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OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

We have been brought often in the presence of death of late. It is strange that familiarity even with the tragedy of life robs it of its horror. Friends pass away from these scenes so quickly, we are so busy with our own affairs, we can hardly realize that they are no more. In our mind, unless we stop to think, the departed ones still inhabit this earth at times. They are on the streets, about their places of business, or at their work as of yore. They move and speak in familiar accents and we almost catch ourselves in converse with them, until we rob ourselves of the momentary delusion and realize that they are not now upon earth. Again and again we fall into the brief hallucination that pictures those departed friends, but recently dead, before the mind's eye, and the faculties seen only by application of mental effort willing to accept the final conclusion of death when it is forced upon us. Death as a fact is an unwilling acknowledgement of the heart and soul. This experience is not always confined to those just passed away. How often do we not detect the mind dwelling on some long lost loved one, a father or mother, brother or sister, or even a lovable grandfather or grandmother, consumed into dust generations since, of whom our only recollection dates back to early childhood. For the moment they are present and real as in a dream. Conjured up by remembrance of a kindness, or recognition of a real benefit conferred, they stand before us as in life, recalled from the tomb. Indeed, as tender as we will, we do hold converse with the dead. But it is always as through an intervening veil. There is an evanescent, inexpressible, unrepeatable something in the faces and forms of these beings that come before our eyes from the other world. There is a statuette expression on their countenance, and a far-off effect as though they did not know those who are still in the flesh. We are not of their world, and they are not of ours. What is our relation to them and theirs to us, who can fathom the mystery? The visitants from beyond the grave that come to flit across our human vision are many. We recall with the flashlight of memory the figure of a sweet four-year-old child that played about the doorstep of a humble home only the other day. A fall produced a slight injury, that grew into a variety of phenomena and in a short time she passed away. To the mother, dazed and bewildered by her grief, she still rambles about the house, at times sits by her table, and at night in her wakedreams cuddles close and warm at her side. Of course, the delusions pass away, but only to reappear, and the angel child in earthly form lingers about the household, and will for many a day. She will always be little Elva. In a stricken family where the father was taken, the wife and children cannot believe him gone. They see him about his accustomed labors, driving off to town, returning with comforts for them, working late into the night, depriving himself to secure them a home and roof over head free from debt—all it was only a vision of the mind. He is past recall, tho' the little ones often speak of him as tho' he were alive. Innocent childhood is incapable of grasping the fact of death. With them it is only a prolonged absence of one in whose arms they loved to nestle, whose hand they trusted and whose neck they encircled whenever he had a moment to spare for them. A business man in the fullest responsibilities of life is suddenly called hence. His associates know that his place in commercial circles is vacant. They have stricken his name mechanically from the lists of the living. But he is not thus easily to be obliterated from this world. At times we forget and he returns from his banishment, is at his desk, his elastic step comes toward us around the corner of the block, his cheerful manner is before the mind's eye, only in a moment to vanish when we recall that he is dead. How much sadder and dearer are the associations with the dead, to those whose lives were intimately connected and closely interwoven by the closest human ties. The apparitions of the departed must seem almost real when presented with the magnifying form of loving hearts. We live as it were in two worlds, one of the dead. There are figures at our sides at times not of this earth.

Messrs. Thorne & Hill have presented to the world the "North-

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western Musical Journal," semi-monthly at Portland. It is \$2 00 a year and the first number promises well upward and forward in the new musical impulse that has taken hold of this age.

A GOLD PANIC IMMINENT.

The exportation of a few millions of gold almost created a local panic in New York Thursday. Loans were called in, there was an immediate scarcity of the yellow metal and interest advanced five mills on the dollar.

The exportation of a hundred millions of the gold would bankrupt the country and produce a financial panic such as the world never saw. That European bondholders have the power to make such a call there is reason to believe. That holders of gold would not regret to see such a ruin made on American gold reserves no one can doubt.

They have everything to gain by a scarcity of gold, or by an appreciation of its value, and the depreciation of silver or paper money. The fluctuations of the market caused by the gold export must convince anyone that the financial system of our country rests on a precarious basis.

An exchange says: The government snag boat has done some work on the upper Willamette, but was ordered out too late to accomplish a great deal before high water came on. She managed to get away with \$5000 in public funds, however. That is the way the war department opens the rivers in the interest of the railroad company.

Prof. BeLroy, superintendent of public instruction, is making successful efforts for a display of Oregon's educational interests, at Chicago. He estimates the cost will be from \$2,500 to \$3,000 which he is raising by each teacher contributing 50 cents and the pupils from a cent, up. By this manner and others he expects to raise the necessary money.—Dallas Transcript.

As the meeting of the legislature draws near, there begins the usual discussion of a new law of assessment. Unless we get rid of the utterly vicious practice of deducting indebtedness, the law may well stand as it is. Any reform must begin with repeal of that folly. If that be repealed, adjustment of details will be an easy matter.—Oregonian.

Oregonian: In no part of the world do old men show off to better advantage and present so many of the elements of buoyant youthfulness in their countenances as here on the Pacific coast. Men work hard, stick to business earnestly, but will, at the same time, enjoy recreation from labor, how to participate in fun. It is an effect of peculiarly cheerful natures made so by a country in which men and women may and do enjoy more solid comfort than is to be found for the same walks in life in any other section of this most favored nation.

All cases of Weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by using one of Carter's Little Blue Pills. These pills make you nervous and excruciating pains you disappear either one reader you miserable, and these pills cure both.

Our National Bird. It has been proposed lately to ornament the tip of the flagstaff used in the regular army of the United States with the representation in metal of the bald eagle, which is the emblem of our republic. The staffs of regimental standards now terminate with pikes. The eagle has already done duty in this way upon the standards of other nations, and particularly upon those of Rome and France. The American eagle, however, is a different variety from the eagle of France and the Roman republic. It is of an American variety—the "bald," or white-headed eagle.

The ordinary name of the bird is a misnomer. It is not bald, but simply white-headed, the feathers on the head and neck of adult specimens being snowy white. The honor of first naming this bird as the emblem of the United States belongs to John J. Audubon, a naturalist, whose name will never be associated with our birds. He called the bald eagle the "Washington eagle," because, he said, "Washington was brave, as the eagle is. Like it, too, he was the terror of his enemies, and his fame, extending from pole to pole, resembles the eagles of the mightiest of the feathered tribe. If America has reason to be proud of her Washington, so she has to be proud of her great eagle." The bald eagle, with wings extended, "displayed proper," as it is called heraldry, was made the emblem of the United States in the year 1782.

The Duke and the Maniac. One day as the Duke of Wellington sat writing at his library table, quite alone his door was suddenly opened without a knock or announcement of any sort, and in stalked a gaunt man, who stood before the commander in chief with his hat and a savage expression of countenance. The duke was of course annoyed at such an unceremonious interruption, and looking up, said, "Who are you?" "I am Dionysius," was the singular answer. "Well, what do you want?" "Life," "My life?" "Yes; I am here to kill you." "Very odd," said the duke, sitting back and calmly gazing at the intruder. "Not at all, I am Dionysius," said the stranger, "and I must put you to death." "Are you obliged to perform your duty today?" asked the commander in chief; "I am very busy just now and have a large number of letters to write. It would be very inconvenient today." The visitor looked at the duke for a moment's pause, and again, "continued the duke, "go and make an appointment." "I am ready," "Without fail," was the reply. The maniac, averted, doubtless by the stern old soldier, backed out of the room without further ado, and half an hour later was seen in bedlam.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Many Thousands of Agents. The original plan for the lighting at the World's fair called for 100,000 incandescent lamps. It was found necessary to increase this allotment, and the latest advice the number required is 150,000. The third of this number will probably be entered in the Electricity building.

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