Corvallis Gazette.

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Corvallis Gazette.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1 W.	1 M.	3 M.	6 M.	1 YR.
1 Inch	1 00	3 00	5 00	8 00	12 00
2 "	2 00	5 00	7 00	12 00	18 00
3 "	3 00	6 00	10 00	16 00	22 00
4 "	4 00	7 00	13 00	18 00	20 00
¼ Col.	6 00	9 00	15 00	20 00	35 00
⅓ "	7 50	12 00	18 00	35 00	45 00
½ "	10 00	15 00	25 00	40 00	60 00
1 "	15 00	20 00	40 00	60 00	100 00

Notices in Local Column, 20 cents per line, each insertion.

Transient advertisements, per square of 12 lines, Nonpareil measure, $2 50 for first, and $1 for each subsequent insertion—In ADVANCE.

Legal advertisements charged as transient, and must be paid for upon expiration. No charge for publisher's affidavit of publication.

Yearly advertisements on liberal terms.

Professional Cards, (1 square) $12 per annum.

All notices and advertisements intended for publication should be handed in by noon of Wednesday.

CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

M. S. WOODCOCK,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
CORVALLIS : : OREGON.
OFFICE ON FIRST STREET, OPPOSITE Woodcock & Baldwin's Hardware Store.
Special attention given to Collections, Foreclosure of Mortgages, Real Estate cases, Probate and Road matters.
Will also buy and sell City Property and Farm Lands, on reasonable terms.
March 20, 1879. 16:12y1

J. K. WEBBER,
Main Street, Corvallis, Or.
DEALER IN
Stoves, Ranges,
FORCE AND LIFT PUMPS,
HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE.
Constantly on hand, the
NEW RICHMOND RANGE
Best in market.
THE BONANZA COOK STOVE,
Something New. And the New
VECTA PARLOR STOVE.
Jan. 1, 1880. 17:1tf

J. R. BRYSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
All business will receive prompt attention.
COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY.
Corvallis, July 14, 1879. 16:29tf

J. W. RAYBURN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CORVALLIS, : : OREGON.
OFFICE—On Monroe street, between Second and Third.
Special attention given to the Collection of Notes and Accounts 16-1tf

JAMES A. YANTIS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
CORVALLIS, - - - OREGON.
WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS of the State. Special attention given to matters in Probate. Collections will receive prompt and careful attention. Office in the Court House. 16:1tf.

DR F. A. VINCENT,
DENTIST.
CORVALLIS - OREGON.
OFFICE IN FISHER'S BRICK — OVER Max. Friendley's New Store. All the latest improvements. Everything new and complete. All work warranted. Please give me a call. 15:3tf

C. R. FARRA, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE—OVER GRAHAM & HAMILTON'S Drug Store, Corvallis, Oregon. 14-26tf

W. C. CRAWFORD,
—DEALER IN—
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, SILVER WARE, etc. Also,
Musical Instruments &c.
Repairing done at the most reasonable rates, and all work warranted.
Corvallis, Dec. 13, 1877. 14:50tf

GRAHAM, HAMILTON & CO.,
CORVALLIS - - - OREGON.
—DEALERS IN—
Drugs, Paints,
MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, DYE STUFFS,
OILS,
GLASS
AND
PUTTY.
PURE WINES AND LIQUORS
—FOR MEDICINAL USE.—
And also the the very best assortment of
Lamps and Wall Paper
ever brought to this place.
AGENTS FOR THE
AVERILL CHEMICAL PAINT,
SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER.
Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded. 14-2tf

CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

Corvallis Lodge No. 14, F. & A. M.
Holds stated Communications on Wednesday on or preceeding each full moon. Brethren in good standing cordially invited to attend. By order
W. M.

Barnum Lodge No. 7, I. O. O. F.
Meets on Tuesday evening of each week, in their hall, in Fisher's brick, second story. Members of the order in good standing invited to attend. By order of
N. G.

F. A. CHENOWETH. F. M. JOHNSON.
CHENOWETH & JOHNSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.
September 4, 1879. 16:36tf

ALLEN & WOODWARD,
Druggists
and
Apothecaries,
P. O. BUILDING, CORVALLIS, OREGON.
Complete stock of
DRUGS, CHEMICALS, LINES, PAINTS, OIL, BRUSHES, ETC., ETC.
School Books Stationery, &c.
We buy for Cash, and have choice of the FRESHEST and PUREST Drugs and Medicines the market affords.
Prescriptions accurately prepared at half the usual rates. 2May16:18tf

AUGUST KNIGHT,
Cabinet Maker.

UNDERTAKER,
Cor. Second and Monroe Sts.,
CORVALLIS, - - OREGON.
Keeps constantly on hand all kinds of
FURNITURE
COFFINS & CASKETS.
Work done to order on short notice and at reasonable rates.
Corvallis, Jan. 1, 1877. 14:1tf

Woodcock & Baldwin
(Successors to J. R Bayley & Co,)
KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND AT THE old stand a large and complete stock of
Heavy and Shelf Hardware,
IRON, STEEL,
TOOLS, STOVES,
RANGES, ETC
Manufactured and Home Made
Tin and Copper Ware,
Pumps, Pipe, Etc.
A good Tinner constantly on hand, and all Job Work neatly and quickly done.
Also agents for Knapp, Burrell & Co., for the sale of the best and latest improved
FARM MACHINERY,
of all kinds, together with a full assortment of Agricultural Implements.
Sole Agents for the celebrated
ST. LOUIS CHARTER OAK STOVES
the BEST IN THE WORLD. Also the Norman Range, and many other patterns, in all sizes and styles.
Particular attention paid to Farmers' wants, and the supplying extras for Farm Machinery, and all information as to such articles, furnished cheerfully, on application.
No pains will be spared to furnish our customers with the best goods in market, in our line, and at the lowest prices.
Our motto shall be, prompt and fair dealing with all. Call and examine our stock, before going elsewhere. Satisfaction guaranteed.
WOOKCOCK & BALDWIN.
Corvallis, May, 12, 1879. 14:4tf

REES HAMLIN. EMMETT F. WRENN.
DRAYAGE!
DRAYAGE!
Hamlin & Wrenn, Propr's.
HAVING JUST RETURNED FROM Salem with a new truck, and having leased the barn formerly occupied by James Eglin, we are now prepared to do all kinds of
DRAYING AND HAULING,
either in the city or country, at the lowest living rates. Can be found at the old truck stand. A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited.
Corvallis, Dec. 27, 1878. 15:52tf

FRANKLIN CAUTHORN, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Corvallis, Oregon.
Special attention given to surgery and diseases of the eye. Can be found at his office, in rear of Graham, Hamilton & Co.'s drug store, up stairs, day or night.
June 3, 1879. 16-23t

CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

LANDS! FARMS! HOMES!
I HAVE FARMS, (IMPROVED OR UNIMproved) Stores and Mill Property, very desirable
FOR SALE
These lands are cheap.
Also claims in unsurveyed tracts for sale.
Soldiers of the late rebellion who have, under the Soldiers' Homestead Act, located and made final proof on less than 160 acres, can dispose of the balance to me.
Write (with stamps to prepay postage).
R. A. BENSELL,
Newport, Benton county, Oregon.
16:2tf.

H. E. HARRIS,
One door South of Graham & Hamilton's,
CORVALLIS, - - OREGON.
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
—AND—
Dry Goods.
Corvallis, Jan. 3, 1878. 16:1v1

DRAKE & GRANT,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
CORVALLIS, - - - OREGON.
WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A LARGE and well selected stock of Cloth, viz:
West of England Broad Cloths, French assimeres, Scotch Tweeds, and American Suiting.
Which we will make up to order in the most approved and fash onable styles. No pains will be spared in producing good fitting garments.
Parties wishing to purchase cloths and have them cut out, will do well to call and examine our stock. DRAKE & GRANT.
Corvallis, April 17 1879. 16:16tf

Boarding and Lodging.
Philomath Station P. O., Oregon.
GEORGE KISOR,
RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE TRAVeling public that he is now prepared and in readiness to keep such boarders as may choose to give him a call, either by the
SINGLE MEAL, DAY, OR WEEK.
Is also prepared to furnish horse feed. Liberal share of public patronage solicited. Give us a call. GEORGE KISOR.
Philomath, April 28, 1879. 16:18tf

J. C. MORELAND,
(CITY ATTORNEY.)
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PORTLAND, - - OREGON.
OFFICE---Monastes' Brick, First street, between Morrison and Yamhill. 14:38tf

THE STAR BAKERY,
Main Street, Corvallis.
HENRY WARRIOR, PROPRIETOR.
Family Supply Store!
Groceries,
Bread,
Cakes,
Pies,
Candies,
Toys,
Etc.,
Always on Hand.
Corvallis, Jan. 1, 1877. 14:2tf

CORVALLIS
Livery, Feed
...AND...
SALE STABLE.

Main St., Corvallis, Oregon.
SOL. KING, - Porpr.
OWNING BOTH BARNS I AM PREPARED to offer superior accommodations in the Livery line. Always ready for a drive,
GOOD TEAMS
At Low Rates.
My stables are first-class in every respect, and competent and obliging hostlers always ready to serve the public.
REASONABLE CHARGES FOR HIRE.
Particular attention Paid to Boarding Horses.
ELEGANT HEARSE, CARRIAGES AND HACKS FOR FUNERALS
Corvallis, Jan. 3, 1879. 16:1y1

$300 A MONTH guaranteed Twelve dollars a day made at home by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as any one can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

THE MILLER'S MAID.

There is a lonely mill, close beside the little hamlet of Udorf, near the Rhine shore, between the villages of Hersel and Ursel, on the left bank below Bonn. The mill is said to have been the scene of the following story:

It was on Sunday morning, "ages long ago," that the miller of this mill, and his whole family, went forth to hear the holy mass at the nearest church in the village of Hersel. The mill, which was also his residence, was left in charge of a servant girl named Hannchen, or Jenny, a stout-hearted lass, who had long lived with him in that capacity. An infant child, of an aunt for church, was left in her charge.

The girl was busily employed in [illegible] dinner for the return of her master [illegible] who should [illegible] in the old armchair of [illegible] lor. He was an idle [illegible] whom the miller had forbidden [illegible] whom Jenny liked, with amiable perversity, peculiar to her sex, only, perhaps, all the better because others gave him no countenance. She was glad to see him and she told him so, too; and although in the midst of her work, she not only got him something to eat at once, but also found time to sit and gossip, while he dispatched the food she set before him. As he ate, however, he let fall his knife.

"Pick that up, my lass," said he, in a joking way to the good natured girl.

"Nay, Heinrich," she replied, "your back must be more supple than mine, for you have less work to make it stiff. I labor all day long, and you do nothing. But never mind! 'Twould go hard with me an' I refused to do more than that for you, bad though you be."

This was spoken half sportively and half in good earnest; for, kind-hearted as the girl was, and much as she liked the scapegrace, she was too honest and industrious herself to encourage or approve of idleness and a suspicious course of life in any one else, however dear to her. She stooped down, accordingly, to pick up the knife. As she was in the act of raising, however, the treacherous villain drew a dagger from under his coat, and caught her by the nape of her neck, gripping her throat firmly with his fingers to prevent her screaming the while.

"Now lass," he said, swearing out a bad oath at the same time, "where is your master's money. "I'll have that or your life; so take your choice"

The terrified girl would fain have parleyed with the ruffian, but he would hear nothing she could say.

"Master's money or your life, lass!" was all the answer he vouchsafed to her entreaties and adjurations. "Choose at once," was the only alternative he offered her; "the grave or the gold."

She saw that there was no hope of mercy at his hands, and as she saw it, her native resolution awoke in her bosom. Like the generality of the gentle sex, she was timid at trifles; a scratch caused her to faint; an unwonted sound filled her soul with fear, in the night. But, her energies were aroused by an adequate cause, she proved, as her sex have done before, that in courage, in endurance, in presence of mind and in resources for every emergency, she far surpassed the bravest and coolest men.

"Well, well, Heinrich," she said resignedly, "what is to be must be. But if you take the money, I shall even go along with ye. This will be no home for me any more. But, your gripe of my neck a little—don't—[illegible] hard; I can't move, you hug me so [illegible] if I can't stir, you can't get his money clear, you know. Besides, time pr[illegible] if it be done at all, it must be done [illegible] the household will shortly be back [illegible] set."

The ruffian relaxed his gripe, [illegible] let go his hold. Her reasons were all [illegible] with his cupidity.

"Come," she said, "[illegible] delay. The money is in making bad [illegible]"

She tripped upstairs lightly [illegible] he followed closely at her heels. She [illegible] the way into her master's bed-room, and [illegible] out the coffer in which his money was [illegible]

"Here," she said, reaching him an axe which lay in the corner of the room, "this will wrench it open at once; and while you are tying it up, I shall just step to my apartment and get a few things ready for our flight, as well as my own little saving for the last five years."

The ruffian was thrown off his guard by her openness and her anxiety to accompany him. Like all egotists, he deceived himself, when self-deceit was most certain to be his destruction.

"Go, lass," was all he said, "but be not long. This job will be done in a twinkling."

She disappeared at the words. He immediately broke open the chest, and was soon engaged in rummaging its contents.

As he was thus employed, however, absorbed in the contemplation of his prey, and eagerly occupied in securing it on his person, the brave-hearted girl stole down stairs on tiptoe. Creeping softly along the passage, she speedily gained the door of the chamber unseen by him, and likewise unheard. It was but the work of a moment for her to turn the key in the wards and lock him in. This done, she rushed forth to the outer door of the mill and gave the alarm. "Fly! fly!" she shrieked to the child, her master's little boy, an infant five years old, the only being within sight or sound of her, "Fly! fly to father! fly for your life. Tell him we shall all be murdered an' he hasten not back! Fly! fly!"

The child, who was at play before the door, at once obeyed the energetic command of the brave girl, and sped as fast as his tiny legs could carry him on the road by which he knew his parents would return from church. Hannchen cheered him onward, and inspirited his little heart as he ran.

"Bless thee, boy! bless thee!" she exclaimed, in the gladness of her heart, "an' master arrives in time, I will offer up a taper on the alter of our blessed lady of the Kreutzburg by Bonn."

She sat down on the stone bench by the mill door to ease her over-excited spirit; and she wept as she sat, at the thoughts of her happy deliverance.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed; "thank God for this escape. Oh! the deadly villain! and I so fond of him, too."

A shrill whistle from the grated window of the chamber in which she had shut up the ruffian Heinrich, caught her ear, and made her start to her feet.

"Diether! Diether!" she heard him shout, "catch the child and come hither! I am fast. Come hither! Bring the boy here and kill the girl!"

She glanced hastily up at the casement from which the imprisoned villain's hand beckoned to some one in the distance and then looked anxiously after her infant emissary. The little messenger held on his way unharmed, however, and she thought to herself that the alarm was a false one, raised to excite her fear and overcome her resolution. Just, however, as the child reached a hollow spot in the next field, the channel of a natural drain, then dry with the heat of summer, she saw another ruffian spring up from the bed of the drain, and, catching him in his arms, hasten toward the mill, in accordance with the directions of his accomplice. In a moment she perceived her danger, and in a moment more she formed her future plan of proceeding. Retreating into the mill, she double-locked and bolted the door, the only apparent entrance to the edifice, every other obvious access to the interior being barred by means of strong gratings fixed against all the windows, and then took her post at an upper casement determined to await patiently either her master's return, and her consequent delivery from that dangerous position, or her own death if it were irrevitable.

"Never," said she to herself, "never shall I leave my master's house a prey to such villains, or permit his property to be carried off before my eyes by them while I have life and strength to defend it."

She had barely time to secure herself within, when the villain without, holding the hapless child in one hand and a long, sharp knife in the other, assailed the door with kicks, and curses, and imprecations of the most dreadful character.

"Confound thee!" he cried, applying the foulest epithets of which the free-speaking Teutonic language is so copious; "open the door or I'll break it on ye."

"If you can you may," was all the noble girl replied. "God is greater than you, and in Him I put my trust."

"Cut the brat's throat!" roared the imprisoned man above; "that will bring her to her reason."

Stout-hearted as poor Hannchen was, she quailed at this cruel suggestion. For a moment her resolution wavered; but it was only for a moment. She saw that her death was certain if she admitted her assailant, and she knew that her master would be robbed. She had no reason to hope that even the life of the infant would be spared by her compliance. It was to risk all against nothing. Like a discreet girl, she consequently held fast in her resolve to abide as she was while life remained, or until assistance should reach her.

"An' ye open not the door," shouted the villain from without, accompanying his words with the vilest abuse and the fiercest imprecations. "I'll hack the whelp's limbs to pieces with my knife and then burn the mill over your head. 'Twill be a merry blaze, I trow."

"I put my trust in God," replied the dauntless girl; "and never shall ye set foot within these walls whilst I have life to prevent ye."

The ruffian laid the infant for a moment on the sward, as he sought about for combustibles wherewith to execute his latter threat. In this search he espied, perhaps, the only possible clandestine entrance to the building. It was a large aperture in the wall, communicating with the great wheel and the other machinery of the mill and was a point entirely unprotected, for the reason that the simple occupants had never supposed it feasible for any one to seek admission through such a dangerous inlet. Elated with this discovery, the ruffian returned to the infant, and, tying the hands and feet of the little innocent, threw it on the ground even as the butcher will fling a lamb destined for slaughter, to await his time for slaying. He then stole back to the aperture, by which he hoped to effect an entrance. All this was unseen by the dauntless girl within.

In the meantime her mind was busied with a thousand cogitations. She clearly perceived that no means would be left untried to effect an entrance, and she knew that on the exclusion of her foe depended her own existence. A thought struck her.

"It is Sunday," said she to herself; "the mill never works on the Sabbath, suppose I set it going now? It can be seen far off, and happily my master, or some of the neighbors, wondering at the sight, may hasten hither to know the cause. A lucky thought," she exclaimed, "'tis God that has sent it to me."

No sooner said than done. Being all her life accustomed to mill gear, it was but the work of a moment for her to set the machinery in motion. A brisk breeze which sprang up, as it were, by the special interposition of providence, at once set the sails flying. The arms of the huge engine which stood around with fearful rapidity; the great wheel slowly revolved on its axle; the smaller [illegible] and creaked and groaned, according [illegible] into action, and the mill was in [illegible]ation.

[illegible] that very instant that the ruffian Diether had succeeded in squeezing himself through the aperture in the wall and getting safely lodged in the interior of the great drum wheel. His dismay, however, was indescribable when he began to be whirled about with its revolutions, and found that all his efforts to put a stop to the powerful machinery which set it in motion, or to extricate himself from his perilous position, were fruitless. His cries were most appalling, his shrieks were truly fearful, his oaths and imprecations were horrible to hear. Hannchen hastened to the spot and saw him caught, like a reptile as he was, in his own trap. It need not be added that she did not liberate him. She knew that he would be more frightened than hurt, if he kept within his rotary prison; and she knew, also, that unless he attempted to escape, there was no danger of his falling out of it, even though he were insensible and inanimate all the while. In the meantime the wheel went round and round, and the ruffian along with it, steadily and unceasingly, too. In vain did he promise the [illegible] girl to work her no harm; in vain he implore her pity on his helpless condition. In vain did he pray to all the powers of [illegible] adjure all the powers of hell, to his aid. She would not hear or heed him, and unheard and unheeded of them likewise muttering curses, he was whirled round and round in the untiring wheel, and until at last feeling and perception failed him, and he saw and heard no more. He fell senseless on the bottom of the engine, and even then his inanimate body continued to be whirled round and round as before, the brave girl not daring to trust to appearances, in connection with the villain, and being therefore, afraid to suspend the working of the machinery, or stop the mill gear and tackle from running at their fullest speed.

A loud knocking at the door was shortly after heard, and she hastened thither. It was her master and his family, accompanied by several of their neighbors. The unaccustomed appearance of the mill sails in full swing on Sunday, had attracted their attention and they had hastened home from church to ascertain the cause of the phenomenon. The father bore his little boy in his arms. He cut the cord with which the child was bound.

Hannchen in a few words told all; and then the spirit which had sustained her so long and so well while the emergency lasted, forsook her at once as it passed away. She fell senseless into the arms of the miller's oldest son, and was with great difficulty revived.

The machinery of the mill was at once stopped and the inanimate ruffian dragged forth from the great wheel. The other ruffian was brought down from his prison. Both were then bound and sent off to Bonn, under a strong escort, and in due course came under the hand of the town executioner.

It was not long till Hannchen became a bride. The bridegroom was the miller's son, who had loved her long and well, but previously unrequitted. They lived thenceforward happily together for many years, and died at a good old age, surrounded by a flourishing family. To the latest hour of her life this brave hearted woman would shudder as she told the tale of her danger and deliverance.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON STATESMEN.—Thar waz a statsman. His colar was 16 and his hat was 5. He went to a meetin' to orate. He said "ax me a question if you want to no." So when he was a swetin under his shirt a man hollered and he said: "Wot is tarif any way?" And the statsman he larfed kinder short, and he sed, "I want no foolin' around me. I am a b-a-d man, and I cary a kane." So he gave his kane a whirl and laid it on the table. Then this orful man down among the spitons sed again: "How much is tarif a peck, anyway?" An' the statsman sed, real hot, "I am a free man, and I won't be adjourned, so I demand the law." And then the law, dressed as a polishman, got the orful man by the back-hold, and tuk him to the kaboze. And when in the kaboze he did not ax any more tarif queshons, but fot the cokroches all night. An' the statsman went home with his kane.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Dresses are now made so short that the crossings are seldom clean.

The Autumn Woods.

Ferns become every year more popular for purposes of household decoration. Growing or cut, freshly gathered or pressed, the uses to which they are applied are numberless. It is a safe plan to gather them whenever you can get them, but those who can choose their time to do so usually prefer August or early September, since at this time the ferns are in full maturity and have not yet begun to fade.

In going fern hunting it is wise to take a large book, such as an atlas or a music portfolio along in which to lay the more delicate specimens as soon as they are gathered; the commoner varieties—such as the ordinary bracken bush, the evergreen fern—may be easily taken home to be pressed, by wrapping them in newspaper with a wet fold around the stems to keep them from wilting. Those which are to be dug up, roots and all, for transplanting should be placed as carefully as possible in a basket.

At the close of every excursion the ferns which are to be pressed should without loss of time be transferred to the drying paper. Seated at a convenient table the collector begins her work, her pile of ferns at one side of her and her paper at another. Plenty of paper and two flat, smooth boards are the materials required. Books on the subject advise stout blotting paper, but strong, soft newspapers, such as the *Times* for instance, make an excellent substitute at far less cost. Number one board is laid down; on this several sheets of paper—the more the better if paper is plentiful—and on them the fern is laid out as nearly as possible in the natural position, any twisting into shape which the fronds would not have assumed in life being avoided. Over it a single sheet of paper is laid, and while with the right hand the plant is being spread out, with the left the paper is being simultaneously smoothed over it. Immediately a few more sheets are laid over it, and the process repeated with additional specimens until the pile is sufficiently high; then it is topped with the second board and the bundle deposited with a forty or fifty pound weight on the top of all. Bricks make good weights, and they can be so distributed as to make the pressure bear equally on all parts at once; but any weight—a large stone, for instance—will do very well; or you may put the boards under your trunk. If a great many ferns are to be dried, another set of boards and papers may be used, but one is sufficient for quite a number. Next day the collector must change her papers. The pile is reversed, and the top board laid down on the table, with a sheet or two of dry paper on the top of it. Then the half-limp flattened fern is carefully transferred to it, and the process repeated until the whole of yesterday's gatherings are once more in dry sheets, and the weight on top of them again. The damp paper is then laid out in the sun or suspended on a cord in the kitchen or other warm place to dry, and in a short time is ready for use. How often the changing of papers must be repeated, depends on the number of sheets that are interposed between each plant, the state of the weather, the dryness of the room or the thickness of the fern leaves themselves; but, as a rule, half a dozen times are sufficient, and, if need be, the last two or three times may have an interval of two or even three days between them. If the plants make the paper bulge out, a sheet or two of stout pasteboard interposed here and there will smoth down their asperities and secure better dried specimens. In any case, a little patience and neat-handedness are necessary to secure choice specimens, and the ferns should not be taken out of the press until sure they are well dried. The best test of their being thoroughly dry is to gently bend back a little bit of the frond. If it is flexible, then it is better to give it another turn of the drying press. If, on the contrary, it breaks, all the sap has been extracted from it by the continued pressure of the stones and the absorbing power of the paper, in either side of the specimen. Now transfer them to a large book and keep them there until ready to use them. Small ferns may be pressed between the leaves of a book by tying a string around the volume to keep it tightly shut, but it is important in such case that the ferns should be dry, and the book must be opened and examined from day to day to avoid injury both to the volume and to the ferns.

As already intimated, anyone with a large supply of pressed ferns has an almost limitless fund upon which to draw for household decoration. Window transparencies and fire screens are made by framing the ferns, artistically grouped between two sheets of plate-glass. The side-lights to a hall door may be prettily ornamented in the same way, only for this purpose, in order to obstruct the view, it is well to fasten the fern on fine white net. Bright hued flowers, such as pansies, morning glories, scarlet sage, etc., add much to the beauty of such transparencies and may be successfully dried between sheets of cotton wadding placed between wooden boards.

A cluster of ferns pinned on a lace curtain where it falls apart has a very happy effect, and we have seen pretty window cornices made of a garland of ferns and autumn leaves. The maiden-hair fern looks extremely well arranged in a small basket, with a few dried bits of crimson coxcomb or bachelor's buttons. Indeed, the uses to which they may be applied is limited only by the taste and skill of the decorator.

When a fernery is contemplated the ferns should be carefully dug up and transplanted in soil as nearly as possible like that in which they originally grew.

As a rule, ferns require abundant moisture and cool shade, and the exercise of a little ingenuity will soon provide these requirements for even a varied collection. With the help of a few pieces of furnace slag or other fantastic material, a rockery can be erected in the dreariest city back yard. Sand—not sea, but river sand—should be first strewn over this, and then woods earth should be packed into every crevice where the ferns are to grow.

A very pretty fernery may be made of an old tin tray. Paint it first with waterproof paint, then make a foundation of gravel, charcoal and cinders and some sand—not too much, however. Over this put your woods earth and plant the ferns with sheets of moss, carefully transplanted from the place where the ferns grew, covering [illegible] Keep well watered, and you [illegible] thing of beauty all winter, constantly developing new beauties as tiny ferns and good plants spring up on the moss.

For decorative purposes moss [illegible] only second to ferns, or even flowers. In England it is much used for table decoration, and is gathered in summer and dried for winter use. It is a mistake to think that because moss is green it is of one color; you will find it of every hue—bronze and emerald shining, golden and dark purple green. The best way to collect it for decoration is to pull it in large tufts, which should be well shaken after reaching home and spread lightly on newspapers for a day or two, and then again thoroughly shaken, to free them from loose bits and from insects. To keep it for the winter the sprays should be dipped in water, dabbed dry on a cloth, laid flat between two sheets of brown paper and immediately ironed until quite dry. The irons should be of the heat required to smooth linen; but do not prolong the process too much or the moss will become brittle. This process answers for the coarser mosses; more delicate ones should not be ironed, and the "maiden-hair" moss should not be placed in water, or the golden extinguishers may wash off. Small, naturally mossy twigs—ivy, oak leaves, acrons, lichens—by occasionally being put out to be refreshed by rain, can be made to last for some time. The last need an occasional rain soaking, as they become brittle and powdery when too dry. The little gypsy kettles that were so fashionable some years ago may be made into pretty centre-pieces by covering sticks and kettle alike with moss, as follows: Hold one of the sticks in the left hand, take a turf of moss sufficiently large to wrap around it in the right hand and fold the moss around and over the end of the stick; pass a long piece of fine gardening wire round it, securing the end firmly and pulling it tight, so that the moss conceals it; wind it round once more and then take a second tuft; let the end neatly overlap the first, and secure it in the same way; continue until the stick is covered, keeping the moss as evenly and tightly rolled as possible. If too shaggy, trim it with the scissors. Secure the end of the wire when finished, and if tightly done all will remain firm. The handle of the kettle should be done the same way before doing the kettle. In covering the latter the upper edge of the tufts should be turned inside, under the tin for holding the flowers, and the first wire tied around close under the top. A very few flowers, arranged in wet sand, will answer for filling the tin. Flower pots may be covered in the same way; and flat strawberry baskets, thus concealed, and lined with white paper, make very pretty fruit dishes. A plateau of moss for holding dessert dishes is also pretty. A board of the desired size and shape is requisite; the edges may be cut out for the dishes to fit into, or they may stand on it. The moss should be made as smooth and even as possible, and may be of only one or of various hinds. The common feather moss is perhaps the best. If liked, a border of gray lichen can surround it, and outside of this a second of small leaves, trailing or ground ivy. Borders of leaves and ferns can be made for dishes, and wreaths of periwinkle runners, ivy, holly or bright autumn leaves. Ferns can be ironed like the moss, and will preserve their color, but the safest plan is to dry them as directed. Circles or strips of thin cardboard can be covered with leaves and ferns for surrounding dishes, and single ferns arranged in a pattern of the cloth. Infinite variety can be made by giving time and thought to the matter.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Slow News.

Much that is not very important is put into the newspapers nowadays; but the ideas of the more ancient editors as to what is really worth telling, were very defective indeed—as much so as were their means of getting news and sending it abroad.

Wendell Phillips in a lecture delivered in New York city, noted the wonderful growth and power of the press in the direction of journalism. This is an agent of civilization that has developed chiefly within fifty years.

The account of the battle of Waterloo, which, Phillips said, was the grandest event of European history in this century, occupied only one-third of a column of the London *Times*. Compare with this journalistic enterprise, that which lays a full-page history of the Ute massacre of ten persons in Colorado before the readers of our great dailies.

Garrison was mobbed in Boston in 1835, and narrowly escaped being hanged. With all the files of the Boston papers of that year before him, Mr. Phillips could not find anything like a detailed account of the event, "which shook the city while it lasted."

When President Harrison died in 1841, it took ten days for the news to reach Springfield, Ill., from Washington, and then Abraham Lincoln disbelieved the report because it seemed impossible it could reach there so soon.

Now in the newspapers you buy this afternoon you "may read the words Queen Victoria spoke to her Parliament since the sun rose in England," or what a congress of European representatives said and did on the banks of the Bosphorus the evening before. As Phillips pertinently says: "The man who reads the paper has a telegraph wire that connects him with the world, and that does not read might as well be Robinson Crusoe on his island."