

WHEN OUR SHIP COMES IN.

There's a queer and quaint old saying  
On used by you and me.  
And one that is full of meaning—  
"When our ship comes in from sea."  
Was a store of fabled treasures  
We sought a faith to see.  
And a thousand radiant pleasures  
In that "ship from over the sea."  
When our ship shall come we'll open  
The doors of the castle we've reared,  
So staunch they can never be shaken  
By the storm our poverty reared.  
We'll invite in the weariness  
Dying for shelter and food,  
Whose prayerful, patient wishes  
Crave something from life that's good.  
When my ship from over the sea  
Drops anchor at home at last,  
The joy of its presence will be  
The fulfilling of promises past,  
The hope of its coming to me  
Is not what it brings to me,  
But for dear ones, heavily laden,  
I long for my ship from over the sea.  
—Sunday Call.

THOUGHTS OF THE EAST AND  
PRESENT.

A few years ago we made a trip to  
the Eastern states, to visit relatives,  
and to vary the monotony of the years  
of our past life. We took passage on  
the Ajax at Portland for San Francisco.  
The price of passage at the time  
was \$30, and as there was no connection  
by rail then with that seaport, we  
were under the necessity of making  
the trip by water. The Ajax was a  
staunch built vessel, but had the reputation  
of being the roughest sailer on  
the Pacific coast. We stowed in a fair  
share of edibles before crossing the  
"bar" at the mouth of the Columbia,  
but before being safely over the bar,  
those edibles of which we had so  
freely partaken, were surrendered up to  
the demands of greedy Neptune.  
After three days pleasant sailing,  
we landed at San Francisco about mid-  
night, and on touching the wharf, we  
were saluted with such a din of lusty  
voices from hotel runners, and all  
kinds of "lackeys,"—representing  
every nation on the earth—that we  
were not sure but what the "Tower of  
Babel" was in close proximity. We  
hastened to make our escape from the  
bedlam crowd, to a bus for the Russ  
Hotel, and were soon safely ensconced  
within the walls of that most cosmopolitan  
hostelry. We had as fellow  
passengers to the city, Mayor Berry  
who had formerly been superintendent  
of the Oregon penitentiary, and  
also a Mr. Bronson, of Corvallis, who  
was on his way to New York City on  
business connected with some material  
interest of Corvallis's enterprising citizens.  
On our arrival at the Russ  
Hotel we found it impossible to secure  
rooms in which we could enjoy a few  
hours of pleasant slumber; we there-  
fore mated ourselves in cushioned  
chairs, tried to compose our wearied  
brain, and surrendered ourselves to the  
arms of Morpheus. About 4 o'clock  
in the morning we were aroused by a  
light tap on the shoulder, and informed  
that we could retire, as a room had be-  
come vacant by the departure of some  
guests on an early train for Sacramento.  
We readily accepted the proffered  
room, and were soon resting on what  
then appeared to be a "bed of roses,"  
but on awakening from our troubled  
sleep, we found that we had laid our  
bodies down where other mortals had  
made their mark, and therefore, could  
not boast that our couch was of un-  
sullied purity.  
We shook the drowsy glow from our  
eyelids about 8 o'clock in the morning,  
performed our usual ablutions, and  
leisurely tracing our steps to the din-  
ing hall, we seated ourselves, and our  
eyes were greeted with such an array  
of luxuries as seldom greets the eyes  
of man. Every clime under the sun  
was there represented by fruits, vegeta-  
bles, vineyards and everything cal-  
culated to tempt the appetite. When  
we arose from the breakfast table, the  
wealth of the Indies could not have  
tempted us to swallow another morsel.  
After partaking of our morning meal,  
we sauntered around the city, and  
while so doing, we could not but cast  
our thoughts back to the time of our  
first visit to San Francisco in 1847,  
when there were not exceeding one  
hundred of white population, and  
when we worked on the beach stacking  
lumber supplied the city from  
Portland. We visited the city market  
and were astonished at the profusion  
of meats and vegetables there dis-  
played, a market which now requires  
one thousand head of mutton sheep a  
week, to supply the demands of the  
inhabitants. Now, imagine the con-  
sumption of meats in that metropolis,  
when there are about a dozen other  
markets supplying animal food to the  
people, and then reflect that Oregon  
after supplying her own market, will  
never fail to have good demand for all  
her surplus mutton.  
But let us proceed with our narra-  
tive. After passing the day in visiting  
the sights, towards evening we began  
to make preparations for our departure  
eastward in the morning. We re-  
paired to the office of the railroad  
company, procured tickets, for which  
we paid \$150 to Chicago. We then  
went to a restaurant, which was noted  
for its careful preparation of edibles  
for travelers by train, left our basket  
with orders to fill it with certain  
articles of food which we thought  
would gratify and satiate the appetite.  
Among the delicacies we ordered, was  
a nice boiled ham, and when we re-  
ceived our basket late in the evening  
that ham looked most lusciously tempt-  
ing to the palate. We were to start  
early in the morning for Chicago, and  
therefore hastened to our catered  
room where we had spent the early  
morning hours, and again surrendered  
ourselves to the fairy god "Balmey  
Sleep." Bright and early in the morn-  
ing we were aroused and informed that  
"time is up." We hastily donned our  
apparel, entered the bus, and were  
soon landed at the depot. And there  
was confusion worse confounded; we  
did not know whether our trunk be-  
longed to us or some one else from the  
way it was handled. It was cast  
aboard helter skelter and we never  
saw it again until we reached Omaha.  
Soon the whistle sounded, the wheels  
began to revolve, the cars sped onward,  
San Francisco was soon lost to view,  
and it was but a few hours until we  
were at the top of the Sierra Nevada  
mountains, and when we reached that  
elevated point, a panorama was present-  
ed to the sight that eclipsed all we had  
ever seen before.  
On passing "Dutch Flat," the up-

heaval of the earth, the deserted  
flumes, and decayed cabins gave evi-  
dence that the once busy miner had  
departed for other and more promis-  
ing "diggings" and we were impressively  
reminded of the time, when the pre-  
cious metal in those auriferous re-  
gions was first discovered, and pro-  
duced an excitement, that neither be-  
fore or since has ever brought man so  
near the verge of insanity.  
After descending from the heights of  
the Nevadas, the promptings of  
nature seemed to call into requisition  
the sight of that precious ham here-  
before referred to. Says Mr. Bronson  
"I feel as though a bite of that ham  
would not be bad to take, let's try it."  
In fond anticipation of a delicious  
feast, we brought forth the basket,  
placed it between us, and proceeded to  
solve the mystery, whether or no we  
were to be regaled to satiety by means  
of the provender which had so sacredly  
been guarded since we left the bay.  
The ham was carefully laid upon the  
top of the basket, the very sight of it  
would have caused a Missourian to  
dance a highland reel, in expectancy  
of the juicy, and delicious appearance  
of the cured swine coming in contact  
with his palate. When the knife  
pierced it, and reached to the bone, a  
change might have come over the  
spirit of the dream that that same  
Missourian, for the atmosphere seemed  
impregnated with the fumes of a  
chandler's shop, or the stench of a de-  
caying bovine, our olfactory, or our  
sense pertaining to smell, gave us due  
warning that there was no ham for us  
that day.  
We were on the wild and rolling  
desert, where no human being was in  
quest of such a sample of San Fran-  
cisco hams, so to the wild beasts of the  
mountain, to the coyote of the valley,  
or to the keenest-eating red man we  
consigned it. We carefully, and with  
tender touch raised it from its resting  
place, and with thanks such as do  
not generally receive expression from  
lips divine, we cast it from the train,  
and have ever since regretted that the  
spot was not marked by some monu-  
mental erection to the memory of our  
soiled and departed, but once cherished  
ham. Not presuming that we are a  
very interesting delineator of events,  
we propose to continue this narrative  
until it again brings us back to Web-  
foot.

A Doubtful Market.  
"Now, my dear," he said as he pre-  
pared to leave home after supper, "the  
market has been feverish all day."  
"I see."  
"If wheat should go up a cent or  
two this evening I might not be home  
until late."  
"Exactly."  
"And in case wheat goes down don't  
expect me before midnight."  
"I see. Well, dear, you run along  
and keep your eye on wheat and stay  
as long as you care to, for I've asked  
Colonel Haskins over to play with this  
evening, and he'll be sure to stay  
until midnight."  
The fever subsided and wheat stood  
still and the husband was back before  
9 o'clock.

The Oldest Pennsylvania Dead.  
Jacob Steel, the oldest man in Penn-  
sylvania, died at Uniontown, aged 108.  
Mr. Steel was born October 19, 1783, in  
Springhill township, Fayette county,  
and has lived near Masontown nearly  
all his life. He has always been a dem-  
ocrat. He cast his first ballot for Jef-  
ferson and his last for Governor Pattison.  
He never used tobacco, but used whis-  
ky in a moderate degree. He was an  
early riser, and was noted for the even-  
ness of his temper. On the day of  
Washington's second election Steel  
could remember he was gathering hick-  
ory nuts. When Jefferson resigned  
from Washington's cabinet to lead the  
new democratic party, Mr. Steel was a  
boy of ten.

Typographical Error.  
"By an unfortunate typographical  
error," says a Dakota newspaper, "we  
were made to say last week that our  
distinguished townsman, Professor  
Kennedy, was about to fit up a noble  
balloon for the comfort and enjoyment  
of his daughter on her wedding trip  
over the prairie. What we meant to  
say was a noble balloon. We write  
this with our left hand, while lying on  
our spare bed, with one eye entirely  
closed and the other hand painted, with  
on inverted chair across our stomach  
for a writing table. The extent of our  
regret for the blunder may be measured  
by the difficulties we have surmounted  
in penning this explanation.

There is an immense garden in  
China that embraces an area of 50,-  
000 square miles. It is all meadow  
land, and is filled with lakes, ponds,  
and canals. Altogether it is as large  
as the States of New York and Penn-  
sylvania combined.

Land has reached an enormous  
value in London. A piece of Crown  
land on Pall Mall has just been  
leased at a rate based on a selling  
price of \$2,500,000 per acre.

A German expedition has been  
organized to explore the African  
lakes. Lake Victoria will be sound-  
ed and its banks thoroughly ex-  
plored.

Wisdom's Rubertine  
Is meeting with great success every-  
where, and is rapidly supplanting  
every other preparation of a like nature.

Excitement  
Runs high at the drug stores in this  
place over System Builder as everybody  
is using it for catarrh, of stomach, dys-  
pepsia, constipation and impure blood,  
and to build up the system if certainly  
possesses wonderful merit when all speak  
so well of it.

Wisdom's Violet Cream  
Is the most exquisite preparation in the  
world for softening and whitening the  
hands and face. Nothing enters the  
composition of this delightful toilet  
article which could prove injurious to  
the most delicate skin. It is not only  
a substitute for, but in every respect  
superior to glycerine, cold cream, vas-  
eline and like preparations. Being  
neither sticky nor greasy, kid gloves  
may be worn immediately after apply-  
ing it. For gentlemen's use after shav-  
ing it stands without an equal.

It acts by improving the softness,  
clearness and healthy tone of the skin,  
and its daily application tends to pre-  
serve it from the action of drying winds,  
sulfur sunshine and extreme tempera-  
ture. Try it.

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