: "From an official source I learn the following facts in reference to military matters in France. The new (*Landesverthejdigung*) recently adopted in Germany, one of the chief objects of which is to do away with a large number of small fortresses of no importance, considering the present method of conducting war, and to strengthen the larger fortresses by means of large detached forts, thereby constituting strongholds that are at once arsenals and huge intrenched camps, has made it necessary for France to reorganize the home defenses. The necessity of protecting France from German attacks by

A STRONG LINE OF FORTRESSES,

As well as of remedying the shortcomings discovered during the last war in the defence of Paris, occupies most earnestly at the present moment French military circles. These questions have entered a new phase. The triple fortress-girdle constructed upon Vauban's plan on the eastern frontier, and which chiefly consisted of small forts much exposed to bombardment, was possessed of but an insignificant offensive force, and speedily fell to pieces under the German blows. Metz and Strasbourg were the only strongholds that held out for any time. Warned by these experiences, the French have resolved to relegate the smaller fortresses to a position of altogether secondary moment, and to constitute the frontier defenses in

A SERIES OF INTRENCHED CAMPS,

Connected with and supporting one another. The central point of this entirely new system of defence will be Paris, which will also be a reserve and store depot for the fortress nearer the frontier. As far as the plans for this complex of fortressess are hitherto settled a strategical barrier of first class will be set up over against the very strongly fortified western frontier of Germany. To achieve this, the central Meuse fortresses—Sedan, Mezieres, Verdun and Toul — will be greatly strengthened and surrounded with detached forts so as to form one huge intrenched camp. Southward Laugres, Belfort and probably Dijon will prolong this line of defense, and will be formed into

ANOTHER GIGANTIC INTRENCHED CAMP.

The space between Toul and Langres is only about fifty miles broad, and is throughout so much cut up by water and the western hights of Vosges as to be most unfavorable ground for the operations of a hostile army; it therefore requires no special fortress defenses. Behind this line of defense will be constructed two great intrenched camps at Soissons and Chalons, designed to hinder the advance of an enemy upon the Aisne and Marne. Paris will serve as a depot for all these defensive works, and will itself be protected upon an entirely new system. Two projects are under consideration for Paris defences, neither of which has been definitely adopted. The first proposes to erect

FIFTY STRONG FORTS AROUND PARIS,

At considerable distance from the Capital. Three of the forts comprehended in this schem are already traced out, one (N.) at Moulin Sounon, another (S.) at Mentrotout, and the third (N. E.) at Mont Avroh. The second project, derived from an old scheme of Napoleon I, has been worked out by the Engineer-General Tripler, and proposes to construct two fortress girdles round Paris, one of which shall take in the already existing fortresses, and the other constitute a distant belt of works of which the links should be Corbeil, Chartres, Lagny, Creil Daummartin, Beaumont-sur-Oise, Meulin and Rambouillet. This project is not likely to be realized, as it would be enormously expensive. The construction of the line of defenses on the Maas is, however, absolutely adopted, and it may be looked upon as a certainty that the intrenched camps at Soissons and Chalons will also be constructed with all possible dispatch.

In Wisconsin a man reported that he couldn't find a word in the dictionary, because the blasted book hadn't got an index.