

January, 1880.

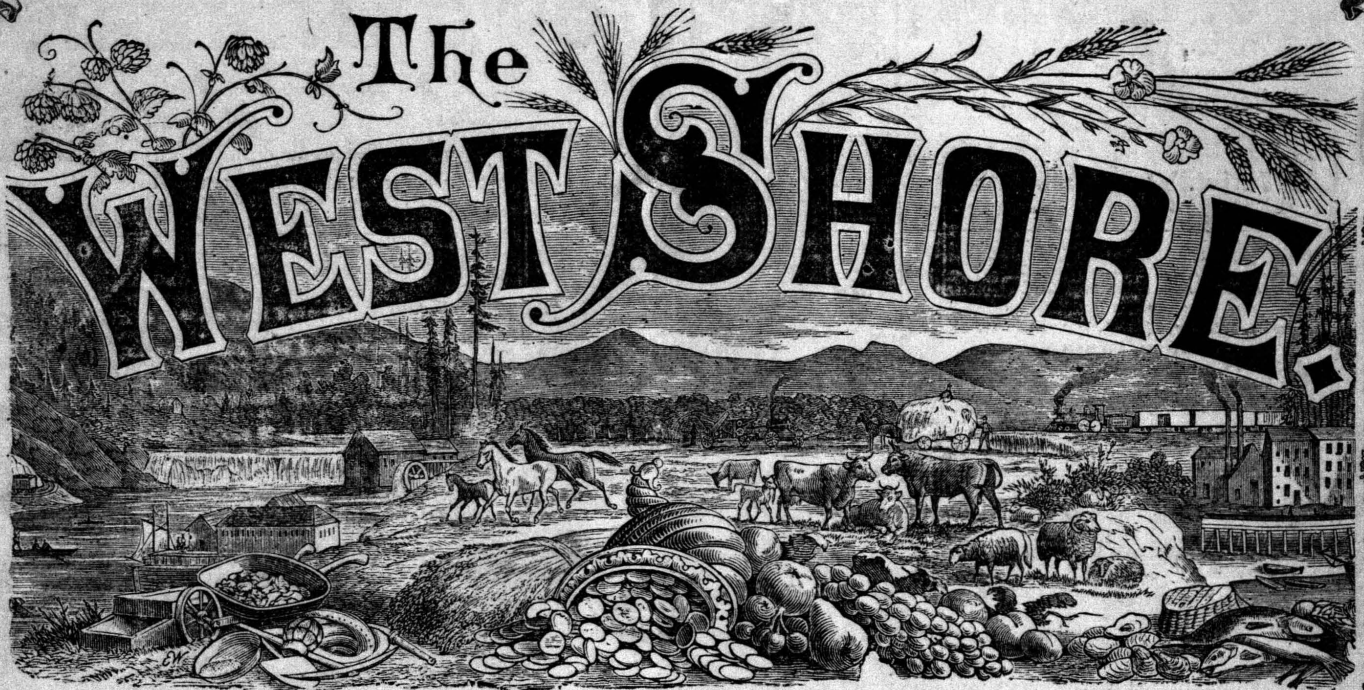
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portions to

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OUR MAMMOTH NUMBER.

As rapidly as possible the material for the mammoth number of THE WEST SHORE is being gathered, and in early spring we hope to have the same ready for delivery to our subscribers. It will consist of 160 pages, will be handsomely illustrated, and contain a vast amount of historical, statistical, and literary articles of rare merit. This number will be alone worth the entire amount which we charge for a year's subscription. We shall, however, furnish one copy of the same free to every one of our yearly subscribers. A limited number of extra copies will be sold at one dollar each. Persons who want this number ought to send their subscriptions in without delay.

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Any of our readers who will send us one new subscriber for the WEST SHORE for 1880, may select fifty cents worth of flower or vegetable seeds from any seedsman's catalogue, and we will forward the same free of charge. For a club of five subscribers, we will give as a premium seeds to the value of three dollars. This seed offer will hold good only during the month of February.

SHELL BEDS OF CLATSOP BEACH, OREGON.

BY H. B. CLARKE.

The coast of the Pacific ocean, some distance below the mouth of the Columbia and above, even to the colder latitudes, show, in its shell mounds or beds, evidences of a dense population that must have long ago lived and thrived on the bounteous sea-food that the ocean provides. Up the little streams and inlets may these beds also be found, but not of the immense proportions to be seen on this ocean beach.

While swimming at the sea-side house at Clatsop, my attention was drawn to the material with which the roads were being macadamized; shells of oyster and clam predominated, but the rather frequent sight of human bones and skulls excited my curiosity. Following the wagons, I found my way to the pits from which this dump

was taken. The excavation showed a depth of from five to six feet of this debris, and the original dirt strata had not yet been reached.

I stood by the wall of this seemingly unlimited bed, and with a stick dug into the bank, finding shells of various kinds, some of which are not now found on this coast, all bearing evidences of having been used for food, sometimes calcined; also the bones and vertebrae of fish, bones of birds, deer, and other animals, and among them the bones of the human body, sometimes the tiny rib of a little child, and sometimes the arm bones or the shoulder blade of an adult; skulls, too, were not infrequent. The horrible suspicion of cannibalism suggested itself to my mind. These remains were scattered indiscriminately, just as one might imagine the garbage of a house might be thrown day by day, and so accumulate in a heap, while earth and stones were mixed with the bones. Of the length of this bed I have no knowledge, and can only imagine the age. It was in shore half a mile, and must have, in ancient times, been the beach proper.

Ages have passed since these wild people encamped by the booming waves, for immense old firs, five and six feet in diameter, are growing over the prostrate giant trees that preceded them. I saw no implements of any sort, nor did I hear of any being found in these beds, though they might be easily overlooked, as no one had ever before exhibited any interest or curiosity in the matter.

I have been told that similar beds are found on the Alaska coast. Remains of ancient junks are said to be found there. Certainly the almond-eye may be traced in the physiognomy of the Indians at this day.

While Lewis & Clark, and afterwards, Catlin, found in the Northwest, on the upper Missouri, three small, neighboring tribes, one of whom—the Mandans—had no affiliation with any other known family. They lived in huts which were very neat in appearance and had separate apartments for lodgings. They were a mere handful of a tribe, and, while

they acquired the language of other tribes, none learned theirs. They made a great variety of pottery, and manufactured beads which were highly prized.

Catlin suggests that they are the remaining tribe or descendants of the Mound-builders which have been driven from the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi.

Among the many relics of this ancient race, which were found by Squier during his explorations of the valley of the Mississippi, was a most characteristic head, made of red pipe clay, the workmanship of these unknown builders, which exhibits the peculiar Indian features.

He says, further, "that the Mound-builders were American Indians in type, that time has not changed the type of this indigenous group of races, and that the Mound-builders were probably acquainted with no other race but themselves. In every way proving the views of the author of *Crania Americana*."

As to what became of this prehistoric race of Mound-builders, but little can be said beyond conjecture. The numerous temples of Mexico and Central America are said to be as ancient as the mounds found in various parts of the United States.

These two localities may have been the birth-place and centre of original American civilization, or the Mound-builders may have been the original occupants of the Mississippi valley, and themselves given the civilization to Mexico, but in reference to these questions no decision can yet be given, and every one is left to his own conjecture.

AT THE SHIP-YARD.

Messrs. Hall Brothers, of the Port Ludlow ship-yard, have just launched the schooner "Kau Kioule," and will immediately place another one of the same size and model on the stocks. They disposed of the one just completed, to Allen & Robinson, of Honolulu. She is 160 tons measurement, is expected to be a rapid sailer, and will at once enter into the island trade.

WHY DO WELLS AND SPRINGS OVERFLOW?

BY W. L. WADE, M. D.

I have taken some interest in the literature of this subject lately, and so far have not found anything which agrees with my ideas on the true cause of the phenomenon in question. The hydrostatic theory will account for most of the artesian wells, because they are nearly always in the vicinity of elevated land. But the theory fails utterly to account for springs situated at the very summit of hills, or water sheds. Clear Lake is almost at the summit of the Cascade mountains, with no possibility of a higher feeder, and yet it has quite a stream flowing from it. Kenesaw mountain, in Georgia, has a beautiful lake on its summit. And the summit of the Vandalia railroad abounds in springs. The mere fact of these bodies of water existing in these high localities, does away with the hydrostatic theory. Subterranean gasses have been supposed to cause the flow of Artesian wells and high springs. Effervescence would of course characterize all such springs. Internal heat undoubtedly causes the geysers, boiling springs, etc. It seems like a very evident proposition that all such springs show an elevated temperature. Then, how account for those which are cold, and flow without giving off gasses? Suppose that, in illustration, we take a child's rubber ball, with a small "air hole" in it; fill this with water, and it will represent the earth, or a confined reservoir of water. Bring a little pressure to bear on any part of the ball, and you have an artesian well. Add a tube to the aperture, and the water will flow from it freely. The flow of springs on mountain tops can have no other explanation than simply the weight of the superincumbent strata acting on basins or reservoirs of considerable size, and experience has demonstrated that only such are capable of supplying a continuous flow. The objection which will be urged against this theory, is that we must concede the settling of the surface. This is no more than what is actually taking place at Mahoning, Pa., at Virginia City, and many other places, where large areas have been slowly settling for years. Portions of sea-coast sinking for years, other portions becoming elevated. All these mountains of the Pacific Slope,

were once level land, and unknown ages after this upheaval the slimy denizens of the sea were sporting fathoms deep where the Willamette valley lies with its fields and forests outspread today. There is no impossibility about the matter of a change of elevation; it is something which is taking place all the time, and it makes little difference whether we reason by exclusion, or directly, it is the only cause which can possibly account for the phenomena which we have been discussing.

OREGON AND ITS PROSPECTS.

A few words regarding the inducements held out by the State of Oregon to people in general who are in search of homes.

First, as to climate. In Western Oregon, which comprehends the valleys of the Willamette, Umpqua and Rogue rivers, is mild and equable, as may be seen by reference to the observations made at the United States Signal Service office, which, in spring, is put down at 52°, in summer 67°, in autumn 52°, and in winter, 39°, Fahrenheit. The thermometer seldom rises above 90° in summer, and rarely falls below 20° in winter, so that out-door labor may be performed at all seasons of the year. It may with propriety be said that in Oregon there are but two seasons, the wet and the dry. The rainy season usually begins about the middle of November, and lasts until early in May, with intermissions of fine weather for days, even for weeks. These rains, although disagreeable, are a blessing, since they insure abundant crops and plentiful natural pasturage. Such a thing as an entire failure of crops in Oregon has never been heard of. According to the records kept by the United States Signal Service office for a number of years, the average year in Oregon is composed of two hundred and thirty-three rainless, a hundred and twenty-two rainy, and ten snowy days. In Middle and Eastern Oregon there is less rain in winter, but it is much colder, and in summer it is dryer.

As health is, or should be, the first consideration with all people seeking a new country to locate in, we will state upon the authority of the State Board of Immigration, that the climate of Western Oregon is unusually conducive to health, the air being peculiarly pure and mild, yet bracing. The Coast Range affords protection from the ocean gales, while the Cascade mountains keep out cold winds and snow storms from the north and east to a great extent. The exemption from sharp winds and violent changes of temperature, thus secured, renders the inhabitants far less liable to throat and lung troubles, rheumatism and inflammatory diseases generally. Western Oregon is not entirely exempt from fevers, but they are of a milder

type, and yield readily to treatment. A resident physician for twenty years says: "For our exemption from malarial disorders we are indebted to our northern latitude, to the daily sea breeze, to our cool, bracing nights, and to the medium temperature of our warmest days."

The soil of Oregon, for fertility, is unsurpassed by any State in the Union. At the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia the State was distinguished by more awards for the excellence and variety of its products than comparatively any other State. Whatever seed is put into the ground and cultivated is sure to return a rich reward. There never yet have been any failures. This is a most important consideration—no drouths, no blighting winds, no grasshoppers, no anything else to destroy the fruits of the husbandman's industry. Good lands can be cheaply acquired, and held under simple and secure titles. Unlike in our sister State of California, the lands are not monopolized by a few owners, with no Mexican or Spanish grants to render titles insecure. Lands can be had of the Oregon and California Railroad Company, at low prices, and on favorable terms, and an abundance of government land can be had under the homestead law.

For timber and water Oregon is unsurpassed, and challenges comparison. Besides her navigable rivers, so well known, beautiful streams of clear, cold water traverse the State in every direction. Springs also are to be found in great numbers. Immense forests of hard and soft timber are to be found in every part of the State, which supplies the markets of California, South America, Australia, Japan and China with lumber. In the valleys are to be found different varieties of ash, oak, maple, balm and alder, as well as fir, cedar, spruce, pine and yew. In the foot-hills scattering oaks and firs, with a thick second growth, are found. The mountains are mostly covered with tall fir, pine, spruce, hemlock, cedar, larch, and laurel. Two kinds of cedar, three of fir and three of pine are indigenous to Oregon. Trees here attain to an enormous height and great straightness, firs measuring from one to two hundred and fifty feet.

In minerals Oregon is extremely rich, but for the want of capital imperfectly developed. Gold, silver, iron, copper, coal and many other minerals exist in great abundance. Iron ore is plentiful, and from tests has proved of superior quality.

For the raising of live stock no country can excel Oregon. The natural grasses are of a fine quality, and retain their fattening qualities until late in the season. The wild pea also grows in great abundance. In southeastern Oregon there are 33,000,000 acres of natural pasturage.

One very important advantage Ore-

gon possesses over California is the lower rate of taxation. The only drawback to Oregon is the wet weather in winter, but this is compensated for by the certainty of crops and the loveliness of the country in spring and summer.

INFORMATION FOR IMMIGRANTS.

Clarke county is in Washington Territory, on the north side of the Columbia river, about 75 miles from the sea coast, and separated from Multnomah county, Oregon, by the Columbia river. It has an area of about 670 square miles. Scattered over this surface there is a population of 7000 people; their chief occupation being agriculture. This county, like the balance of Western Washington, is a timbered country; yet there is here some land that is naturally devoid of timber, but all of this is occupied. There is a quantity of unoccupied government land in this county, all of which is more or less timbered. Some of it is comparatively easy to clear, but a large part of it is covered with heavy green timber. This land lies chiefly on the eastern and northeastern borders of the county, and is, of course, more remote from schools and market than are the settled sections. The surface of the country in the central and western portions is level; rolling in the northern part; and hilly and mountainous on the eastern border. The soil everywhere is good, the upland being a clay loam, along the river bottom a black sandy loam; in the alder swale lands a heavy black soil and as rich as the richest. The soil of the land is good where grows the heaviest timber. The soil of the upland prairies is gravelly and regarded as second quality, but even here good crops are generally harvested, and the farmers are nearly all well-to-do men. The soil is adapted to grow any product known to the north temperate zone. The cereals all do well. Vegetables, as well as any other place in the world, and fruit the same, apples, pears, plums, prunes, cherries, &c. All kinds of small fruits grow and ripen in perfection. The unoccupied timber lands and foot-hills afford excellent range for stock, and as the winters are mild all kinds of stock do well. A good milch cow can be bought for \$25; an average work-horse for \$75, and other stock in proportion. Farm laborers get \$1.00 per day and board. Wheat is worth \$1.00 per

bushel now, has averaged much less than \$1.00 per bushel heretofore, but is likely to be worth fully that much hereafter. Potatoes are worth 50 cts. per bushel and other vegetables in proportion. Fruits are all cheap, but when dried for market bring good prices. This is a good country for an industrious man. The necessities of life are comparatively easy to get. The climate is mild, and in consequence of the great quantities of timber, the rain fall is abundant. Some winters have freezing spells, lasting all the way from one to six weeks; though a six weeks' freeze-up is of rare occurrence. Sometimes the winter will pass with no frigidity in the air, save a few frosts, and flowers will bloom in the gardens all winter long. The climate is salubrious, though the humidity of the winter is generally thought to be bad for persons afflicted with throat and lung difficulties.

The county has numerous public schools, and, as usual, in a new country, most of them are of the lower grade. The people now here are deeply interested in the cause of education, and the schools are improving every year.

The timber of this county is mostly yellow fir, and is good for lumbering, ship-building and various other manufacturing purposes. There is some very fine cedar, some little oak, considerable ash and various other varieties of small timber.

The county is bounded on the south and west by the Columbia river, which affords means of transportation to market by steamboat. It is 13 miles, by the way of the Columbia and Willamette rivers, from the southwest corner of the county to Portland, the metropolis of Oregon.

That portion of the county lying next to the river is subject to annual overflow. It is excellent grass land well adapted for dairying purposes.

Farms partially improved can be bought for \$5.00 to \$20.00 per acre, according to location.

There is a U. S. Land Office located at Vancouver, the county seat, where parties can avail themselves of homestead and pre-emption privileges.

Vancouver, the county seat, is a town of 800 inhabitants, beautifully located on the Columbia river, and one of

the most pleasant places to live, in the Territory.

This county needs honest, industrious men. If they can bring capital with them, all the better; here are chances for profitable investments. Money loans readily for 1 per cent per month. The poor man will find this as easy a country in which to make a living for himself and family the first year, as any in the United States; but he must be frugal and willing to work, and leave behind him all expensive habits, if he has any.

Lumbering has been, and is generally, a good business in which to employ capital. The Columbia affords good salmon fishing. Manufacturing is in its infancy, but the natural facilities therefor are here in abundance. Mechanics command from \$2.50 to \$4.00 per day. Professional men have but little to do in this locality. Dry goods, groceries and every thing else usually kept in a country store, can be bought at very nearly, if not quite, as low prices as in the Eastern States.

In conclusion, a general invitation is extended to all those people in the East who want to find a new country, with room and opportunity to work, to go to Clarke county, W. T.

BE sure and send all your renewals and new subscriptions for Eastern or California newspapers and magazines to this office. You will save money by doing so. As an example, we furnish *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Atlantic Monthly* and *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, for \$14. If you were to send direct to each publisher, the price for the four publications, including the expense of a postal order and postage for each, to say nothing of the trouble of writing four separate letters, would come to \$16.25. All other publications at proportionately low prices. For 1880 we have superior facilities, and can offer better terms than ever. Write your address on a postal card, let us know what publications you desire to take, and we will immediately forward you a return card giving our price for them.

The cost of the army in British India, even in time of peace, is \$85,000,000 a year, or 45 per cent. of the entire revenue. The building and furnishing of a country house for the governor of Bombay cost \$875,000. No wonder there is a deficit in the revenue!

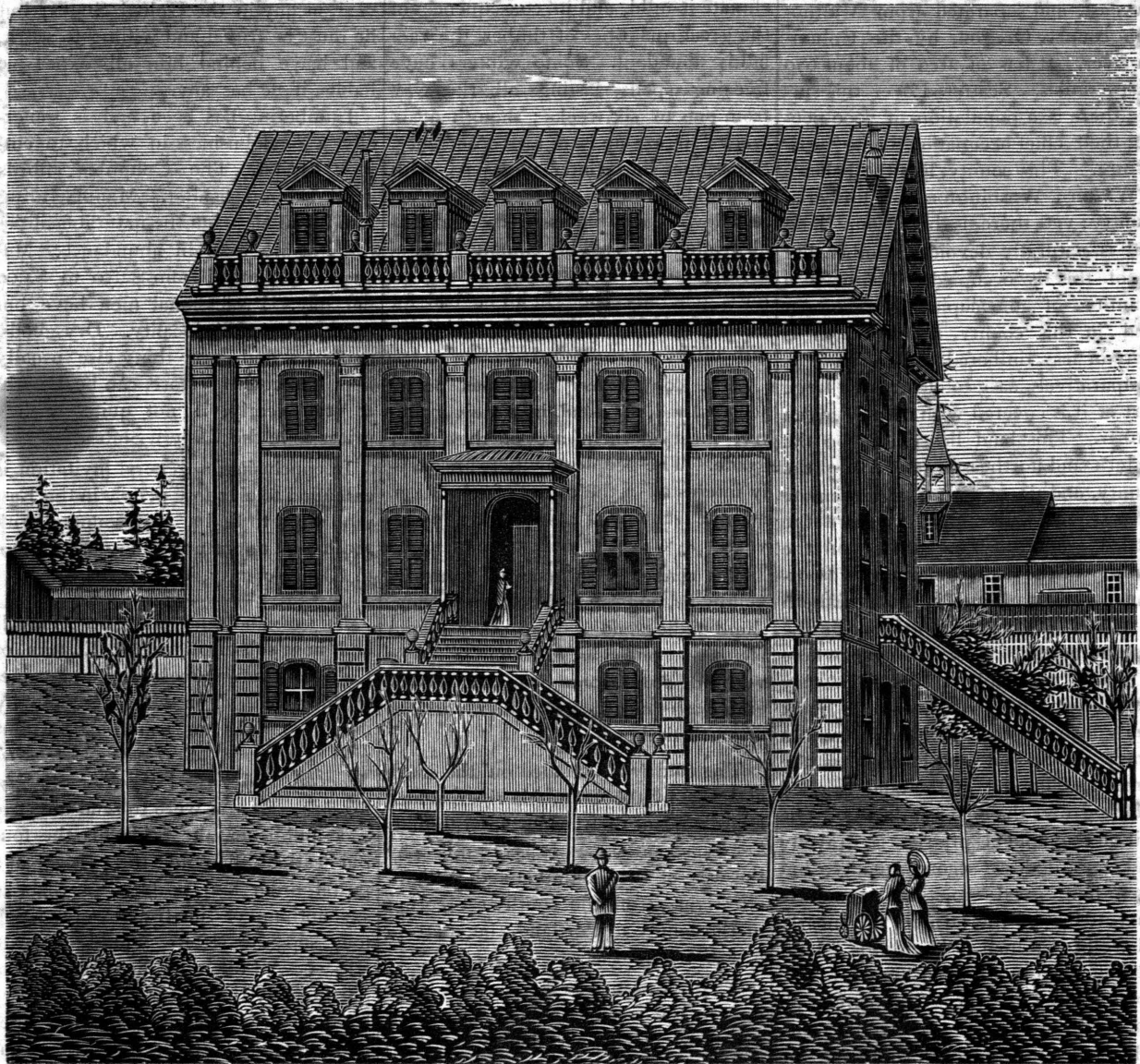
SAINT ANN'S CONVENT.

This institution is located at Victoria, having branches at New Westminster and Nanaimo, an orphanage at Cowichan, B. C., and a hospital at Victoria. Thirty-three sisters are in charge of the different branches. The Victoria Convent was completed, as shown in the engraving, in 1872, at an expense of

OUR COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL STATISTICS.

The wheat and flour exports of this State for 1879 are valued at \$5,350,000, an increase of nearly \$100,000 over 1878. The value of exports of green apples, dried fruits, potatoes, pork, beef, salmon, hops, butter, eggs, etc., is estimated at about \$3,000,000. Ore-

rel; lowest, \$4.75. Oats, highest, 47½ cents per bushel; lowest, 43 cents. Choice Wool, highest, 25 cents per lb.; lowest, 18 cents. Bacon, sides, highest, 12½ cents per lb.; lowest, 9½ cents. Hams, highest, 15 cents per lb.; lowest, 12 cents. Shoulders, highest, 9 cents per lb.; lowest, 7½ cents. Eggs, highest, 40 cents per dozen; lowest, 16 cents. Butter, highest, 40 cents per lb.; lowest,



ST. ANN'S CONVENT, VICTORIA, B. C.—FROM A PHOTO BY R. MAYNARD.

nearly \$30,000, including the St. Joseph Hospital. The Convent itself is really only a wing of the original plans. These, when carried out, will make the total cost of the improvements come up to about \$50,000. At present 140 scholars attend the Victoria school, whilst over sixty orphans find a pleasant home at the orphanage.

gon's total taxable property amounts to \$46,370,673. Washington Territory's taxable property is \$21,021,832. Produce in shipping lots ranged at the following prices during 1879: Wheat reached its highest price during November and December, \$2.00 per cental; lowest during August, \$1.55 per cental. Flour, highest, \$6.00 per bar-

rel; lowest, 12 cents. Potatoes, highest, 80 cents per bushel; lowest, 30 cents. In 1861 Portland had a population of 2,910; in 1864, 5,816; in 1870, 9,565; in 1875, 13,470; in 1879, 20,671. The cost of buildings erected, and improvements to buildings, made in Portland and East Portland during 1879, amount to \$1,252,650.

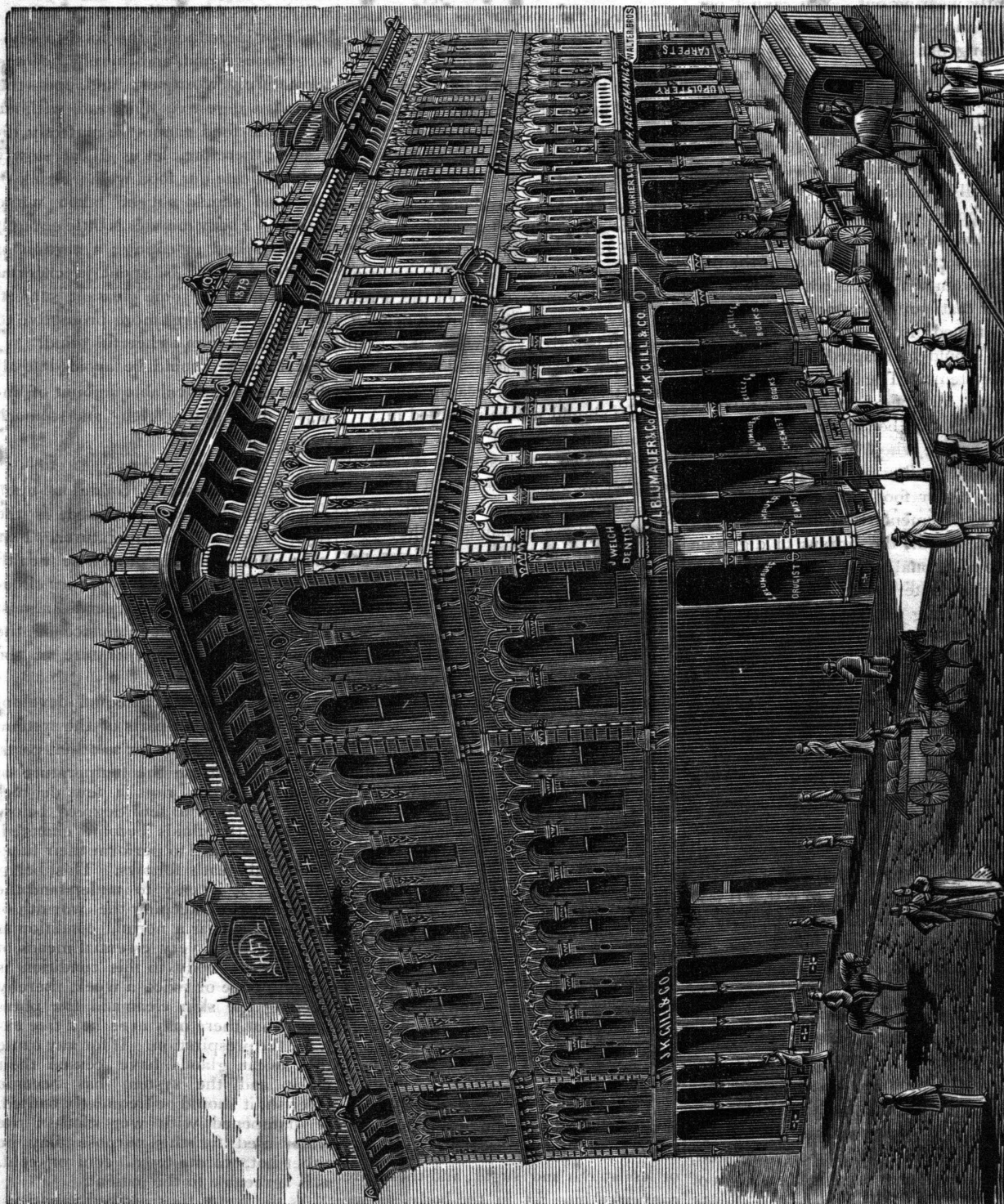
PORT DISCOVERY, W. T.—A LAND-
LOCKED HARBOR.

Few, who go up and down Puget Sound on the regular passenger steamers, suspect what a treat they lose in

named the bay after his ship, the "Discovery." This bay is situated some eight miles in the rear of Port Townsend, and about two miles from its mouth is Protection Island, so called

sels of any place on the Pacific coast.

The Port Discovery mills are situated on the west side of the harbor, about six miles from its mouth. Its present means of communication with Port



UNION BLOCK, FIRST, STARK AND OAK STS., PORTLAND, OR.—FROM A PHOTO BY I. G. DAVIDSON.

not visiting the beautiful, land-locked harbor at Port Discovery.

This bay is some ten miles long, and averages from three to three and one-half miles wide. It was first discovered by Vancouver, the navigator, who

because when a person is in the center of the bay, this island appears to wholly close its entrance, making it land-locked, yet of easy entrance, as well as easily fortified. It is naturally the best situated for a naval depot for wooden war ves-

Townsend is by stage to Yukey's landing, thence on the steam ferry to Port Discovery.

The biggest skylight in existence—
The moon,

THE LAWS OF LIFE. THE WAY TO LIVE.

BY G. M. NICHOLS.

The tissues of our body are constantly wearing out. We cannot perform an act, or even think, without wearing out some of the tissues; and these require to be constantly replenished; otherwise the whole body would soon be used up.

It is the wearing out process that creates a demand for food. And as with all other things, so with the human body; its nature, form, prosperities, and other qualities depend largely on the nature and properties of the material from which it is constructed. In order that our body may be properly maintained, it is necessary that our food should be adapted to the wants of our systems. The food we eat should contain all the elements required to build up the body; otherwise, some part or the whole of the system will be imperfectly sustained. Bear in mind, if our food is mingled with, or contains elements that are not wanted in the system, the organs of digestion have additional work to do, in removing the effete matter, and this extra work, if long persisted in, will bring on disease, (which is but poison of the body) and at no distant day the result is death. Regularity should be observed in the time of eating; for the digestive organs become weary with long continued labor and require rest, the same as any muscle or set of muscles. In order that they may obtain this rest, it is necessary that the food should be taken at stated times, and never until the previous meal has digested and the stomach has had time to rest. It is a well known fact among professors of Colleges, that those pupils who are put upon a strict diet, are the ones who accomplish the most in the pursuit of knowledge, as it is impossible for the brain to perform its duty when digestion is going on. The quantity of food taken at a meal has also an important influence upon the health. If food is taken in too great quantities, or too frequently, it cannot be properly digested, consequently the health and strength of the body is not maintained as it should be, and a great amount of vital force will be expended in expelling this same undigested food.

Undigested food may be regarded as a poison or foreign matter.

NUMBER OF MEALS IN A DAY.

Adults who have been in the habit of eating three meals a day, or of eating late suppers, usually rise in the morning with but little appetite for breakfast, the mouth has a bad taste and they do not feel as well as after having been up a few hours. This is because they fell asleep with undigested food in the stomach and a portion of the organs had to remain awake to digest this food, consequently the sleep was not as refreshing as it would have been had all of the organs rested and slept together, and especially is this true of the stomach.

The stomach is in direct connection with the brain by means of the Pre-mogastric nerve, therefore, when the stomach is actively at work, the brain must of necessity be more or less disturbed; it is for this reason that late suppers should not be indulged in.

Statistics show that those who have tried the two meal system invariably find that they are much better able to endure severe protracted labor, either mental or physical, than when they were in the habit of eating three times per day.

THE KINDS OF FOOD BEST ADAPTED FOR MAN.

Flesh meat is not as good for man as are vegetable substances, it contains no nutritious property that is to be obtained from vegetable substances.

Since the animal from which the flesh is obtained derives its nourishment from the vegetable kingdom, all flesh, whether human or brutal, contains more or less broken down tissues in a state of decomposition, and after the animal has been slaughtered putrefaction speedily takes place.

Flesh meat is said to be stimulating. This is because it contains effete matter, the debris and worn out tissues of the body, which are regarded by our system as poisonous. It is the effort of the system to expel these which produce the effect called stimulation.

Fats and oils do not contain the proper elements to build up the vital tissues. All of our food contains more or less starch and sugar, and these are converted into fat in the body, so we have an abundant supply of such material without eating the fats and oils of either animals or vegetables.

MANNER OF EATING.

Food should be thoroughly masticated;

when this is done, one can partake of a full meal without drink. There are two benefits to be derived from thorough mastication: 1st—the stomach will have less work to do, since it will not be obliged to perform any extra labor in reducing the food to a homogeneous liquid, and thereby become prematurely worn out; and, 2nd—the saliva is a digestive fluid, and without its aid the food cannot be perfectly digested; therefore, let us all eat slowly and masticate our food well. Drink of any kind should not be taken while eating. Thirty minutes is little enough time to spend in eating; a portion of this time should be spent in cheerful conversation on some pleasant subject, for there is nothing more promotive to good health than a cheerful mind.

Hot drinks should be avoided at all times, as an incalculable amount of injury is done to the teeth and stomach by their use.

TEMPERATURE.

Another important condition upon which good health is based, is the right degree of temperature. This must be maintained, otherwise health cannot long exist, for the proper circulation of the blood depends almost wholly upon the maintenance of the proper degree of temperature in the body.

In health, there is an equal development of heat in all parts of the system, the limbs just as warm as other parts.

If for any cause the temperature of the body either rises a few degrees above, or sinks a few degrees below 98° Fah., the fluids become changed, the organs cease to perform their functions, and death follows. This being the case, it is easy to understand the importance of keeping the warmth of the body as near a normal condition as possible. One very essential means of keeping the body in this condition is bathing once or twice a week, thereby keeping the skin clean and the pores open, that there may ever be a free exit for the perspiration. If for any cause the sweat glands have ceased their work, and the system has become feverish, it should be frequently bathed, or dampened with wet cloths; the water used for this purpose may be either hot, warm, tepid, cool or cold, as is agreeable to the patient.

As the water thus applied vaporizes, the heat of the body is conducted off, and the fever is reduced. Numerous rules might be added to the above and perhaps of much use, but space will not allow at this time, of my promulgating further the Laws of Life.

THE CUSTODIANSHIP OF OUR LITERATURE.

No. 1.

BY L. P. VENEN.

The finest compliment, we think, ever paid to our language is couched in one of the brilliant perorations of that gifted and learned Brahmin, Luximon Roy, during a course of lectures upon "America and American Institutions." We cannot now reproduce the original terms of the expression, for, like all Oriental speakers and writers, he indulged in a beautiful word picture, whose softly-blended tints and charming perspective vanished with the subsidence of his mellow and sonorous voice; we may be able to represent, however, so much of the ground plan or profile as our memory retains.

The speaker proceeded to show that while such languages as the ancient Hebrew, Sanscrit and Syriac, by an intimate union of their ligatures and integuments, justly constituted the trunk of the great tree of human speech, the Greek, Latin, Arabic and Anglo-Saxon might be considered as some of the principal branches; the immediate outgrowth of these latter, represented by the modern, cultivated languages of Europe, were the projected boughs, and the lesser dialects and vernacular tongues were typical of the smaller subdivisions and twigs. Lastly, as if to crown and glorify the whole, the English language was the gorgeous, petulous and redolent flower of this giant tree, now in the acme of its strength and noon-day bloom.

Such, then, is the peculiar genius of that language which the early thinkers and writers of the world have confided to our keeping; and the predominating phase of our present literature should clearly show with how much fidelity we are acquitting ourselves of the sacred obligations imposed upon us.

Not only have we in the United States a purely Anglo-American language, but we readily undertake to say that there are just as distinctive features in the eastern and western flanks of our national literature as ever existed in the Attic, Ionic, Doric and Eolic dialects of the Greek language. Hence it was not all a jest when a leading publisher of Boston declared that he could locate eastern and western manuscripts by the style alone, without ever reading the names of the respective authors.

In view of the facts already stated, it is but the legitimate result of a natural impulse that every true American scholar should feel justifiably proud of his country's language and literature. To our best speakers and writers, then, should we look for the preservation, intact, of our noble tongue, now the regal highway of the world's grandest and loftiest thoughts. But not to our literary producers alone do we look. True, they may sow and reap; they may verily produce and stock our markets, but we are inclined to believe, after all, that the leading journals and periodicals of our land are destined to be the true custodians of such garnered fruits.

No sooner were the classic haunts of Greece and Rome overrun by the barbarous hordes of Northern Europe, and their temples of learning profaned by the unprovoked onsets of ignorance and rudeness, than their respective languages began to relapse and decline. What the Latin suffered from the inroads of foreign and ungainly idioms, the Greek lost in euphony and sweetness.

The transition from the brilliant Golden to the more subdued Silver Age was, comparatively speaking, almost imperceptible, and the best critics then flourishing noted not the change. The loftiest flights of Ovid, Livy and Cæsar Germanicus were not a whit in advance of the genius that pervaded the writings of Celsus, Pliny and Seneca. From the Silver to the Brazen Age, however, the change was more abrupt and apparent. The plebeians now marveled when they heard strange voices and shrank from the ominous signs of the times. Lastly, and more fatal than all, the Iron Age was heralded by the thunder of mail-clad horsemen, the clash of resounding steel and the storming of beleaguered towns and cities.

Let no one be startled when we say that our own language and its elegant literature is immediately threatened by a fate essentially similar to that which befell the Latin and Greek tongues during that desert and obscure period of more than a thousand years in profane history, the Dark Ages. And what is all the more in this instance to be deplored is the stubborn fact that the modern Goths and Vandals which well nigh overwhelm us on every side are of our own flesh and blood, if not out-and-out cousins-german; nay, and like the evil spirits that tormented the Gadarene

who came out of the tombs, they are a clamorous crew and their name is legion. Hundreds of unscrupulous and irresponsible scribblers, uncircumcised in even the first principles of rhetoric or logic, but aided and abetted by such newspapers and magazines as delight to tolerate them as caterers, are flooding and demoralizing our book-stalls, public libraries and reading rooms with a villainous trash which every righteous legislature should peremptorily consign to the flames.

Unrestrained by law or fashion, the insidious influence of this spurious reading matter is finding its way into our homes and social gatherings; it invades the sanctity of the fireside circle and crops out in the prattling speech of our children. Hence will be seen the *modus operandi* of this moral scourge in deteriorating our common vernacular and national literature.

But it is consoling to know that we have yet a few conscientious writers and publishers in our land who may, by dint of indefatigable exertion, control the balance of power.

A first-class hotel, capable of accommodating forty boarders, is now in course of construction at the springs, at Collins' Landing, on the Columbia river. The proprietors, who are enterprising gentlemen from California, expect to have the place in full blast early next summer. The WEST SHORE was the first journal which called public attention to the valuable medical properties of these springs, and it is somewhat gratifying to us that the purchase which was effected in consequence of the article which appeared in the WEST SHORE, is so satisfactory to the present owners, that they would not part with the place at any price.

Chinese immigration threatens to swamp the native population of the Hawaiian Islands. The Chinese, all males, already amount to one-fifth the entire population, and the arrivals in the last half year reported were 2,000, nearly four per cent. of the native population, and a larger number than the entire Chinese on the islands in 1874.

A reptile of the lizard species, several feet in length, has been discovered in the valley of the Gila river, which seems too mysterious and terrible for our Zoological Gardens. It possesses, according to the description, the power of paralyzing a man or animal with its poisonous breath.

THE SNIPE.

The Snipe is a beautiful wading bird, which lives in marshes, wet meadows, and low grounds. It travels during the night as well as in the day, and it prefers stormy or damp weather. It is found in all latitudes in every part of the globe, in some parts of the year. In our own country it leaves the warm region of the South where it spends the cold months of winter, and comes North to build its nest and rear its young ones. Its little nest is often only a hollow in the moss in which are laid four pretty spotted eggs. Though keeping most of the day close to the ground among the long grass and rushes, yet, towards evening, it likes to fly very high, so high as to be almost out of sight.

THE SOUTHEASTERN
END OF OREGON.

Warner Valley.

This valley has a length of fifty or perhaps sixty miles. It is irregular in shape, varying from one to ten miles in width. Its general direction is north and south. The water flowing to the north gives rise to the apparent contradiction of terms—down north and up south. The general surroundings of the valley are picturesque and romantic, while the basin itself has but little natural beauty to recommend it, though there are a few nooks and glens where a lover of solitude might live in admiration of the peculiar, and, in some instances, beautiful, carvings of nature. A few adventurous stock-men have selected ranches and established themselves in their business, which is an abundant source of profit and not wholly devoid of pleasure and enjoyment. Surrounded by their extensive herds, with all the paraphernalia of a stock ranch about them; their hardy and good-natured vacqueros always "booted and spurred and ready to ride;" their thousands of horses and cattle; meadow-lands to the heart's content, and pasture unlimited, these men lead lives of adventure and careless indifference to matters on the outside, reveling in the near prospect of vast fortunes. A more whole-souled, generous and accommodating class of men cannot be found anywhere than the stock-men of the Pacific Coast. With them, the latch-string always hangs outside the door, and their store,

whether great or small, is always shared in welcome with the weary traveler.

The principal portion of this valley is a sterile, barren, grease-wood desert, with only an occasional oasis, marsh or salt lake varying the monotony. To the north, this is particularly the case, excepting the oasis. It would be difficult to imagine a more desolate and God-forsaken region outside of Assyria, Arabia, or the Great Sahara. For miles and miles, the wandering stranger is led on in vain search of the God-given beverage, sometimes jeered, laughed at and tortured by the deceitful mirage, which in queer fancy, keeps a beautiful lake just ahead and out of reach, ever receding as you approach, yet ever before your gaze. Occasionally the view is changed and this mocker of human weakness creates in beauty and grandeur a magnificent city, with walls, turrets, towers, long streets, stately buildings—in fact, everything that goes to

long breath of disappointment and turns away with an almost human appearance of disgust. There are many of these lakes, some of them several miles in extent and so salt as to be wholly unfit for use. This valley has, apparently, at no very remote period in the past, been one great inland salt sea, its waves washing far up the mountains which now bound the valley. This fact is unmistakable, as shown by the water line at various elevations where the water stood at different stages of its recession. Shells and water formations are found deposited high up among rocks and cliffs.

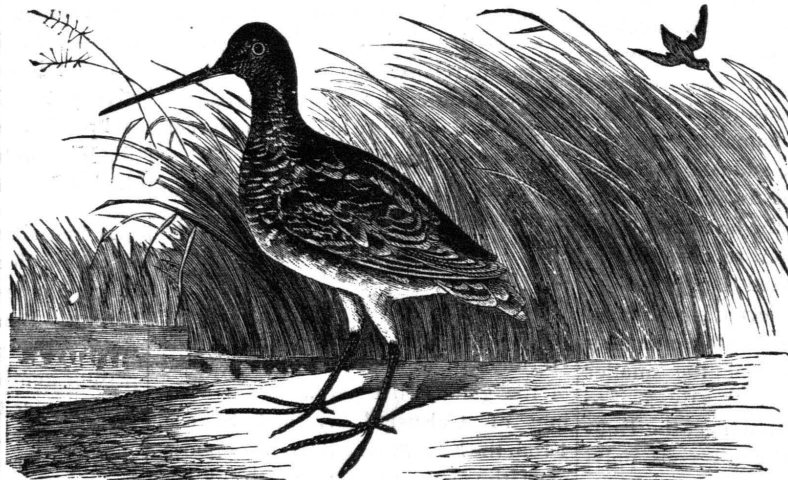
The valley, for miles and miles of its surface, is scooped and hollowed out by the action of the water, and dry lake-beds, almost circular and from one to five miles in diameter, completely surrounded by natural levees of embankments of sand from ten to forty feet high, thrown up by the united action of

wind and water, while about the margin a heavy deposit of sediment still bears proof that not many years have passed since the angry waves of this inland sea disputed the dominion and possession of man. Outside of these depressions or deeper basins, the country is almost a dead level, or thrown into wavy undulations by wind and water.

Dry channels connect these basins with each other and form a network of what has

been at one time a picturesque display of lakes and rivers. Even some of the older settlers of the country tell us they have seen these basins filled with water and have watched the recession with interest. There are no visible outlets to these lakes, though many streams flow into them, but we are told that Gen. Crook, while floating in search of ducks in his little boat, discovered a whirlpool which he prospected until satisfied that it was formed by a subterranean channel which drains this chain of lakes.

The Salem *Mercury* has been removed to this city and will hereafter be published as a Sunday morning paper, by Moss & Co. The gentlemen comprising the firm are experienced newspaper men, and we hope that they will meet with the success they deserve. E. O. Norton, favorably known in Oregon literary circles, has charge of the local department.



THE SNIPE.

make up a great city, and while you stand enraptured with the view which you know to be a myth, yet a treat and relief in this vast wilderness of salt, sage, alkali, and grease-wood, even that fades away before your very eyes, and you are aroused as from a slumber, to the unpleasant realization that a desert surrounds you, a hot sun scorches your head, while the reflected rays from the sparkling alkaline surface almost causes your eyes to start from their sockets with pain. Your burning thirst again reminds you that many weary miles intervene between you and those spots of green on the mountain side, the nearest point to water. You look again from your perch on a sand-hill and are forced to the belief that just before you, and not far away, is a veritable lake. You urge your jaded cayuse to redoubled exertion and soon reach a briny pond, its sluggish ripples striking lazily upon the sandy beach with a heavy, leaden thud. Your horse tastes it, draws a

A HOROLOGICAL BUREAU.

Arrangements are now being perfected for the establishment of a horological bureau in connection with the Sheffield Scientific School at New Haven, Conn. A suitable building will be erected, a telescope mounted, clocks placed, and every possible convenience arranged to make the bureau as perfect and complete as possible. Mr. Waldo, the gentleman who is to have charge, is already upon the ground and directing the progress of the work.

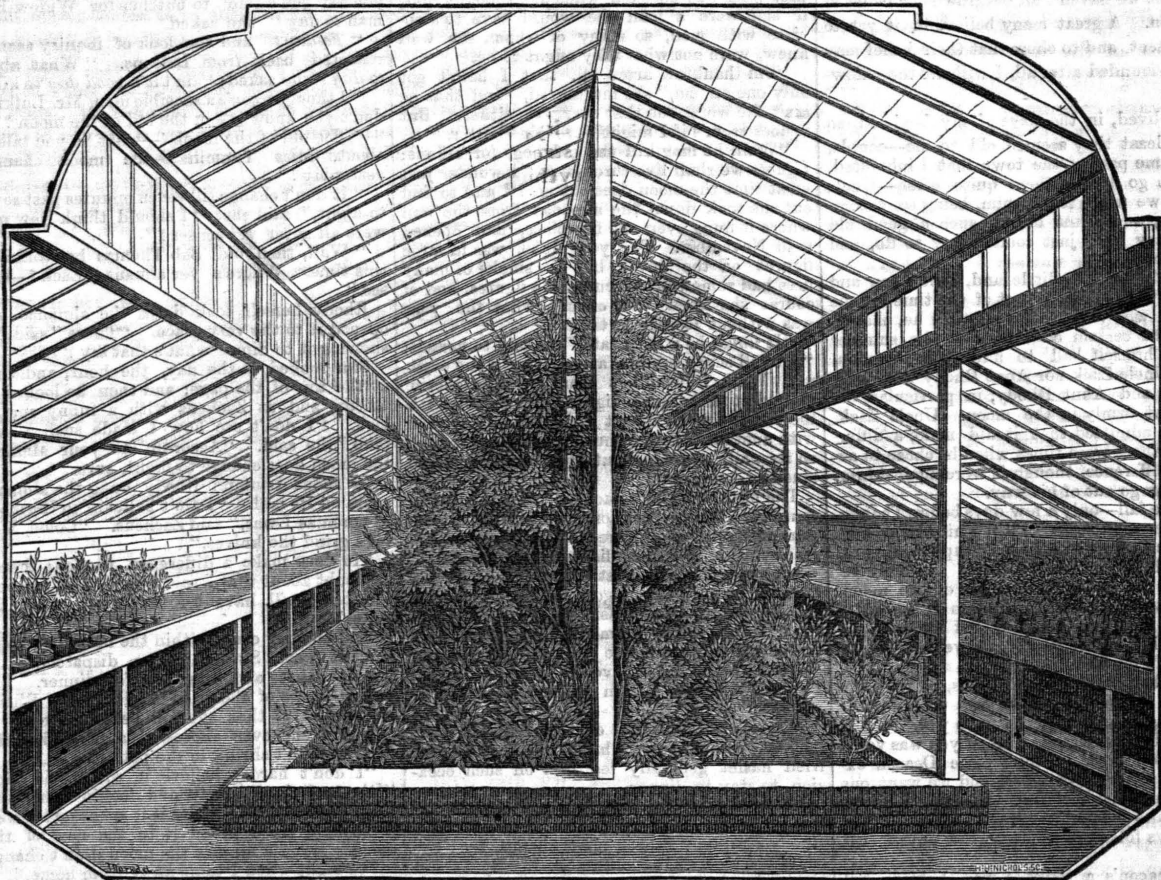
There are already one or more establishments of the kind in the country—notably the one at Cambridge, which supplies the time for the railroads converging at Boston. But the supply of approximately correct time is the only use for which this and other observatories of

not the central point; but some of the numerous clock's stars, as they are called, whose time is known, will be selected and observations made at night, although with the larger stars observations may also be made in the day time. The sun will be abandoned, because one observation in twenty-four hours is not enough; an observation may be made with each star every twenty-four hours. New Haven time will be taken, but New York time will be furnished also. The Waltham Company will send 100 or 200 watches for rating, as soon as everything is ready. "Rating" for private parties, we presume, is paid for, and will form, to some extent, a source of revenue to the bureau. This bureau will probably furnish standard time for the whole country, as time can be sent by telegraph and computed for any known longitude.

THERE is a great deal said and written about

NEW ORANGE HOUSE AT WASHINGTON.

Some time ago the Department of Agriculture at Washington secured from abroad a collection of the citrus family trees, embracing many of leading varieties of the orange, lemon and lime. This collection forms the basis of the citrus operations of the Department. Some of the varieties which have already fruited have proved of high order, and have been propagated and distributed. To secure better facilities for growing and propagating the best varieties, the orange-house shown in the engraving on this page has been erected. We do not find record of the area enclosed in the new structure, but it is evident from the engraving that it is considerable. It is planned so that the entire roof can be removed during the summer months, and the trees are grown in beds of soil and not in boxes. These



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW ORANGE HOUSE OF THE U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

the kind in this country have hitherto been employed, while the chief object of this new observatory, in addition to determining time, is the rating of watches, a thing which has not yet been attempted in this country.

To rate a watch is "to determine the rate of its gain or loss in respect to true time." Swiss watches are rated in Europe, and have been greatly improved thereby. No American watches have ever yet been rated, and manufacturers in this country are placed to disadvantage in consequence. Work of this kind has always been considered government work, or the work of scientific associations. It is now, for the first time, to be inaugurated here, under the direction of a liberally endowed association. This bureau will add nothing to the educational advantages of Yale, but will be simply a scientific work.

In initiating the work, after everything is in readiness, a sidereal clock will be started, as nearly correct as possible, after which observations will be made, to get absolutely correct time. In arriving at such a result, the sun is

a "higher education for women." Heaven knows we need it sorely, but not exactly in the sense in which the term is used. We want a higher education of conscience to give us a truer knowledge of our duty to the young of both sexes; we need to be taught that he or she who works skillfully with a pair of hands, may be as highly educated as those who work only with the head; we need to learn common sense with regard to the occupation by means of which women seek to earn an honest livelihood; that when two girls graduate from our high schools, she who has talent for dressmaking, takes rank equally with her who teaches Greek or Sanscrit; that she who can be a tasteful milliner is as truly an artist as she who seeks fame as painter or sculptor, though they travel by different roads.—*Boston Transcript*.

"I wish you would pay a little attention to what I am saying, sir," roared a lawyer to an exasperating witness. "I am paying as little attention as I can," was the calm reply.

two facts of course tend to the attainment of successful growth under natural conditions—points of the highest importance. The trees will enjoy open air culture until the approach of winter renders protection necessary.

THE GIRL WHO NEVER TOLD A LIE.—A little girl once came into the house and told her mother something which was very improbable. Those who were sitting in the room with her mother did not believe her, for they did not know the character of the little girl. But the mother replied at once: "I have no doubt that is true, for I never knew my daughter to tell a lie." Is there not something noble in having such a character as this? Must not the little girl have felt happy in the consciousness of possessing her mother's entire confidence? O, how different must have been her feelings from those of the child whose word cannot be believed, and who is regarded by everyone with suspicion! Shame, shame upon the child that has not magnanimity enough to tell the truth.

KILLING IN THE MOON.

There used to be, when I was a boy—which was once upon a time—a good many men, and women, too, who believed in the moon. It seemed as if some of the women did really believe there was a man in it, who controlled their destinies, to some extent; and the men, too, were just as bad. They couldn't have been worse if they had believed there was a woman in it, too. It would not do to kill pork in the old of the moon, nor to sow onions in the new of the moon; for if they did the first, the pork would shrink in the pot, and if they did the last, the onions would not bottom, or be subject to some disagreeable infirmity or other; and moreover, it wouldn't do to cut the children's hair, unless the moon was just right.

Men and women are growing wiser, we all admit, yet we haven't all outgrown our belief in the moon. A great many believe in it yet to some extent, and to show that their belief may not be ill-founded after all, I will cite the following case:

There lived, in the days of my boyhood, an old—at least they seemed old to me—couple, in the same part of the town that I inhabited. I used to go to see them quite often—Uncle Zack, as we used to call him, being so accommodating, and Aunt Rhody such a good old soul. They were just comfortably to do, and nothing more.

Uncle Zack tilled a little land, kept a cow and pig, and worked out a part of the time for the neighbors who were better off than he, though there were certain odd times in the summer when he himself had to have a hired man. Neither Uncle Zack nor Aunt Rhody were very well read, and Aunt Rhody, in particular, believed most firmly in the moon. Uncle Zack, of course, admitted that it did make a difference, yet there were times when he chose to accept the difference, though it were against him, rather than go out of his way.

Late one fall—only a few days before Thanksgiving—he was already to kill a nice large hog, which was to furnish his year's supply of pork, when both he and Aunt Rhody suddenly remembered that it was in the old of the moon.

"You wouldn't want to kill him in the old of the moon, Zacheus," she said, "of course."

"But I'll have to, Rhody, or we won't have no spare rib for Thanksgiving."

"I'd rather go without, Zacheus, as fur's I'm concerned. I wouldn't kill him till after the moon changes, any way, if I were you."

"Wall, Rhody, you ain't me; if you was you'd kill him to-morrow mornin'. The Deacon expects the spare rib, ye know, and we want one ourselves for Thanksgiving. I don't s'pose the moon'll make so much difference, arter all. The Deacon says folks are kinder gettin' out of that notion."

"The Deacon's a sensible man, I s'pose, but I guess he don't know everything, arter all. Taint likely, though, Zacheus, that he'd kill his hogs in the old of the moon, and I wouldn't mine, if I were you."

"But I tell ye, Rhody, you ain't me. You'n the Deacon can do's you're mind to; but I goin' ter kill him."

"You wouldn't kill the Deacon, would you, Zacheus?" and the good woman almost smiled. "You didn't mean that did you?"

"Taint no matter what I said, I know what I meant, an' I'm goin' ter kill him. You needn't larf at me, Rhody!"

"I ain't larfin', Zacheus; but the idee of your killin' the Deacon, and in the old of the moon, too!"

"Wall, Rhody, you can larf if you want to; and Zacheus laughed himself, now. "I'm goin' ter kill the old hog, anyway."

"I wouldn't call him an old hog, too, Zacheus; the Deacon's a real good man, you know."

"Of course, he is, Rhody; but if I don't kill

the old hog, you know, the old hog, you understand, we won't have no spare rib for Thanksgiving!"

"Wall, wall, jest go an' kill him if you want to; I don't s'pose it's any use for me to advise; but if the pork shrinks in the pot, you'll know the reason on't. We ain't none too well off now, Zacheus, an' it does seem 'sif we oughter make things go as fur's we can."

"Of course, Rhody, but we've allers had a spare rib for Thanksgiving, ye know, and the moon'll change to-morrow, any way. I guess the pork'll hold out. If it don't we can buy some of the Deacon, and I'll pay him in work or somethin'. It won't make no difference with you."

"That's always the way," murmured the good wife to herself, when the easy-going husband had left her, to make his preparations for killing. "He thinks 'twont make no difference with me, just as if a woman wasn't nobody."

A deep sigh followed, which was succeeded by a half-formed wish that she was a man. But that wish was checked when she thought that, if she were a man she would have to associate with men, so many of whom, she well knew, were not what they ought to be.

"I'm thankful, arter all, that I hain't got only one on 'em," she murmured, "and that he ain't the worst one that ever was, either. But it does seem's if I might have done better."

"Wall, he may kill the old hog, for all me; I guess we shall live through it. I wonder just what time the moon does change?" and to find out she took down the almanac from the nail where it hung over the fire-place, and opened it to November. The year 1839, was in large figures on the cover, but the smoke of many fires had somewhat obscured the figures, and of course she knew well enough what the year was without looking at them.

"It would be a little late," she said to herself; "not 'till seven minutes arter seven in the evenin'." Wall, I wouldn't want 'em butcherin' around at that time o' night, I don't s'pose. It's too bad the moon didn't change to-day; and with another sigh she hung the almanac back on its nail, adding, "but 'wat can't be cured must be endured."

The next morning Zacheus rose early and completed his preparations, while Rhody, with calm resignation, prepared a plain breakfast of johnny-cake, pickled-up fish and baked potatoes—not the worst breakfast that ever was, by any means, but not near so good, Zacheus said, as the dinner of fried haslet they would have. "It's too bad about the moon, Rhody," said he, full of good nature in the pleasant anticipation, "but the haslet won't have time to shrink much, I guess, 'specially if Sim stops to eat dinner with us."

Sim was the butcher of the neighborhood, who was coming to help him. His fondness for fried haslet generally led him on such occasion, to stay to dinner.

"Sim would know better than to butcher for himself in the old of the moon, I guess," was Rhody's reply. It was plain enough that she could not look on the matter so lightly as did her husband.

"Wall, Rhody, I ain't goin' ter talk any more about the moon. Taint likely that all our talking 'll make it change a minute sooner, and the water to scald him with is bilin' now! That pint's settled. If I'd made the moon myself, of course I'd have fixed it all right; but you see I didn't. I hope you'll feel thankful to-morrow, Rhody, that we had a hog to kill!"

"I'm always thankful for everything the Lord gives us," said Rhody; "but it does seem sometimes, Zacheus, as if I married you aginist his will."

Zacheus had left the table, and was looking into the boiling cauldron when the last words were uttered, and probably they did not come with full force to his ears. It is doubtful whether, in the steam and the noise of the boiling, he heard them at all. At any rate he made no reply.

"The water's hot," said he to no one in particular, "and Sim oughter be here now."

Even as he spoke, the door was opened, and

Sim was there. "All ready, eh," said Sim, looking into the cauldron. "That's good! That'll start the brustles! But you'll have ter help me grind my knives, Zack. Good mornin' Miss Timmins! Look's if you's goin' to have a spare rib for Thanksgiving."

"Good mornin' Mr. Lufkins! I hope we shall all be thankful for whatever we get; but I'd rather got along without the spare rib, 'fur's I'm concerned."

Mr. Lufkins gave her an inquiring look. "I don't know of anything much better'n a good roast spare rib," said he.

"There ain't nothin' better," said Zacheus; "and Rhody likes 'em as well as anybody. We've been eatin' chickens all the fall, an' now I'm goin' ter have a spare rib. We'll have haslet for dinner, too, Sim!"

Sim understood that as an invitation to dine. "I've got to kill a shote for Widow Beaman, arter I've done yours," said he, "but I'll be back by dinner time, I guess."

The look of inquiry was now Rhody's. "Did you say you's goin' to butcher for Widow Beaman to-day?" she asked.

"To-day!" and the look of inquiry seemed reflected back from Lufkins. "What about to-day?" he asked; "ain't it a good day to kill?"

"I thought you's a sensible man, Mr. Lufkins; don't you know it's in the old of the moon?"

"The old of the moon!—what be you talkin' about, Miss Timmins?—the moon changed yesterday!"

"It don't change till seven minutes past seven to-night," said she; "I should think yew men were all outer yer senses!"

"Wall, then old Bob Thomas has told a lie this time. Where's yer almanac, Zack?—let's see."

Rhody herself took down the almanac and opened it to the very place. "There," said she, showing it to Sim, "what's that say?"

Sim looked at the day, the hour, and then at the top of the page; and then he looked at Rhody and at Zacheus with a funny sort of look. "I don't see how I made such a mistake," he said. "Accordin' to your almanac the moon does change to-night, sure."

In silent triumph Rhody hung the almanac again on its nail. "I ain't believin' in the moon so much as I was," said Zacheus. "Come, Sim, let's grind the knives."

"It does make a difference, though; there's no doubt about that," said Sim. "But I s'pose the brustles'll have ter come off, now the water's hot."

And off they came within the next half hour; and at noon Sim had also dispatched the widow's shote and was back for dinner. The savory fumes of the fried haslet made Rhody more cheerful than she had been in the morning, and she even expressed a hope that the pork wouldn't shrink in the pot after all.

"I don't hardly believe it will," said Sim. "It's coolin' off nicely and lookin' hard and firm. I shouldn't wonder if it spent jest as well as though you'd killed it in the new of the moon. But I'd no idee the moon didn't change till to-night when I came away from home."

And so the killing was done, and both the Deacon and Zacheus had roast spare rib for their Thanksgiving dinners. And in due time Rhody began to use of the salted pork. Then, as Zacheus expressed it, he had her, for the pork cooked beautifully.

"We ain't never had no better pork than this, Rhody," said Zacheus. "What d'ye think of the moon, now?"

"You wait, Zacheus. Don't begin to crow too soon. Wait, an' see how 't holds out."

"All right, Rhody; of course 't would be too much ter ask ye to give in all 't once. I'm willin' ter wait."

And as they continued to use the pork, Rhody became very serious, very solemn, and Zacheus proportionately cheerful and elated. "I hope you ain't agoin' to be sick, Rhody, on account of this pork," he said one morning at breakfast. "You know yourself we never had no better pork than this. I wouldn't blame the moon any longer, if I was you."

"The pork is good enough," said Rhody; "but

I guess 'twouldn't happen so agin in a thousand years!"

"'Twon't be in our time then," and Zacheus had good sense enough to stop right there.

It happened that he went to the store that very day—it was about the beginning of the new year—and when he came home he brought a new almanac.

"Now Rhody," he said, "we'll see what the weather's goin' to be this year."

"I should think you were old enough to know't the almanac can't allers tell about the weather," was the rather discouraging reply.

"I ain't so old as you be, by three years, ye know, Rhody."

"It's fortun't, perhaps, that you ain't; for it does seem 's if the older you grow the less you know."

"That's all owin' to the pork, Rhody; I won't lay that up against ye. If 't had only been in the new of the moon, you know, 'twould been all right."

Without saying more, he took Rhody's shears and cut open the leaves of the new almanac. Then, to have it all ready for hanging up, he went and took down the old one, to get the leather string that had alternated with other strings in doing the same sort of service for many years. He had some difficulty in untying the knot in the string, and while at work on it, he suddenly stopped, and gazed silently at the figures on the cover. After awhile he opened the almanac and looked inside, and after another while he looked at Rhody.

"Rhody," he said at last, in a low, fearful sort of voice, "d'ye know what year 'tis?"

"You ain't lost all yer senses, have ye, Zacheus?"

"I dunno; but jest come here."

With a curiously alarmed look, Rhody went towards him. "Here, Rhody," said he, "what figgers be these?"

She looked at them. Then she took off her spectacles and wiped them, and looked again. It was quite a minute before she seemed fully satisfied that what she saw was real. "There, Zacheus!" she then said, giving him a gentle slap on the shoulder, "this is the old almanac, and I put away the new one instead; I shouldn't wonder if 'twas in the new of the moon, arter all."

"Of course 'twas, Rhody; of course 'twas; that accounts for it; and I'm real glad, for your sake."

To be sure that it was, Rhody went and brought out the almanac that she laid away by mistake, and they found it was even as Sim had said, "the moon changed yesterday."

It was fortunate for both of them; for their lives were becoming miserable, just because they thought they had killed their pork in the old of the moon.—*New England Farmer*.

INCENDIARY SILKS.—The danger of spontaneous combustion, to which weighted silks are liable, during transportation, has lately been forcibly demonstrated in the case of the steamship *Mosel*, which mysteriously took fire recently in mid-ocean. The fire was fortunately discovered and extinguished. On reaching her destination, a careful investigation afforded unmistakable evidence that the fire had originated spontaneously in certain silk goods that had formed part of her cargo. Samples of the silk, under the microscope, presented a remarkable appearance. The fibers ran very irregularly, and were partly covered with scales of a metallic luster, while on other fibers, heavy, sponge-like knots of a dark color were observed. A chemical examination revealed the following remarkable results: One hundred parts of the silk were composed of pure silk fiber, 21.34%; oxide of iron, 13.45%; moisture, 9.15%; fatty oils, 1.85%; organic dye-stuffs and coloring matters, 50.90%; mineral matters not determined, 3.30%. For each part of silk fiber, therefore, it was shown, 0.75 part of oxide of iron and 2.50 parts of coloring matters were used.

WOMEN ON SCHOOL BOARDS.

A Boston dispatch to the *New York Tribune* says: The fact that at least a few women voted in each of these 13 cities for members of school boards—voted for the first time under a legislative act of last spring—gave the elections an interest and an importance they would not otherwise have had. In Cambridge, where 217 women were registered as voters, two out of five members chosen on the school committee are women.

In Somerville the citizens' caucuses in two of the four wards were attended by women, who assisted in making the school board nominations; women distributed ballots in one ward on election day, and were not anywhere disturbed in the exercise of their rights; the one woman nominated for a place on the school committee was defeated by about a dozen votes. In Chelsea, women acted as ballot-distributors at the polls of one ward; two of the four new members on the school board are women; it is stated that every one of the 105 registered women appeared and voted. The 93 women who registered in Newton were accorded one of the four school committee. Their attendance at the polls is said to have kept many of the usual ward-room loungers away. Fall River elected four members of the school committee, two of whom were given to the 78 women voters. Lawrence registered only 22 women, and nominated no one of them on the school board, but their votes saved one of the Republican nominees from defeat. I do not learn that any women were nominated in the other cities, viz.: New Bedford, Taunton, Gloucester, Haverhill, Fitchburg, Springfield and Holyoke. Thus it appeared that in five cities seven women and fifteen men were elected to the supervision of schools.

ACTIVE LABOR AN EVIDENCE OF PROSPERITY.

When the laborers are receiving a fair rate of wages, and are constantly employed, it may be regarded as a sure evidence of prosperity. Labor, intelligently applied, is ever productive. Men cannot work with the determination of succeeding in their exertions without producing something which has advanced the value of the crude material employed in their work. When the fiat was uttered that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, it was not given forth in opposition to the great principle of the value or utility of labor. It was uttered in full accordance with the law that work is productive, and that a just compensation is consequently due to the worker.

As society is now constituted, it is incumbent upon all to be producers. Those who fail in this duty, become a dead weight upon the progress of the age. If they are willing idlers, they must, and do, suffer the penalties which slothfulness entails upon its adherents. If they are unwilling idlers—idle because no man giveth them work to do—still the pains and penalties of inertia are attendant upon them. Man must work, or must suffer because he does not. If he is a voluntary idler, though possessed of sufficient means of support, nature inflicts upon him a loss of energy, a failure of health, and, in general, a moroseness of disposition, which embitters his existence. If an involuntary idler, he suffers from the privation which his unsupplied wants create.

The law that man shall work is an inexorable one. It is imperative that he shall find occupation. He cannot escape from its imperious necessity. His own vitality as well as the vitality and welfare of others depends upon his fulfilling the necessities of his destiny to work. Thou shalt earn thy bread, was the dictum of Omnipotence. There was no leniency in the strong decree of justice. The mandate was inflexible. It must be obeyed.

Still it was not harsh. It was tempered with mercy. It was commingled with blessings, and adorned with good. It was replete with benefits and overflowing with advantages. Promi-

nent among the benefits is the prosperity attendant upon active labor, and the healthy condition of the worker. These two leading blessings of the human race would not and could not exist without labor.

The nations that have held the largest corps of laborers have always been the most powerful and the most successful. They have lived up to the requirements of the laws of cause and effect, and have fulfilled the exigencies needed for production. Their labor has been materialized into solid wealth. Their wealth has given them power. Their power has produced stability. It is incumbent therefore upon all governments to foster and sustain the cause of labor, for it is the basic stratum of their existence.

WONDERS OF THE TELEPHONE.—Capt. John E. Greer, U. S. A., shows how the flight of projectiles can be measured by the telephone, as follows: Hitherto the accurate determination of the time of flight of small-arm projectiles has been practically impossible at long ranges, owing to our inability to see them strike, even when firing over water. The discovery of the telephone has opened up to us a simple as well as novel means of obtaining the time desired, and has also afforded us the means of verifying the formulas by which these times were formerly deduced. In these experiments two telephones provided with Blake transmitters (a form of Edison's carbon telephone) were used. One was placed within a few feet of the gun and left open to receive and transmit the sound of the discharge. The other was in the shelter-proof, which was about thirty feet in front of the right edge of the target. A stop watch, beating fourths of a second, was used in connection with it. The telephone being at the ear, the instant the sound of the discharge was received at the target the watch was started, and, on the bullet striking, was stopped. A mean of a large number of observations, which rarely differed more than a quarter to half of a second from each other, gave the time of flight. The velocity of sound may be readily obtained with the telephone in the same manner.

CERES, THE RURAL QUEEN.—The kingly prerogatives of cotton were stoutly asserted 20 to 30 years ago. His domination of foreign exchanges was generally acknowledged, and every other export of the farm was frowned upon as plebeian and trivial. When, 58 years ago, \$20,000,000 in cotton gave the nation credit abroad, the foreign shipments of grain were worth only one-fourth as much. In 1850 cotton exports had reached a value of almost \$72,000,000, while breadstuffs, at a slower rate of increase, represented only \$13,500,000. In ten years more cotton, grown imperial in his manners, swollen with the importance of \$192,000,000 in foreign exchange, looked contemptuously upon the slow and sure advance of breadstuffs to the paltry sum of \$24,000,000. How stands now the race of the agricultural hare and tortoise? Cotton has not declined, for the average value of its exports for ten years past exceeds the boasted revenue of 1860, but the grain exports of the fiscal year 1879 make the princely sum of \$210,355,528, greater by \$48,051,278 than the value of cotton exported in the same time. All hail to Ceres the Queen!—*N. Y. Tribune*.

MONSTER BUNCHES OF GRAPES.—The *London Farmer* says: At the meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, held on Tuesday last, the Countess of Charleville, of Charleville Forest, Tullamore, exhibited, through her gardener, Mr. Roberts, two bunches of Gros Guillaume grapes, cut from one vine, and which together weighed 42 pounds. This same vine is rather a notorious one for producing large bunches, having a year or two ago borne one bunch which weighed 23 pounds 5 ounces; and in four seasons has produced seven bunches of the aggregate weight of 126 pounds 11 ounces.

THE COMING ERA.

They tell us that the Muse is soon to fly hence
Leaving the bowers of song that were once dear,
Her robes bequeathing to her sister, Science,
The groves of Pindus for the ax to clear.

Optics will claim the wandering eye of fancy,
Physics will grasp imagination's wings,
Plain fact exorcise fiction's necromancy,
The workshop hammer where the minstrel sings.

No more with laughter at Thalia's frolics
Our eyes shall twinkle till the tears run down,
But in her place the lecturer on hydraulics
Spout forth his watery science to the town.

No more our foolish passions and affections
The tragic Muse with mimic grief shall try,
But, nobler far, a course of vivisections
Teach what it costs a tortured brute to die.

The unearthed monad, long in buried rocks hid,
Shall tell the secret whence our being came;
The chemist shows us death in life's black oxide,
Left when the breath no longer fans its flame.

Instead of cracked-brained poets in their attics
Filling thin volumes with their flowery talk,
There shall be books of wholesome mathematics;
The tutor with his blackboard and his chalk.

No longer bards with madrigal and sonnet
Shall woo to moonlight walks the ribboned sex,
But side by side the beaver and the bonnet
Stroll, calmly pondering on some problem's x.

The sober bliss of serious calculation
Shall mock the trivial joys that fancy drew,
And, oh, the rapture of a solved equation,—
One self-same answer on the lips of two!

So speak in solemn tones our youthful sages,
Patient, severe, laborious, slow, exact,
As o'er creation's protoplasmic pages
They browse and munch the thistle crops of fact.

And yet we've sometimes found it rather pleasant
To dream again the scenes that Shakspeare drew,—
To walk the hillside with the Scottish peasant
Among the daisies wet with morning's dew;

To leave awhile the daylight of the real,
Led by the guidance of the master's hand,
For the strange radiance of the far ideal,
"The light that never was on sea or land."

Well, time alone can lift the future's curtain,—
Science may teach our children all she knows,
But love will kindle fresh young hearts, 'tis certain,
And June will not forget her blushing rose.

And so, in spite of all that time is bringing,—
Treasures of truth and miracles of art,
Beauty and Love will keep the poet singing,
And song still live,—the science of the heart.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

LIFE THOUGHTS.

Unto that wee helpless babe just awakened to earth-life through the agency of that ever wonderful birth-mystery, such mystical, yet terrible possibilities lie securely folded in the days to come, as neither tongue of prophet or eye of wizard hath power to sift; only the veiling years can forestall the mysteries to be unraveled by this bursting embryo life-seed thus cast into this world-garden. Though now lying dormant and most potent in the masterful inactivity of babyhood, even now is unconsciously ruling the little home kingdom with incipient kingliness, sitting supreme in the frail tenure of this slight fragile frame so magically woven with atoms of earth-dust, threaded by resplendent beams from the ever-living light of heaven. No stature of life so favored as to divine unto itself the hidden mysteries of the future; quickly passing periods of time being the only satisfactory and fulfilling prophecies of those unwritten volumes enveloped in the completeness of this miniature life. Speeding minutes and flying hours play upon the artless chords of this growing life, rounding their responsive tones into notes whose freights are harmony or discord, making the music of home-life one long ecstatic thrill of melody, or mayhap its rhythm be forever lost among those stray wandering threads of humanity who lie down in the darkness of those far off unknown graves, whose very still-

ness is a sealed record of a lost note in the harmony of a Godly ordained home.

II.

But few years have waved their wand of lights and shades o'er this innocent cradle sleeper e'er 'tis transformed into happy boy and joyous girl-life, and gayly they trudge hand in hand to the school-house upon the hillside. With their merry childish prattle is awakened the feathered songsters that start from leafy covert, while the more friendly meadow lark flits along their radiant sunny pathway, almost splitting his little throat in the curious warblings of mellow liquid notes. Silently, and with thankless innocence and unquestionable security of this life happiness, the brimming cup of happy childhood is daily partaken, and its eventime is heightened by that certainty that to-morrow's cup will be not less full for the drain of to-day. Little specks or visionary troubles may darken these sparkling frothings, but such fleeting dimness only maketh brighter the light that chaseth away these spectral shadowy forms. Such are the records gracing the halls of memory as to the completeness of earlier girl and boy-life, e'er the serpent of full-fledged worldliness has created those first feelings of unrest and unsatisfied longings, those first symptoms of the poisoned venom of his forked tongue.

III.

Later, and the conventional, staid forms of that patched framework of society has caught our little boy and girl in meshes so ingeniously and cunningly woven, that the frankness and innocence so beautifully and firmly marking nature's own is either lost or long drawn out in such simulation of itself, that this nearly attained feigned semblance of naturalness so strong in likeness, yet so weak in detail, is oftentimes but a grotesque figure-head, neither true to child-life, nor yet reaching even the hem of the horizon bounding that higher plane touching a fanciful and almost unreal world, one sacred only to the realizing heights of the maiden and the youth.

That long-ago life of boy and girl, made so happy and free by untrammelled freedom of thought and association, is a fanciful myth; even its memory is sadly jarred, till the olden music seems almost a strain from dreamland, so unlike is it to the harmony of child-life in the division of life-labor, now so complete that even a separate school-day work is ordained by the powers that be; blindly for the best, we think, when the great aim of living is to fit these young minds for a harmonious companion-like walk in the parallel grooves of man and woman-life, to which end an undisputed heirship is written in the Will of our Master, wherein is sanctioned and ordained the high, beneficent dowry of marriage. Custom, in her arbitrary manner, prescribes set rules and regulations for all alike, forgetting what is health to one is death to another, thus causing the bold and timid to tremble and shrink from her austere commands; the one to openly defy, the other to secretly connive with and strengthen the boldness and disobedience of the former, thus making of shrinking timidity a most powerful and cunning adept in the work of the defiant and rebellious. In this separation of school-life there naturally falls to each pleasures and organizations most befitting the peculiar tendencies of the lads and lassies thus represented, and each, of course, held in force by such lawful restrictions as aim to stretch and mark more plainly, if possible, the widening gap between the world of the dreaming maiden and that of the bold, ambitious, scheming youth. Clubs, oyster and picnic parties, boating, riding, driving, running and swimming, in fact, just such physical pursuits as tend to gracefully and evenly balance the mental and physical organism, tainted perhaps with a few offshoots of vice, is the mapped life of the rollicking, good, healthful, stronger boy frame, while to the timid, shrinking girl is given, as the battle weapon of her life, a cambric, crochet, and tatting needle in the one hand, with which to prick and bruise the roses of her cheek, and with broom in the other hand, to sweep still farther away the rose-bloom of health and viva-

city, not waiting till the sere leaves of experience, painted by the frosts of age, should gently fall into the eventime of life as quiet reminders of the nearness of the coffin-bed. Healthful sports, many times, even in moderate doses, are tabooed as boyish and unbecoming the delicacy of the maiden, and, if by some stray independent freak of nature, one is found overstepping these boundaries, and by chance should become wise in base-ball lore or quite proficient in the jaunty sayings of a jolly boat-club's nautical phraseology, then perforce is ascribed to her all the opprobrium of the strong-minded, without the shadow of a redemptional merit that these germs are simply growing into their God-given likeness. Thus is fostered in the mind of the youth many of those thoughts inimical to the real power and moral strength of the sister as adverse to the gloried physical prowess of the brother, as well as to lay too great stress upon that delicacy which is woman's crown, yet may be her bane; and in the same ratio is the overzealous girl for the early honors of so-called perfect womanhood, often driven to those artful, clinging, and even feigned delicacies, as to make of her crowning weakness a puerile power so enthralling upon the maiden as to make of her woman's measure a mimicry or caricature upon the high-minded, noble and independent woman, who not only graces, but serves and adorns the household of sturdy brotherhood. Why should not these fragile flowers of girlhood stand side by side with the sturdy stems of boyhood, chanting in unison merry roundelays, or softly crooning a lullaby of rest in the twilight of trouble, as they together buffet the waves of a troublous life and jointly seek such meads of honor as fall to the brave and pure, presiding ever in all the purity and pride of that sister-love, which is already shaded with that inward holiness of yet unborn mother-love; then would the rough and hidden tenderness of the boy who is ashamed of a tear, grow nearer in sympathy and more in harmony with purer types of womanhood, who, though failing in boasted physical powers, still stand more than an equal upon the high pedestal of moral strength, despite the fact that teardrops are so near the surface as to overflow the softly drooping eyelid in the mere conception of sorrow and trouble.

IV.

Following the joint footsteps of this natural true maiden and proud, resolute youth in the enjoyment of confidence and like pursuits each with the other, we see spread such a plane of thought and mutual sympathy between man and woman, as will pave their life-walk with respect for each others' weaknesses as well as brighten its darkest paths with courteous drops of veneration. Hence will there be a true and harmonious basis for that marriage covenant, which is significant of a doubleness so closely blending, that 'tis yet purely single and perfect in oneness; each trained not only to respect, but to participate in the pleasures of the other, so that the glamor of love's first wakening fades not into the coolness of indifference in the absence of those minor qualities, so fondly given and overdrawn by "love's young dream;" then will each walk grandly and proudly in their own defined lines of life, always parallel, yet the one apart of the other, though never inimical in aims and purposes, or jealously guarded, lest the glory of one overshadow the other, for that harmony crowning the perfect whole is as the joint life of the raindrop and the sunbeam, which—

"Working together while they may,
And the bow of Heaven's own promise shall
Smile upon their way."

—Maria B. Lander, in *Rural Press*.

THAT'S HOW.—After a great snow storm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with. "How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man passing along. "By keeping at it," said the boy cheerfully; "that's how!" That's the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the sun.

TWO KINDS OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

"What! supper not ready yet!" said Mr. Smith, as he entered the dining-room about half an hour earlier than usual.

Such a remark as that Mrs. Smith did not notice, because she would not; but by the expression that passed over her face we saw that it hurt. But womanlike, no other sign of pain was shown. She awoke that morning with a headache, and, to use her own expression, had felt so miserable all the day that she could hardly drag one foot after the other, but had done her usual week's washing, and the usual Monday's picking up of papers and books that were scattered all over the house the day before.

"Seems to me I never find my meals ready," said the man, not noticing the tired look on the face of his wife. "All you have to do is just to see to things here in the house, while I have been tramping all over town in this hot sun. It seems as though I should starve to death; I wish you would hurry up supper. Everything has gone wrong to-day. Newton has gone back on his word, and I warrant I shall lose \$1,000 by him."

After a short pause he continued: "Newton will not sell that land by the home farm, and I shall have to sell some of the cows."

For about a quarter of an hour Mr. Smith poured this kind of "wine and oil" on the weary heart of his wife, until his burden was somewhat removed. After a few minutes' silence, he said, in a quick, harsh tone: "Do take that baby, he is enough to kill a nation with that everlasting cry; I should think he'd get sick of it."

"His teeth trouble him. Can't you take him a few minutes?" And with a sigh the mother placed the youngest of seven children in her husband's arms, who took the baby in a far different manner from what he did the first, or second, of their children.

"Come, now, hush your crying," said the thoughtless father. "What is the use of whining? It does no earthly good." The one-year-old little man ceased his pitiful crying, and the one forty years old commenced his cheerful strain.

"That stock I bought at Vernon I have been disappointed in, and shall lose on it. Never should have bought it if you had not persuaded me to do it. That is all a man ever makes by listening to a woman."

He was silent a minute, and his boy, about 16, raised his head and gave his father anything but a look of reverence, pushed his book back from him, and stepped toward his mother, taking a pitcher from her hand, saying, "I can go down after the cream, mother."

We blessed the boy for those gentle words, although we saw the mother wipe a tear from her eyes with the corner of her apron.

Mr. Smith was only acting perfectly natural; he did not notice the "school-marm," (she was one of the family), but the "school-marm" noticed him, and never will forget the feeling of contempt she had for the selfish creature. She distinctly remembers the first time she ever heard a man blame a woman. Men in her eyes were then gods; but, as on that occasion, they have fallen, one by one, from their high place in her estimation, until now she has only one or two enthroned. The others are mortals, and quite faulty ones, when hungry or tired, and she often wishes to recommend to them the same remedy for crossness which they apply to their hungry children; but her amiability always prevents her from speaking her thoughts.

When quite young she visited with her parents an intimate friend of the family, who had met with a great loss of property. The gentleman after giving an account of the transaction, said: "If it had not been for my wife I should not have met with the loss: she urged me to invest my money there."

"Why, Edward, I thought you talked about it before you were married," said her father.

"Well, so I did; but I did not put my money into the concern until the next year; my wife thought it would be just the right thing."

"I used to think that everything which you wished to do must be just the right thing," said his wife, sharply.

When we were going home father said to mother: "God pity the wife of a man who lays the blame on her shoulders instead of shielding her; it is so contemptible for the strong to oppress the weak."

We sometimes wonder if we have been unfortunate in our acquaintances; but it really seems to us that the spirit of self-sacrifice is oftenest shown by the "weaker vessel," as St. Paul has been pleased to style us. The men who take more than half the burdens of life upon them, we find, like angels' visits, "few and far between."

Women, in their happy days, are ready to carry all the load; but sometimes the blue days come, when every grain of trouble will grow quickly to a tree large enough for the fowls of the air to build their nests in its branches—when a harsh look, even, makes them feel as though no one in all the world cared for them, and they sigh for what might have been so different—when even God's face seems hidden from them, and the journey of life is a toilsome way, tangled, rough, and through a wilderness; the cry of the baby jars every nerve of the body; a disobedient act from a child makes the mother feel totally unqualified to govern her family of restless feet; the breaking of one dish by a servant causes a dread of the poor-house; in fact, she is so morbidly sensitive that without one additional trouble, life has a very gloomy look; and if, on such a day, one extra burden is placed on her shoulders she feels as if the only thing she could do was to lie down and die.

But to die is not always convenient, and the wife takes up her burden of life again, with the thought, "If my husband only knew what a sword-thrust an unkind word gives a woman, he never again would speak harshly to me; if he only knew how warm it makes my heart, how trifling the cares of life seem when by word or look he says that I am doing the best I can—that I am not the cause of all the misfortunes that come—that he loves and trusts me constantly—the kind words and the acts of self-sacrifice would come exceedingly often from him, and our home would be a 'heaven and a paradise below.'"

We sometimes wonder if the women are occasionally to blame for the lack of sacrifice manifested by their husbands. In our happiness to deny self for those we love, we commence our married life by laying self on the altar of our love.

We run for the slippers, the glass of water, the book or paper; we offer the best chair, the coziest place by the fire; we adjust the lampshade for his eyes; we deny ourselves the pleasure of cutting the leaves of the last magazines because he likes the first reading of them; we roast because he likes warm rooms in the winter, and we freeze because he wants the windows open the remainder of the year; he likes a fast horse, and we silently cling to the carriage, hold our breath, expect to have our brains dashed out, and smile as he asks, "Isn't this jolly?"

After a few years he forgets to thank us, and the time comes with most men when they take these things as their right. If we ask for horses that we can enjoy riding after, he opens his eyes and informs us that he "hates a slow coach." If the wind gives us the neuralgia, and we ask to have the window closed, he is "surprised that we can't endure a breath of air." If we dare to sit in the most comfortable chair when he is in the room we cannot enjoy it because it is his chair.

Even though we like to sacrifice our own wishes for the comfort of those we love, when we realize what it will help them to become, it is our duty to sometimes deny our "likes," that our husbands may have the opportunity of knowing by experience this more blessed way of self-sacrifice. If we've found that self-denial is the greatest of all virtues it is our duty to give our husbands a chance to practice this saintly trait once in a great while. If it is more blessed to give a pleasure than to receive one, would it not be for the highest good

of the husband if once in a year or two we should take the lesser blessing?

Isn't it, we ask with fear and trembling, our duty to teach our husbands the art of self-sacrifice?—*Mrs. C. F. Wilder.*

THE DEVASTATING PIE.

The origin of the pie is involved in some obscurity. Its inventor is unknown to fame, butasmuch as he did not get out a patent on it, there are not wanting cynical sufferers from its baneful effects to assert that it was originated by the devil. He never takes out a patent on any of his devices. Others are inclined to believe that the pie is the result of evolution—that differentiation caused it. We have seen, indeed, with the naked eye, in the species called mince pie, certain minute particles which resemble molecules, and if they do not constitute a protoplasm, we have never seen one. But the origin of the pie is a subject about which one can have no well grounded opinion.

The value of the pie is not much more easily determined. There is a certain class of Christians who maintain that a dyspepsia is a disciplinary means of grace. That it is a raging purgatory, no one who has encompassed a real corroding indigestion will be prepared to deny. But the pie problem is beset with difficulties, and about the question of the religious use of dyspepsia, there may well be two opinions. We incline to the belief that if there is anything in this world that has power to topple a man over into spiritual ruin, dyspepsia is that thing. It is a dry delirium tremens, solid horror, so to speak.

The ability of the pie to create dyspepsia no one will dispute. Here at last we can find agreement. The pie which has descended to us from Puritan ancestry of great gastric force, was adopted by them as a penance—to make the situation as uncomfortable as possible; but we, like the Irishman who boiled the peas that he was ordered by his confessor to wear in his boots, have epicurized the pie just as we have refined the Puritan Sabbath, and have made a pleasure out of an instrument of discipline.

The pie is an alluring spectacle. When well baked, it is hard to resist. Its odor is enough to knock over the good resolutions of the most confirmed dyspeptic. He sees, he smells, he falls. We are convinced that at the bottom of most church and family quarrels there will be found pie; that the pie is the natural adjunct of ultra Calvinism; that the Sunday pie causes more blue Mondays than Sunday over-work or nervous expenditure; that the sky would be brighter, life more alluring, and death less terrible, were the digestion-devastating pie evicted from the daily bill of fare; but nevertheless, we heartily sympathize with the lady who declared that she hated wholesome food, and with all its terrible results—here, waiter, a piece of hot mince pie, if you please.—*The Alliance.*

ONE of the returned warriors from Zululand was at Rorke's Drift and was witness of the following incident: A clergyman in clerical attire was hard at work handing out cartridges to the men, and he did it with a will. A private near was taking shots at the Zulus and cursing the while in the most ingenious manner. "Don't swear, man!" shouted the clergyman. "Don't swear at them! Shoot them!"

THEY were out driving. Said Theodore: "What tree, Angelina, bears the most precious fruit?" Angelina: "Oh! Dory, I can't tell, unless it's a cherry tree." Theodore looked unutterable sweetness as he gazed into Angelina's eyes, and said: "The axle-tree, darling."

ON a certain American railroad a young man put his head out of the car-window to kiss his girl good-bye, when the train went ahead so rapidly that he kissed an aged African female at the next station. This is supposed to be the fastest time ever made on a railway train.

THE LANGSHANS AGAIN.

We have, through the courtesy of the *Poultry Bulletin*, secured an engraving of this new breed of fowls from a drawing by J. W. Ludlow, a well-known English poultry artist. As the Langshans stepped into fame from England, the English should be considered competent authority on their pictorial points.

Of the derivation of the Langshan fowls the *London Live Stock Journal* says: "Shanghai became a treaty port in 1844, but it was not until 1862 that a light-ship was stationed off the Langshan crossings. Communications with Shanghai and the light-ship being irregular, the captain and officers landed, from time to time, to purchase stock. Seeing these fowls they

KODIAK ISLAND.

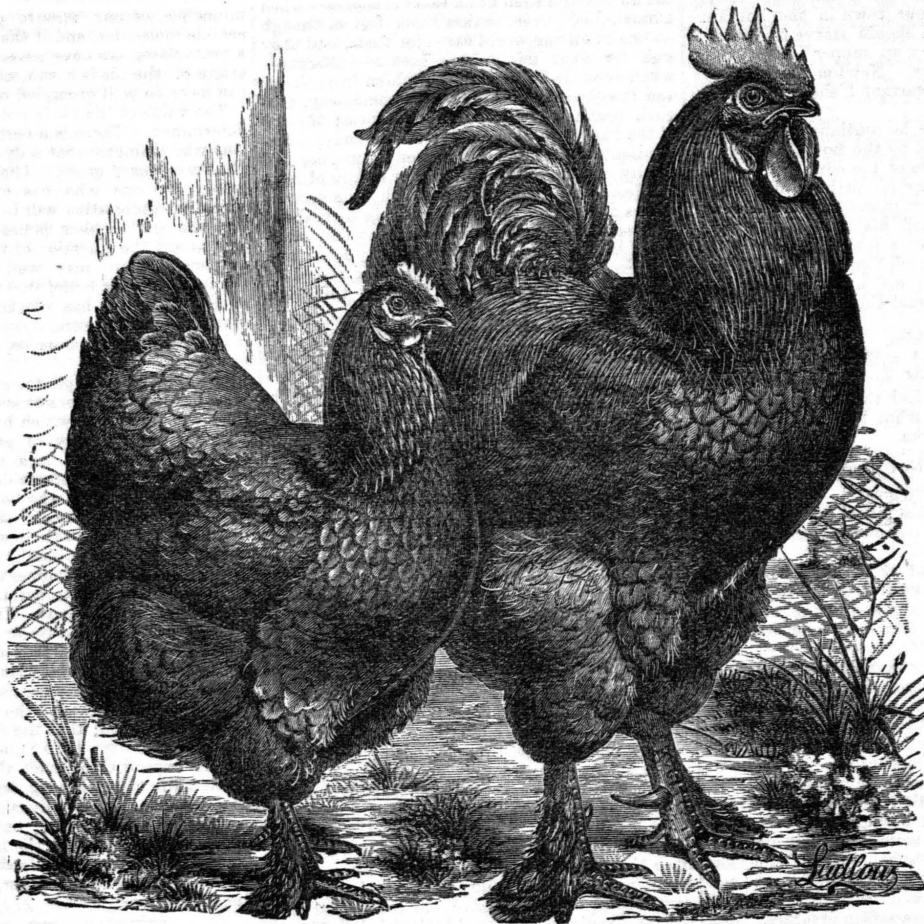
The following very interesting paper on Kodiak island was read by Mr. W. J. Fisher at a recent meeting of California Academy of Sciences:

In April last, I took passage on the whaling bark, *Mt. Wollaston*, Capt. E. Nye, for the harbor of St. Paul, on Kodiak island. After a two months' cruise along the eastern shore of Alaska, between Mt. Edgecumbe at the entrance to Sitka harbor and Mt. St. Elias, and on the so-called Fairweather ground, during which we touched at "Ochek" or Middleton island; we arrived at St. Paul on the 12th of June.

Our cruise along the different islands bordering the eastern shore of Alaska was very de-

extending to the ocean. In front of the largest, a point of land with a solitary tree on its extreme end, had been forced far into the ocean. Huge masses of floating ice were drifting in icy straits, making navigation dangerous.

On June 6th we sighted Ochek or Middleton island. The island is about 16 miles in length and rises very abruptly from the ocean to a height of from 130 to 180 feet. The top of the island seemed to form a platform broken by numerous low hillocks. It is without trees, but covered with grass. It also has several fresh-water lakes, and is a great resort for water fowl. Both the north and south points of the island are prolonged by extensive reefs upon which the sea breaks heavily. Except in very calm weather it is difficult and dangerous to effect a landing. On account of the great number of sunken rocks, vessels should never ap-



ENGLISH BRED LANGSHAN FOWLS.

purchased some, not thinking anything of the breed, but more on account of their size. But being so pleased with their delicate flavor they now and then sent a present of some to their friends in Shanghai. These, in their turn, solicited the captain and officers to bring some for stock. When the natives became aware of this, they thought they might just as well send them direct to Shanghai themselves. Through the success of the sale of these birds at Shanghai, the breed became scarce in their native place, and the people would only dispose of them when they were in moult, and considered unfit for sacrifice; for there is, as I before told you, a temple at Langshan, and the Langshan is a 'yop,' or sacred bird."

TO REMOVE INK STAINS.—Wash carefully with pure water, and apply oxalic acid; and, if the latter changes the dye to a red tinge, restore the color by ammonia.

lightful. All the lower ranges of mountains were covered with either grass or forests, while the higher peaks still retained their winter habiliments of snow.

Very often natives in their boats boarded the vessel, offering skins and the products of the chase for sugar, molasses, tobacco and bread. All these natives were "Koloshes," the most warlike and enterprising Indian tribe inhabiting these latitudes. They seemed to be good-natured and jovial, but were extremely sharp in trade. The custom to paint the forehead, nose and cheeks black, with some pigment found in their country, did not tend to improve their appearance. The women, besides being painted, had a hole bored through their under lip, in which they wear a sharp, pointed piece of silver, or other bright metal.

About 40 miles north of Cross or Icy straits I observed two extensive glaciers, coming down the Mount Fairweather range of mountains and

proach this island nearer than three miles.

The Island of Kodiak is situated between 56° and 58° north latitude and 152° and 154.42° longitude at its widest part, between Capes Greville on the eastern and Ikolik on its western side. It is deeply intersected by innumerable bogs and inlets, and bordered, especially on its eastern and northern sides, by a great number of islands and small islets.

Shelikoff straits, about 50 miles wide, divides it from the main land of Alaska on its northern side. It has a great number of small rivers, the largest and most important of which, the Karluk river, empties into Shelikoff straits.

When I arrived at St. Paul the snow had all disappeared except on the highest mountain ranges. The lower hills and the valleys were covered with grass already several inches high, and interspersed with numerous brilliantly colored flowers.

The mean temperature of air during the

month of July was 52°; for August, 55°; September, 49°; October, 39°. The warmest days in the above months were—

July 4, at 6 A. M., 56°;	12 M., 64°;	6 P. M., 57°
Aug. 24, " 60°;	" 74°;	" 59°
Sept. 12, " 59°;	" 58°;	" 53°
Oct. 12, " 44°;	" 56°;	" 46°

During July we had clear days, 10; August, 22; September, 14; October, 24. In rainy weather the prevailing winds are most invariably easterly. I was informed that the past summer had been an extremely cold one.

At all the settlements on this island, especially on the adjacent Island of Atognak, potatoes of very fine flavor and good size are raised; turnips also grow well and of good size; radishes and lettuce thrive well; cabbages are a failure. Grass of excellent quality grows luxuriantly, attaining a height of two to three feet. In August it is cut, dries very quickly, and stored for winter feeding. Cattle grow fat on it, and their meat is very tender and of fine flavor. When I left Kodiak in November, cattle were still at large.

Last summer being unusually cold, the generally abundant crop of blueberries, cranberries and malinas, the latter a species of blackberry of red color, failed to some extent. The natives gather large quantities of these berries for winter consumption, also the root of a liliaceous plant, *Fritillaria kamtchatsensis*, which is used in place of potatoes.

There are no sheep kept on the isle, although I think they would thrive well here. Hogs are not kept, as they will feed upon the beaches on shell and other fish, and their meat becomes fishy and unpalatable in consequence. Chickens are plentiful, but their eggs are invariably of extremely small size.

The bays and inlets abound in halibut, codfish, herring and several varieties of salmon; the lakes and brooks are filled with delicious trout. The natives dry large quantities of codfish and salmon during the summer for their winter supply; and also collect large quantities of salmon spawn for the same purpose. During the summer a species of salmon of very large size is caught in the Kenay river, Cook's inlet. One minus the head and entrails, brought to St. Paul, weighed 91 pounds, and measured over 6 feet in length. This species is called by the natives, the king salmon, and is undoubtedly deserving this name. They are extremely fat and far superior as food to all other kinds. Codfish are caught close to the settlement, and in a day's fishing it is not unusual to catch from 200 to 300.

The numerous seal rookeries furnish also abundant food and oil. Occasionally a whale is captured. Then the whole settlement has a feast, whale blubber, no matter if rather strong in flavor and small, being accounted a delicacy.

The fur-bearing animals are but sparsely represented on this isle. Except the Alaska or cinnamon bear, still found in large numbers in the interior, all the other and most valuable fur-bearing animals are nearly exterminated.

In the lower portions of the island extensive forests of spruce exist, the trees do not attain a large size, however. On the adjacent spruce and woody islands, trees of large dimensions are common. The trees are very knotty and therefore not very serviceable for building purposes.

The harbor and settlement of St. Paul is situated in 57.47° latitude and 152.22° longitude, or the southeastern side of Kodiak island. Directly opposite the harbor is Blisky or Near island, the straits between, about 400 yards wide, forming the harbor. The village contains about 125 one-story dwelling houses, one church (Greek), stores and warehouses of the Alaska Commercial Company and Western Fur & Trading Company, and soldier's barracks, officers' quarters and store-houses, erected for and occupied by regular troops some years ago. The latter are, without exception, in a dilapidated condition, and in a few years hence will be uninhabitable. The village is irregularly built, and the streets need grading, etc. While the U. S. troops were garrisoned here, the streets were kept in good order and repaired when required. Bridges crossing the numerous small rivulets meandering through the settle-

ment were built; culverts to drain off the surplus water from the lakes and marshes were constructed. But since the withdrawal of the troops nobody has taken the trouble to attend to necessary repairs, and as a consequence the streets are, with few exceptions, turned into gullies; culverts and dams have been washed out by freshets, and portions of the planking of the bridges have rotted away, and some of it has been used for firewood by the natives, making it dangerous to walk out in dark evenings.

The inhabitants, numbering not more than 500, are mostly Creoles. There are but few pure Aleuts residing here, and of the settlement of Koloshes (during the Russian regime brought over here from Sitka, and at that time numbering some 60 to 70 souls) only three families are now remaining. About 40 years ago a number of Creole families settled on Russian river in this State, returned to Kodiak island and settled at St. Paul.

The general health of the inhabitants is good. The most prevalent sickness among them is consumption. Their principal food consists of fish, either fresh or dried. The natives are all members of the Greek Catholic church, which is supported by the Russian government. But very few of them speak the English language, the current language being either bad Russian or Aleut. There is no doubt that the native population, as well on this island as on the main land, is gradually dying out.

The houses are all built of logs, smoothly hewn on the inner side, and the crevices filled in with moss. They are all of one story, and the rooms are kept nice, clean, and comfortable, in almost every instance. Only a very few of the former underground dwelling houses are now used. The stoves are built of brick with a number of flues running through them, are placed in the center of the house, and so constructed that each side forms part of a room. After being once thoroughly heated they will retain the heat for a long time, requiring only a small additional supply of fuel each day, and throw out sufficient heat to warm the whole house. For fuel the neighboring forests of spruce furnish a ready supply. This wood, although very knotty, is used in the construction of their houses; boats and even sloops from 5 to 15 tons burthen have been constructed therefore.

A few of the natives are skilled mechanics, as carpenters, blacksmiths, bricklayers, etc. The present blacksmith at St. Paul does also attend to the repairing of watches and manufacturing jewelry. Wages are 50 cents and food per day for common labor. There is no regular physician at the village or on the island; a former hospital steward of the Russian American company attends to the physical well-being of the inhabitants. The vacancy occasioned by the death of the clergyman in March last has not as yet been filled, and the two deacons of the Greek church look after the spiritual wants of the natives.

The people are naturally peaceable, and but seldom serious disputes occur among them, which are always quickly and satisfactorily settled by appeal to the agents of the trading companies or the resident clergyman, so that the want of lawyers has never been felt. No land claims need adjusting. Everybody is at liberty to take possession of any unoccupied land, and there is no tax collector to collect taxes of any kind. There is no drugstore on the island. The Alaska Commercial Company keep a large stock of medicines at their several agencies, and distribute the same gratuitously to the sick and suffering without exception.

Comparatively few of the men of this settlement employ their time in trapping and hunting during the winter, the majority remaining at home in idleness.

There are a half dozen places in the village where whisky is made; a couple of kerosene tins and an old gunbarrel, and all the implements required to set up a still for the manufacture of this article, which is always in great demand and meets with a quick sale to both males and females. The marriage laws are not

generally strictly adhered to; this is to some extent owing to the absence of a clergyman to perform the ceremony. There are no public schools; some of the children attend private schools. The Sabbath commences here at 6 P. M. on Saturday, ending at the same time on Sunday. Divine service is held on Saturday eve and Sunday forenoon; it is well attended, principally by the female portion of the community.

In addition to the regular Sundays there is hardly a week without its additional holiday or saint's day, on which all labor is suspended and divine service held. The females, in addition to their regular household affairs, attend exclusively to the cultivation of their potatoes and garden patches, to gathering stores of berries for winter supplies, and to the curing and drying of fish; while the men devote their time to hunting and fishing, occasionally doing odd jobs of labor, when an opportunity occurs and they feel inclined to work, which but seldom happens. Parties engaged in curing codfish last summer found it difficult to engage natives to catch the fish, although as high as \$2 per 100 was offered.

The several fur companies furnish not alone the hunting parties, but also their families, during their absence, with food, etc., to be paid for out of their prospective catch of furs. If the parties are unsuccessful, which often occurs, the respective companies have to bear the loss; if successful, the catch is brought to the store and paid for in coin only, and not in goods. There being three stores here at present, the natives enjoy perfect liberty to trade at whichever store they prefer.

This island, as well as the whole Territory of Alaska, offers a large field in nearly every branch of Natural History, to the naturalist and collector. Before the cession of the Territory to the United States, Russian naturalists worked up its fauna to a large extent, but yet it is far from being exhausted. Through the liberality of the Alaska Commercial Company, who have instructed all their agents, stationed over a large portion of Alaska, to gather all specimens of Natural History, and to collect all data and items bearing upon the ethnology, geology, geography, mineralogy, zoology and climatology of their respective districts, we have gained a vast amount of information of this heretofore almost unknown portion of our country; and our own Academy, and principally the National Museum at Washington have been the recipients from this company of often repeated and valuable donations of specimens of Natural History pertaining to Alaska Territory.

There seem to be no doubt that the fur-bearing animals are gradually diminishing in numbers, and that, owing to the reckless violation of the laws made for the protection of this, one of the most valuable productions of the Territory, the time is not far distant which will see them utterly extinct, and it invites our serious attention to devise the means to prevent this result.

If our Government could be induced to divide the Territory into districts, lease each of them to a responsible party or parties for at least 20 to 25 years, at a yearly rental to be paid by the highest bidder, the Government would derive a certain yearly revenue, and it would be for the interest of the lessees to take measures to prevent the extermination of the fur-bearing animals.

1st. By stocking some of the numerous islands along the coast with some of the most valuable fur-bearing animals.

2d. By enforcing a strict compliance with the laws now in force, but always broken, prohibiting the killing of fur-bearing animals at certain seasons of the year.

3d. By the establishment of public schools, etc., to elevate the natives to a higher standard of civilization and a life of sobriety and industry.

In conclusion, I wish to express my sincere thanks to the Alaska Commercial Co. and their agent at Kodiak, for the kind assistance rendered me at all times in the prosecution of my labors while at St. Paul, Kodiak.

POISONS AND THEIR ANTIDOTES.

Reliable statistics, running for many years, and extending over large areas, show that accidents from poisons are of much more frequent occurrence now than formerly. This fact is no doubt due to the much more general use of poisons at present than in years past, both in ordinary household matters and in the arts.

While in all cases of poisoning the chief reliance must be placed upon medical aid, yet it often occurs that the need for a remedy is urgent, so that others should know the most ready and available methods of relief. There are some general instructions which, in the absence of direct antidotes, will apply to most poisons, and the *New York Independent* has done a good work in preparing and publishing the following quite full directions of how to act in cases of emergency, or while waiting for a physician:

Many poisons do their harm by their immediate action upon the esophagus and the coats of the stomach. Hence, if any liquid or soft solid substance is soon swallowed, it tends to diminish the effect. To this end liquids, such as water or milk, may be freely given. Oils also have a protective agency, and these diminish the virulence, especially of the acrid poisons.

It is also a safe indication to remove from the stomach by means of emetics the substance which has been swallowed. A teaspoonful of mustard in a tea-cup of warm water is generally nearest at hand, and may be given to an adult, or half the quantity to a child, every ten minutes until vomiting is excited. A half teaspoonful of powdered ipecac, given in the same way, will act as well. Ticking the throat with a finger or a feather five minutes after the emetic has been given, is likely to hasten its effect. They may well be aided in their action, as well as the stomach protected, by the use of flaxseed, or slippery-elm tea, or eggs, or jelly, or a teaspoonful of melted butter, or lard, or molasses. Whenever the poison is one producing stupor, cold to the head, warmth to the extremities, rubbing the skin with a flesh-brush, and attempts to rouse the person by alternate warm and cold sprinklings may be tried.

Better than all, the chemical antidote should be given, if known. Where an acid has been swallowed, soda, saleratus, lime, magnesia, or prepared chalk should be mixed with water and given in frequent doses. Of these the best is the calcined magnesia, given freely. If an alkali has been swallowed, as a lump of potash or lime, then acids, as vinegar, cider, lemon-juice, and the like, are indicated; but the use of oily and mucilaginous drinks must not be omitted. In poisoning with copper and its compounds, vinegar must be carefully avoided. The recent cases of pie-poisoning in New York city were probably owing to the action of some acid upon a copper kettle, or on copper in some other form.

Oxalic acid, used for cleaning metals, is sometimes taken by mistake for Epsom salts. Chalk, whiting, or other alkali should be freely used before any attempt to excite vomiting.

Prussic acid, although called an acid, is feebly so, and kills by its direct poisonous power over the nerves of organic life. The concentrated juice of peach leaves and kernels, of laurel, etc., may affect in the same way. Harts-horn, alternate cold and warm effusive stimulants to the surface and internally are more important than any other means. Artificial respiration, the same as directed for drowned persons, may be required. Smith's antidote of a half teaspoonful of pearl-lash, followed by 10 grains of copperas in water, is of service where you are sure as to the acid having been taken.

Sugar of lead and other salts of lead are best neutralized by white of eggs, Epsom salts, and lemonade.

When blue vitriol, or verdigris, has been taken, white of eggs, paste of wheat flour and flaxseed tea, sweetened with sugar, are indicated.

When green or white vitriol, or litharge, or

yellow ochre have been swallowed, chalk and flaxseed tea are of service. If lunar caustic has been swallowed, a cupful of salt and water is the antidote.

Phosphorus, as used for poison of vermin and for matches, is sometimes eaten by children. Magnesia or other alkali, with water or mucilaginous drinks, are the readiest means of relief.

Creosote or an overdose of carbolic acid is to be met by white of eggs, milk and wheat-flour paste.

For poisons of the narcotic kind, such as opium, aconite, belladonna, henbane, digitalis and tobacco, there is not at hand any antidote. Stimulating emetics, stimulants to the surface, and, if need be, artificial respiration are indicated. Heavy draughts of strong coffee help to postpone the narcotism of opium. Lemonade or other mild acids are deemed of some service.

Overdoses of camphor or chloroform are an indication for alcoholic stimulants. We are still without certain antidotes for several of the narcotics.

Arsenic, either in its metallic form as gray fly-powder or the white arsenious acid, has an antidote in the hydrated peroxide of iron. Until this can be secured, warm water, milk, plenty of eggs, and lime water must be our reliance. The most frequent mistake of vegetable foods are the substitution of other varieties for the edible mushroom and the use of poke root (*Phytolacca decandra*) for horse-radish. No antidotes are known. But the indication is to use mustard or other stimulating emetics, and prevent further trouble by a few drops of laudanum, frequently repeated, until pain or sickness abates.

These are merely directions for those sudden cases of emergency which may occur in any family, and which, in the country, at least, occur when the physician is not within ready reach. With the use of disinfectants, insect remedies, Paris green (arsenic), and with the increasing familiarity of the people with various chemicals, public health requires great care as to labeling all such articles. The medicines left over from physicians' prescriptions should either be marked or thrown away. Teach those under your control not to eat any vegetable or leaf without knowing what it is. All flowers with the cups turned downward or hooded, and all stalks which exude a milk-white juice when broken, are to be regarded as poisonous. All paints, whether of oil or water colors, should not be held in the mouth. It behooves all householders to have a special place for keeping all extra hazardous or doubtful compounds, and to cast away all unmarked or unneeded bottles and packages.

FALSE BUTTER IN NEW YORK.—In New York State they have a law against marketing "oleomargarine," or the false butter made from beef suet without plainly branding it so that purchasers may not be led to believe it the genuine product of the cow. Some New York merchants persist in getting around the law by using indistinct brands, etc. The evil has gone so far that a society of dealers in the true article has been formed, called "The National Association for the Prevention of Adulteration of Butter." The society lately held a meeting at the American Exchange in New York and elected W. Winsor, President, and T. Mortimer Seaver, Secretary. A committee of five was appointed to take steps to vigorously prosecute all parties violating the law; against palming off oleomargarine and other compounds as butter; and at a subsequent meeting of the committee Mr. Seaver was appointed attorney and counsel for the association, with instructions to proceed at once in New York, Brooklyn and New Jersey. The committee on subscription reported every prospect of raising the \$5,000 in a few days necessary for prosecution.

THACKERAY did not read the works of female novelists, because they "were not strong beer enough. Besides," he said. "I read very few novels; I am a pastry cook. I bake tarts and sell them. I don't eat them myself. I eat bread and butter."

THE PRACTICAL USE OF SCIENCE.

The adulteration of various articles of food have of late become so alarming, and the various processes are so skillfully conducted that the aid of science is being called in to assist in the detection of such practices, in order that the offenders may be more readily brought to justice. The French authorities are just now wrestling vigorously with those engaged in palming off upon the public a spurious article of olive oil, the adulterations of which have become so universal that it is difficult to get a pure article anywhere in the European market. According to the *Correspondence Scientifique*, the government recently referred the matter to a special committee of the Academy of Sciences, which has recommended the use of a new instrument which is called the diagometer. This instrument, which has been devised by Prof. Luigi Palmieri, has its action based on the differences in the electric conductivity of oils. Pure olive oil has very feeble conductive properties, which (as is also the case with other oils) increase with the amount of impurities added. The only oils that are known to compare to olive oil in respect to their low conductivity are the oils of pine-seed and hazel nuts; and these, fortunately, are too expensive to be used in the adulteration of the former. The conclusions of the committee on the practical value of the diagometer have not yet been announced; it is noted, however, that its use demands considerable manipulative skill. For the correctness of this abstract we refer to the *London Chemical News*.

Butter is another article to preserve the purity of which the aid of the scientist has been invoked. In reply to such a demand Herr Fisher asserts that the examination of butter by polarized light with a magnifying power of about 200 to 300 diameters, affords a much more certain criterion of its purity than a specific gravity test. Examined in this way, fictitious butter shows not only the globular drops and salt crystals characteristic of genuine butter, but likewise other more or less developed crystals. The author also finds this method may be applied to the determination of different kinds of fats, inasmuch as each of these shows characteristic colors in polarized light. Mutton tallow, for instance, always gives a blue tone; cocoa butter gives colors passing from the brightest green to the deepest red; the fat of oxen gives green and white luminous effects; while small bright green semi-lunar and vermicular bodies appear in common light. Hog's lard shows many colors, especially red and blue—yellow, which is characteristic of cocoa butter, being absent.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—In the *North American Review* for January, Francis Parkman reviews the arguments adduced in favor of woman suffrage by five advocates of that measure in the November number of the *Review*. When the great mass of womankind demand the right of suffrage, it will accorded, says Mr. Parkman; but with all the agitation of this question during several decades, the female sex is still content to be represented in political affairs by their male relatives. Nevertheless, women may exert a very great power in the commonwealth. If they are sound in body and mind, impart this soundness to a numerous offspring and rear them to a sense of responsibility and duty, there are no national evils that we cannot overcome.

AN INTERRUPTED SERENADE.—Algernon, under her window in the cold, white moonlight, with a tender expression, sang:

"Tis the la-hast rose of summer,
Le-heft bloo-hooming alo-hone;
All its lo-huv-lee companions,
All ha fa-deh-hed and go-home."

Voice of pa from next window, strained and cracked like, as though the old gentleman didn't have time to look for his store teeth: "All right, young man, all right; just pin a newspaper over it to save it from the frost, and we'll take it in with the rest of the plants in the morning."

NOBILITY OF LABOR.

It has long been a disgrace to the intelligence of the age, that a stigma should be attached to labor. It is the source of national and individual wealth. It is the primary cause of social comfort and convenience. It has raised man from the lower grade of an animal prowling for his food to the higher plane of an intellectual being, possessed of reason, thoughtfulness, foresight and inventive faculties. It has given man a clear insight into the laws of nature, and has brought him into close companionship with the Creator. It has made him a creator, not of matter, but of new forms of its adjustment. He has made the iron and the wood his docile slaves, and caused them to perform work which, without their aid, he could never have accomplished. By labor he has sunk his mines deep into the earth and extracted therefrom earth's most valuable treasures. By labor he has made the fields to yield abundant harvests, and gathered from them the world's supply of food. By labor he has built his ships, whose sails bear them to all portions of the world and sustain

his fellow-men. It is a false and ignoble pride that has engendered this prejudice against labor. It is the direct action of evil against positive good.

For all these benefits which it has conferred upon mankind, it should receive the gratitude of all. The pride that from its mole-hill eminence endeavors to look down with contempt upon labor, could never have attained its ephemeral existence or its insignificant elevation, had it not been for the labor performed by others. The most utile nobility among men is the self-sustaining nobility of labor.

HANGING ROCK.

Upon this page we give an engraving that will at once be recognized by everyone who has crossed the continent upon the overland railroad. It is Hanging Rock, Echo canyon, and is one of the most prominent objects of interest upon the U. P. R. R. to the tourist and traveler.

THE ARABS CHURNING.—One of the speakers at the recent dairy fair in New York related

SERMON FROM A PAIR OF BOOTS.

There lived, forty years ago, in Berlin, a shoemaker who had a habit of speaking harshly of all his neighbors who did not feel exactly as he did about religion. The old pastor of the parish in which the shoemaker lived, heard of this and felt that he must give him a lesson.

He did it in this way. He sent for the shoemaker one morning, and when he came in, said to him:

"Master, take my measure for a pair of boots."

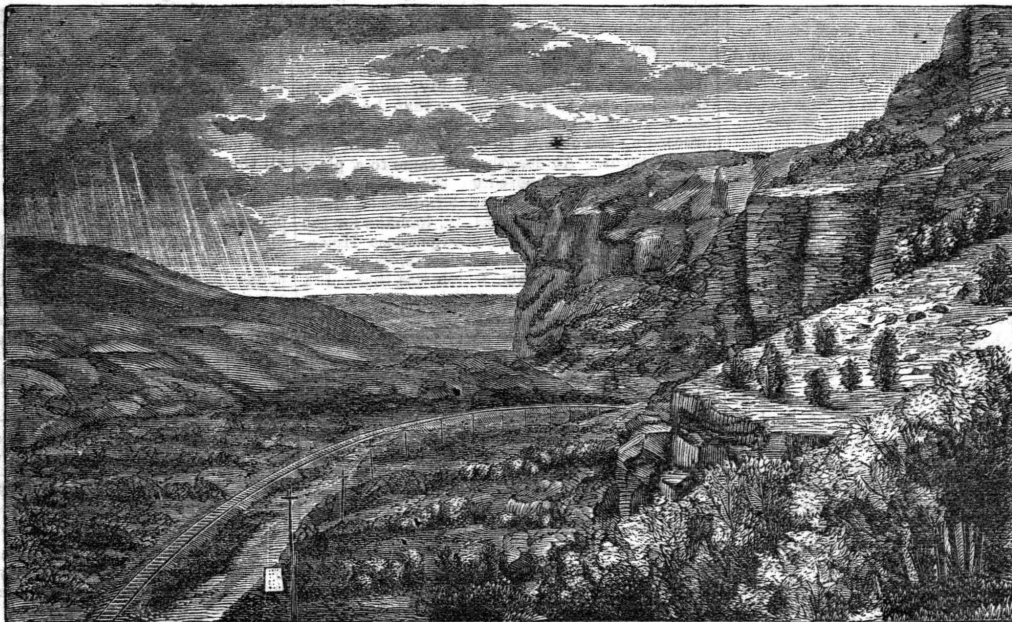
"With pleasure, your reverence," answered the shoemaker; "please take off your boot."

The clergyman did so, and the shoemaker measured his foot from toe to heel, and over the instep, noted all down in his pocket-book, and then prepared to leave the room.

But, as he was putting up the measure, the pastor said to him:

"Master, my son also requires a pair of boots."

"I will make them with pleasure, your reverence. Can I take the young man's measure?"



HANGING ROCK, ECHO CANYON, UTAH.

the mighty operations of commerce. By labor he has constructed railroads which traverse continents, and transport in their trains, not only multitudes of human beings but also the products of the mines, the fields, the factories and the workshops. By labor he has run his tunnels through mountains and under rivers, and rendered quickly accessible sections of country which else could only be reached by long and tedious journeys. By labor he has stretched around the world the wires of the telegraph, and has given thereby to himself the God-like attribute of omnipresence. By labor he has produced the telescope which has shown to him the vastness of the Creator's designs and works, in the millions of worlds that are placed throughout the realms of space. By labor he has analyzed the compound forms of matter, and has found the constituent elements of their composition. By labor he has closely emulated Deity, for God worked in the creation of all worlds, and in the production of all the living forms that are found upon them.

With such a record labor should stand in the highest niche of honor and of fame, and the man who is the most prominent in works of utility should reach the highest standard of nobility, and should be the most honored among

the following: I once saw two Arab women swinging goat's milk in a hog skin until it turned to what they supposed to be butter. The old chief asked me if we ever made it that way in America. When I replied, very emphatically, "never," he said, patronizingly, "Oh! yours is a very new country yet." Possibly a sight of all the multiform and wondrous dairy machinery I have seen to-day might convince the old chief that we are "getting on" even in this new country. The Arab, too, was well fixed for the dairy business. It took only one-third of his wives to run that churning.

THE EARTH'S DAY INCREASING.—In a recent lecture on "Eclipse Problems," Prof. Charles A. Young, of Princeton, said, with reference to the observed increase in the rapidity of the moon's motion, that the discovery led at first to the opinion that the moon's orbit was growing shorter, and that ultimately the moon would come down upon us. More accurate calculation, however, shows that there is no danger of so disastrous a result. The moon is not coming nearer, but our day is growing longer, owing to the friction of the tides upon the earth's surface. The tides act like a brake, and slowly diminish the speed of the earth's rotation.

"It is not necessary," said the pastor; "the lad is fourteen, but you can make his boots and mine from the same last."

"Your reverence, that will never do," said the shoemaker with a smile of surprise.

"I tell you, sir, to make my son's on the same last."

"No, your reverence, I cannot do it."

"It must be—on the same last."

"But, your reverence, it is not possible, if the boots are to fit," said the shoemaker, thinking to himself that the old pastor's wits were leaving him.

"Ah, then, master shoemaker," said the pastor, "every pair of boots must be made on their own last, if they are to fit; and yet you think that God is to form all Christians exactly according to your own last,—of the same measure and growth in religion as yourself. That will not do, either."

The shoemaker was abashed. Then he said: "I thank your reverence for this sermon, and I will try to remember it, and judge my neighbors less harshly in the future."

DURING 1879 the product of precious metals west of the Missouri river, including British Columbia, was \$5,805,121 less than in 1878.

THE MORAL WARFARE.

When freedom on her natal day
Within her wall-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brow in blood;
And thro' the storm which round her swept,
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,
The roar of baleful battle rose,
And brethren on a common tongue
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,
And every gift on freedom's shrine
Was man for bread, and blood for wine!

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past—their triumph won;
But sterner trials await the race
Which rises in their honored place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And, strong in him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholty powers,
We grasp the weapon he has given—
The light, and truth, and love of heaven.

—John G. Whittier.

PERILS OF PIONEERS.

The perils of pioneers have been faced and overcome by brave men the world around. Those who have resolutely gone to work to carve out homes and fortunes in regions not yet brought under the rule of peace and civilization, are often entitled to much honor for their valor in achieving peace and quiet for those who come after them. Many in our own country have survived most serious dangers, and both to those who have acted in such scenes and those who have listened to the thrilling recital of them, the following account of pioneer life in Tasmania will be interesting:

Mr. James Robertson, a strong sinewy Scot, from Badenoch, arrived in Van Dieman's Land as a free settler in 1825; he being then just as old as the century. He got a grant of land on the South Esk river, some 12 miles down stream from the present township of Avoca, and was living there, unmarried, in one of the primitive bush dwellings of those days commonly called the "hut," about three years after his arrival. He had two assigned servants, well-conducted prisoners, or "Government men," as they were usually termed—one employed as cook and general servant, and the other as shepherd. One day he was out alone on the "run" (sheep farm), not far from home, when he observed four men carrying firearms approaching him. He had heard that a party of convicts had taken to the bush, but did not know they were in his neighborhood, and supposed that the men coming towards him were constables, till they presented their pieces and ordered him "to stand." Being unarmed, and one against four, he had no alternative but to throw up his hands, in token of submission, after the approved fashion. They told him to lead on to the hut, which he did, the men following and covering him with their guns. Arrived at their destination, they made prisoner of the cook, who was a big, powerful fellow, slightly lame. This done, one man stood guard over the captives while the others rummaged the hut and collected everything they thought might be useful to them, making up bundles of tea, sugar, flour, and other stores. They also turned out Mr. Robertson's wardrobe, and dressed themselves in his clothes; ordered the cook to prepare dinner for them, and heartily enjoyed the meal. Just as they had finished, the shepherd came in from the "run," and he, too, was made prisoner; and not long afterwards Mr. Gray, a magistrate, whose land adjoined Mr. Robertson's—where the well-known estate of Vaucluse now is—came along on horseback, and was "bailed up" before he knew that he was in danger, and his horse appropriated by his captors.

The four bushrangers had now secured as

many prisoners, and determined to make a start, and to take their captives with them for some distance, either to prevent their going off to the police-station at the nearest township and giving the alarm, or possibly, with some ulterior end in view. They tied Mr. Robertson's hands to a strong stick—going from wrist to wrist—behind his back, and Mr. Gray and the shepherd were fastened together by a wrist of each, so that they two had each one hand free.

One of the outlaws was named Howe, and was a nephew of a more celebrated desperado of the same name, Mick Howe, who some years before had been the terror of the Colony. Another was called Brown, and was a tall, strong-looking man, while the names of the others my informant had forgotten. The big cook was not bound, and him they forced to carry an immense bundle composed of the various stores and other articles they had appropriated, while Howe armed himself with Mr. Robertson's new double-barrelled gun. The whole party now proceeded for several miles along the bank of South Esk, the prisoners in front, Mr. Robertson all the time planning and plotting a way of escape, but seeming to be light-hearted and merry, and exchanging jokes with his captors. Howe appeared to fancy something was wrong; he was suspicious of Robertson's unseasonable gaiety, and several times proposed to his comrades that he should shoot "that blasted Scotchman;" but to this proceeding the others, fortunately, did not give their consent. At length they came to a place where a boat was moored on the other side of the river, and there it was determined to cross, the intention being, apparently, to make for the Ben Lomond tiers. For this purpose Howe, who had been riding Gray's horse, swam the animal across the stream, which was there of a good width, and, having tied him to a tree, proceeded to return in the boat.

Meanwhile the captive party were allowed to sit down and rest on a fallen tree, apart from one another, but near enough to converse, the bushrangers being at a little distance watching the proceedings of their comrade who had crossed the river. Taking advantage of this opportunity, Mr. Robertson explained to his companions in bondage his plan of escape, and obtained their promise of hearty and vigorous co-operation. He had a clasp knife in his coat-pocket behind, which, as he sat on the log, he contrived, pinioned as he was, to get out; and, having with great difficulty opened it, he cut the cord which bound him sufficiently to allow of his getting his hands free, though in so doing he inflicted a severe gash on his wrist, the mark of which he bore till his death.

When Howe was seen returning with the boat the other outlaws came over towards their prisoners, and told them to stand up, which they did. They were then all close together, the bushrangers unsuspecting of any attempt to escape. Holding a large horse-pistol at full-cock in his hand, Brown, having first looked to see if Mr. Gray and the shepherd were securely tied, advanced for the same purpose to Mr. Robertson, who was then merely holding the stick behind his back with his unfettered hands. Just as he came close Robertson shouted his preconceived signal, "Now," at the very top of his voice, and at the instant clasped Brown round the body, over his arms (the pistol dropping from his hand), and "downed" him on the grass. Taken by surprise, and feeling the sinewy arms of the Highlander grasping him like bands of steel, Brown cried out "Don't hurt me," just as Mr. Robertson planted his knee upon him. "Turn on your face then," said Robertson, at the same time helping him to roll over; and, then, tearing the black silk kerchief from his own neck, he firmly tied his prisoner's hands behind his back. In the meantime, at the moment when the warning signal had been shouted, Mr. Gray and the shepherd, who had each one arm free, had rushed at the second bushranger, and the big cook at the third, and as soon as Mr. Robertson had finished tying Brown, he ran to the assistance of his fellows. Both men were secured, much to their

disgust and chagrin, their arms taken from them, and Gray and the shepherd unbound. Howe was now approaching in the boat; but, seeing his late captives on the bank with arms in their hands, he pulled away down the stream. Several shots were fired at him, one of which passed through his left arm above the elbow; but he escaped for the time, only to be captured a few hours later, wounded as described, by a party of constables.

Mr. Robertson and his associates marched their prisoners back to the hut, and the shepherd went off with the news to the nearest police-station, from whence a detachment of constables came and removed the bushrangers, glad to find that the work of capturing such reckless villains had been so well done for them. Howe was brought in the same evening, and next morning all four were marched off to the gaol at Launceston. Strange to say, the three unwounded men escaped from the prison before the time fixed for their trial had arrived, and again took to the bush, vowing vengeance on Mr. Robertson. He applied to the authorities for protection, and a corporal and five privates were sent to garrison his domicile. This guard lay concealed in the house all day, and patrolled around at night. But, though the escaped desperadoes "stuck up" many houses in the district, and said that at all events they were "going to kill that confounded Scotchman," they never went near his place. They were afterwards again taken, tried for robbing and shooting at a man near the township of Oatlands, and were all three hung.

And the brave Scotchman was not killed, but lived to a ripe old age, and at a ball on the occasion of the celebration of his seventieth birthday, danced a reel with all comers, and exhausted partner after partner of both sexes before he himself gave in. He lived to see the colony peaceable and prosperous, free from blacks and bushrangers, and he died quietly in his bed, surrounded by his weeping family, not in a bush hut, but in his own handsome mansion, that would be an ornament to any street or square in the metropolis of England.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.—In an address at the late New York Dairy fair, Mr. T. Whittaker voiced these sentiments: We once heard, or read, of a farmer's daughter in the full freshness of youth and bloom. When passing along the street, a young man exclaimed, "Painted, by Heaven;" she turned and said, "Yes sir, painted by Heaven." Then must we say that the farmer who stays at home amid health, happiness and the purest of pleasures, makes a sacrifice, and he who chooses a city life reaps all the rewards? What a fascination there is in that word, reward. How few know the price paid or realize the reward. Last night I met an old friend with whom, not many years ago, I took dinner. Then prosperity shone upon him: he occupied and owned a \$50,000 house with plenty of other property. In the course of conversation, he said: "I suppose you know that I am a poor man?" I said: "No, I have not heard of that." He replied, "it is too true," and this is too often the case. After years of toil, care and anxiety, there comes a chilling, blighting wind which sweeps away all his wealth, and buries his long-cherished hopes in the ashes of desolation and despair. Farmers, I do not say that you have no cares, no sorrows, no trials and no obstacles to overcome, but remember, he who has none of these must ever fail to attain the true standard of man. Labor develops the muscles and gives bodily strength, the trials of life develop the mind and every attribute—the man with these undeveloped is an idiot. Then do not let us turn and run from those evils of which we so often complain, for they are blessings disguised to lead us upward and onward to higher attainments, and overcoming them all develops our highest natures.

DID you ever notice the fact, that a tramp who claims he has a trade, but can get no work at it, in the winter is a brickmaker, and in the summer a lumberman or ice sawyer?

PREHISTORIC MAN.

WHEN DID MAN MAKE HIS APPEARANCE ON THE PACIFIC COAST?

The following article, by the Hon. B. B. Redding (*Reno Gazette*, Dec. 31st, 1879), deals with a subject which cannot fail to interest all who look beyond their own lives to the life of the human race—all who long to pierce the veil that shrouds the origin of man.

In no part of the world is there so good an opportunity to gather facts as to the extent of time that man has been an inhabitant of the earth, as on the Pacific coast. Prospectors and miners are at work in all directions. Hydraulic miners are washing down hills; drift miners are delving at the bottom of extinct pliocene rivers; prospectors for gold, silver and cinnabar are turning up the surface in all probable and improbable places, over an area of at least 16,000 square miles; and farmers plow up the burial places of prehistoric man, and enrich their gardens from the shell mounds and kitchen refuse of a people who had disappeared from the earth countless ages before Abraham and Lot divided Palestine into sheep ranges. All of these people find frequent evidences of the work of prehistoric man. Instead of being saved and placed in some public institution, where they can be preserved, studied and compared, they are either left where found, or adorn some bar-room collection of quartz crystals, pyrites of iron and silver ores. There is no archaeological society on the Pacific coast; even

"THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS"

Has become extinct. The total collections of the work of prehistoric man of the Pacific coast, in the California Academy of Sciences and in the State University, will number but a few dozen mortars, obsidian knives, scrapers and arrow-heads, while the Smithsonian Institute, the French Ethnological Institute, Harvard University and the British Museum contain collections that may be measured by the ton. If miners and farmers on the Pacific coast who turn up mortars, spear-heads, or other works of man, made from stone, would send them to the Academy of Sciences, or to the University, with a short account of the place where and the circumstances under which they were found, the archaeological student would not be compelled to visit the Smithsonian or Harvard collections to obtain the means of comparison between the works of the people found here by Father Junipero Serra, and the race that lived on this coast before Shasta, Lassen Butte, and other now extinct volcanoes capped the Sierra with sheets of lava, or with those of a still more ancient people, who hunted and fished among the foothills of the Sierra when these hills were washed by the waters of the Pacific ocean—probably long before the Coast range of mountains made its appearance above the sea.

WHEN SHASTA AND OTHER VOLCANOES

Were pouring out lava, filling up the ancient river channels, forming our hydraulic mines, and causing a new system of drainage for the Sierra, the volcanoes of the Cascades in southeastern Oregon were sending out ashes, filling up the lakes, and making fossil the camel-lama, the one-toed horse, the saber-toothed tiger, and other animals that then roamed over that lake country. Vesuvius, in historic times, covered Pompeii and a region about five miles square with ashes. Southeastern Oregon is covered with volcanic ashes over an area of more than 200 square miles.

The evidence is beginning to accumulate that man lived in this, then lake region, of southeastern Oregon, contemporaneous with the fossil horse, the camel-lama and other animals

now extinct. In Big Bone prairie, in the Silver Lake region, in connection with the remains of these animals, Prof. Cope's men lately found arrow-heads, and so-called spear-heads. These differ in form from any now used by California or Oregon Indians. These so-called spear-heads are flakes of obsidian of various lengths, from 5 to 12 inches, chipped into a long, oval form, pointed at both extremities, sharpened at the edges, and varying in thickness at the thickest part—dependent upon the length—the smallest being a half-inch, and the largest an inch. Whatever the size, the form and proportions are always relatively the same. They were probably not spear-heads, as, if used for this purpose, there would be no object in sharpening both extremities. They were probably knives used for some special purpose. The oldest living California and Oregon Indians do not use them, and do not know what they were for. The McCloud Indians

STILL MAKE STONE KNIVES

Scrapers and arrow-heads, but nothing of this form. None of this kind have been found in the shell mounds or burial places of Pacific coast Indians, and some of the "kitchen middens" of the coast of California, must have been thousands of years in accumulating. They have never been found in California, except, below the boulders in hydraulic mines, at the bottom of extinct pliocene rivers, or below the auriferous earth and gravel of placer mines, and, as stated lately by Prof. Cope in Oregon, in connection with the fossil bones of extinct animals. There are two of these spear heads in the Smithsonian collection, one from the hydraulic mines of Calaveras county, and the other, numbered 7,342, from Folsom, Sacramento county. This spear head was found, with a disk of slate, having a hole in the center, on a ledge of granite, at the bottom of the gold mines, 23 feet below the present surface of the streets of the town of Folsom. About 30 feet below the streets of Folsom, the miners find a bed of hard, salt-water mud, filled with fossil oyster shells, and shells of the extinct crustaceans of what Clarence King calls the miocene ocean. This ledge of granite is a point from the foothills of the Sierra that jutted out into this ancient sea. Who were the people that hunted and fished along the foothills when the base of the Sierra was washed by the ocean? Was the top of Diablo then an island? Or was the

SACRAMENTO VALLEY AN ISLAND SEA

Like Puget sound or the Black sea? It is not singular that more of the spear-heads of these primeval people are not found, or that when discovered they should be found beneath the drift and boulders of our gold mines. If any were left on or near the present surface, and had been discovered by the ancestors of our present Indians, they would have been split into knives and arrow-heads, for obsidian in any form was of the first necessity, and the most valuable material in use until white men brought iron to the coast. So far as I can learn, there are five of these peculiar spear-heads in public institutions, two at the Smithsonian, two in the possession of Prof. Cope, and one at Harvard. There are probably dozens in miners' cabins, or ornamenting bar-rooms in the mountains, or used as paper weights in village grocery stores in California and Oregon, which, if they could be gathered in some public institution, with the facts and history of their discovery, would go far to prove that man made his appearance on earth, and lived on this coast when the mastodon, elephant, cave bear and saber-toothed tiger wandered among the foothills of the Sierra, or, perhaps earlier still, when the earth had so far evolved from hot chaos as to develop a climate that would give him food and provide him with shelter.

LEGACY TO A MINER.—Thomas J. Cooper, a miner, residing at Virginia City, Nevada, has just sailed for England to get the handsome sum of \$200,000; left him by his first cousin, Chas. Barker, late a merchant in Calcutta.

A STRANGE STORY.

Not long ago a well known collector of curiosities in Paris, who had devoted considerable sums of money to the gathering together of bank notes of all countries and of all values, became the possessor of a Bank of England five pound note, to which an unusually strange story was attached. This note was paid into a Liverpool merchant's office in the ordinary way of business sixty-one years ago, and its recipient, the cashier of the firm, while holding it up to the light to test its genuineness, noticed some faint red marks upon it, which on closer examination proved to be semi-effaced words scrawled in blood between the printed lines and upon the blank margin of the note. Extraordinary pains were taken to decipher these partly obliterated characters, and eventually the following sentence was made out; "If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean, of Long Hill, near Carlisle, he will know hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers." Mr. Dean was promptly communicated with by the holder of the note, and he appealed to the government of the day for assistance in his endeavor to obtain his brother's release from captivity. The prisoner, who, as it subsequently appeared had traced the above sentence upon the note with a splinter of wood dipped in his own blood, had been a slave to the Dey of Algiers for eleven years, when his strange missive first attracted attention in a Liverpool counting-house. His family and friends had long believed him dead. Eventually, his brother, with the aid of the British authorities in the Mediterranean, succeeded in ransoming him from the Dey, and brought him home to England, where, however, he did not long survive his release, his constitution having been irreparably injured by exposure, privations, and forced labor in the Dey's galleys.—LONDON TELEGRAPH.

SWALLOWS AND BEES.—The following letter appears in the columns of a Schleswick-Holstein apicultural journal: The question whether swallows are enemies to bees is generally met by a decided negative. But my experiences of the present year have convinced me of the contrary, at all events under certain circumstances. In former years I encouraged swallows to build under my roof, where they were held as sacred as the stork. One day, when the nests were full of good-sized young ones, whose never-ceasing hunger the parent birds were doing their best to satisfy, the idea struck me to examine the contents of one of their stomachs. It contained nothing but bees! That my friendship for my long-honored guests somewhat cooled after this is hardly to be wondered at, as I am an enthusiastic bee-master. On another occasion, then last summer, I saw the swallows waging war against the bees with a ferocity almost incredible. In the dull cold weather just prevailing there were scarcely any insects in the air, and I noticed how the swallows hovered about by dozens close to the hives, and dashed upon the bees as they returned home. So eager were they in the pursuit, that stone throwing, shooting, etc., did not deter them in the least. Suddenly, however a change came o'er the scene, for at the first glimpse of sunshine the bees in their turn became the aggressors, and attacked the swallows so savagely that the latter flew away uttering cries of pain, and not unfrequently fell to the ground with six or eight bees clinging fast to them, after turning endless summersaults in the air, in the endeavor to shake off their tormentors.

NERVOUS FAILURE.—When men do not die of some direct accident of disease they die, in nine cases out of ten, from nervous failure. And this is the peculiarity of nervous failure—that it may be fatal from one point of the nervous organism, the rest being sound. A man may, therefore, wear himself out by one mental exercise too exclusively followed, while he may live through many exercises extended over far greater intervals of time and involving more real labor if they be distributed over many seats of mental activity.

THE AGE OF GOLD.

From a lecture before the "Bullion Club," of New York, delivered by Prof. Benjamin Silliman, the New York *Exchange* makes the following synopsis: He began by referring to the fact that nature holds the original sources of wealth, and that labor only creates values, all effort to create them or change them permanently by human law-making being a direct violation of a great natural law. "What is money?" said Prof. Silliman. "There is a substantial agreement that money is a common medium of exchange among civilized nations. The choice of the world from the earliest time has been either silver or gold as money, because these metals demand value: (1) from the labor which it costs to obtain them; (2) they are little liable to injury or destruction by use or accident; (3) they are readily divided into coins of convenient size; (4) their transportation costs only a small portion of their value, and (5) their quantity, although limited, may always be increased by mining to replace the loss arising from consumption and to meet the wants of the growing population of the world. No other known substances possess this collective group of attributes fitting them to be used as money. Platinum was tried by the Russian government some time since without success. The preference for gold as a medium of exchange was because gold possessed the power to resist the ravages of time and the action of chemical substances which destroy silver. The value of bank notes, checks, bills of lading, notes of hand and other substitutes for coin is precisely in proportion to the credit of their maker. Coin sinks into the character of bullion when its purity or standard is tampered with. Prof. Silliman referred in severe terms to the experiment of the government of coining a debased silver dollar, and said: "Legislation is impotent to create values or make 2 and 2 equal 5. History proves that all experiments to discover and put in use any description of circulating medium, except such as has been and is immediately convertible into gold or silver, are disastrous failures."

At the time of the discovery of America the total value of the gold and silver known to exist in the world was estimated at \$170,000,000.

The total gold product of America in the 53 years from 1492 to 1545 was \$148,400,000.

In 1500 the silver mines of Potosi, Mexico, were discovered, which were destined to produce more than \$1,000,000,000 in silver between 1556 and 1803. The stock of gold and silver in commerce about the year 1600 was:

Gold (37%)	£200,000,000
Silver (63%)	340,000,000
Total	£540,000,000

Between 1600 and 1800 the stock of metals was swollen by:

Gold (30%)	£420,000,000
Silver (70%)	990,000,000

Total	£1,416,000,000
Add stock in 1600	540,000,000

Total	£1,956,000,000
Add product from 1800 to 1848:	
Gold	£158,000,000
Silver	450,000,000

On the authority of Humboldt and Chevalier, continued the Professor, the silver production of Mexico and South America was as follows:

From 1545 to 1845 about—	
Bolivia and Peru	\$2,580,000,000
Mexico	2,701,000,000
Chile	6,967,249

Total	\$5,292,967,249
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From 1845 to 1880—	
Mexico	\$700,000,000
Bolivia and Peru	245,000,000

Total	\$945,000,000
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The "age of gold" was inaugurated by the discovery of gold in California in 1847. In the 300 years following the discovery of America the influx of silver and gold into commerce from America alone increased the volume of the precious metals previously existing nearly forty-

fold in nominal value. The coin in existence at the close of 1809 was £380,000,000. Let us now see how the enormous discrepancy between this sum and the output of silver from America alone previous to 1847 can be accounted for:

American silver and gold production, say	\$6,000,000,000
Coin in existence in 1809	\$1,848,000,000
Absorbed by Asia	1,700,000,000
Consumed in the arts	1,700,000,000
Wear and tear	106,000,000
Lost or hoarded	651,000,000
	\$6,000,000,000

The Asiatic absorption of silver, Prof. Silliman said, was the most remarkable of financial problems. This phenomenon, acting with the great increase of gold during the 20 years following the discovery of California's gold, disturbed the long-established ratio between the two metals, and for a time advanced the silver to a premium in France and other European countries. Dividing the history of the precious metals into four periods, the fluctuation of ratios was as follows: First period, B. C. 1600 to A. D. 312—The ancient relation between silver and gold in the Orient was 1 to 13.33, falling as low as 1 to 8 and 8.93 about B. C. 100, consequent on the increase of gold brought by Caesar out of Gaul. Second period, A. D. 864 to 1500—The market ratio was 1 to 12. Third period, from 1492 to the opening of the gold mines of California and Australia. Early in the 17th century the ratio rose to 1-15.40; after 1687, down to 1771, it was 1-14.80. In 1550 the production of silver was several times greater than that of gold, and the ratio was 1-11 to about 1-15, but before the close of the 17th century it had reached 1-15.5—the ratio which is still the French standard. Fourth period, 1851 to date—The prediction of many who anticipated a marked fall in the price of gold, consequent upon the enormous increase in the output from 1847 to 1853 were not sustained by the result. In 1851 the ratio was 15-46; in 1852, 15-57; in 1853-54, 15-33; and in 1855, 15-36. After 1864 it began to rise, being in that year 15-40; from 1868 to 1870, 15-60; in 1873, 15-90; and in October, 1874, 16-38. The Professor submitted the following table showing the relative production of gold and silver in the last period:

Years.	Gold.	Silver.
1833-42	£15,000,000	£30,000,000
1843-52	86,000,000	50,000,000
1853-62	257,000,000	82,000,000
1863-72	230,000,000	106,000,000
1873	21,000,000	14,000,000
1874	18,000,000	16,000,000
1875	20,000,000	16,000,000

In 1600 the value of silver to gold was about as 12 to 1; in 1800, about 15½ to 1, while the stock of silver had been increased only about 5%. Prof. Silliman thought that America was destined to be the largest producer of gold and silver in the world. In conclusion, he said that both gold and silver from the earliest times have been adopted by mankind as the most convenient materials for money; that gold properly is recognized as the chief medium of value, but that the principal cause of the depreciation of silver was its demonetization by Germany; and that upon the precious metals alone is it profitable to maintain a bank-note circulation, and it made no matter whether the entire mass of the reserve gold and silver was in coin or in fine bars. "We believe that with a wise course of national legislation, the removal from the United States notes of their legal-tender quality, and the retention of ample reserves of gold and silver, will permanently maintain and renew the financial credit of the nation, and give us, in the best sense of the term, the age of gold."

PENETRATIVE POWER OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

A crucial test of the great penetrating power of the electric light is furnished by the experiments of the officers of the French-Algerian Triangulation Service, who a few days ago saw the electric light at the Spanish station of Zeteca from a distance of more than 164 miles. This observation is proof, if proof were wanted, of the great value of the light for maritime purposes, when it is exhibited from sufficiently elevated positions.

FORMATION OF COAL.

The Director of the Museum of the Parisian Academie des Sciences, M. Fremy, recently read a paper under the title "Chemical Researches respecting the Formation of Coal," which is of great interest. It is known that coal is produced by the decomposition of vegetable matter, which for many ages covered the surface of the earth. The learned chemist has made a series of analyses, of which he gives an account in his paper, and which have enabled him to establish the laws of this decomposition, and to explain the transformation of the tissues of the vegetable matter into coal by the loss of their organic form.

With reference to peat, the hypothesis has been put forth generally up to the present time of a possible relation between their formation and that of coal. M. Fremy has been led by the same investigations to the conclusion that the peaty formation is, so to speak, the first stage reached by the ligneous tissues before arriving at their complete transformation into coal.

The paper gives the result of investigations on the vegetable tissues which Mr. Fremy has carried on since 1850. Our space will not permit us to give anything but the conclusions drawn from the experiments, which are as follows:

1. Coal is a substance which proceeds from the transformation of vegetable matter, but which no longer preserves its organic form.

2. The vegetable marks which the coal presents are produced by it, as in schist or other mineral substances, and do not prove its organization. This fuel is a bituminous and plastic matter, on which the external features of the vegetation are molded. When a piece of coal presents on its surface, or within its interior, marks of vegetation, it is not to be thence inferred that the adjacent parts are necessarily the result of the alteration of the tissues which were covered by the membranes whose form has been preserved.

3. The principal bodies contained in the vegetable cells, submitted to the double influence of heat and pressure, produce substances which present the properties and composition of coal.

4. The coloring, resinous and fatty matters contained in the leaves are changed, by the action of heat and pressure, into substances which approach very nearly to natural bitumen.

5. With regard to the ligneous tissues at the base of the cellulose and the vasculose, they are not transformed directly into coal. Before being so changed they pass through a process of peaty fermentation, which produces ulmic acid. It is only in the second place that this ulmic acid is transformed into coal, mingling with all the coal-forming substances produced by the contents of the cells.

FISH KILLED BY ELECTRICITY.—A correspondent of *Land and Water* says: A curious incident of the whole of the occupants of a small fish pond being destroyed by a flash of lightning, is reported from Seck, Grand Duchy of Nassau. The *Nassauer Bote* states that during a very heavy thunder and hail storm at night time, a flash of lightning struck a small pond, well stocked with various kinds of fish, the property of the pastor of the parish. The following morning the whole of the fish were discovered dead upon the surface of the water. They had all the appearance of having been half boiled, and crumbled to pieces at the least touch, just as is the case with fish after being boiled. Neither any external nor internal injury could be observed, the scales being intact and the swimming bladder filled and well preserved. The water in the pond was still muddy and dull the morning after the storm, as if the lightning had only then struck it.

HOW THE ANCIENTS ENGRAVED GEMS.

A writer in *Harper's Magazine* for September says: We must remain as yet some little in doubt as to the methods employed by the old artists to perfect these miracles of taste. We have, however, the absolute certainty that these ancient masters were familiar with the diamond, and that their best work was made by using this, the hardest of all substances, as a tool. A splintered fragment of the diamond served as a scraping tool, and they were well acquainted with the drill. Prehistoric man worked a drill at the very commencement of his existence. A Phœnician gem—alighting a bull—shows how the drill was used. A number of circular depressions are found in the gem which mark the extremities of the figures. This was done not for the sake of effect, but to show the artist the limit of his work as to depth. After the holes were sunk, the artist united the various portions of his work by scratching. Now the use of the diamond point or splinter, fixed in a style of iron socket, allowed a certain flexibility of handling which our modern processes of gem-engraving do not permit.

To-day the work is done by means of a minute rotating disc of copper, which is whetted with oil and diamond dust. On the least application of the substances to be cut to the disc, it is the disc which bites into the stone. The difference of manipulation is, then, that to-day it is the stone which goes to the tool, and not, as in olden times, the tool to the stone. It is more convenient, then, in 1879, to bring the cart to the horse. It can now be readily understood why, in modern work, time and labor being spared (the art-conception not entering for the present into the subject), why this work of to-day is inferior to the art which is past. It is purely a mechanical process now, for a rotating disc will no more draw lines which have feeling than will photographing processes paint pictures. It has been stated that we are not entirely acquainted with the methods employed by the old glyptic artists. This becomes quite evident from this fact, that their best work seems to have been both cut and polished at one and the same time. To-day we have no tool, no substance which will accomplish this double feat. Mr. King, dwelling on the diamond point, says: "Its extensive use is the great distinction between the antique and modern work."

TOO MANY GIRLS.—"Them girls'll be the death of me," sighed Mr. Plug this morning, as he came up street, "Why, I thought they were very nice girls," said a sympathizing friend. "So they are nice enough, but there's too many on 'em an' they are too attractive," said the disconsolate patriarch. "Them three daughters of mine were enough in all conscience, but now my niece is up here from Boston, and it seems as if the old scratch had got into 'em. I don't object to young people havin' a good time, and girls havin' beaux and all that, but when it comes to havin' sparkin' goin' on all over the place, damme it's too bad," said Mr. Plug, unconsciously quoting from Pinafore. "Last night Sue had a feller courtin' her at the front gate, and Julia had her chap in the parlor, and when I got ready to go to bed, bless me if Andromanche (that's my niece from Boston), didn't have a young start spooning on the front stairs. She says that's Newport style. Cuss sich nonsense! I couldn't get up stairs to go to bed without climbin' over 'em. I thought I'd go out to the barn and sleep on the hay, but darn my pictur if I didn't fall over Milly and some young snoozer 'nuther settin' in the barn door. This things got to stop before the cold weather, for I can't afford wood and carrysene for any sich nonsense when it's too cold for out-door sparkin'."

HOUSEHOLD PERILS.

Under this head the *Boston Journal of Chemistry* names several dangerous substances which find their way into households. There are two or three volatile liquids used in families which are particularly dangerous, and must be employed, if at all, with special care. Benzine, ether and strong ammonia constitute this class of agents. The two first named liquids are employed in cleansing gloves and other wearing apparel, and in removing oil stains from carpets, curtains, etc. The liquids are highly volatile, and flash into vapor so soon as the cork of the vial containing them is removed. Their vapors are very combustible, and will inflame at long distances from ignited candles or gas flames, and consequently they should never be used in the evening when the house is lighted. Explosions of a very dangerous nature will occur if the vapor of these liquids is permitted to escape into the room in considerable quantity. In view of the great hazard of handling these liquids, cautious housekeepers will not allow them to be brought into their dwellings, and this course is commendable.

As regards ammonia, or water of ammonia, it is a very powerful agent, especially the stronger kinds sold by druggists. An accident in its use has recently come under our notice, in which a young lady lost her life from taking a few drops through mistake. Breathing the gas under certain circumstances causes serious harm to the lungs and membranes of the mouth and nose. It is an agent much used at the present time for cleansing purposes, and it is unobjectionable if proper care is used in its employment. The vials holding it should be kept apart from others containing medicines, etc., and rubber stoppers to the vials should be used.

Oxalic acid is considerably employed in families for cleaning brass and copper utensils. This substance is highly poisonous, and must be kept and used with great caution. In crystalline structure it closely resembles sulphate of magnesia or epsom salts, and therefore frequent mistakes are made and lives lost. Every agent which goes into families among inexperienced persons should be kept in a safe place and labeled properly and used with care.

DOLLS OF DRIED FRUIT.

If a genial papa or doting auntie wants to amuse the little ones immensely any evening after tea, this cannot more successfully be accomplished than by making them some dolls of dried fruit, for they can at first "wonder and admire" while the evolution of the grotesque figures is going on, and afterwards have the delicious pleasure of eating the manikins up. The materials to be employed are a few each of shelled almonds, figs, prunes and raisins, also four apples, three of which must be graduated, two loose pieces of wire, and two pieces of board measuring two inches square, in each of which must previously have been fixed firmly two wire pins about four inches high.

Having got all the things together, begin with the man. Put an almond on each wire for his feet, turning the toes or narrow end out. (The wires must be near enough together to have the heels just touch.) Above these, string on each wire three large raisins for the legs. Then comes a large prune on each for the knickerbockers. Above these, three figs strung on both wires make the body. Through the upper fig pass a wire horizontally for the arms. String three smaller raisins on each arm, and continue the figure by putting two largest-sized raisins over both wires, one above the other, for the neck. The head is made of one large prune, with pieces of almond for the eyes, nose and mouth, and the hat is half an apple, with a raisin for a tuft. The little woman is made in the same way, except that she only has one raisin leg above each almond foot, and then come three graduated apples to form her skirts, and over them the three figs with the raisin-strung arms for her body.

BIDE YOUR TIME.

Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait. More particularly in lands like my native land, where the pulse of life beats with feverish and impatient throbs, is the lesson needful. Our national character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of a battle, there is such a din, such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly; you feel the rushing of the crowd, and rush with it onward. In the press of our life it is difficult to be calm. In this stress of wind and tide all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept out into the main. The voices of the present say—Come! But the voices of the past say—Wait! With calm and solemn footsteps the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less certainty, does a great mind bear up against public opinion, and push back the hurrying stream. Therefore, should every man wait—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection; but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes, what matters it to the world whether I or you, or another man, did such a deed, or wrote such a book, so be it the deed and the book were well done. It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame—about what the world says of us; to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting, to hear the echo of your own voices! If you look about you, you will see men who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety of fame, and the last we shall hear of them will be the funeral bell that tolls them to their early graves. Unhappy men, and unsuccessful, because their purpose is not to accomplish well their task, but to clutch the "trick and fantasy of fame," and they go to their graves with purposes unaccomplished and wishes unfulfilled. Better for them, and for the world in their example, had they known how to wait. Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do—without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. And, moreover, there will be no misgivings, no disappointment, no hasty, feverish, exhausting excitement.—*Longfellow.*

WHY GOLD IN JEWELRY CHANGES COLOR.

It is well known that the human body contains humors and acids, similar in action to, and having a like tendency towards baser metals, as nitric and sulphuric acid have, namely, to tarnish or dissolve them, varying in quantity to different persons. Thousands wear continually, without any ill effect, the cheaper class of jewelry with brass ear wires, while if others wore the same article for a few days they would be troubled with sore ears, or, in other words, the acids contained in the system would so act on the brass as to produce ill results. Instances have occurred in which articles of jewelry of any grade below 18 carat have been tarnished in a few days, merely from the above-named cause. True, these instances are not very frequent; nevertheless it is as well to know them; every case is not the fault of the goods not wearing well, as it is generally called, but the result of the particular constitution by which they are worn.

A NEW SURGICAL CONQUEST.—Surgery can justly boast of a new conquest; when an eye is severely wounded, the healthy one is in danger of being impaired by "sympathy;" to preserve the good eye, it was hitherto the practice to remove the injured one. Dr. Boucheron has discovered, that by cutting the ciliary nerves, the "sympathy" is stopped, and thus dispenses with the necessity of removing the injured organ. Forty surgeons have thus operated successfully.

MICROSCOPIC DISCOVERY OF MALARIAL POISON.

For some years, physicians and scientists have been much occupied in efforts to ascertain the nature of the poison which produces malarial fever, and success has finally crowned these labors, as will be seen by the following, which we copy from a contemporary:

The poison is not cognizable by the senses, nor can it be detected by chemical tests. The air of malarial districts has been analyzed, the soil has been submitted to microscopical examination, but no light was thrown on the subject. But not finding a thing looked for is only negative proof, and by no means decisive in any investigation. One thing was certain, namely, that the poison was generated in salt and fresh-water marshes, in wet meadows, from vegetation decaying under a hot sun, in lands alternately flooded and drained, in the moving of earth rich in vegetable matter, and in the drying up under certain atmospheric conditions of stagnant pools. But what the poison was that produced those remittent and intermittent diseases which are known by the various names of marsh fever, malarial fever, fever and ague, and popularly as "chills" and "shakes," has at length been discovered by two scientists, Signor Tomasi, of Rome, and Prof. Kleb, of Prague. After spending three weeks in that fever-stricken region, the Roman Campagna, experimenting on its soils, its atmosphere, and its stagnant waters, they have succeeded in seeing the microscopic fungus, which, on being placed under the skins of healthy dogs, caused distinct and regular paroxysms of intermittent fever, and produced in the spleens of these animals that peculiar enlarged condition which is a recognized part of the pathology of this disease.

The report of their investigations and experiments, and the success that crowned them, was read a short time since in the Academy at Rome, and if further tests substantiate the truth of their discovery, the next series of experiments will have for their object the means whereby these poisonous fungi may either be destroyed or rendered innocuous. The practical agricultural remedy of draining and liming will probably remain the best remedy.

The discovery of the source of malaria in a minute fungus, discernible only under the microscope, merits the applause with which it has been received, and will strengthen very materially the belief in the germ theory of disease which has found in Tyndall one of its ablest advocates.

FOR CLEANING KID GLOVES.—Among the many methods for cleaning kid gloves, the following may be given: Put them together with a sufficient quantity of pure benzine in a large stoppered vessel, and shake the whole occasionally with alternate rest. If on removing the gloves there remain any spots, rub them out with a soft cloth moistened with ether or benzole. Dry the gloves by exposure to the air, and then place smoothly between glass plates at the temperature of boiling water until the last traces of benzine are expelled. They may then be folded and pressed between paper with a warm iron. Another way is to use a strong solution of pure soap in hot milk beaten up with the yolk of one egg to a pint of the solution. Put the glove on the hand and rub it gently with the paste, to which a little ether may be added, then carefully lay by to dry. White gloves are not discolored by this treatment, and the leather will be made thereby clean and soft as when new.

A boy in the wild West who for the first time in his life saw a military company out for a drill with fife and drum, gave his mother the following account of the business: "A little man blowed on his squealin' stick, and a big man that stood beside him hammered on his thunder box, then the boss man pulled out a big, long knife and shook it at the fellers what was standin' up in a long row, and they all walked off on two legs."

GRAZING AND BULL-WHACKING.

The business of grazing in all its history has called forth races of peculiar people, and they have devised systems and methods of operation according to the phases of the work in which they are engaged, and the circumstances under which it is pursued. A writer for the *New York Tribune*, who recently visited the grazing lands of Nebraska, gives an account of his ob-

They would as soon think of leaving off their trousers in the morning, as neglect to buckle on their belts with their long revolvers and full supply of ammunition; and Eastern men who employ them or superintend them, and who have been accustomed to live in civilized communities are obliged to carry arms in order to command the respect of their subordinates.

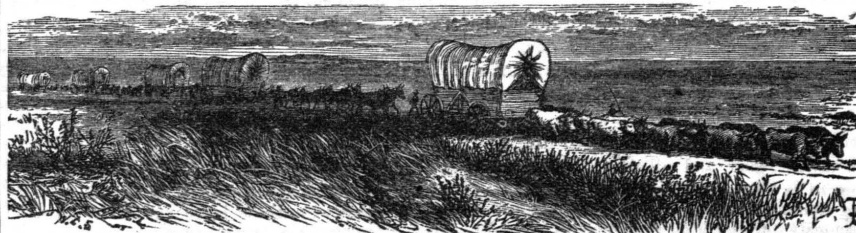
CHLORATE OF POTASH FROM THE DEAD SEA.—Chemical analysis having long ago shown that the waters of the Dead sea in Palestine are rich



SCENE ON A NEBRASKA CATTLE RANCH.

servations, from which we take leading points to show the general system followed. The cattle are herded on Government land at very little expense. The owner of the stock has, of course, no valid legal claim to the range which he takes up, but the right of the first comer, to the occupancy of the land of which he takes possession, is one that has thus far been almost universally recognized. To take up a range, a man selects a section of unoccupied country lying along some stream, builds a house upon it, and drives his cattle to it. The extent of his range will depend upon the size of his herd. The Bosler herd of 27,000 cattle occupies the valley

in chlorate of potash, a company has been formed, and already commenced operations, to extract this salt from its waters. It is stated that in this way chlorate of potash can be obtained 30% cheaper than by the cheapest process thus far known; and as there is an increasing demand for this salt, it is a safe and profitable investment. In order to save fuel, which is scarce in those regions, the works are kept in the most active operation during the dry season, when the water is low and the River Jordan does not dilute them much, the water level varying considerably, and consequently the concentration. This body of water, of course, con-



BULL-WHACKING ON THE GREAT PLAINS.

of the North Platte river for a distance of 40 miles.

The herds are replenished every year by the purchase of Texas yearlings, and by the natural increase. The more enterprising of stock raisers improve the breed of their cattle by keeping them with a good class of bulls which are purchased in the East. Half-breed cattle grow larger and bring a better price than pure Texans.

The "cow-boys" who are employed to herd the cattle are, as a rule, a rough set of men.

tains the soluble ingredients from the hights surrounding the whole water-shed, of which the rains have made a lye, and solar evaporation has concentrated in that sea.

A SIMPLE LIFE-PRESERVER.—It is not generally known that, when a person falls into the water, a common felt hat can be made use of as a life-preserver. By placing the hat upon the water, rim down, with the arm around it pressing it slightly to the breast, it will bear a man up for hours.

MARVELS OF MAN.

While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of dissolving the hardest food that can be swallowed; it has no influence whatever on the soft and delicate fibers of the living stomach, nor upon the living hand, but, at the moment of death it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acids.

There is dust on sea, on land; in the valley, and on the mountain-top; there is dust always and everywhere; the atmosphere is full of it; it penetrates the noisome dungeon, and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth; no palace-door can shut it out, no drawer so "secret" as to escape its presence; every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, and yet that eye is not blinded, because there is a fountain of the blandest fluid in nature incessantly emptying itself under the eyelid, which spreads it over the surface of the ball at every winking and washes every atom of dust away. But this liquid, so mild, and so well adapted to the eye itself, has some acidity, which, under certain circumstances, becomes so decided as to be scalding to the skin, and would rot away the eyelids were it not that along the edges of them there are little oil manufactories, which spread over their surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eye-ball washed clean, as the best varnish is impervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs has been so perfectly divested of its life-giving properties, that to re-breathe it, unmixed with other air, the moment it escapes from the mouth, would cause immediate death by suffocation, while if it hovered about us, a more or less destructive influence over health and life would be occasioned; but it is made of a nature so much lighter than the common air, that the instant it escapes the lips and nostrils, it ascends to the higher regions above the breathing-point, there to be rectified, renovated and sent back again, replete with purity and life. How rapidly it ascends, is beautifully exhibited any frosty morning.

But foul and deadly as the expired air is, Nature, wisely economical in all her works and ways, turns it to good account in its outward passage through the organs of voice, and makes of it the whisper of love, the soft words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the sweetest strains of ravishing music, the persuasive eloquence of the finished orator.

If a well-made man be extended on the ground, his arms at right angles with the body, a circle, making the navel its center, will just take in the head, the finger-ends and feet.

The distance from "top to toe" is precisely the same as that between the tips of the fingers when the arms are extended.

The length of the body is just six times that of the foot; while the distance from the edge of the hair on the forehead to the end of the chin, is one tenth the length of the whole stature.

Of the sixty-two primary elements known in nature, only eighteen are found in the human body, and of these, seven are metallic. Iron is found in the blood; phosphorus in the brain; limestone in the bile; lime in the bones, dust and ashes in all.—*Journal of Health.*

DOMESTIC METEOROLOGY.—A gentleman lately kept the following meteorological journal of his wife's temper—"Monday, rather cloudy; in the afternoon, rainy. Tuesday, vaporish; brightened up a little towards evening. Wednesday, changeable, gloomy, inclined to rain. Thursday, high wind, and some peals of thunder. Friday, fair in the morning, variable till afternoon, cloudy all night. Saturday, gentle breeze, hazy, a thick fog, and a few flashes of lightning. Sunday, tempestuous and rainy; towards evening somewhat calmer."

"HAVE you ground all your tools, as I told you this morning?" said a carpenter to his apprentice. "All but the saw, sir; I couldn't get quite all the gaps out of that."

BANGED HAIR.

To our sight there is nothing sadder than a sane woman with her hair banged. A lunatic might be excused for such an erratic style of hair-dressing, but how a woman in the full possession of her faculties, and with the knowledge that she has a character to keep up, can wear her hair banged, is to us a profound mystery.

From whence came the style? What originated it? Who set it afloat? Nobody on earth can say truthfully that it is beautiful. We never heard of its curing the liver complaint or the rheumatism. It does not render one any more liable to draw a prize in a lottery. It does not insure the wearer against being drowned, or struck by lightning, or bored by washing-machine agents. It does not make a tall woman look shorter, or a short one taller, or a fat one leaner; and if it is becoming to any human, then that face has escaped our notice!

It will metamorphose the prettiest girl of our acquaintance into a monstrosity, and as for its effect on a plain woman—may the saints deliver us from seeing it! It sets our teeth on edge! It imparts to the average female face the most discouraged, done-for-generally expression we have ever seen.

But there! what is the use of conjecturing? Fashion is omnipotent; so is folly, and we do not doubt that somewhere in the world, to-day, somebody is saying, "Bangs are so becoming."—*Exchange.*

HOW LONG WE ARE TO LIVE.

It is not everyone who asks himself this question, because, strangely enough, it is the belief of many persons that their lives will be exceptionally lengthy. However, life assurance companies are aware of the credulous weakness of those whose lives they assure, and have therefore compiled numerous tables of expectancy of life for their own guidance, which are carefully referred to before a policy is granted. The following is one of these well-authenticated tables, in use among London assurance companies, showing the expectancy of life at various ages. In the first column we have the present ages of persons of average health; and in the second column we are enabled to peep, as it were, behind the scenes of an assurance office, and gather from its table the number of years it will give us to live. This table has been the result of careful calculation, and seldom proves misleading. Of course, sudden and premature deaths, as well as lives unusually extended, occasionally occur; but this is a table of average expectancy of life of an ordinary man or woman:

Age.	More yrs. to live.	Age.	More yrs. to live.
1.....	39 50	21
10.....	51 60	14
20.....	41 70	9
30.....	34 80	4
40.....	24 90	0

Our readers will easily gather from the above tabulated statement the number of years to which their lives, according to the law of averages, may reasonably be expected to extend.

THE HANDS.—In order to preserve the hands soft and white, they should always be washed in warm water, with fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately coarse towel, being well rubbed every time to insure a brisk circulation, than which nothing can be more effectual in promoting a transparent and soft surface. If engaged in any accidental pursuit which may hurt the color of the hands, or if they have been exposed to the sun, a little lemon juice will restore their whiteness for the time; and lemon soap is proper to wash them with. Almond paste is of essential service in preserving the delicacy of the hands. The following is a serviceable pomade for rubbing the hands on retiring to rest: Take two ounces of sweet almonds; beat with three drachms of white wax, and three drachms of spermaceti; put up carefully in rose water. Gloves should always be worn on exposure to the atmosphere, and are graceful at all times for a lady in the house, except at meals.

HOME.

A home cannot be made with mortar, nor by a master builder. Oh, better the humble cot, hidden by trees, in the happy vale of Content, than the palace of my lord in aristocratic Belgrave.

Whenever we pass a cozy little cot, with a vine growing over the door and flowers in the window, through which we catch a glimpse of the happy husband and loving wife, with joyous children clambering over them, it suggests Shakespeare:

"Verily, I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked in glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow."

Somehow the idea of home is associated with the quiet country, with an humble house far removed from the dusty thoroughfares where fools struggle in the mad race for riches, power and place.

"It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,
And the gray roof sloping down.

"The trees fold their green arms around it,
The trees a century old,
And the winds go whistling through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold."

Somehow our idea of home is associated with a pleasant place where we played in childhood; where the loved ones lived and died, and around which cluster the happy memories of delightful years.

Home is associated with fields of newly mown hay, with bursting buds and beautiful blossoms, with chasing butterflies and searching for strawberries.

No, the skill of all the workmen in the world, nor all the decorations of art, will not make a home.

DRUNKENNESS IN ENGLAND.—Dr. Bucknill, in his recent work on "Habitual Drunkenness," says: "Of late years the upper class of English has become sober, and its growing opinion stamps drunkenness more and more as a disgrace; and that some small proportion of its members are left behind in the shameful indulgence of the old vice is certainly not a matter of national concern. But they will ruin themselves! No doubt, and why should they not? Their possessions will be better placed in sober hands, and their undeserved social position will be yielded to the advance of more worthy candidates, but they will kill themselves! And this also is more likely than lamentable, especially if they leave no offspring to inherit the curse of their qualities. It would be a national, nay, a world-wide blessing, if alcohol were really the active poison which it is so often represented to be, that men who indulge in it might die off quickly. The French have somewhat improved upon pure spirit in this direction by the invention of absinthe, which causes epilepsy, and Americans, with their vile compounds of raw whisky taken into empty stomachs, are far ahead of ourselves. An American drunkard who sticks to his work has a much better prospect of finishing it within a reasonably short time than the Englishman."

A PARLOR GAME.—Logomachy is the title of a game that will probably become popular, especially in families where children are attending school and have acquired some knowledge of language. It is played with 56 cards, on each one of which is printed a letter of the alphabet. Each player receives a number of the cards and a certain number are laid on the table. The players take turns in building words with the cards, using the cards on the table, and those taken by the previous players with the addition of one from his own hand. The player has the right to take in as a trick all the cards he can properly utilize in thus building a word. The game is a fine mental exercise both as to spelling and developing ingenuity, and it can hardly be played without keeping the dictionary in constant circulation.

RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION IN 1879.

The *Railway Age* has an article reviewing the progress of railway construction during the last year. It says that the past year has been an extraordinary one in respect to the revival of railway building, more miles of track having been laid than in any year since 1873, and probably more than in that year. We quote as follows: The returns, of course, are not yet all in, but from various sources of information we have compiled the following table showing the total mileage constructed in each State, so far as we are able to learn, reserving the opportunity to a detailed statement with additions:

	Broad gauge.	Narrow gauge.	Total.
Arizona.....	153	9	153
Arkansas.....	7	60	67
Colorado.....	220	—	220
Dakota.....	10	25	35
Georgia.....	90	—	90
Illinois.....	74	40½	114½
Indiana.....	325	46	371
Iowa.....	—	90	90
Kansas.....	498	—	498
Kentucky.....	65	—	65
Louisiana.....	65	—	65
Maine.....	—	18	18
Maryland.....	18	—	18
Massachusetts.....	11	—	11
Michigan.....	12	41½	53½
Minnesota.....	394	—	394
Missouri.....	161	27	188
Nebraska.....	125	—	125
Nevada.....	—	35	35
New Jersey.....	4	—	4
New Mexico.....	125	—	125
North Carolina.....	25	—	25
New York.....	67½	6	73½
New Hampshire.....	—	9½	9½
Ohio.....	105	108½	213½
Oregon.....	30	—	30
Pennsylvania.....	14	5	19
South Carolina.....	—	2	2
Tennessee.....	119	57	176
Texas.....	120	67½	187½
Utah.....	83	46	129
Virginia.....	29½	—	29½
West Virginia.....	—	20	20
Wisconsin.....	60	15	75
Total.....	3,010	728½	3,738½

It will be noted that the greatest amount of tracklaying has been done in Kansas, which shows nearly 500 miles of new roads, while Minnesota follows with 394, Iowa with 371, young Dakota with 220 and old Ohio with 213½, and so on.

It is also notable that nearly one-quarter of the total mileage—at least 728 miles—is of narrow gauge, showing that the narrow-gauge "delusion," as some call it, has not yet run its course.

WHERE THE COLD WAVES COME FROM.—Meteorological observations have now become so extended that evidence is rapidly accumulating to enable us to determine positively the source of the cold aerial waves which sweep across our country during the winter season. The indications are that we owe them to the great area of high barometer in northeastern Siberia, where the pressure sometimes exceeds 31.50 inches, and the temperature falls as low as 76° below zero. The pole of greatest cold is in the neighborhood of Yokutsk, on the Lena, where the average thermometric reading in January of 41° below zero, and where the severest cold exceeds by 10° that experienced by explorers in high arctic regions. This is also the region of the highest barometric pressure known in winter; and from it, doubtless, proceed the waves of intense cold which play so large a part in our winter experiences.

KEY-HOLE SAW.—The Japanese hand saws cut on the pull-stroke; so no matter how hard the wood or dull the saw, they will not bend or buckle. It is rather more difficult to saw to line with such saws than with ours, but they have their advantages. Take one of our key-hole or compass saws, cutting on the push or shove stroke, what an aggravating, limber thing it is. Now point the teeth the other way, and you have a tool that will keep stiff no matter how many knots it encounters or how dull it gets. In other words, the pull-stroke of 3,000 years ago is the best for such thin, narrow blades.

CHANGES IN THE APPEARANCE OF JUPITER.

Writing with reference to the strange belt on Jupiter, in a communication to the *Scientific American*, dated September 28th, Mr. J. A. Brashear, of Pittsburg, Pa., says: "I first saw it at 2:45 A. M. on the 26th of June. A nine-inch silvered glass Newtonian telescope was used in this observation. The belts on the equator were of a beautiful pinkish brown color. The broken belt noticed by your correspondent was so vivid and clear that it reminded me of a coke fire seen on a dark night. It made such an impression on my mind that I at once made a sketch of it, which has been of great value in subsequent observations. In referring to my note book I find I have eight drawings of the planet since the above date. Comparing the last drawing with the previous ones, I am led to believe that the spot has slowly diminished in size, though not in general outline. Another and still more strange phenomenon has occurred, and to this I should like to call the special attention of observers. In my drawings I have located the white spots plainly visible between the equatorial belts, and by comparing the consecutive sketches I find that either the spots or the red belt has shifted in reference to one another about one-fourth the length of the red belt.

"Any one who has read Camille Flammarion's interesting article on Jupiter in the last number of your supplement, will see that this shifting of the spots is no new thing, but the question is, Which belt or spot has shifted? I am inclined to think, with my esteemed friend, Mr. F. W. Very, assistant to Prof. Langley at the Alleghany Observatory, that it may be some terrific action is going on in a local spot beneath the red belt which has dissipated or torn away the vaporous envelope of the planet over the place of local disturbance, and we possibly see the actual surface of the planet beneath or through the rift in the vaporous envelope. If this conjecture be true, then it is more than likely that the shifting has been in the white spots beneath the equatorial belts, as the local action which gives us the red belt would hardly be of a shifting character. I have used 6.5-inch, 9-inch and 12-inch aperture silvered glass telescopes, and 4-inch and 13-inch achromatics, at different times of observation, and have had some exquisite views of this marvelous planet and its attendant panoramic phenomena."

"JANNIN'S CEMENT," a recently patented French product, named after its inventor, is simply composed of a mixture in suitable proportions of yellow oxide of lead—that known in trade as "Massicot"—is preferred—and glycerine; other metallic oxides and coloring matter may be added to the above mixture, according to the character or color that may be desired. The cement may be made to possess more or less stiffness by varying the proportions of glycerine—the larger the percentage of the latter, the softer the cement, and *vice versa*. This cement is represented to be especially adapted for molding objects which demand an extreme delicacy in the lines of the cast, such as engraved blocks and plates, forms of printing type, photoglyphic plates, etc. It is affirmed that it sets in a few minutes under the influence of a gentle heat and then admirably resists heat and pressure. When set, it is said to make a good substitute for lithographic stone. It is also recommended for artistic reproductions, such as fac similes of terra cotta, the color and sonorousness of which it closely imitates. It does not shrink in setting. So says the *English Mechanic*.

TO DESTROY BUGS AND FLEAS.—This mixture, which has been patented in France, consists of 80 parts of bisulphide of carbon and 20 parts of essence of petroleum.

NEW INVENTIONS.

We publish descriptions of the following new inventions, obtained through Dewey & Co.'s Mining and Scientific Press Patent Agency, San Francisco:

RAILROAD CHAIR.—John R. Sullivan, San Rafael, Cal. Patented Dec. 30, 1879. No. 223,187. This invention relates to that class of railroad chairs wherein two chairs and a connecting metal bar serve to secure the track, the object of which is to provide such a chair as will give a broad sustaining surface to the rail, and yet greatly cheapen its construction. The rail-supporting bases are of cast iron, and in form like a parallelogram. The upper side is made to slope in each direction from the line where the rail crosses it to the outer end, and these inclined faces are grooved so that a large base may be obtained without undue weight. Each pair of bases are united by means of a wrought iron bar which has its ends laid into the mold so as to be cast with them. The top of the base has a double slot formed across it, the outer side of one slot having its bottom of the height at which it is desired to have the base of the rail stand, and is beveled under the outer face so that one flange of the rail will be in this groove. The inner part of the slot has its bottom lower than the plane of the upper slot, and the meeting edge between the two is inclined and dovetailed or beveled downward and backward. A key is formed so that when in place its contour will be and form a part of the base. The whole forms a cheap and convenient railway tie.

CHECK HOOK.—Wm. M. Blain, Salinas, Monterey Co., Cal. Patented Dec. 30, 1879. No. 223,028. This invention is called a "thimble" pad-hook, and consists of a bearing post, which is secured at the point usually occupied by the pad-hook. The post has a spring-catch fitted to it either in front or behind. A thimble or sleeve is permanently attached by a loop or link to the bridle check-rein, and is fitted to slide down over the post, where it is held by the snap-hook, so that it cannot be accidentally detached. By this construction a much neater connection is made between the check-rein and the pad, and one which may be engaged or disengaged with one hand. The strain upon the rim is much lower down than when the ordinary hook is used, and does not pull the pad over as much.

VEGETABLE DYES FROM CABBAGE.—MM. Savigny and Colineau have just made a discovery of considerable practical importance in obtaining harmless colors from this vegetable. They have succeeded in extracting from red cabbage, or broccoli, a coloring matter which is absolutely inoffensive, and capable of application in all the ordinary operations of painting, printing and dyeing. To this they have given the name *cauline*, from the Latin *caulis*, a cabbage. The leaves of the plant are cut into small pieces, thrown into boiling water in the proportion of 3 lbs. of the leaf to 3 liters of water, and there left to macerate for 24 hours; at the end of this time they are withdrawn and subjected to a strong pressure, and the juices thus expressed are added to the liquor of infusion. As thus obtained, the "*cauline*" is of a blue-violet color, and forms the base of a series of derivatives of various colors.

WEIGHT OF DIFFERENT MINERALS.—The following shows the weight (avoirdupois) per cubic foot of various kinds of material: Average mortar, 106 pounds; loose earth, 95 pounds; common soil (compact), 124 pounds; clay (compact), about 135 pounds; clay with stones, 160 pounds; brick, 125 pounds; lead, 709 pounds; wrought iron, 481 pounds; cast iron, 450 pounds; lime, 64 pounds; sand (loose), 96 pounds. And the following shows the bulk of one ton of different substances in cubic feet: earth (compact), 18; earth (loose), 32 cubic feet.

GOOD TIMES.

The opening of spring will herald an era of prosperity to the Pacific Northwest. In British Columbia, four sections of the Canadian Pacific Railroad have been contracted for, with Messrs. Onderdonk & Co., and as soon as the weather will permit, a large force of men will be put to work. On Puget Sound, all the mills will, this summer, be run at their full capacity, lumber having once more reached a price which enables mill-owners to manufacture at a fair profit. In Oregon and Eastern Washington, more railroads will be constructed than in any previous year. The Northern Pacific are employing a large force of men on the two hundred mile section of railroad from Ainsworth east, and expect to complete the same in time to move this year's crop. By the middle of February, nearly five hundred men will be at work on the section of railroad from Celilo to Wallula, and more will be employed as they can be used to advantage. In Idaho, "the narrow gauge" from the East is slowly but surely reaching out to the Snake river, and every day shortens the gap. The Skagit mines, whilst we are not ready to concede all that is claimed for them, are, without a doubt, "very good diggings," and will add thousands of dollars to the wealth of Puget Sound. Mining in general will be most actively prosecuted here this year. All our principal gold, silver and cinnabar mining companies have, during the past year, erected their mills and furnaces, and during 1880 will be ready to get at the precious metals. Added to the above, we have, during the past three months, received hundreds of letters from residents in States "East of the Rockies," which, after careful perusal and comparison with similar letters in previous years, enables us to publish the gratifying information that our immigration for 1880 will by far outnumber that of any previous year.

From the above brief glance over the field, and bearing in mind that Oregon is the center of operations and chief commissary department for all of the above named points, we are justified in predicting a prosperous season for this locality.

Dr. J. Simms, the celebrated physiognomist, has just concluded a very successful and valuable course of lectures in this city.

Our Northern Fleet.

Return of vessels which have passed by or in the vicinity of the Light Station at Cape Flattery, W. T., during the year ending December 31, 1879.

Report made by ALEX. SAMSON, Keeper of the Light House.

1879.	Sh'ps	B'ks	Brigs	Sch's	Str's	Total
Quar. ending,						
March 31.....	55	106	4	70	4	313
June 30.....	63	191	8	149	8	501
Sept'r 30.....	54	152	8	168	8	369
Dec'r 31.....	48	110	8	45	45	256
Total.....	225	619	28	332	265	1469

Meteorological Observations

Made at Portland, Oregon, by R. R. HERRMAN, Corporal Signal Corps, U. S. A.

Annual Summary for the year ending December 31, 1879.

1879.	MONTHLY MEANS.			Wind, prev. di- rection.	Rain, inches or Snow	No. days Rain or Snow fell.
	Barom.	Ther.	Humid- ity			
Jan...	30.173	37.8	76.1	S	5.28	18
Feb...	30.000	44.0	79.3	E	13.22	23
Mar...	29.971	47.8	78.8	S	11.70	23
April...	30.109	52.3	65.8	S	2.19	10
May...	30.089	51.6	73.5	S	6.60	22
June...	30.106	60.5	66.5	NW	2.18	11
July...	30.015	66.1	61.7	NW	1.75	8
Aug...	29.960	68.0	63.5	NW	0.97	7
Sept...	30.018	63.7	70.4	NW	2.18	10
Oct...	30.090	51.9	74.0	S	4.23	16
Nov...	30.084	43.6	77.7	S	4.56	16
Dec...	30.073	38.9	78.3	S	7.36	16
Means	30.064	52.5	72.4	S	62.22	198

GENERAL ITEMS.

Highest barometer during the year, 30.819 on December 24th.

Lowest barometer during the year 29.314 on October 11th.

Annual range of barometer, 1.505.

Maximum temperature, 91.7, July 26th.

Minimum temperature, 3.0, Dec. 28th.

Annual range of temperature, 88.7.

Greatest daily range of temperature, 33.7, May 25th.

Amount of rain or melt of snow, 62.22.

Prevailing wind south.

Last frost of Spring, April 11th.

First frost in Autumn, November 1st.

Meteorological Observations

Made by JAMES G. SWAN at Neenah Bay, Clallam county, W. T.

Annual summary for the year ending December 3, 1879.

MONTH.	Mean Bar.	TEMPERATURE				Rainfall and Melted Snow.	Snowfall in inches.
		Mean.	Max.	Min.			
January	30.05	36.20	49	36	13.93	9.75	
February	30.00	38.00	51	26	24.33	12.00	
March	29.86	41.02	56	32	29.83	3.80	
April	30.19	45.00	57	32	7.68	None	
May	30.7	50.66	66	41	7.14	"	
June	30.27	54.66	64	46	1.48	"	
July	30.01	56.01	70	48	4.63	"	
August	30.09	59.0	72	52	5.81	"	
September	30.14	50.51	70	44	4.90	"	
October	30.30	49.33	60	30	1.65	"	
November	30.06	43.66	54	30	8.78	"	
December	29.98	37.83	52	18	20.97	6.50	
Sums.....	61.22	64.88	721	425	136.16	32.05	
Mean.....	30.10	47.07	60.1	35.5			

CROP PROSPECTS.—From T. J. Black, Esq., of the firm of Black, Pearl & Co., dealers in general merchandise, at Halsey, we learn that the fall-sown grain all along the line of the railroad, and particularly so in the vicinity of Halsey, is in the very best condition, and he predicts that, no accident happening, crops for 1880 will be larger than ever. Mr. Black is one of the heaviest grain buyers in Linn county, and a man of excellent judgment. His opinion is therefore a valuable one.

First premium awarded to Abell for the best cabinets, cards, and retouched photographs, at the State Fair.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—Published at Philadelphia, Pa., is now in its 27th year, and still remains the great Family Magazine of America. It is ably conducted and in keeping with the enterprise of the times. Amongst its corps of contributors it numbers some of the ablest writers in the United States. Subscription price per year, \$2.00.

No form of beauty has more devotees, especially among the ladies, than flowers; but in order to have these beautiful gems of nature in perfection, it is necessary to procure good seed, and also to be in possession of some knowledge as to the proper manner of planting the seed and cultivating the plant. This, and much more very useful information, is contained in D. M. FERRY & Co.'s beautifully Illustrated Descriptive and Priced Seed Annual, which they offer to send free to all. See their advertisement in our columns.

Buchtel, the "old stand-by" of photographers, is still on deck at his elegant gallery, corner First and Morrison streets, where he is prepared to take all kinds of pictures, in the most approved style of the art.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.—Of the many Guides and Seed and Plant Catalogues sent out by our Seedsmen and Nurserymen, and that are doing so much to inform the people and beautify and enrich our country, none are so beautiful, none so instructive as *Vick's Floral Guide*. Its paper is the choicest, its illustrations handsome, and given by the hundred, while its Colored Plate is a gem. This work, although costing but five cents, is handsome enough for a Gift Book, or a place on the parlor table. Published by JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.—A series of six lectures, on the various topics of social science, will be delivered in this city. The first of the series, by Dr. Harvey, on "First Appearance of Man in America," delivered in the Unitarian chapel on the evening of January 21st, was a rare treat to all who were fortunate enough to be present. The second lecture, at the same place, will be delivered on the 4th of February, and one lecture every two weeks thereafter. Amongst the corps of lecturers who have volunteered for this series, we notice the following eminent gentlemen: Dr. E. I. Bailly, Medical Director of the Department of the Columbia; Dr. Philip Harvey, Professor of Pathology, Willamette University; T. H. Crawford, Esq., City Superintendent of Public Instruction; Dr. R. G. Rex, Professor of Chemistry in Willamette University; and E. D. Shattuck, Esq., ex-judge of the Supreme Court of Oregon.

"Mary," said a lover to his intended, "give us a kiss, will you?" "No, I shant," said Mary, "help yourself."

"To Greece we give our shining blades," said the fellow at the boarding-house, plunging his knife into the butter-dish.

THE TEACHER'S DREAM.

BY POUNCE.

Not long ago I came across a poem with the above title. I read it, and since it has been recited in my school-room by a thoughtful pupil, who desired, no doubt, to contribute something consolatory to the teacher who for days and weeks struggles with his pupils, of whom the declaimer is one, without receiving much material reward. The child thought that his teacher could gain great comfort from hearing of the wonderful changes that came upon the pupils of this dreamer's class, and take new courage, hoping that he might, at some distant day, yet concealed in the mysterious vale of futurity, realize what this careworn weary teacher only dreamed.

It was a generous act on the part of the pupil. He felt conscious that his teacher needed something to fortify him in his daily toil. Of course he had many times thought as he was quietly reclining in his seat between recitations and watching his teacher labor with the other classes, that time is wearing rapidly away; age is creeping on, the days of waning strength are fast approaching when decrepitude will overcome his body and his usefulness will be outlived. As these thoughts were meandering their way through his susceptible young brain, he could not help but wonder what his teacher will do when the sun of that dreaded—that sad, but inevitable day, lights up the eastern heavens. He, no doubt, wondered, further, if his teacher had ever considered this subject from such a stand-point. Then it occurred to his innocent, sympathizing and generous heart, that he would do all he could in his feeble way to strengthen that teacher, to make his cares lighter, and encourage him to go forward in his good work, and remind him that though the present is not filled with a superabundance of the sweets of this life, yet in the time to come, after he has "fought the good fight" and about "finished his course," when the sun of his last day is low in the western sky, he is to meet with a great reward—greater than riches—aye, greater than fame. For the remainder he ponders the volumes of great writers, those whom he deems worthy of consideration on account of their learning and wisdom. After days and perhaps weeks of fruit-

less search among these pages of recorded lore—for he finds that learned men and women do not say much that is encouraging to the teacher—almost in desperation he clutched a teacher's monthly and his eager eyes fell upon the title, "The Teacher's Dream." He reads and reads again. He has found, for his teacher, what he so much desired, golden words of consolation. They will prove a balm to his aching heart, and a cordial to his weary brain. After he hears those words he will be filled with a new life and be almost impatient for the time to come, when tottering on the verge of the grave his reward for years of toil will be forthcoming and that glittering crown of honor will be placed over his silvery hair.

With all the confidence that youth possesses when conscious of good intentions, and full of the belief that he is doing a noble deed this pupil stepped upon the platform one Friday afternoon and in a clear full tone uttered these words:

The weary teacher sat alone,
Unnerved and pale was he;
Bowed 'neath a yoke of care
He spoke in sad soliloquy.

Another round, another round
Of labor thrown away;
Another drain of toil and pain
Dragged through a tedious day.

Of no avail is constant zeal,
Love's sacrifice is loss;
The hopes of morn so golden,
Turn each evening into dross.

I squander on a barren field
My strength, my life, my all;
The seeds I sow will never grow,
They perish where they fall.

He sighed, and low upon his hands
His aching brow he pressed;
And o'er his frame ere long there came
A soothing sense of rest.

And then he lifted up his face,
But started back aghast,
The room by strange and sudden change,
Assumed proportions vast.

It seemed a senate hall, and
One addressed a listening throng;
Each burning word all bosoms stirred,
Applause rose loud and long.

The 'wilderer teacher thought he knew
The speaker's voice and look;
"And for his name" he said,
"The same is in my record book."

The stately senate hall dissolved;
A church rose in its place,
Wherein there stood a man of God
Dispensing words of grace.

And though he spoke in solemn tone,
And though his hair was gray,
The teacher's thought was strangely wrought,
"I whipped that boy to-day."

The church, a phantom, vanished soon,
What saw the teacher, then?
In classic gloom of alcove room
An author plied his pen.

"My idlest lad," the teacher said,
Filled with new surprise;
"Shall I behold his name enrolled
Among the great and wise?"

The scene was changed again, and lo!
The school-house rude and old;
Upon the walls did darkness fall,
The evening air was cold.

"A dream," the speaker, waking said,
Then paced along the floor;
And whistling slow, and soft and low,
He locked the school-house door.

And walking home his heart was full
Of peace, and trust, and love, and praise;
And singing slow and soft and low,
He murmured "af er many days."

When the boy had finished speaking and was passing down the aisle to his seat, ringing in my ears yet were the words:

"I squander on a barren field,
My life, my strength, my all."

And I have thought so much on these words that it really seems to me, I should forget everything else I know, before I could forget them. The line,

"Love's sacrifice is loss."

Touched a responsive chord in my heart and vividly called to remembrance a boy whom I had loved—a sweet appealing child, with heavenly blue eyes, an honest look in his fair young face, and an ample brain ready to be stowed with valuable impressions. He transgressed one day—was naughty. For the very love I bore him I detained him and reasoned with him, and urged upon him in the utmost kindness how beautiful it is to be good, and how noble it is to always do right. It would have been much easier, and occupied far less time for me to have boxed his ears or struck him a dozen blows with a whip and sent him home in disgrace. The next day, unfortunately for me, I accidentally overheard that same boy heaping curses upon me for detaining him after school. Curses more deep and crushing could not have been used if I had whipped him severely. Verily in this case

"Love's sacrifice was loss."

How often, after a teacher has, with a tender and sympathizing heart, said kind and generous words to pupils—words uttered for their benefit—with a deep feeling of interest for their welfare, will his goodness be met with a disdainful look, or a contemptible sneer!

In sad soliloquy the teacher had said:

"I squander on a barren field,
My strength, my life, my all."

But after the dream, when walking home,

"His heart was full
Of peace, and trust, and love, and praise."

Of course the dream, having seen the bad and idle boys changed to honored and useful men—as though he had been the cause of this wonderful transformation—had induced him to alter his mind, and to deem the field, instead of barren, one of exceeding fertility and capable of yielding abundant and richest fruits. Indeed, what remarkable changes are sometimes wrought in the human mind! Perhaps his first conclusion, so far as individual interests are concerned, was correct. The other, one of those sentimental, immaterial, platonic conclusions, very becoming to the white-winged seraphs that hover about the courts of bliss and fan the brows of saints with their immaculate pinions, but rather inappropriate to one of flesh and blood who has need of something tangible of this world's goods that he may be able to see the bright and enjoyable side of an earthly existence.

Let us review the teacher's profession as it actually appears, divested of that peculiar sentiment, with which, for the sake of euphony, it is so often clothed.

First, years of invaluable time must be spent, and untold agonies of hard work must be done in preparing for the field. Then when life is brightest and hope looms highest, the teacher enters upon his duties at a salary of, say \$50 per month, or six hundred dollars per annum. In ten years from his first hour's teaching, if he has been steadily employed in the meantime, and has been successful, just in the prime of his life when his powers are at their best, he may command sixty dollars per month, or seven hundred and twenty dollars per annum. Alas! this is only too true.

Then what extravagant castle building can a teacher indulge in! What visions of future happiness must pass before his mind in his contemplative moments! Can he, like the young physician, look forward to a joyous home of wealth and luxury, surrounded by a happy family and everything else to make life blissful? Or like the

young farmer, know that his labor will be rewarded with substantial fruits and that in his old age he will be able to enjoy peace and comfort? Or like the young lawyer, who has no more intellect and not so much education, anticipate fame and fortune, and step gradually up through his profession to the forum, to the bench, to the Senate hall? I pause for a reply.

Such a venture as marriage, for the man who has chosen teaching as his life-long work, is entirely out of the question. It is a luxury of which he must deny himself. In the first place he can't afford it, and—in the second place—if he should be so reckless as to think he can, the woman who would be willing to join her future with his cannot be found. If she can I have only to say, that the fortitude, and pure unadulterated and deliberate bravery possessed by such a woman, amounts to that which is beyond sublimity itself, sublime.

Then the professional teacher, generally speaking, must be a celibate, without a home, because his income won't permit it, a wanderer on the face of the earth, contented to pass his best years—his life—in preparing others to win fame that he may have the honor, if it will bear so exalted a title, of being himself aware, for few others will ever know it, that he one time away back when he was young, taught some boy arithmetic and grammar, who now makes the world ring with his eloquence or entrances mankind with his enrapturing poetry.

But to return to the dream. Soon after the weary teacher fell asleep, there appeared to him in his vision, a vast room.

"It seemed a senate hall, and
One addressed a listening throng;
Each burning word all bosoms stirred,
Applause rose loud and long."

And after he took a good look at the speaker, he recognized him and declared his name was in his record book. Now suppose this had not been a dream, but that the teacher had been a teacher ever since, and that he really had heard burning words of eloquence fall from the lips of him whose name could be found in one of his old record books. The teacher would be an obscure old man, wrinkled and grizzled, leaning upon a staff, and moving with slow and faltering steps. He would probably approach the distinguished

senator and remind him that at one time he had the honor of being his teacher. The senator would receive him with a gracious smile, shake his hand heartily, look admiringly upon him and be as pleased to see the good old man as he would to see the trundle bed upon which he slept when a boy, or the cradle in which his mother rocked him when an infant. Each occupy about the same relative position in the mind of the senator. After a brief conversation he would bid his old teacher a good afternoon, inviting him to call some day, and with a coach-and-four be conveyed to his palatial residence. At dinner he would sip his wine at a table glittering with silver and china, backed up by a salary of eight thousand a year, and then in his princely parlor he would recline upon magnificently upholstered mahogany, and listen to "music's voluptuous swell," as it arose from a three-thousand dollar piano, discoursed by an accomplished daughter, beautiful as Venus; and as the hour draws late would lose himself in sleep on a couch soft as downy pillows are, and awake in the morning to read of his fame, that while he was sleeping had circled the globe on the wings of the lightning.

How with the teacher? It is soon told. He hobbles away to his obscure and lowly dwelling, enters its cheerless and chilly precincts and drops wearily into an uncushioned chair to think of "what might have been." He partakes of his frugal meal, and retires to rest—not amid laces and linen, satins and down—but upon a bed, fortunate indeed, if it be even comfortable.

Next, in his dream, he sees a clergyman dispensing words of grace, whom he found upon close examination to be a boy that he had flogged the same day. Yes, but the boy had decided not to follow teaching for a living. He rather had opened a gate into a field where are found a Luther, a Spurgeon, a Talmage and scores of others with a brilliant fame that will go down to the end of time, not to say anything of a Beecher with a hundred thousand a year.

Then he saw another who had been his idlest lad, and he? He was an author. Ah, yes, my good old friend; he preferred to go along with a Walter Scott, who could make a hundred thousand a year and astonish the entire

civilized world with his marvelous stories; and a Byron, a Longfellow, a Tennyson or a Bryant, who captivate humanity with their transcendental verses, or with the authoress of Daniel Deronda, who has acquired a name that can never die, as well as two hundred thousand dollars with her pen.

Indeed these are better company—at least most persons, strange to say, would rather be found in the company of such people, than in that of teachers.

When the teacher's days are numbered, and the time comes when he is called hence, the country is not thrown into mourning, the telegraph wires are not made hot transmitting the intelligence of the sad fact throughout the length and breadth of our broad land, public meetings are not called from the Orient to the Occident to pass resolutions of condolence, as at the death of a Morton or a Chandler. No grandeur displayed at the funeral, no memorial poems from all quarters of the globe as if a Bryant were to die—no, none of this. He sinks down to rest quietly and obscurely as the autumn leaf, passing from earth, alas! "unwept unhonored and unsung."

In the beautiful words of a silvery-tongued poet,

"Close his eyes, his work is done;
What to him is friend or foe-man,
Rise of morn, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman.

"As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn right,
Sleep forever and forever."

UNION BLOCK.

The illustration of this magnificent structure, which will be found on page 5 of this issue, speaks for itself. The building was erected during the past year at an expense of nearly \$90,000, and is one of the largest and handsomest in Portland. It is owned jointly by Messrs. H. W. Corbett and H. Failing, and is a lasting monument to their taste and liberality in assisting to build up the metropolis of the Northwest.

During this year, Mr. James Cook, who is the owner of the houses north of this building, will have the same removed and build to conform with Messrs. Corbett and Failing's structure. This will give Union Block a solid front of 200 feet on First street by 100 feet on both Oak and Stark streets.

In the completed part, we find in the

north end of the building, the Carpet Warehouse of Walter Bros. On the ground floor, their salesroom is 40x100 feet, occupied solely by wall-paper, a large and varied assortment of upholstering goods and window shades of every quality. A roomy gallery extends around the entire store, giving easy access to the very top shelves, which reach to the ceiling. An easy stairway leads to the second floor, a room 50x120, serving as a show-room for their immense assortment of carpets and oil-cloths, stair-roads, cornices, etc. Nothing that good taste can possibly suggest has been left undone to make the establishment an attractive one, and every facility is afforded to inspect their goods to the very best advantage of purchasers, and all their rooms are well lighted and easy of access. The stock that this firm carries is exceeded by no house on the Pacific Coast. They import direct from manufacturers and buy in large quantities, having branch houses at both San Francisco and New York. They do a large and steadily growing wholesale business, and people from the interior will no doubt find it to their advantage to call on Walter Bros. when they visit this city.

Ackerman & Co.'s Grand Central Establishment, occupies the largest store in the block. It has a depth of 200 feet with a frontage of 40 feet on First street and 50 feet on Second street, and a roomy basement under all, furnishes them ample storage capacity for unbroken packages. They carry a large stock of crockery, glassware, and fancy goods, wood and willow-ware.

Currier & Co., established since 1863, occupy the handsome store known as No. 91 First street. They are the pioneers in Oregon in combining the merchant tailoring with the clothing and hat business. In both the latter departments they carry a large, well-selected, and fashionable stock, whilst their assortment of gentlemen's furnishing goods is complete in every particular. Their salesroom is 33x85 feet; is well lighted and furnished with utmost convenience for transacting their extensive business. The work-shops are located on the second floor, where ten skillful tailors are employed in the various departments of manufacturing fashionable clothing. Mr. Wm. Currier, the senior of the firm and principal cutter of the establishment, has had

a life long experience at this business. It is now 45 years since he first became an apprentice.

J. K. Gill & Co., established here 12 years ago, in the book and stationery line. Their store, built especially for their convenience, has an entrance on both First and Stark streets, the latter intended solely for the wholesale trade. Shelving reach from the floor to the ceiling, a handsome balcony making the top shelves easy of access. The stock comprises everything that can possibly be thought of in the book and stationery business, from the cheapest to the most elegant, and is imported direct from Eastern and European publishers and manufacturers. The arrangement of goods in their store is complete in every respect, every article being placed by numbers or in alphabetical order, so that it can be readily and quickly found by the corps of polite employees. It is made the duty, and appears to be the pleasure, of the several clerks, as well as the members of the firm, to pay polite attention to all patrons of the establishment. The aim of the house is to merit the good will of the public by courteous conduct, strict fulfillment of its promises, and correctness of its representations in every respect. Their present establishment is pronounced by those who have traveled extensively as one of the most complete, in all its appointments, in the United States. We are proud to note such evidences of prosperity as evinced in their splendid establishment, and recommend them to all who desire to purchase the best goods in their line on the most reasonable terms.

L. Blumauer & Co., Druggists and Chemists, occupy the corner store, the handsomest and most elegantly fitted up establishment on the Pacific Coast. All the appointments in and about this little palace, are attractive, but by no means gaudy. The floor is laid with English minton glazed tile, artistically arranged, the various shades blending harmoniously. The shelvings are painted in pure white China gloss, trimmed with parti-colors and gilt, giving an exceedingly rich effect. The pilasters are fluted and the cornices beautifully carved and engraved. The walls are one continuation of French plate glass mirrors, back of the goods on the shelves. Besides, there are five large plate glass mirrors, three in the

rear of the store and one at each side, placed directly opposite, so that a person standing in line between the two sees innumerable reflections of the center of the store. Above each side mirror is a segment surmounted by a golden eagle, and above each pilaster is a golden mortar and pestle. There are no counters, properly speaking, at the sides, the space being taken up by four large glass counter cases, the lower portions being filled with the finest toilet sets, toilet articles, perfumeries, soaps, brushes, etc.

THE NORTH SIDE OF THE STORE

Is devoted to perfumery and patent medicines, and the south to drugs and chemicals proper. Presiding with proper dignity over so elegant an establishment, is Mr. W. N. Wallace, favorably known here as a competent and careful chemist. Mr. L. Blumauer, who, we are proud to say, is a born Oregonian and thorough business man, can usually be found at the wholesale department, which is located at No. 165 First street, three blocks further up First street. The laboratory connected with the wholesale department is in charge of Mr. T. Hageny and a full corps of assistants. The firm make all their importations direct, and are sole agents for the Northwest for some of the most reliable medicines known to the trade.

The rooms in the upper floors of the block, which are not used by the occupants of the stores on the first floor, are divided into neat, well lighted offices, and are used mostly by physicians and attorneys. Amongst the most prominent of the latter, Hon. M. C. George, as well as Catlin & Nicholls, occupy suits of rooms each. Dr. W. H. Saylor will be found in rooms 1, 2 and 3, and Dr. Fraser in rooms 5 and 6. Both of the latter gentlemen's cards appear in our directory of respectable physicians, wherein none but regular graduates are admitted.

One of the neatest and best furnished suit of rooms in the building are occupied by Dr. J. Welch's dental operating rooms. To make them agreeable and pleasant, nothing has been left undone that even the most exacting taste could possibly suggest. The Doctor has been established in Oregon for over 15 years and has a very extensive practice. Some of the most difficult operations in dental surgery ever performed in the North-

west, were either done by him or under his special advice and supervision. Besides the Portland office, the Doctor has an office in Oregon City, his place of residence, where he can be personally consulted on Saturdays of each week.

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EVERY lover of music should be a regular subscriber to *Whitney's Musical Guest*, published quarterly for \$1.00 per year, at Toledo, Ohio. It furnishes valuable music in every number, well worth five times the amount charged for subscription.

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In its comments on men and affairs, THE SUN believes that the only guide of policy should be common sense, inspired by genuine American principles and backed by honest purpose. For this reason it is, and will continue to be, absolutely independent of party, class, clique, organization, or interest. It is for all, but of none. It will continue to praise what is good and to protest what is evil, taking care that its language is to the point and plain, beyond the possibility of being misunderstood. It is undisturbed by motives that do not appear on the surface; it has no opinions to save, or use which may be had by any purchaser for two cents. It has integrity and is really even more than honest in its necessary words. It abhors frauds, pities fools, and deplores sinners of every species. It will continue throughout the year 1880 to chastise the first class, to set the second, and to discountenance the third. All honest men, with honest convictions, whether sound or mistaken, are its friends. And THE SUN makes no bones of telling the truth to its friends and about its friends whenever occasion arises for plain speaking.

These are the principles upon which THE SUN will be conducted during the year to come.

The year 1880 will be one in which no patriotic American can afford to close his eyes to public

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1880.

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affairs. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the political events which it has in store, or the necessity of resolute vigilance on the part of every citizen who desires to preserve the Government that the founders gave us. The debates and acts of Congress, the utterances of the press, the exciting contests of the Republican and Democratic parties, now nearly equal in strength throughout the country, the varying drift of public sentiment, will all bear directly and effectively upon the twenty-fourth Presidential election, to be held in November. Four years ago next November, the will of the nation, as expressed at the polls, was thwarted by an ominous conspiracy, the promoters and beneficiaries of which still hold the offices they stole. Will the crime of 1876 be repeated in 1880? The past decade of years opened with a corrupt, extravagant and insolent Administration intruding at Washington. THE SUN did something toward dislodging the gang and breaking its power. The same men are now intruding to restore their leadership and themselves to places from which they were driven by the indignation of the people. Will they succeed? The coming year will bring the answers to these important questions. THE SUN will be on hand to chronicle the facts as they are developed, and to exhibit them clearly and accurately in their relations to the people and right.

Thus, with a habit of philosophical humor in looking at the minor affairs of life, and in great things a earnest purpose to maintain the rights of the people and the principles of the Constitution against all aggressors, THE SUN is prepared to write a truthful, instructive, and at the same time entertaining, history of 1880.

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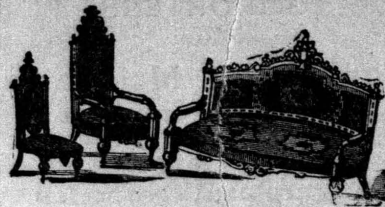
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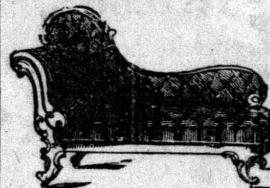
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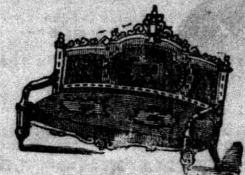
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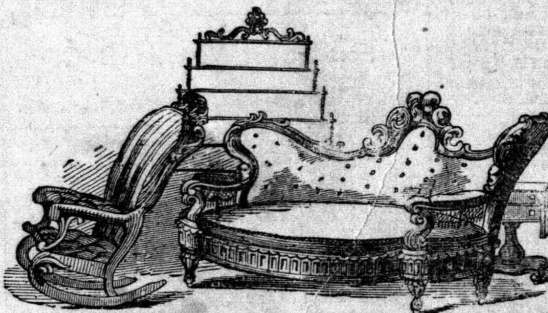
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