Oregon City Enterprise.

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THIS WORLD.

This world is a sad, sad place, I know—
And what soul living can doubt it?—
But it will not lessen the want and woe
To be always sighing about it.
Then away with songs that are full of tears,
Away with dirges that sadden:
Let us make the most of our fleeting years,
By singing the lays that gladden.

A few sweet potions of bliss I've quaffed
And many a cup of sorrow;
But in thinking over the flavored draught,
The old-time joy I borrow.
And in brooding over the bitter drink
Pain fills again the measure:
And so I've learned that it's better to think
Of the things that give us pleasure.

The world at its saddest is not at all sad;
There are days of sunny weather,
And the people within it are not all bad
But saints and sinners together.
I think those wonderful hours of June
Are better by far to remember
Than those when the earth gets out of tune
In the cold bleak winds of November.

Because we meet in the walks of life
Many a selfish creature,
It doesn't prove that this world of strife
Has no redeeming feature.
There is bloom and beauty upon this earth;
There are buds and blossoming flowers;
There are souls of truth and hearts of worth;
There are glowing golden hours.

In thinking over a joy we've known
We easily made it double,
Which is better by far than to mope and moan
O'er sorrow and grief and trouble.
For though this world is sad we know—
And who that is living can doubt it?
It will not lessen the want or woe
To be always sighing about it.

Six Thousand Million Dollars.

The farmers of the West, whenever they utter their opinions clear, without regard for the interests or counsels of the Republican politicians, as they did in the convention in Iowa, declare very bluntly that they want a tariff "for revenue only" with "free salt, iron, lumber, and cotton and woolen fabrics." Yet, while this generally prevalent feeling finds frequent expression it is apparent that they do not at all realize the magnitude of the evil against which they protest. They do not realize that within ten years they have been deprived of $6,000,000. They do not understand that this is because the rewards of their labor have been pushed lower than those of any other class, while they have been compelled to pay out of their slender earnings an enormous tribute to capital and labor otherwise employed.

In 1860 the farmers, then little less than one-half of the working population, owned within one-eighteenth of one-half of the whole wealth of the country. Not including slaves as property, the farmers owned much more than one half of the whole wealth of the nation. The cash value of the farms in 1860 was $6,645,045,097, of live stock $1,089,-329,910, and of farm implements and machinery $246,118,141. Thus the total value of farm property was $7,980,493,063, without counting on the one hand any other property owned by farmers, or on the other any indebtedness of mortages reducing the value of their estates. But the aggregate valuation of all property, real and personal, slaves included, according to the census of 1860, was $16,159,516,068, and deducting the value of slaves, (at $500 each) the aggregate value was $15,182,736,-068. Hence the valuation of farm property was at that time over 49 per cent. of the whole property, slaves included, and over 56 per cent. of the entire value of all property other than slaves. For the purpose of comparison with 1870 when no property in slaves existed, we leave out of consideration the slave property of 1860, although much of it was owned by farmers. Thus prior to the war, at the close of a period of fifteen years of low duties and non-interference with natural laws, we find that the farmers, being less than fifty per cent. of the persons employed in gainful occupations, owned in farms, stock, and implements alone 56 per cent. of the whole wealth of the country.

In 1870, out of 10,669,635 males engaged in gainful occupations, 5,425,503 were farmers or 62 per cent. As their proportion to the whole body of laborers had slightly increased, it follows that, had the distribution of wealth remained the same as before, they should have had about 58 per cent. of the whole wealth of the country. Now the valuation of all property in the country, according to the census of 1870 was $30,068,518,607, and 58 per cent. of this amount would be $17,439,-000,000. Yet the actual value of farms, stock and farm implements and machinery, according to the same census, was only $11,124,958,-747, or more than six thousand less than the proportion rightfully belonging to 52 per cent. of all the laborers of the country. The value of the farms was $9,262,893,861, of live stock $1,525,276,457, and of implements and machinery $336,678,-429; total value of all farm property $11,124,958,747, or only 37 per cent. of the entire wealth of the country. The large increase in nominal values is due, in great part if not wholly, to the depreciated currency in which prices and values in 1870 are recorded. But if the aggregate valuation and the values of farm property are reduced to gold, of course the proportion remains the same. Hence in 1870 the farmers were in number a little more than one-half of all the producers of wealth, and yet held only 37 per cent. of the whole wealth of the country.

Prior to 1860, it seems their share of the wealth-producing labor, though a little less than half in point of number, was so rewarded that they held 57 per cent. of the realized fruits of labor. Since 1860, though a little more than half of the wealth-producing in point of number was theirs, it has been so inadequately rewarded that they hold little more than a third of the realized fruits of labor. The entire value of property not in farms (slaves excluded) was $6,202,000,000 in 1860, but in 1870 it was $18,943,000,000, an increase of over 200 per cent. while the shares of the farmers has even nominal currency value, increased less than 40 per cent. Here it is plain that an enormous sum has been taken from the natural and proper reward of one half of the labor and given to some among the other half. For the investment of the farmer in 1860 was the capital employed in farming. The remaining wealth of the country represents the capital employed in all other forms of industry. With half the labor and more than half the capital, the farmer has added in ten years less than 40 per cent. nominal value, or less than 4 per cent. a year, and an actual or gold value less than 5 per cent. in ten years, or less than one-half of one per cent. yearly. But with half the labor and capital in 1860, other industry has added in nominal value over 200 per cent. in ten years, or over 20 per cent. a year, and in actual gold value over 120 per cent., or 13 per cent., a year. The sum thus taken from the labor and capital employed in one branch of industry, and given to labor and capital in others, is not less, as we have seen, than $6,000,000,000, or more than twice as much as the national debt.

How has this been done? Partly by an increase of "56 per cent in the price of all products of mechanical and manufacturing industry," a statement for which the superintendent of the census is authority. Partly by railroad grants, railroad and bank monopolies, and favoritism in many forms. But also in a very large measure by such a reduction in the value of products of the farm, as compared with the prices of other industries, that the labor of the farmers receives no reward. And this reduction in the value of farm products, as our history proves beyond a question, has been a consequence of paper currency called irredeemable and the tariff called protective. Thus in agriculture in 1870 there was employed male and female, 5,922,471 persons and capital equivalent to $1,417 in gold for each person. But in manufactures there were employed, male and female, 2,707,421 persons, and capital equivalent to $630 in gold to each person; while the yearly value of net product (materials deducted) was $521 in gold to each person. The farmer thus receives $213 yearly for the labor of one person and the use of $1,417, while the manufacturer receives $521 for the labor of one person, and the use of $630. No wonder the market shows that farmers have been the victims of a gigantic robbery.—*Exchange.*

New Way of Radical Reckoning.

Salary-Grabber Robinson, of the Twelfth Illinois District, defends his back salary steal on the ground that his district being composed of six counties, his salary apportioned among them would only be $1,250 each, or less than the officers of these several counties for their services. Applying the same theory, says the Chicago *Times*, to the other Federal salary-grabbers, and it would appear that the President at $50,000 a year and nearly all expenses paid besides, is a much less than half-paid officeholder. Are not the services of a President of a Republic of thirty seven States as valuable as those of thirty-seven Governors? Probably the average salary of the Governors is $3,000 a year, which would make the salary which Mr. Grant might fairly claim $111,000 a year, according to the Robinsonian way of reckoning. There is reasonable ground for supposing that Mr. Grant believes in the Robinsonian way of reckoning and that at least the two conspicuous salary-grabbers have got together, with Matt Carpenter and Ben Butler on the same platform.

SHOULD READ AND PONDER.—Boys who disturb camp-meetings by crying "Amen" in the wrong place, and remarking "Glory" with more zeal than judgement, should read and ponder the fate of thirteen small boys in Kansas. These thirteen ill-advised boys were guilty, so the story goes, of disturbing a Kansas camp-meeting by insisting upon shouting "Amen" when a very muscular preacher, who prided himself on his voice, was singing a hymn. The preacher bore it for some time, but finally becoming filled with righteous wrath he descended from the pulpit and, never interrupting his hymn, successfully reversed and spanked the thirteen small boys. As his avenging hand descended and the dust of the small boys filled the air, the rest of the congregation shouted with rapture and encouraged him, with cries of "Go on, brother, go on!" Then he returned to the pulpit, still singing, and those boys went half a mile away behind a haystack and lay down, with their faces to the ground, weeping bitterly.

Another Post Office robbery occurs at Pittsburg, Pa., to the amount of $30,000. As this is a pitiful sum not worth looking after by Post Master General Creswell, the resignation of the thief will in all probability be accepted. Complaints at the non receipt of moneyed letters from this office, have gone up to the Department for a long time, but the gentleman had not feathered his nest quite sufficiently, until he commenced meddling with the money order and stamp department. He is now at liberty on bail at $60,000.

The Cookes.

HOW THE LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES HAVE BEEN DISREGARDED FOR THE BENEFIT OF CAPRICES OF FHE COOKE FAMILY—MRS. H. D. COOKE AND HER ONE HUNDRED AND TWO TRUNKS.

Brooklyn Argus.

On a bitter cold Winter afternoon a gentleman spent three hours on the Cunard wharf, in Jersey City, waiting the debarkation of his family, who were passengers on a steamer then anchored in the stream. The regulation of the Cunard steamer is to land all passengers and luggage by lighters in Jersey City. But on this particular steamer there were also as passengers one Henry D. Cooke and family. Mr. Cooke was the president of a national bank in Washington—his brother was Jay Cooke, President Grant's banker, and his partner was Boss Shepherd. Of course such a distinguished gentleman and his family could not go to Jersey City on a cold day. The royal party had been signaled by telegraph—a Government tug and officials were on hand. One hundred and two trunks were carefully lifted over everything else, the trunks and their owners—Mr. Henry D. Cooke and party—placed in the tug which landed directly in New York. Whether the one hundred and two trunks were examined by the Custom-house officers or not we do not know. All these three long cold hours over one hundred other passengers were shivering in the cold, and not allowed to stir from the ship. When the royal party had been thus disposed of, the other passengers and baggage were landed in the usual manner at Jersey City, with the usual Custom-house annoyances and details. The velvets, silks, laces, shawls, etc., owned by Mrs. Henry D. Cooke would convey the very reasonable impression that that cargo of trunks and contents were worth at least $100,000.

During last Winter a grand ball was given in Washington. A new house was built upon the rear of an existing palace. The hot houses of Boston, New York and Philadelphia were drafted into the service of ornamentation, bands of music were stationed upon each floor, singing birds filled the air with music, costly viands loaded down the tables, and champagne flowed until morning. The ball was at the house of Mr. Henry D. Cooke, and was reported to have cost several thousand dollars.

Banking is, no doubt, good business in Washington. Banking or raking for oysters is good business anywhere, if it can be done on other people's money. The people who had been loaning Mr. Henry D. Cooke money asked him for it the other day, and he slammed his bank doors in their faces, and in effect replied his hundred Parisian trunks, his fine houses, and his expensive parties had used up their money, and there was none left for them.

Now, this man Cooke's bank was a national bank. The legal receiver of this bank makes the following report:

Capital	$500,000 00
Loads held by Jay Cooke & (bro.)	14,650 00
Due from Jay Cooke & (bro.)	756,453 15
Accrued interest	1,758 00
	$772,861 45

All the capital and $272,861 45 of depositors' money, taken out either to loan to a speculating brother, or to purchase rich Parisian goods.

The law in regard to national banks is sec. 55:

That every president, director, cashier, teller, clerk or agent of any association who shall embezzle, abstract or willfully misapply any of the moneys, funds or credits of the association shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by imprisonment not less than five nor more than ten years.

And section 29 of the same act says:

That the total liabilities to any association of any person, or any company, corporation or firm, for money borrowed, including the liabilities of a company or firm the liabilities of the several members thereof, shall at no time exceed one-tenth part of the amount of the capital stock of such association actually paid in.

The capital stock of this bank being $500,000, Mr. Cooke had no right to loan any person or firm over $50,000, or one tenth of his capital, and this on good security. For this connivance or theft his punishment is imprisonment for not less than five years.

It happens to be the duty of Mr. Attorney-General Williams to indict and prosecute this man, Cooke. Mr. Attorney-General Williams happens to be an appointee of President U. S. Grant, and President U. S. Grant happens to be a "special" depositor in Mr. Cooke's bank, and a personal friend of the said Cooke. Mr. Secretary Richardson is responsible for the deposit of the people's money with this said Cooke without security after he very well knew of Cooke's extravagance and illegal manner of doing business. Mr. Secretary Richardson is likely the appointee of U. S. Grant, and before his appointment was the agent of Jay Cooke & Co., for various and sundry things. It is within his power to punish Cooke, if he desired to or durst. But he dare not. And thus the people's money is stolen, and thus the President of the United States lends himself to designing scoundrels, smokes cigars as Nero fiddled, connives at robberies and debauches the public morals. While apparently respectable men and newspapers sustain such a man, and such men as control this Government, no man of sense can believe that they are not all participators in a grand national fraud. What have we to expect?

Married by Telegraph.

"Mr. Leary, are you a married man, sir?"

"Very, sir."

"Because my dear little wife and I are bound together by wires."

"Latimer Leary, you are talking enigmas."

"Then sir, to be as plain as a printer, I will inform you that I was married by telegraph."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, I do."

"Then, tell the company all about the affair."

"I will, with pleasure. Ladies and gentlemen, my wife is a second cousin, and was named Leary. She once resided in the city of Indianapolis, while I was a resident of Centerville, in the same State.

I was a bachelor of thirty, and full of romance and general love. I say general love because I had not made a concentration.

"Why don't you take a wife?" was eternally buzzed in my ears.

"Whom will I take?"

"Your relative, Kate Leary."

"Kate Leary? why she is my own cousin."

"Only a second cousin," they would retort; "and your opposite, Latimer; Kate is a blonde, and you are as dark as Erebus, or the ace of clubs."

I never had seen Miss Leary, but this continued association of the young lady with my wedded life had an influence.

One day a member of Congress exclaimed: "Mr. Leary, were I single I would assuredly pay court to your cousin. As I am married, and you are my best friend, I can earnestly hope that you will possess the luxury."

At this period I was a merchant. Having discharged a thieving clerk, I was so confined to my store that a journey to Indianapolis was out of the question. I was growing almost wild to see one whom all praised—so many wished me to wed.

In a few days from the call of my Legislative friend, his brother, a noted judge, appeared at my store.

The judge was also my devoted ally—a position intensified by his recollection of being educated by my deceased father.

Drawing a daguerreotype from his coat, said he, "I wish to show you something nice. There, What do you say to that?"

"Who is it?" I cried with enthusiasm.

"This, my dear friend, is Miss Kate Leary, the young lady I wish you to marry."

"Tell me," I exclaimed, "is she all they claim for her?"

"My dear friend, honestly as I value the truth, I have not heard her sufficiently praised."

"Why don't some man try his luck!"

"I'm glad you ask. Simply because she is over-courted, and consequently hard to please. She is romantic, and, I clearly see, not winable by ordinary methods."

"You say she is very particular."

"She is, sir."

"Then, good-bye for me."

"Not at all; she is rapturous over your likeness, and sends her cousinly love, with an invitation to visit her. I pledge you to not omitting a single point in her body, calibar or character."

"Do you consider her daguerreotype accurate?"

"I can tell you it don't flatter her. She has extraordinary beauty, and the kind that is more striking in animation or conversation."

While mutual friends in Centerville were lauding my fair cousin, mutual friends in Indianapolis were decided in their eulogies of me, and preparing her mind for an alliance.

I am not self-conceited. Believing such a concord must be born of an obvious fact, I settled on the idea of marrying this wonder in beauty, soul and accomplishment.

My intent was quickly confirmed upon hearing that a very wealthy and influential banker from Gotham was in the melting mood. I remember it was midnight. I hinted from my store the last batch of chronic loungers, and selected the best stationery in my establishment.

I was to write my first letter to Kate.

Such a reply as I received! Well, you must see it—you shall see it. I have good gas works, but am inadequate. In a brief time we learned that each knew the other well. The much said by so many, many mutual friends, superadded to our daguerreotypes and letters, made us a comprehending couple. In fact we confessed our love—a full, round, ripe and luscious article. There could be no unsafety in the case.

Our lineage was in common and every fact known; what followed is clear—an engagement—yes, between unseen lovers and cousins.

I was dying to fold her to my heart, but my soul's condition and maturing appointments postponed that indefinitely.

What did you say? Why did she not visit some of her friends at Centerville? I answer you cheerfully: She had her notions and would entertain them. Though we were plighted, she declared it should not be said that she made the first visit.

Many believe her right. I don't argue the point, but merely answer the question.

Weeks passed: letters were numerous and saccharine. The time arrived when I could endure my single condition no longer. What if some one were to cut me out at the eleventh hour? With such love, what would become of me? I was determined to own her even if I did not see her for a decade.

An idea dawned—a brilliant one. It was to compass a speedy marriage, and satisfy her thirst for romance. After a flood of tenderness of dramatic preparation, I wrote: "Kate, my adored one, let us depart from this stale routine and wed by telegraph."

The idea took her by storm. Her answer was characteristic. It ran thus:

"Darling, I will. The idea is savory, but is it legal?"

Immediately I sent for my friend, the judge. Soon as he faced me, said I: "Judge, is a marriage by telegraph legal?"

"Certainly, sir, I see no objection to a contract by telegraph. I readily see how all those requirements can be accomplished."

"Will you state this opinion on paper and describe a formula for an electric wedding?"

"With pleasure, sir."

The judge understood me, and gladly complied. The result was forwarded to Kate by return mail, and soon received word that on the following Thursday she and the proper authority would present themselves at the Indianapolis office, according to formula there to enter into a state of matrimony.

I tell you the appointed day was a great one among the mutual friends at each end of the wire. The affair was so novel that all else was eclipsed by the contemplation of it.

Clergymen and witnesses assembled at the termini. There, in full costume, two unseen lovers were to be made man and wife. The instrument began its tick, tick, ticking. The operator read, the clergyman put questions, I answered; the instrument did more work, and soon I was saluted as the husband of Kate Leary. Happy was I, though the possessor of a lady I never beheld.

One week passed, and I was still without help. My brain was becoming frenzied. I must see Kate, and I must go to her first, for it was her fiat, and well did I know what a Leary was.

By entreaty I prevailed upon a brother merchant to loan me his best clerk. Soon as he put his foot in the store I put mine in the stage, *en route* for the capital of Indiana.

When about twelve miles from the city we stopped for a passenger—it was a lady. Such a beauty I never beheld. She resembled my likeness of Kate, but was far more beautiful.

I own my heart went out to her. Call me fickle, say what you please, and I will bear it. I repeat, my heart gushed forth in a flood of love.

Here was a fix! I, a married man, going to see his telegraphic bride, and technically in love with another woman. I began to repent my haste, and when too late, saw the error of marrying one I had never set my eyes upon. What could I do? The lady was also married, for I heard the driver call her madam.

How she eyed me! I spoke about the coach window being raised to suit her.

She thanked me in tones that acted like an arterial stimulant. I was gone. Much conversation followed, and I was a goner. I saw she was giving me sweet, yet pleading looks. Heavens, thought I, she is unhappily mated; suppose I give her my sympathy. Yet, should I jeopardise myself before such transcendant charms? Suppose I betray my love, how would I feel in the presence of my wife, and what favor could I confer upon a total stranger? I had it. I would betray nothing, but offer consolation to a flower most surely neglected. We were the only passengers, and what a good chance.

"Madam," said I, "please pardon me, but you seem to exist under a cloud."

She sighed deeply.

"Well, sir, I'm not a widow, though I don't live with my husband."

"Poor soul!" continued I.

She put her handkerchief to her mouth.

I thought about half of it went in, but of course it was to hide her emotion.

"You are not happy, madam?"

"Very far from it, sir; I am miserable!"

So was I—miserable to put my arms around her neck.

"Where do you reside, madam?"

"In Indianapolis."

"Have you friends there?"

"Many, sir."

"No doubt of it. Allow me to ask, do you love your husband?"

"Devotedly, sir."

"Then you will live with him?"

"Would be glad of the chance, sir."

"When did you see him, last?"

"I have never seen him, sir."

Here she again half swallowed her handkerchief.

"Never seen him! Why, what do you mean?"

"Sir, have you not read of a telegraphic wedding?"

"Julius Cæsar!" cried I. "Tell me, are you Mrs. Kate Leary?"

"I am."

As I relaxed, she said: "Go on, Latimer; I knew you from your daguerreotype."

I will not prolong this, but merely remark that Kate is the most devoted of women. I have not felt ashamed of my inconstancy, and would not lose her now for the wealth of the Orient. I ever consider us as bound together by wire, and when asked if I am a married man I always feel like saying—very.

Mrs. Howell of Marion county, last week cleaned a chicken preparatory to cooking it for dinner, and placed it in a pan which rested on the coocking stove. After being in the pan for a few minutes, she took hold of it to remove it to the cooking vessel when she received a severe electrical shock. She called in the neighbors and they too experienced the same shock when touching the chicken. Let them explain this who can.

Wifes for the Wards.

[N. York World.]

It is stated that one of the wards of the nation has "requisitioned" his Great Father who is in Washington for

ONE HUNDRED PALE-FACED WIVES,

alleging as for this unprecedented demand that the pale-faces have made such inroads upon the available stock of dusky maidens that there are not wives enough left to go round his tribe.

We do not intend to strive with this sachem for his demand upon the Indian Department, nor shall we hint that his warriors are better off and

HAPPIER WIFELESS

than they would be should some female creature not too bright nor good drop her hoopskirts o' nights besides the furry pallet of each, or in the morning season his grasshoppers with her smiles. Man being reasonable, must get married as well as drunk. Nor shall we criticise the manner more than the matter of his request. The Indian Department has furnished the Indians with the Castile soap which he does not use and the fine-tooth combs which he does not need, and has given him each day his daily bread, hair-oil, canned peaches, and tatting-shuttles. Small wonder, then, to that accommodating bureau he goes, arguing that they who give hoop-skirts will also furnish women to fit them, and that wives are as prime necessities to the savage as sardines (small tins.)

To obtain the requisite number of wives will not be by any means difficult. There are thousands of husbands who would willingly spare theirs. Over and above this certain source there are the

26,000 SURPLUS FEMALES

of Massachusetts, though, after the experience of Mrs. Sitting Bear No 3 *nee* Amanda Barber, it is possible that matrimony among the Madans would offer ever fewer inducements than maidenhood in Massachusetts. But there is always one resource—the strong-minded women; and we think it possible to fill the sachem's requisition with ease and advantage, possibly to himself, but certainly to the public at large.

There are probably 5,000 women in the United States whose

INTELLECTUAL MEASLES

have struck in instead of coming to the surface and vanishing in the healthful rash of nursing, housekeeping, coddling clergymen, and bartering moth-eaten pantaloons for Dresden china shepherdesses and tin pans. These are the women who wear their hair short and their tongues long; who write women with capital W, and invaribly qualify the noun man with the prefix tyrant; whose husbands are not their affinities, and whose affinities are not their husbands; who have missions, but do not pretend to have morals. If the Government would but call a convention of these ladies and exhort its dusky wards, as the children of Israel did the sons of Benjamin, to lie in wait around the corners and catch them wives, we feel sure that public opinion, "regardless of previous party affiliations" as the grangers say, would warmly applaud the act.

WHAT THE RESULT WOULD BE WE,

as philosophers and physiologists, do not care to anticipate. Whether woman would talk Cross-eyed Catamount to death or Cross-eyed Catamount would tomahawk the woman would make on difference; either way it would inure to our good. There might be cause for apprehension were it likely that the union thus formed would prove productive for a cross between a Sioux Chief and a Shrieking Sister, combining the irrepressible volubility of one parent with the irreclaimable viciousness of the other would be far from desirable. But there is little fear of such a contingency. The strong-minded female though sometimes a wife is never a mother, and the cultivation of the Indian papoose has become a work of difficulty since the Chivington affair.

A HUSBAND'S ADVICE.—A farmer and his wife called at a Detroit photograph gallery, recently, to order photogaphs of her, and while the operator was getting ready, the husband gave his wife a little advice as to how she must act: "Fasten your mind on something," he said, "or else you'll laugh and spile the job. think about early days; how your father got in jail, and your mother was an old scloder, and what you would have been if I hadn't pitied you. Jest fasten your mind on that!" She didn't have any taken.

USEFUL BOY.—There is a twelve-year-old boy in Farmington, Me., who for five or six weeks last year did all the house work for his helpless mother and three children all under three years of age. The *Chronicle* says he made butter, pies, biscuit, etc., and didn't shirk from the task of preparing meals for a party of threshers at work in the barn. Willie Radcliffe is his name, and he has made it a name to be proud of.

HOW HE SPELLED IT.—An Indianapolis editor is responsible for this: "A young lady in Indiana sought to demolish an unfaithful lover by publishing some verses addressed to him, in which, after prophesying her immediate dissolution, she said: 'Come gaze upon my dust, false one.' But the compositor spelled dust with a 'b.'"

HOW TO DO IT.—A young gentleman at Kansas City sent seventy-five cents to New York recently for a method of writing without pen or ink. He received the following inscription, in large type, on a card: "Write with a pencil."

To The Death.

TERRIFIC COMBAT BETWEEN AN INDIAN AND A CALIFORNIA LIONESS—THE BEAST DISPATCHED.

[From the San Diego Union Sept. 12.]

We were made acquainted the other day with a highly sensational affair in which the lately elected Democratic Supervisor, Jake Bergman participated. About sunrise, one day last July our friend was aroused by the peculiar noises made by his stock. He at once arose, dressed himself, and looking down the valley in which his house is situated (he lives in Aguanga), he saw his cattle all grouped together in a sort of hollow square, with the calves in the centre. This was an unwonted sight and no regiment could have been more perfectly arranged for protection than these dumb beasts. A rampart of horns was presented to whatever danger might menace. Singularly enough the sight suggested no precaution to our friend, and he left the house to go and see what the matter was, without arming himself. The cattle were collected a little below a fine spring, one of the three in the neigborhood of Bergman's house. Just as Bergman passed the spring which is surrounded by some trees, a large California lioness sprang upon him. Unarmed and taken by surprise, Jake grappled with the beast as best he might. He is a short, thick-set man, of enormous muscular power. Strong as he is, it was a very unequal fight, and he was in a terrible predicament. The lioness' claws were doing fearful execution upon his breast and arms, and a little longer continuance of the unequal combat meant death.

Fortunately, at this moment, an Indian servant of Jake's rushed to the scene. He, also, was unarmed. The lioness, noticing the new assailant released her hold of Bergman and pounced upon the Indian. The same terrible work was again gone through with. The sharp, merciless claws were almost on the point of tearing the poor fellow's heart out, when Jake again came to the rescue. He had succeeded in arming himself with a heavy stake. So close were the animals and human combatants intermingled that it was with difficulty Bergman could get an opportunity of planting in the needed blow. At last an opening offered, and one terrible stroke on the head from Jake's nervous arm, broke the lioness's skull, and ended her warfare and life together.

The combat through, the living participants found themselves almost in a dying condition. Their breasts and arms were grievously lacerated; and, from excessive loss of blood, they found it almost impossible to drag themselves to Bergman's house. They succeeded finally, their wounds were dressed, and neither were found to have sustained any injuries which would incapacitate them.

As we have said the lioness was of monstrous size, measuring six feet from the nose to the tip of the tail. Bergman had the brute cut open. She was not found to have anything whatever in her stomach. She had been led by hunger to prowl in the neighborhood of Bergman's house to pick up a stray calf. The masterly tactics of the cattle had foiled her, and Jake coming along, she thought she would try a mess of human flesh. The issue of the combat was a fortunate one, but the newly elected supervisor does not care to have many experiences of that kind. They might not have such a happy termination.

A Cure for Corns.

"John Paul" (Charles H. Webb) is responsible for the following in one of his letters to the New York *Tribune*:

Now, since corn-curers are looming up I'll furnish a prescription that will cure the worst corn going, if it is faithfully followed, and I don't want a certificate from the cured, either. A ten cent stamp will do for me, if grateful convalescents insist on sending something. Listen: Pare all around the corn with a very sharp knife, and be careful to draw no blood. It is better to soften the corn with a little warm water before beginning to operate. Prepare a salve of pure white wax, mutton tallow and rosin, in about equal parts, and annoint the corn well with this at intervals during the day. On retiring, to bed at night, draw the thumb of an old kid glove over the troubled toe, cutting a hole in it sufficiently large to permit the corn to protrude. Tie a piece of black silk thread carefully around the corn. Now wrap the toe up well in a strip of red flannel, saturated with a mixture in equal proportions of turpentine and sweet oil. Then amputate the toe below the first joint, and if you set it on fire your corn will disappear at once. Or, if you throw it out of the window, toe, and all, and Appleton's dog comes along and thinks he has got a good thing and chokes in endeavoring to swallow it, that is his misfortune and not your fault, and two nuisances are got well rid of at once.

A VALUABLE OPINION.—An exchange quotes the remark of an eminent Eastern lawyer to the effect that at the age of three score a man should take for his three rules of life "employment without labor, exercise without weariness, and temperance without abstinence." Many a client has paid his attorney a thousand dollar fee for an opinion not worth half so much as this.

AS MUCH FUN.—A correspondent of the New York *Mail* says that "kissing a lady with an Elizabethan ruff on is about as much fun as embracing a circular saw in full motion."