PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

The Corvallis *Gazette* is informed that Mr Strahan will decline to take the seat in the Oregon Senate, which the Democrats of the Legislature gave him two years ago.

James Morris burst a blood vessel and dropped dead in Salem last Saturday. He was a native of Ireland, aged about twenty-eight years, and had been in Oregon since January.

Joab Powell, a Baptist preacher known to almost everybody in Oregon, more for his eccentricities than his education, is said to have become a raving maniac.

The yield throughout the valley, of grain, will be much better than was anticipated a few weeks ago, owing to the late rains.

Wm. Krischner, a Jacksonville saloon keeper, fell dead with appoplexy on Saturday, the 7th inst., while conversing with a friend.

Business at Eugene City is reported uncommonly dull because the passengers on the cars don't stop there over night.

James Barkley was arrested at Jacksonville last week, for selling liquor to soldiers.

A little girl, daughter of an emigrant just arrived in Wasco county, was bitten by a rattle-snake last week. As soon as the fact was known the parents sucked the virus from the wound and filled the child with whisky, and she soon recovered.

The Dalles salmon fisheries are estimated to be worth at least $1,000,000.

Dies for striking gold and silver medals for the use of the Oregon Agricultural Society, as special premiums to be given out at the next Fair, are being made in San Francisco.

From the Salem *Mercury*: "We learn from a gentleman who has just returned from the Santiam mines that prospects are flattering, as good ore in large quantities is being unearthed. Work is being kept up night and day by different shifts of men."

A urham bull owned by W. W. Baker, at La Grande, weighs nineteen hundred and eighty pounds, and only a three-year-old. So says the *Sentinel*.

Eastern Oregon has a lake full of gold-fish.

Portland has another case of small-pox.

On Sunday before last four persons united with the First Presbyterian church of Portland.

The *Oregonian* says: The Oregon and California Railroad Company have generously donated forty acres of land, situated near Canby, about nine miles south of Oregon City, to be devoted to camp-meeting and other religious purposes.

The editor of the Seattle *Dispatch* has been shown a strawberry which measured seven inches one way and five and one-half inches the other.

A writer in the *Advocate* says Rev. Mr. Spaulding has had good success in his labors as a Missionary among the Nez Perces. In less than six years he has received into the Church 526 Indians, who give as good evidence of being thoroughly converted as other folks. The men all quit smoking.

Another addition to Olympia makes the town about nine miles across. It is now the "longest" town on the coast.

Wm. H. Shaffer and John Snelling scaled the walls of the jail at Walla Walla on the evening of the 8th inst., and hied away to the Blue mountains.

The Boise *Statesman* says that on the morning of the 9th inst. news came to Horse Shoe Bend of the killing of George Wells and Mr. Goodwin on the Malheur, by the Indians. Their stock, amounting to 50 head, was also driven off.

For the first time in the history of Boise City, the entire Republican ticket was elected on the 8th.

The Salem *Statesman* says that Messrs. Frank Cooper and J. Henry Brown start this morning, July 17th, for the Cascade mountains in search of gold. They have a place in view near Mount Jefferson where they expect to find the precious metal. Major Berry also left the same morning for the Dalles, there to join another party, who will prospect from thence along the Cascade mountains and meet the other party at Mt. Jefferson. A vast amount of wealth is supposed to be hid in those mountains.

Prof. Rogers, late of the Willamette University, has reached his old home and is now associated with his brother at Griffith Institute, Springville, Erie county, N. Y., says the *Statesman*.

At Newport on the night of the 4th, Tootootney Jack, chief of the Indians of Siletz Reservation, got into a row with some white men and was shot in the head by Thos. Boyle, from the effect of which he died in a few hours. The Indian was under the influence of liquor at the time, and drew a revolver on Boyle before the latter attempted to shoot. There were many Indians of the same tribe at Newport at the time this occurred, and for a time grave apprehensions were felt by the whites of trouble.

The Democratic officers of Clatsop county refuse to give up to their Republican successors.

The following from the *Oregonian* will be read with interest: A party of "old prints" (mostly attaches of the *Herald*) who started for the summit of Mount Hood about ten days ago, returned to this city on Thursday evening. They succeeded in reaching the summit in safety on the morning of the Fourth. The party encamped at the edge of the snow line on the evening of the 3d, and arising very early the following morning, they managed to reach the highest point after six hours and a half of laborious climbing. The last thousand feet was scaled with great difficulty and not without hazard. In many places the party were compelled to cut notches in the solid snow and ice before secure "footings" could be gained. A wide and deep crevasse crossed their path in one place, and caused the party much labor and time to get over. Ledges of rock were passed, through the crannies of which smoke was seen to constantly issue, and the stones in numerous places were uncomfortably warm. A most villainous and unbearable stench was emitted in some places, when the party halted to rest on their upward march. Even the snow tasted of brimstone, and every surrounding seemed to indicate the proximity of the internal region. After reaching the summit, the parties remained about three quarters of an hour before commencing the descent. The sun had scarcely arose when the summit was gained. The view was said to be most sublime. As the sun shot his earliest rays through the masses of filmy clouds, and over the stretches of plains, hills and forests, the shadow of Hood was thrown clear across the Willamette Valley, and against the western horizon. Such another magnificent view could not be obtained anywhere in the State. Portland could be faintly descried with the aid of a powerful spy-glass, and resembled a cluster of white objects not dissimilar to small pieces of cloth attached to a line. A cold, cutting wind soon compelled the party to begin the descent, which they did after giving three hearty cheers in honor of the National Anniversary. A splendid time was experienced by the party—hunting and fishing being the favorite amusements of the trip.

The Mormons at Salt Lake are unanimously for Greeley.

Coal and petroleum have been found on Little Colorado, Arizona.

A new company composed of the wealthiest citizens has been organized at San Francisco to build a line of railroad from Mission Bay southwards, to run through San Mateo, Santa Clara, Monterey, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and San Diego counties to the Colorado river, and there connecting with the Texas Pacific. $3,900,000 was subscribed.

Small-pox has broken out in a family named Campbell, at Union Ridge, Clark county, Washington Territory. Several of the family have it, but it is in a mild form.

A young fellow exploded a torpedo at Olympia the other day, holding it in his hand. He was picked up near the spot.

A correspondent of the *Oregonian* writing from Idaho says this Territory is certainly the home of the beavers, and believes in all the world besides there are not so many beavers as there in Idaho. Every stream seems to swarm with them, and they may be seen frequently in the waters The statement, often made, that they never show themselves, is all a mistake.

Eugene has three cases of small-pox.

The salary of the Superintendent of Schools in Lane county has been raised to $500 per annum.

Small-pox has entirely disappeared from the neighborhood of Victoria.

The Baptist Society at Olympia has purchased a lot on which the members propose to erect a church immediately.

Wm. Nelson, a Dane, was fearfully crushed at Fowler's logging camp, on the 3d inst., by a log rolling upon him. He is living, and has hopes of recovery.

Several parties are now on the tributaries of the Palouse, above the mines on Jerome Creek, prospecting for gold, with confident hopes of disclosing valuable mines in that locality.

The *Echo* says the actual debt of Washington Territory is less than $10,000.

Port Townsend has made provision to have all her citizens vaccinated free of charge.

It cost Olympia $435 47 to celebrate the 4th. The Committee of Arrangements had a surplus of $1 37.

Timothy Dillon was accidently drowned from the steamer *Comet*, in White river, W. T., on the 3d inst.

Cornelius intends to build a new public school house and a Catholic church.

Domestic troubles caused Mrs. J. W. Moody, of Canyon City, to commit suicide at Moody's Hotel on the 8th.

Olympia jail has eight prisoners.

M. P. Berry, of Oregon, has been appointed Agent for the Flatheads and other confederated tribes of Indians in Montana.

Four thousand five hundred persons were vaccinated in San Francisco from June 28th to July 5th.

The settlers in Indian valley were considerably scared last week by an Indian who gave them all notice to leave in three days, but when the settlers were armed for defense, the Siwash couldn't be found. At last accounts quiet reigned.

F. J. Thibault has lately been appointed Commissioner of Deeds for Oregon, to reside at San Francisco.

The latest buffalo ever seen in Eastern Oregon, was killed in Powder river valley twenty-six years ago, by Joseph, a chief of the Nez Perce tribe of Indians.

One of the carpenter contractors of Portland has fallen heir to a cool hundred thousand dollars.

Gambling is carried on openly in Portland says the *Bulletin*.

Cantelopes are now in the Portland market.

Gen. Joe Hooker arrived in Portland on the John L. Stephens last Wednesday.

A colored boy, named William Glasgow, aged thirteen, was accidentally drowned while bathing in the river at Portland last Tuesday.

Seattle has adopted an ordiance to guard against small-pox, similar to that passed in Olympia.

An improved scantling machine has been contrived by J. W. Ballene, and built at Port Madison, which cuts two feet wide, is made of iron, and can turn out forty-five thousand feet per day.

A brick and stone hotel, capable of holding 300 guests, is projected in Victoria by a party of American capitalists, who anticipate a great influx of visitors here during next and subsequent years.

Austin Bell and a son of D Mills, both of Seattle, were injured rather severely in the face by splinters from a bomb at the fire works on the night of the Fourth.

Prof. J. A. McCrum has been engaged as Principal of the Oregon City School for another year.

Lane county has $5,320 in the Treasury.

Judge Haley, of Peoria, a few days ago, sheared a yearling Cotswold and the fleece weighed 22 pounds!

The Red Cross Champions have organized in Salem.

A child of James Benifel, of La Creole, Polk county, has lost its vocal organs entirely, from the effects of diptheria. It is recovering but will never speak again.

At the last term of the Clackamas County Court Mrs. Boone was licensed to run a ferry on the Willamette for two years, at the place known as Boone's Ferry, below Butteville

A family in Salem was recently burglarized of some coin, two watch chains and three finger rings.

Greeley toggery is now the rage.

Vancouver last week had two clandestine marrages, says the *Oregonian*. In one instance the father of the bride followed to the house where the married couple were stopping, and failing in persuasion attempted to force his daughter to return home with him. This brought the young husband to the rescue, a fight followed, and the "old man" received a thrashing and then went home

Salem is to start a Wooden Water Pipe factory soon.

A. E. Rogers and Geo. Weble, La Grande, Oregon, have received a patent on a new fingled candlestick.

All Washington county is said to be hoeing to the blackberry patch

The Wallamet University has recently received an addition to its Library.

Extensive fires are reported to be burning in the timber on the mainland near Tacoma and further down Puget Sound.

The forty-nine Bostonians who lately arrived in Portland, have gone up on the Snake and Columbia rivers to spend the summer in hunting and fishing.

James Grimm was recently drowned while bathing in the clackamas river, near Welch farm. He is supposed to have been attacked by heart disease while in the water, accasioning his drowning.

The *Oregonian* learns that a party of English tourists, numbering about fifty, propose to leave Portland for the summit of Mount Hood in a short time.

A regular organized band of burglars infest the vicinity of Sheridan, Yamhill county.

Eugene is reported as improving quite rapidly.

Mrs. A. J. Duniway is in San Francisco.

Portland is to have another school house at a cost of $14,148.

Lane county has $2,600 in the Treasury over and above her indebtedness.

Lane county received $500 for licenses last year.

Clackamas county has a lawsuit about a butcher knife.

The Register and Receiver at Roseburg are doing an extensive land office business.

Archibald Fairclough was knocked down and robbed of a purse of money on the road near Lafayette, last Saturday. Officers were in pursuit of the criminals.

A son of Wm. Hall, Yamhill county, died from lockjaw on the 7th inst., induced by being struck on the back of the head with a piece of bone several days before.

Out of eleven Democrats in a country store of Clackamas county the other day, five said they would not vote at all, three declared they would vote for Grant and three said they supposed they would have to vote for Greeley.

Andrew Mayland was bailed the other day in the sum of $1,000 on the charge of cutting the guys or braces supporting the beams of a large circular swing, on the night of July 4th, at Soda Springs, Clackamas county.

A. B. Meacham contemplates settling permanently in Salem.

Some amorous swains were drenched with swill while attempting to serenade a fair damsel at Salem, last Saturday.

The new Mayor of Walla Walla is E. B. Whitman.

Alaska has less crime in proportion to its population than any other portion of the globe.

The fare from Olympia to Seattle, by water, a distance of 80 miles, is only twenty-five cents.

The grasshoppers in Big Hole and Jefferson Valleys, Montana, are eating everything green that they meet.

TAKE YOUR COUNTY PAPER.—The following controversy recently occurred in reference to taking the county paper:

"Well, Squire, you say you don't take the county paper?"

"No, Major, I get the city papers on better terms."

"But, Squire, the county papers are a great convenience to us; the more we encourage them the better the editor can make them."

"I don't know that they are of any convenience to me."

"The farm you sold last Spring was advertised in your county paper, hence you obtained a customer."

"Very true, Major, but I had to pay three dollars for it."

"Now, if the neighbors had not maintained that press, you would have been without the means of publishing your daughter's marriage, and your brother's death last summer."

"Yes, yes, but—"

"When your nephew was a candidate for the Legislature, you were highly gratified at his newspaper defense, which elected him and cost nothing."

"Yes, but these little things are news to the readers, and make the people take the papers."

"No, no, Squire; not if they are all like you. I tell you, Squire, the day will come when somebody will write an eulogy on your life, character, etc., and the printer will put it in type, with heavy black rule over and under, and with all your riches this will be done for you as a grave for a pauper Your wealth, liberality, and all such, will be spoken of; but the printer, as he spells the words in arranging the type, will remark: "Poor, mean devil, he never took the paper, and is now swindling the printer out of his funeral notice."

"Good morning, Squire."

A SECRET.—How do you do, Mrs. Tone, have you heard that story about Mrs. Lady?

Why, no, Mrs. Gad—do tell it.

O, I promised not to tell it for all the world; no, I must never tell on't I am afraid it will git out.

Why, I'd never tell on't as long as I live, just as true as the world; what is it, come tell.

Now, you won't say anything about it, will you?

"No; I'll never open my head about it; never. Hope to die this minit.

"Well, if you will believe, Mrs. Fundy told me last night that Mrs. Trot told her that her sister's husband was told by a person who dreamed it, that Mrs. Trouble's oldest daughter's husband told Mrs. Nichens that her grandmother heard a letter that she got from her third sister's step daughter, that it was report that the captain of a clamboat just arrived from the Feejee Islands, said that the mermaids about that section wore sharkskin bustles, stuffed with pickled eel's toes.

Sadie Wilkinson, of New Haven, sues the amiable and pious Brick Pomeroy for $25,000 for a breach of promise of marriage, made in 1866. The debt has run long enough to be outlawed.

The Prince of Wales, it is said, during his recent visit to Paris, did not evince any reformation in his habits of morality or good taste People who, therefore, hoped that his sickness had improved his spiritual condition are simply mistaken.

"Father, why don't we ever see any faces at the window?" asked a son of his parent, as they were passing an insane asylum. "Because their heads are turned," was the affectionate father's reply.

Asperities of Debate—How Mr. Seward Drew a Revolver on Toombs.

Not long ago a gentleman was telling me a Senatorial anecdote of, and dating back to, the ante-bellum days. Mr. Seward had made a speech—something about the telegraph—when Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, rose to reply, and made a speech full of personal abuse of Seward He wrought himself up into a rage and lashed about in the most aggressive manner. He finished and took his seat. As Mr. Seward rose from his chair every eye was bent upon him with the greatest anxiety.

With calm, and measured step he walked toward Mr. Toombs. It was noticed that his right hand was underneath the rear pocket of his coat. There was apprehension that he was concealing a pistol, and Mr. Toombs' friends crowded around him When Mr. Seward reached him he drew out his hand, and opening his snuff box politely invited his adversary to take a pinch of snuff. "My God!" said Mr. Toombs, "Mr. Seward, have you no feelings?" "Take a pinch of snuff, it will soothe your agitation." He then returned to his seat, and without any allusion to Mr. Toombs or his speech, made an able argument in favor of his measure, which carried, as coolness and self-possession will always win, the victory over hot temper and passionate invective.—*Washington Letter.*

Valuable Machine.

The San Joaquin *Republican* says: A man named Marvin, now deceased, a few years ago invented, but did not perfect, a machine designed to cut, thresh and sack wheat as it moves along. Mr. Smythe, a farmer near Stockton, has one of the machines. He says with three men and fourteen horses, the machine cuts, threshes and sacks twenty acres of grain per day, but it is so complicated that it breaks often. The grain it works in must be uniformly ripe, and it wastes grain if set to work before the dews and fogs are dispelled in the morning. If this machine can be perfected, it will supply a great want. When labor is so unreliable and exacting as it is found to be here, machinery that will substitute steam or horse power for man labor will be eagerly sought after by the entire farming community.

GOOD FOR GRAMMARIANS.—The following conversation between a young lady who writes for magazines and an old gentleman who believed he could speak English, occurred in Massachusetts, and is quoted for the use of grammarians:

Old Gentleman—"Are there any houses building in your village?"

Young Lady—"No, sir. There is a new house being built for Mr. Smith, but it is the *carpenters* who are building."

Gentleman—"True; I sit corrected. To be building is certainly a different thing from to be being built. And how long has Mr. Smith's house been being built?"

Lady (looks puzzled a moment, and then answers rather abruptly) —"Nearly a year."

Gentleman—"How much longer do you think it will be being built?"

Lady (explosively) —"Don't know."

Gentleman—"I should think Mr. Smith would be annoyed by its being so long being built, for the house he now occupies being so old, he must leave it, and the new one being only being built, instead of being built as he expected, he cannot—"

Here the gentleman perceived that the lady had disappeared.

MANY persons have often noticed the extreme difficulty encountered in lighting the fire in a stove, especially, on a still, damp morning. The stove at first won't draw—even vigorous "blowing" will not suffice; and then, when it does start, it is with a sort of an explosion or outward rush of air, which fills the room with smoke and gas, oftentimes puffing the unpleasant fumes into the face of the operator.

This trouble is caused by the difficulty encountered in overcoming the inertia of the long column of air pipe or chimney, by the small column of air that can be forced up through the interstices of the wood and coal, at the bottom of which the fire is kindled. All this may be remedied by simply putting a few shavings or bits of dry paper on the top of the wood or coal, and first lighting that; it immediately bursts into a blaze, because the air has perfectly free access to it from all sides; the heated air forces its way into the chimney, and establishes there an upward current. The match can then be applied to the kindling under the fuel, which will readily light, and if dry, burst into a brisk blaze.—*American Rural Home.*