

NOTES FOR THE LADIES.

Elizabethan ruffs are termed "bristles back of the neck."

When the cat's away—the cook finds it difficult to explain how the cold meat goes.

Stella Moore, variety actress, sues the St. Louis Times for a \$20,000 libel.

Mrs. Blackwell believes that women should live to 90 years. Who objects?

Some poor, but pretty girls attract lovers by the face; some plain rich ones by the figure.

Two fifteen-year old girls were lately arrested for burglary at Rockport, Ill.

When a woman gets a letter she carries it in her hand, but a couple of pounds of sausage she manages to squeeze into her pocket.

A man in Rockport, Mich., has married and deserted eleven wives in three years, and it is probably safe to say that he is not happy.

A lady is now distinguished by her plain costume in the street. It has come to this at last, thank goodness.—Ex.

Dr. Dio Lewis is authority for the statement that a diet of beans is better for the complexion than all the powders and creams ever manufactured.

An irreverent newspaper speaks of Pere Hyacinthe's baby as the little Hyacinthe bulb which was erroneously reported to have made its appearance early last spring.

A medical authority states that our friends of the restricted sex are doing themselves a great deal of injury by tying their stockings too tightly with garters.

Four Delhi, Ind., gentlemen threw dice for the hand of a widow, who couldn't decide which to take. She accepted the situation and the German who threw double sixes.

Elder Baker, of the Upper Iowa Conference, reckoning up the fruits of his ministry, says seventeen years ago he began as an itinerant, and had only his wife and boy. Now he has ten children.

How few housekeepers know that the expressed juice of garlic is an everlasting cement for broken china, glassware, and the like, leaving no mark of fracture if neatly done.—Ex.

Is it, or is it not significant—the fact that a beautifully gotten-up brandy flask appears upon the toilet table of so many belles of New York's best society?

Miss Louise Alcott's mother says: "I am seventy-three, but mean to go to the polls before I die, even if my three daughters have to carry me."

Charles Sumner says that one of the handsomest women he ever met was the mother of Lord Brougham, who was at the time over eighty years of age.

The most effective Grange orator is Julia Garretson. She speaks from the same platform as the Master of the National Grange, and, it is said, beats him every time.

The Des Moines Quartette were somewhat startled the other evening by finding that the selection, "When wearied wretches sink to sleep," had been printed on their programmes, "When married wretches," &c.

Two more young ladies have recently been slaughtered by side-saddles. Their feet caught in the stirrups, and they were dragged to death. When will Anna Dickinson, en cavalier, ride to the rescue?—Ex.

We are pretty good at matrimonial mathematics, but we confess that a head-line in the Indianapolis Sentinel, "Four weddings in a single night—ten hearts made happy," gets away with us—so to speak.—Cincinnati Times.

At Clerkenwell Police Court, in England, recently, the Manager of the Newcastle Colliery Company was convicted of having knowingly sold an inferior quality of coal for a good one. He was fined £10 and costs, with the alternative of one month's imprisonment.

The former landlady of Miss Mink, the heroine of the recent homicide trial at Rockland, Me., has presented to the town authorities a little bill for damages to the reputation of her property, including this item: "For murder and disgrace in the house, \$10."

Lucy Stone has "given up all faith and hope that the Republican party will ever do anything to establish the principle of the consent of the governed as applied to women," and she now advises all friends of woman suffrage to cut loose from that party, and all parties, and go for the formation of Woman Suffrage Political Clubs.

It is a good idea to let your wife know, as a writer affirms. He says much good could be accomplished, and much care to the husband be saved by letting the wife help to bear the burden. And he is quite right. There are plenty of men who plod on through life without communicating or receiving. When the scuttle is empty they do not let their wives know, as they should, but go and fill it themselves. It is all wrong.

"Thirty-two cents," echoed a Detroit woman when her grocer charged her that sum for a pound of butter. "Yes 'um," he replied, with a bland smile. "You see the grocers can't carry much of a reserve, and we can't turn out our collaterals at a sacrifice. If the government calls in the bonds due in 1874, and the imports of bullion tend to ease the money market a little, butter must find its level with everything else. Butter is panicky just now, but I think the worst is over." She paid the money without further growling.

Rev. Celia Burleigh does not lecture so much as usual this Winter. Her health has improved, however, and her head is as clear as ever. She thinks that when the Creator made woman a biped he meant that she should remain a biped. But at present, thanks to her swinging, trailing, cumbersome dress, woman is forced to make use of her hands in "locomoting" through any narrow passage-way up or down stairs, and so is virtually reduced to a quadruped.

The other morning a tolerably well dressed but wild eyed gentleman called Mayor Macauley to one side, in the city court room, and said he wanted something done with his wife. "What's the matter?" inquired his honor. "She keeps giving me pills," was his reply. "I would not take 'em," said his honor. "I can't help it," said the injured husband, "she gives 'em to me when I'm asleep." "I'd wear a muzzle," the injured husband started. He hadn't thought of that.—Indianapolis Herald.

WESTERN NOTES.

The White Pine News claims the existence of large quantities of copper ore in that vicinity, and attention is being directed to them.

The Truckeeites are feasting on jackass rabbits. These animals are very plentiful in and around Sierra valley, and a good shot can kill from 50 to 100 of them in a day.

Sheriff Adams, of San Francisco, is charged with not paying over into the treasury certain fees embraced in \$6,000 received by him. Other irregularities also are reported.

The British bark Powhattan, while off Corrientes, July 30, encountered a hailstorm. The Captain picked up one stone four and three-quarter inches in length.

In five years, after the expenditure of much money and energy, the Chinese Sunday School attached to the church of the Advent, San Francisco, boasts of converting one Chinaman.

Granville Millsap, who killed Vincent Corates, at Mayfield, Sep. 12, 1872, was sentenced, Nov. 3, at San Jose, Cal., to 15 years in the State prison. Motion for new trial overruled.

Mrs. Clarke indignantly denies that Captain Clarke, of the Sunrise, treated her and her children cruelly, but that he always treated her with the greatest kindness and was most deeply attached to his family.

In Scott's saloon, San Francisco, Nov. 3, William Smith received a three inch gash in his face. He first accused Lillian Howard a waiter girl, and then George Mayfield, with cutting him.

"Ned Allen," killed it is said by Bartlett T. J. Freel, in Ned's Bull Run saloon, in San Francisco, is called "the wickedest man in San Francisco," and his saloon the "most notorious den on the Barbary coast."

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

"One who has tried it," writes as follows to the American Farm Journal:—"If any farmer wants a convenient and cheap cushion to ride on, let him take a sheepskin as soon as it is taken from the sheep, and scrape the flesh off, then lay it in a smooth place. Pulverize one pound of alum and the same of salt, and cover the flesh side of the skin and let it lie for a week or two, and it will be well tanned. They make the best seat for the reaper, raker, corn planter, or to throw on the horse to ride from the field to the barn, and if we should be caught in a sudden shower, they will answer for a protection."

The New York Court of Appeals has recently decided that a man has no right to the fruit growing upon branches of a tree overhanging his land where the trunks of trees stand wholly upon the land of his neighbor. But the law regards the overhanging branches as a nuisance, and they may be removed as such, or the owner of the land shaded may remove them if he is careful not to commit any wanton or unnecessary destruction in so doing. Where the trunk of a tree stands on the line they have a joint ownership in the tree and fruit, and neither one has the right to remove it without the consent of the other.

An old man who has had much experience in handling and dealing in horses for more than half a century said to me recently that he had never known a horse to get "tender footed" that was kept loose in a shed and yard, or in a box stall. That turning round and treading with their forward feet in the manure, kept them constantly moist and soft. His theory appeared perfectly reasonable to me. I have no box stalls, but I use shavings for bedding and every morning with a large shovel I move the wet shavings under the horse forward, in front of and under his forward feet, and then the last thing at night cover these with dry shavings for him to lie on. He also remarked that he had never known a flat footed horse but what was a great worker.—Cor. Jour. of Farm.

WATER AS A PRESERVER OF BUTTER.—The Utica Herald's dairy editor says: "After being duly packed watertight, the packages may be placed in good cold water, such as is found in good wells and springs anywhere. Any such good well of water may be used for this purpose, only be sure the package is completely under water always; and if under water several feet deep it is no detriment, but probably an advantage. It is not necessary, but probably best, that the packages should rest on the clear ground at the bottom of the well—not that any harm would happen to the butter, but the outside of the packages might get soiled and muddy. A deep tank, kept full of water from a continually flowing spring may be the most desirable reservoir for keeping the butter in, if the tank is well covered and kept from freezing. No one need be surprised if butter stored in this way be kept for years as good as when packed. Possibly lard and some other articles of food may be stored in this way."

S. B. Parsons writes: "Gentlemen of large income, with country places, the proper management of which would give more pleasure to a whole family than anything else, are unwilling to pay more than \$800 or \$1,000 per year for a good gardener, whose knowledge is the work of half a lifetime. They will give \$3,000 to a bookkeeper, whose knowledge can be acquired in a year, they will expend \$1,000 or \$2,000 for a camel's hair shawl or a span of horses, and yet would think themselves very extravagant if they gave \$2,000 a year to a skillful gardener, who could produce for their use Muscat grapes and all other luscious fruits, and who could make their grounds and gardens a veritable paradise. Once establish the fact that a skillful gardener can be sure of \$2,000 to \$3,000 per year, and numerous young men would give their education that direction. Wealthy men, also, who expect to leave their sons large fortunes, would give them a horticultural education, both as a means of producing enjoyment to themselves, and as a profession upon which to fall back in case of disaster. Young men so educated will never become base; the world is for them too full of delightful capabilities."

We extract the following from a recent address by Elliot C. Cowdin before the Westchester County (N. Y.) Agricultural Society:

"It has been, my lot as an active merchant, to mingle with men in almost every station of society, in many of the nations of Europe; and I am convinced that no class in any country in the world are so thoroughly independent, possess so many real comforts, and have so little cause for anxiety and discontent connected with their vocation, as the farmers of America. Always an honorable pursuit, farming is remunerative when properly prosecuted; and as a general rule, it is more universally successful than any other calling. You may question this statement until you carefully consider it."

"Let me say to our young men, be not envious of the merchant or the banker of the bustling city; but rather bear in mind that of all who chase after wealth along the slippery paths of commerce and finance, scarcely more than one in a hundred reaches opulence, a few more obtain a competency in season for old age, while nine-tenths miserably fail ere they have fairly started in the race, and for the most part, die poor."

"Neither let our young men be lured from rural life—its duties and its dignities, its toils and its rewards—by the glittering bauble of the learned professions. Lawyers, physicians and clergymen, at the very best, lead laborious lives. The great body of these are mere drudges—hard working men, who pursue the noiseless tenor of their way, and gain a bare subsistence. If any of them rise above the common mass, it is usually the result of years of intense study and tireless application to their one pursuit, which, unless they are a marvel of good luck, will surely undermine their health, and very likely afford nothing to leave to their heirs except that professional fame which is among the most evanescent of earthly possessions."

A Warning to Boys.

The Marysville (Cal.) Appeal of Oct. 30 publishes the following terrible warning to boys: Yesterday, as usual, a number of boys were hanging about trains at and near Seventh street, and ten or fifteen minutes before the accident occurred John Lauchley, a lad about eight years of age, was seen under one of the cars of the down freight train, holding himself by the iron braces which support the box. The boy occupied this break-neck position while the train was broken in two pieces to give way for the passage of wagons over the track. As the train started off for Sacramento the above named boy was found on the track between Seventh and Eighth streets, and in a horribly mangled condition. He was placed in an express wagon and conveyed to the residence of his parents, near the corner of A and First streets. On examining the body of the boy it was found that the right arm was crushed between the shoulder and elbow, the right leg fearfully mangled below the hip to the knee, and the left leg broken above the ankle. Drs. McDonald and McMahon were called, who commenced the work of amputation by cutting off the right leg. The boy being previously extremely exhausted by the loss of blood, sank rapidly under the operation, and expired at about 5 o'clock. The deceased is a son of John Lauchley, an old citizen, but who is at present absent from his family, and we understand resides at Virginia City. This sad accident will probably prove an effectual warning to all boys who daily congregate about the railroad trains at the depot. We understand that the deceased barely escaped being run over on Tuesday. Boys have been frequently driven away from the depot, and in one or two instances the persons who used compulsion were subsequently abused by their parents. The life of a small boy was saved a short time since by one of the railroad attaches, and as a recompense received sound abuse from his mother. But a short time ago a boy was struck by a car and his shoulder dislocated.

H. J. Raymond had a right conception of the way to pay writers, so as to get their best work. When he was alive the salaries of the Times were more liberal than those paid to the staff of any other paper. He was content to have a man do little or nothing for some time, so long as he wrote a telling article afterwards.

Retribution.

George Rosenbaum, the butcher, who was killed last week at Watsonville, California, by Frank Callahan, was a well-known character in Montana, and a meaner thief than he never escaped unhung from our Territory. In 1862 this same Rosenbaum, in Portland, Oregon, was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary for entering a neighbor's house and knocking his wife down and robbing her. Whether he was pardoned out or broke out of the Oregon penitentiary we are not informed; but his next operations were in Salt Lake city, where he kept a butcher shop in the winter of 1864-65, and furnished his customers with beef at his shop from cattle stolen from the farmers and stock-dealers in the vicinity of Salt Lake city. He made his escape to Montana early in the spring of '65, after being found out in his cattle stealing business in Utah. Upon arriving in Virginia city, upon cheek and impudence he fitted up a magnificent meat market, and then commenced furnishing his stalls by stealing. His first operation was the purchase of two head of fat cattle from a trader whom he induce to drive them to his slaughter-house, and upon arriving there gave the owner an order on a store for the price of the cattle. The cattle-dealer returned to the slaughter house and informed Rosenbaum that there was no money in the designated store to his credit, and demanded the cattle; but they were butchered, and the man was put off without a dollar. His next exploit was to drive several of his neighbor's hogs into his slaughter pen and butcher them. The attention of the Vigilance committee, then in full blast in Virginia city, was called to this wholesale thieving business, whereupon Rosenbaum was arrested by the regulators and tried by them, and on account of having a wife and children his sentence was commuted from hanging to banishment and fifty lashes on the bare back, which was carried out to the letter. Mr. Schwab, of the Cosmopolitan hotel, was then doing business in Virginia city, and to him Rosenbaum came with his sore back and woeful tale of banishment, and related his account of the flogging received. Rosenbaum grinned and said the Regulators cheated themselves, "for," said he, "they sentenced me to fifty lashes, but they only laid on forty-nine, as I counted them myself." After his banishment we never heard anything of his career until the story of his murder came to us through the San Francisco Chronicle, and the account would seem to show that Rosenbaum was an innocent and unoffending citizen, who was ruthlessly murdered by Callahan. We venture to say that there are two sides to the question, and that Rosenbaum, when the truth is known, deserved to be shot, and has met retributive justice in this bloody manner.—Helena Gazette, Nov. 1.

A SIMPLE CROUP PREVENTATIVE.—We find the following in an exchange—

"Take a piece of black silk two or three inches wide; sew it around the child's neck, let him wear it constantly, changing when it becomes much worn and thin. Our little one, who was always subject to the croup, has never been troubled in that way since we used the silk, although many a night he has gone to his crib so hoarse that he could hardly speak. Try it, mothers. It will certainly do no harm if it does no good, and if it will do good you had better have your little ones encased in black silk than see them suffering by that fell destroyer, croup."

FIVE CROPS.—Some kinds of fruit trees in this vicinity, in some seasons, attempt to produce two crops of fruit, but in California greater things are done in that line, as witness the following from the Sacramento Union—

"James Bullard, who resides on K street, above Fourteenth, is the proprietor of an apple tree, which, this season, undertook the enterprise of raising seven crops of apples. It has blossomed seven different times, commencing with the first of April. The first two 'crops' are matured, and five are still struggling along, the last being yet only flowers."