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BY R. H. TYSON.
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the fashions, and artistic illustrations, give it a
just claim to its well-earned title, "The Model
Magazine of America."

The Elements of Power.

[From the New Jersey Mechanic.]
Every day the newspapers bring us
the news of some great discovery of
mineral wealth in some section of the
country not known to contain deposits
of any value. Most of these discover-
ies are on a scale to strike every person
with astonishment, and affords substan-
tial evidence that the teeming resources
of the country are barely touched as
yet. When we consider that in the far
West there are thousands and thousands
of square miles of country which as yet
have hardly been trod by the foot of
white man, it becomes evident that
there is no end to the mineral wealth of
the country. The great industry of the
coming generation will be mining, and
it will be from American mines prin-
cipally that the old world will derive the
greater supplies of minerals, for in Eu-
rope every section of country has been
rummaged, scoured, screened and washed
for minerals for thousands of years.
Coal is thousands of feet below the soil;
all the rich seams of metallic ores, ex-
cept iron, were exhausted centuries ago
by the wasteful barbarous smelting of
old and mediaeval nations and the poorest
lodes, which would leave to more
refined processes a scanty margin of
profit, have been chased downward into
the bowels of the earth, beneath the
sea, or into the cores of the mountains,
where the pump can do no more, or
where volcanic heat foretells the final
barrier. Thus every century has in-
creased and will continue to increase,
difficulties which have now become en-
ormous, and full of imminent peril. To
conquer them requires the highest re-
sources of the engineer, the utmost in-
telligence of the geologist, and the best
skill of the mechanic.
How different here in America? Our
coal lies upon the surface, and the get-
ting it is scarcely more than quarrying
it. The seams lie four times the thick-
ness of those in England, cropping out
on the mountain sides where we go up
to get it, instead of down. Our iron lies
in the form of rich magnetites, and 98
per cent. hematites in the bluffs over-
hanging the rivers and lakes which will
float it to the blast furnace, and single
seams will yield by surface, or gallery,
or pit mining hundreds of millions of
tons.
Our copper is native within the reach
of daylight; our galena has just earth
enough to cover it from the baneful in-
fluence of the air, and our silver is still
extracted without the aid of prop or
column.
Gold, it is true, is an exception, and
is now mined chiefly in shafts and sub-
terranean galleries. The functions of
our mining engineers are therefore less
difficult, and of a widely different nature
than those of the European. Our min-
ing engineer is less uniform in his
methods, and is governed entirely by
circumstances, which vary with almost
every new alliferous deposit. Hence his
engineering requirements are of a lower
order, less costly, with less of construc-
tion and more of mechanical appliances,
less of skill and more of rude labor and
the readiest adaptation. Our mineral

deposits not only are accessible and in
inexhaustible quantity, but their rich-
ness is fabulous. Take for example
some of the gold quartz of Nevada,
where the yield in many cases is as high
as \$1,000 per ton, while quartz giving
but \$500 to the ton is considered poor.
In Europe rock that yields but \$50 to
the ton is worked with profit. The
newly opened silver mines of Lake Su-
perior give \$1,000 to the ton, which is
simply enormous, being not less than
50 cents a pound for the ores. Many
of our lead ores contain from \$50 to
\$150 of silver to the ton of lead, which
is so much clear profit on the cost of
reduction.
In California, a great proportion of
gold quartz mined there gives \$400 to
\$600 per ton. In Wyoming, an iron
mountain has been discovered near
Cheyenne City which is 95 per cent
pure iron. With the rapid extension of
our railroad facilities, these vast de-
posits of hidden wealth are being brought
as it were to the very doors of our great
cities. The rapid increase of our mi-
neral products and their great cheapness
must soon give us the monopoly in the
markets of the world.

BACHELORS, BEWARE!

A Few Remarks about Dangles.

There is a class of men, says the Pall
Mall Gazette, who are dangles by profes-
sion; and who find that profession by
no means an unpleasant one—to
themselves. What it may be to those
whom it may concern is another matter,
and one that does not disturb them.
As it is, they are in the position of an
intending purchaser—the potential
owner of all within their means—the
possible possessor of every pretty girl
within their sphere. All they have to
do is to make up their mind and choose.

Dangles, seductive and delusive,
are the bad investments of the matri-
monial market; but the wariest may
be taken up by the plausibility of their
appearance, and managing mothers
themselves, who are supposed to have
an extra sense in such matters, may be
deluded by them into laying traps for a
shadow, with small blame to their per-
spicuity. What can be thought of a
man young enough to love, with enough
to marry, and sufficiently interested to
dangle, but that he is a good invest-
ment of one's hopes? Besides, where
does the time of legitimate hesitation
end, and that of insufferable jangling
begin? The point is a fine one, and
given to a few to hit exactly. Fathers,
as a rule, have a horror of thrusting a
girl on a man's hands whether he wants
her or not, and our daughters, thank
Heaven, have no need of that! So, out
of delicacy for the one, and the conviction
that Araminta is at a premium in the
market for the other, dangles are
suffered to abound, and if mischief
comes of it, we make a row too late, and
shut the stable door after the steed is
stolen.

Taking society all around, the one
who fails most signally in his duty is the
bachelor dangle who could marry but
does not. So, at least, women think,
and a few fathers. With the multitude
of nice girls waiting pensively for hus-
bands, it is really too bad to see a whole
class of men feeding hopes they do not
mean to realize, and fanning fires by
which they do not intend to warm them-
selves in comfortable domesticity. Be-
sides, is not a dangle a species of
swindler, whose stock in trade is made
up of dummies? What right had he
to come day after day and dangle, if he
meant nothing like business? He
knew that he was standing in the way
of a better man, and that the bargain
about which he was so fastidious, others
would take with both hands if they
only had the chance. And he knew,
too, that he never intended to close on
that bargain, and that he was but a
dangle, however much like taking hold
he looked. These men are essentially
English. A French mother, appraising
things at their true commercial value,
would make short work of the profes-
sional dangle, if even the genius of
French society allowed him free access
to the house, which it does not. *L'in-
genue la fille a marier* is much more
carefully dealt with; and no mother
who knows her business—and the judi-
cious guardianship of her daughter is
part of the business of a mother—would
suffer them to become the sport of a
dangle, the passive bait at which light-
minded fish make tentative nibbles, but
never come frankly on the hook.

Sometimes, however, the daughter
goes so far towards consolidation as to
be kept half engaged in a ceremony of
the nature of an understanding rather
than an avowed betrothal. It is a state
of things which binds no one, and he is
careful to point out its advantages in

compromising neither of them. It gen-
erally ends, as might be expected, in
being broken off; if, indeed, one can
call that broken which was never fast.
He somehow finds out that it will be
better for her if he gives her up, and so
he does; talking parenthetically of his
own feelings, and quite nobly of his own
unselfish resignation. The poor girl,
who is honestly in love with him, is
usually a dupe, and assures him that
she does not want her freedom, and
would not marry anybody else for
worlds. "Aut Caesar, aut nemo!" his
wife, or spinstherhood for life! Poor
little soul! she is far from knowing
that her constancy is just the thing he
did not want, and however flattering
her love may be to his vanity, it is de-
cidedly embarrassing to his calcula-
tions. He gets rid of her, nevertheless,
unless her relations interfere, when
sometimes our freetrader gets put under
the matrimonial hatches before he
knows where he is, and made a prisoner
for life.

As a rule, he rarely makes a satisfac-
tory marriage when the time really
comes. Moreover, the propensities of
his bachelorhood reproduce themselves
after marriage, and the unsettled dangle
becomes the inconstant husband.
He cannot give up old habits because of
new conditions. He has been carried
off by some dashing *comp de main*, or
more subtly stalked and run down;
even then he cannot give up, but still
carries on the old game, and dangles to
less purpose yet to more danger. If he
is not caught moderately young, the
chances are that he will not be caught
till quite old. And then he generally
falls into strong hands, which give him
cause to repent. If he does not fall a
victim to one, he still remains discus-
sive among many, dissipating his affec-
tions and his energies till the time
comes when he has neither to give—
when he creeps about the world a pad-
dled, broken down old beau, at whose
pretensions pretty women jeer, and
whom none but the cook would marry
now; and she only on the security of
her settlements, and the chance of his
dying before the year is out, leaving
her a handsome jointure and the more
congenial companionship of John Tho-
mas, waiting round the corner.

THE BEWITCHING CLOCK.

About half-past 11 o'clock on Satur-
day night, a human leg, enveloped in
broadsloth, might have been seen en-
tering Cephas Barberry's kitchen win-
dow. The leg was followed, finally, by
the entire person of a lively Yankee,
attired in his Sunday go meeting clothes
It was, in short, Joe Mayweed, who
thus burglariously, in the dead of night,
won his way to the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon
made by orderin' me not to darken his
door again?" soliloquised the young
man. "Promised him I wouldn't, but
didn't say nothing about winders.
Winders is just as good as doors, if
there ain't no nails to tear your trousers
onto. Wonder if Sally'll come down?
The critter promised me. I'm afraid to
move here, 'cause I might break my
shins over something' or other, and wake
the old folks. 'Cold enough to freeze a
Polar bear here. Oh, here comes
Sally!"

The beautiful maiden descended with
a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a
box of matches.

After receiving a rapturous greeting,
she made up a roaring fire in the cook-
ing stove, and the happy couple sat
down to enjoy the sweet interchange of
views and hopes. But the course of
true love ran no smoother in Barber-
y's kitchen than it did elsewhere, and
Joe, who was making up his mind to
treat himself to a kiss, was startled by
the voice of the deacon, her father
shouting from her chamber door:

"Sally, what are you getting up in
the middle of the night for?"
"Tell him it's most morning," whis-
pered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally.
"I'll make it truth, then," said Joe,
and, running to the huge old-fashioned
clock that stood in the corner, he set it
at five.

The lovers sat down again and resum-
ed the conversation. Suddenly the
stairs began to creak.

"Good gracious! it's father!"
"The deacon, by thunder!" cried
Joe! "hide me, Sal!"

"Where can I hide you?" cried the
distracted girl.

"Oh, I know," said he, "I'll squeeze
into the clock-case."

And, without another word, he con-
cealed himself in the case, and drew the
door behind him.

menced smoking very deliberately and
calmly.

"Five o'clock, eh!" said he, "Well,
I shall have time to smoke three or
four pipes, then I'll go and feed the
critters."

"Haden't you better go and feed the
critters first, sir, and smoke after-
wards?" suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No, smoking clears my head and
wakes me up," answered the deacon,
who seemed not a whit disposed to hur-
ry his enjoyment.

"Bur-r-r-r—whizz—ding! went the
clock.

"Tormented lightning!" cried the
deacon, starting up and dropping his
pipe on the stove. "What in creation
is that?"

"It's only the clock striking five,"
said Sally tremulously.

"Whiz! ding! ding! ding! went the
old clock furiously.

"Powers of mercy!" cried the de-
acon, "Striking five!" It's struck a
hundred already."

"Deacon Barberry," cried the de-
acon's better half, who had hastily robed
herself, and now came plunging down
the stairs in the wildest state of alarm.
"What is the matter with the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the
old man.

"It's been in the family these hun-
dred years, and never did I know it to
carry on so before."

"Whiz! bang! bang! bang! went the
clock.

"It'll burst itself!" cried the old
lady shedding a flood of tears, "and
there won't be nothing left of it."

"It's bewitched," said the deacon,
who retained a leaven of New England
superstition in his nature. "Anyhow,"
he said, after a pause, advancing reso-
lutely toward the clock. "I'll see what's
got into it."

"Oh, don't," cried the daughter,
affectionately seizing one of his coat
tails, while his faithful wife hung to the
other.

"Dont!" chorused both the women
together.

"Let off my raiment!" shouted the
deacon, "I ain't afraid of the powers of
darkness."

But the women would not let go, so
the deacon slipped off his coat, and
while, from the sudden cessation of re-
sistance, they fell heavily on the floor,
he darted forward and laid his hand on
the door of the clock-case. But no hu-
man power could open it, Joe was hold-
ing inside with a death grasp. The de-
acon began to be dreadfully frightened.

He gave one more tug, and an unchari-
tably yell, as of a fiend in distress, came
from the inside, and the clock case
pitched head foremost on the floor,
smashed its face, and wrecked its prop-
ortions.

The current of air extinguished the
light, the deacon, the old lady and Sally
fled upstairs, and Joe Mayweed, ex-
tricating himself from the clock, affected
his retreat in the same way that he en-
tered. The next day all Appleton was
alive with the story of how Deacon
Barberry's clock had been bewitched; and
though many believed its version,
some, and especially Joe Mayweed,
affected to discredit the whole affair,
hinting that the deacon had been trying
the experiment of tasting frozen cider,
and that the vagaries of the clock-case
only existed in a distempered imagina-
tion.

UNITED STATES INTERNAL REVENUE.—By the Act of June 30, 1864,
as amended by the first section of the
Act of March 2d, 1867, it is made the
duty of any person liable to annual tax,
on or before the 1st day of March in
each year, to give a return to the As-
sistant Assessor of the District wherein he
resides. Every person failing to make
such return by the day specified shall be
liable to be assessed by the Assistant As-
sessor according to the best information
which he can obtain; and in such case
the Assistant Assessor will add 50 per
cent. to the amount of the tax, and from
the valuation and enumeration so made
there can be no appeal. Blanks for de-
tailed statements of incomes, gains,
profits, etc., etc., have been left (or will
be) by the Assistant Assessor of this
Division, and these must be returned to
the office within ten days from the date
that notice was served, or penalties may
be added. It is a very complete way
of making assessments.

OREGON'S DIRECT TAX.—The official
report of the Secretary of the Treas-
ury shows that of the direct tax levied
upon the respective States, August 5th
1861, Oregon has never paid her share.
It is stated to be \$35,140. The total
due from all the delinquent States and
Territories \$4,016,732.

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Special attention paid to Horse-Shoeing.
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THAT THE
INDEPENDENCE HOTEL
Has been RE-FITTED, and no pains is now
spared to make all who may call Comfortable
and Happy.
A good Stable is kept in connection with the
House. Call and see us.
Oct. 27, 1870. JEREMIAH GALWICK. 34-1y

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men on the outside of the counter, by a gentle-
man who has an eye to "biz" on the inside.
So come along, boys; make no delay, and
we will soon hear what you have to say.
32 W. F. CLINGMAN.

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For particulars inquire of the Editor of the
REPUBLICAN. 43 1f

NOTICE.
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Common School Fund will please call at the
Treasurer's Office in Dallas, Polk County,
and settle the Interest due said Fund immedi-
ately.
R. M. MAY, Local Agent Polk Co.
51-1m

WANTED.
INFORMATION CONCERNING A GER-
man Girl, 15 years of age, named Anna
Kau, who left her parents in Dallas, on the 1st
of August last, with the avowed purpose of
going to Oregon City, and has not since been
heard of. Any information concerning her
will be thankfully received at this office.