State Rights Democrat.

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Free Coach to and from the Hotel. '33

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DRUG STOCK
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The new firm will continue business at the old stand,
COR. 1ST AND ELLSWORTH STS.
vs. CALL AND SEE THEM. 27
All outstanding accounts and indebtedness contracted previous to March 1st, 1881, will be collected and paid by Mr. Saltmarsh. n32tf.

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HEADSTONES
Executed in Italian or Vermont Marble.
Also, every variety of cemetery and other stone work done with neatness and dispatch.
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All work warranted. 16:35

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Having taken charge of the above named Works, we are prepared to manufacture Steam Engines, Saw and Grist Mills, Wood-working Machinery, Pumps, Iron and Brass Castings of every description.
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Packages may be conveniently sent by express, ready for immediate use at home.
All requisites and full directions in each package.
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We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address and test the business we make this offer: To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address, GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 29:1

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COLUMBIA—STAR OF THE WEST.

Not Venus on her evening throne
Is fairer than thou art, O Land!
And as the queen of stars alone
She sits amid her sister band;
So thou, Columbia, blest
With high behest,
Art still the queen-star of the West.

The stars of old have faded out,
The lights of empire have gone down,
And intervening years of doubt
Have buried scepter, throne and crown;
And where their Kings were laid,
No record made
Reveals to us the silent, dismal shade.

But lo! the ages in their march
Ring out a new reveille; late
A new star on the victor's arch
Is seen—a radiant star of state;
As tranquil as the morn,
On lands forlorn
It shines above all kingly scorn.

An answer to uncounted prayers
From all the weary paths of time,
It lifts, and to the world declares
The dawn of jubilee sublime;
From East and West they gaze
On ocean haze,
They see the star and sing its praise.

Shine o'er the West with long renown,
O star of beauty! star of peace!
One guides thee with a brighter crown
Whose march of empire shall not cease.

Star of the West! till earth shall be
One brotherhood of lands complete,
Hold on thy way, star of the free,
Nor ever from thy march retreat;
Lead on from old to new
The night-mists through,
Star of the lands still bright and true.

THE ANGEL OF SHILOH.

BY AN EX-ARMY SURGEON.

"You found the tavern full?"

The speaker was a handsome, intelligent-looking gentleman of perhaps 40—evidently a citizen of the village, and resident of the handsome but unpretentious dwelling-house in front of which he was standing.

"Yes," I replied; "I was too late by half an hour, so the landlord informed me."

"You shall be welcome here, if you will accept of modest quarters and plain fare."

The tone of voice, no less than the words uttered, assured me that the offer of hospitality was sincere, and with a grateful heart and a simple expression of thanks I passed through the gate and clasped the extended hand of the man who, although I had not even known of his existence till this minute, and who I had every reason to suppose was a foe of the cause I represented—a rebel to the Government whose uniform I wore, yet in whom I recognized a friend and brother.

"You are very kind," I said, "more kind than you know, for I am not only weary but ill, or I should not have sought lodgings indoors while my comrades were exposed to the privations of camp life."

"I am glad of the opportunity to offer hospitality to a professional brother," he responded, "for I know from the letter on your hat-band that you are a surgeon, and I am a physician. This would have been sufficient to have prompted me to invite you in, but something else, a sudden but unexplainable impulse, which I could not resist, impelled me to do it."

By this time I had been led into the family room—a most cheerful room. A beechwood fire blazed and glowed upon the hearth; a bright carpet with warm colors covered the room; an old-fashioned mahogany sideboard stood to the left, and a bureau of the same rich wood faced it on the other side of the room, and in one corner a clock of "ye olden time," and known by the title of wall-sweeper, counted off the seconds with stately precision, and sounded the knell of the dying hours in a solemn monotone. Easy-chairs stood back against the farther wall like sentries on an inner picket line, while the others were grouped about the cheerful fire, and these, as we entered, were occupied by persons whose faces I could never have forgotten had I seen them but for a moment, and which are now photographed on my heart forever and aye. There were three persons in this group, a venerable old gentleman, a white-haired, matronly and kindly-faced old lady, and a golden-haired, blue-eyed young lady—father, mother and daughter of my friendly host, Dr. Jewell.

There is something in a name, else how should these people be so appropriately named? I wondered and pondered the more when I learned that the brightest and richest and rarest gem in the group had the beautiful name of Lilian.

I beg the reader's pardon—I have not told him or her, as the case may be, who I am, or when, how, or where all this happened.

My name is Alden; a lineal descendant I am from John and Priscilla Alden, whose romantic history you have doubtless read in poetry if not in prose. My ancestors had gone West almost a century ago, hence those provincial prejudices so characteristic of these descendants of the Mayflower party who still cling to the crags of Plymouth Rock had been lost in the broad and fertile valleys of Ohio, or they had wandered off and found a flower-bespangled grave on the boundless prairies of Illinois. At any rate they found no place in my heart.

The time of which I write was January, 1862. Place, Southwestern Kentucky. Grant's army was making a grand reconnoisance in force, with a view to feeling of the enemy before making an attack upon Fort Donaldson.

A cold, pitiless rain had pelted us all day, and was still pouring down upon soldiers and officers alike. When the village of B—— came in view, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I had trudged through the mud and waded swollen streams from early morn, having surrendered my horse to a sick soldier of the brigade to which I was attached, and was, therefore, worn and weary, almost ill. Immediately after the order had been passed along the line to halt and pitch tents for the night, a large number of officers galloped on to the village and sought shelter beneath the roof of the hotel it contained. It had been my purpose to get a hot supper and dry bed also, but my professional duties detained me for some time, and when I reached the door of the inn I was informed that not only all the beds, but every square foot of the parlor and sitting-room floors had been pre-empted.

It was while sadly wending my way back to camp that I had the rare good fortune, or fate, to attract the attention of Dr. Jewell. My boots were covered with mud, my clothes dripping with water, and I felt as if chilled to the marrow of my bones and the centre of my heart. It took but a brief time to warm me, however, for the elements of warmth were abundant. At his request I followed the doctor into his chamber and donned a suit of his clothes, while he sent my own by a colored boy to the kitchen to be dried. Returning to the parlor, I observed a large bowl of steaming punch, flanked by goblets, upon a table which had been drawn up near the fire, and by which an easy chair had been placed. The family arose as the doctor and I advanced, and the old gentleman delivered a very brief but very eloquent temperance speech. He said:

"You Northerners have very peculiar notions about the use of liquor; at least some of you have. I have been told that in some places it is an insult to a guest to offer him a glass of hot punch. We Southerners think differently. With us it is an act of hospitality to invite our friends, and even strangers, to join us in a social glass. I do not know what your views are, but, believing that punch is a good medicine for a man who has been drenched by a cold rain, I ordered some prepared, and hope you will join us in a glass before supper. But if you have any conscientious scruples we shall respect them, and at once send the bowl from the room."

"I have no such scruples," I responded. "It is the abuse and not the proper use of stimulants that forms the basis of my temperance creed, and there are times when brandy is a blessing, and this is one of the times. I shall join you most heartily."

At the close of my speech the old gentleman gave place to his wife, who advanced and filled the goblets to the brim, while Lilian handed them around. When each of the gentlemen had been supplied with full and foaming beakers, and the ladies with smaller glasses only part full, the father said to the son, "Give a toast, Walter—one suited to the occasion."

The doctor complied by saying:

"May the acquaintance begun tonight ripen into a friendship before which all sectional and political prejudices shall dissolve and disappear; and may that friendship live and flourish in the hearts of all present when this cruel war shall exist only as a sad and sorrowful reminiscence."

"I most heartily indorse the sentiment you have so beautifully expressed," I responded, "and beg leave to quote from a Northland poet in reply:

"May the song birds of peace soon revisit our glades,
And our children clasp hands where their fathers crossed blades."

A reverent and fervent amen burst from the lips of the old gentleman as he touched my glass with his and raised it to his lips; tears rolled down the furrowed features of his good wife, and tears stood in the blue eyes of the beautiful Lilian, and the long silken lashes that curtained those heavenly orbs drooped and quivered like the dew-laden willow fringe that hides from sight the crystal waters of a spring in the valley of Eden—the Eden of my childhood.

Supper being announced at this moment, the old folks led the way, and the doctor, taking my arm, followed them into a large, old-fashioned room, which served as both kitchen and dining-room. It was a most cheerful and home-like place; the table, which stood in the center of the unearpeted floor, presented a neat, inviting appearance to a soldier who had been on short rations for some days, and who had eaten nothing for twelve hours. Ham and eggs, and delicious corn cakes, done to a turn, with sweet country butter, and coffee with real cream, constituted the bill of fare. It was ample, and I did full justice to it.

The evening hours flew rapidly past on downy wings of friendly converse, till the old clock in the corner announced the hour of eleven, when the thoughtful mother mildly suggested that the Major was doubtless tired and would like to retire. I disclaimed any thought of weariness, and indeed I uttered but the simple truth in saying that I had not been so entirely refreshed for weeks. It is passing strange what power there is in good-fellowship to restore the wasted energies of the body as well as the spirit. So we sat another—a brief, a delicious hour—and then the good-nights were said, and I retired to sleep and dream. The blue-eyed Lilian formed the web, and horrid battle-scenes the woof of my visions. The beautiful girl had scarcely uttered a dozen words during the evening, but she had been a most eloquent auditor. She had sat almost directly opposite me, and my eyes rested upon her as I addressed other members of the group, and they did not fail at any time to meet a sympathetic response from her heavenly-tinted orbs; nor was there the least embarrassment in this, for her countenance bore such a perfect expression of innocent interest as to reveal a spirit at once modest and pure as an angel.

In my dream a bloody battle was raging. My ears were filled with the boom of cannon, the crash of small arms, the scream of shell, and the shrieks and groans of dying men. The scene changed. I wandered over the fields of carnage. The dead were thick about me. A groan reached my ear, and I bent my steps in the direction whence the sound came. A soldier, in gray uniform, with a Lieutenant's strap upon his shoulders, lay upon the ground, with his head resting on the lap of a woman. I said, "If I can be of any service, please command." A pair of blue eyes were lifted toward my face, and a voice, sad but musical, said, "Oh! I am so glad it is you; you are a surgeon as well as a friend, and my brother is dangerously wounded." Those eyes, that voice, could I be mistaken? No, it was Lilian, and the wounded young officer her brother. What joy, what happiness to be able to serve her; aye, perhaps save the life of her brother—the son of my friend.

A rap on my chamber door dispelled the vision, and the pleasant greeting of Dr. Jewell restored me to my normal state. But my dreams remained as a vivid memory of a startling reality. I could not but believe that it was a presentiment, and although I kept it locked in my heart, as a sad though cherished secret, I resolved to asked Lilian for a picture of her brother which she had shown me the evening before. So just as I was on the point of leaving, I said, "Miss Lilian, I wish you would give me a photograph of your brother. It is possible that I may meet him, and if I should, it would prove my passport to his friendship."

"I will," she replied, "for you may be of service to him, and I know you would do him a kindness if you could."

"Most gladly would I both for his own sake and as a reward in part, for the great kindness I have experienced at the generous hands of his family."

The young Lieutenant's handsome face bore a striking likeness to that of his sister, and for that I prized it and cherished it. I wore it constantly in an inner pocket of my vest. The stirring scenes intervening dimmed somewhat the memories of my vision as time passed, but could not blot it from my mind.

The battle of Shiloh had been fought and during the whole of it my mind reverted to the dream. It seemed but a repetition of a tragedy of which I had witnessed the rehearsal. Impelled by some strange impulse which I could not resist, I wandered out upon the battle-field at midnight. Every spot seemed familiar. The dead faces were those I had seen in my dream. A groan—aye, the same groan I had heard on that ever memorable night of January, 1862. I hurried to the side of the poor fellow from whose agonized lips it came. He was prone upon the cold earth, with his head resting upon his left arm, while with his right hand he was striving to check the flow of blood from a gunshot wound in his left breast.

A glance told me that I had found the son of my friend—the brother of Lilian. Fortunately I had with me the means of stopping the flow of blood; also a canteen of water and a flask of brandy. No word was spoken until I had done all that could be done at once, when with a faint voice and difficult articulation, he said:

"You have saved my life and I thank you."

"You owe me no thanks, Lieutenant; I should be an ingrate did I not serve to the utmost of my ability, the son of my friend, Dr. Jewell, the brother of his precious daughter, Lilian."

"Is this a dream? How—where did you know my father and sister?"

"Be calm, my dear friend; I will gladly tell you all but not now. Enough that I have found you and serve you."

In my arms I bore the wounded officer to my tent, and vigilantly did I watch by his side until morning came. He had lost much blood and his wound was painful, but not especially dangerous; hence he recovered rapidly and within a month was well again. In the meantime I had told him the story of my impromptu visit to his old Kentucky home, and the generous hospitality I had met with there. I showed him the photo of himself given me by his sister, and the marvellous dream which tempted me to ask for the picture was rehearsed.

"Doctor," he said, as I closed my story, "I don't think I am superstitious, but I believe your dream was a presentiment, given you by my angel mother. It was she and not my sister you saw holding my head on her lap. Lilian is marvelously like her mother and could easily have been mistaken for her.

"At least in a dream," I added pleasantly.

"Yes, or by moonlight in the waking hours. But please don't try to break my faith in the reality of that vision of yours. It has come true almost to the last particular.

"It has," I responded, "and I believe in its reality as firmly as you can."

I told the story to Gen. M., and it softed his heart so greatly that when I asked permission to take my friend to his home it was readily granted.

The reader may be safely left to picture to himself the joyful meeting of the long absent son with his loving grand-parents, father and sister, and the expressions of gratitude and friendship showered upon my humble self.

My leave of absence was for thirty days. I spent a fortnight of it with my Kentucky friends, and when I departed I carried with me two miniature portraits. One of them had golden hair, and eyes of heaven's own blue, and lips that rivaled the ripening pomegranate, and cheeks like the sunny side of a luscious peach. Nor was that all I had to gladden my bachelor heart. The original of the picture had said that "when this cruel war should be over I might come again and then she would gladly go with me to my northern home as my wife."

I have only to add that she is looking over my shoulder as I write, and trying to convince me that the public (meaning you, dear reader) will laugh at me for being so silly as to tell how I was captured by a rebel girl, and at her for being converted from her secesh sentiments to unwavering loyalty to the Union.

WISDOM'S LETTER.

The Views of the Secretary of the Treasury on the Great Questions of the Day.

My Dear Sir:—I deeply regret that official duties of an imperative character prevent the acceptance of your kind invitation to address the meeting at Cooper institute on the 21st inst. Until to-day I hoped to be able to arrange my business so as to attend the meeting, but find it will be impossible.

The purpose of your league, as I understand it, is not to wage war upon corporations or individuals, but conceding to all their just rights, to demand full protection for the rights of the citizen against the abuses and aggressions of corporate power, and to insist upon the enforcement of those principles of law and natural right defined by the supreme court of the United States. In this effort you have my most hearty sympathy and cooperation. Your cause is just, but in such a contest you grapple with giants. Do not underrate the power or the skill of your antagonists. Wise and conservative counsels will alone secure success. You must be as prompt to concede rights as you are determined in demanding them. No agrarian or communistic spirit must find a place in your proceeding. The character of the men who compose your organization gives assurance against danger on this point. Constitutions natural rights, and the spirit of our institutions are on your side, intrenched behind these, and fighting for the right, you cannot fail.

Corporate power has done much to develop our country. For its good deeds I freely accord it full credit. As an instrument to execute the will and serve the interests of the public, it is of incalculable value; but as the imperious ruler of the people it is a most cruel and relentless tyrant. Kept with in the limits of proper restraint it is an invaluable servant of the public. Unrestrained by the forces of law and public opinion it will prove a most dangerous master. The individual citizen is impotent to contend with this gigantic and rapidly growing power. Governmental authority, state and national, alone is competent to restrain its aggressions and correct its abuses. I have long foreseen that the time would come when the people would be compelled to invoke the exercise of that authority for their protection. I repeat to-day, in substance, words uttered seven years ago, that "there are in this country four men who, in the matter of taxation, possess and frequently exercise powers which neither Congress nor any of our State Legislature would dare exert—powers which, if exercised in Great Britain, would shake the throne to its very foundation. These men may at any time and for any reason satisfactory to themselves, by a stroke of the pen reduce the value of property in the United States by hundreds of millions. They may at their own will and pleasure disarrange and embarrass business, depress one city or locality and build up another, enrich one individual and ruin his competitors, and, when complaint is made, coolly reply, 'What are you going to do about it?'

The men who wield this stupendous corporate power have grown wiser with the passage of events. Hitherto they have been apparently content to absorb and control the great industrial and material interests of the country, by a monopoly of the channels and impelments of transportation, but recently new and alarming conditions are presented. They know full well that if the people can freely communicate with each other, they will see the dangerous tendencies of this power, and organize to restrain it. Hence, in order to lay deep power, and to defeat the efforts of the people to curb it, they have now seized upon the channels of thought. Look at it a moment. One man, who controls more miles of railroad than any other in the world, and who is almost daily adding new lines to his colossal combination, now also controls the telegraphic system of the United States and Canada, and is reaching under the sea to grasp that of Europe. Not content with all this, and determined that no instrument of commercial and political power shall elude his grasp, he is (as I learn) also the owner of three out of the seven newspapers which constitute the Associated Press, through the agency of which the news is distributed over the entire country. He may at any time secure the fourth paper, which will give him absolute control over the news the people receive. When that takes place what will be our condition? What chance will the people then have to resist the encroachments of corporate power? How shall they even communicate with each other on the subject? What opportunity will there be for a fair discussion of these questions? The daily news, supplied to the myriad of newspapers, must first pass undea the supervision of one or two men, who represent the Associated Press, and who are appointed by its owner. They will have full authority, and doubtless will be required to suppress, add to, or color the information thus sent out as may best serve the interest, the ambition, or the malice of the man to whom they owe their places. Hence the twenty millions of people who read their morning papers at their breakfast tables will daily receive just such impressions as this one man shall choose to give them. Public men and affairs, and business interests and movements, will be seen in the coloring which shall best serve his interests. The legislator who shall then be bold enough to raise his voice in behalf of the people, or to strike a blow in their defense, will be misrepresented or denied a hearing before his own constituents. The business man who shall venture to question the divine right of corporate rule will be crushed, and no telegraphic wire or associated press will voice his woe or demand redress from his persecutors. The people will find themselves unable to communicate with each other except by the gracious will and pleasure of the autocrat of the wires. Should special correspondents undertake to supply information not deemed expedient to be sent by the Associated Press, they will find that the owner of the wires can supply a ready remedy for such presumption.

The channels of [illegible] and the channels of comm[illegible] has owned and controlled by [illegible]an, or by a few men, what is t[illegible] corporate power, or to fix [illegible] to its exactions upon t[illegible] That is then to hinder t[illegible]n depressing or inflat[illegible] of all kinds of property to suit their caprice or avarice and thereby gathering into their own coffers the wealth of the nation? Where is the limit to such a power as this? What shall be said of the spirit of a few people who will submit without a protest to be thus bound hand and foot? I have hinted at some of the dangers which menace our future. If it be to correct these ills, and to avert these dangers your league has been organized, it will receive the benedictions of the people.

The practical question is, "What are you going to do about it?" To my mind the answer is easy. This organized gigantic corporate power can only be kept under proper restraint by the organized power of the people, expressed through their state and national governments. That such governmental power exists and may properly be exercised I have not a particle of doubt. It is plainly written in our constitutions, and has been unequivocally declared by the supreme court of the United States.

The limits of this letter will not permit a discussion of the constitutional question nor a detailed statement of the practical remedy for existing evil. I may, however venture to suggest that, in my judgment, the first and most important duty of congress is to emancipate the people from the supervision and control of corporate monopoly, by the establishment of a system of postal telegraphy, whereby they shall be afforded a safe, sure and cheap method of communication with each other. There is no doubt of the economy and success of such a system. It has been tried in other counties with most satisfactory results.

I am aware that it will require much care, labor and skill to frame laws which shall successfully regulate and restrain the action of the great transportation companies, without unnecessary injury to them, and without omitting the essential elements of protection to the public, but I have no doubt it can be done. When the people demand it they will find the men to do it. I believe the time has come when this great work should be undertaken.

It will be far better for the corporations themselves that it be done now by conservative but thorough and judicious legislation, rather than to postpone it until the people, no longer able to bear the tyranny of corporate power, shall rise in their wrath to humble and destroy their oppressors. At some convenient time I shall endeavor to state specifically some of the legislative remedies I would propose.

Excuse the great length of this letter, and believe me [illegible] sincerely, your friend,

WILLI[illegible]M.

RAISING CAMELS IN NEVADA.

The Virginia City *Enterprise* says: "We are informed that the Frenchman who owns the herd of camels ranging to the eastward in the valleys bordering the Carson River will utilize his "ships of the desert" next summer in carrying goods from the terminus of the Carson and Colorado Railroad into camps far out in the wilderness. The camels now number about forty, all but two or three of which are natives of Nevada. In our deserts these animals find grasses and bitter and prickly shrubs and plants suited to their taste, and probably the same or varieties of the same plants that grow in other desert regions of the earth. It is less trouble, and costs much less to grow camels in Nevada than to rear cattle in the Atlantic States."

By act of Congress, May 19, 1828, the National Mint was permanently established at Philadelphia. Branch mints have been permanently established at New Orleans, La.; Charlotte, N. C.; Dahlonega, Ga.; San Francisco, Cal.; Denver, Col.; Carson City, Nev.; Dalles City, Or., and an assay office for smelting, refining and assaying at New York City and at Boise City, Idaho.

An Englishman at a hotel in New York asked if there were any oysters in the hotel. "Oh, yes!" was the answer, "Step right into the restaurant. We don't keep them in the office." "I think you misunderstand me," said Mr. John Bull, "you know, I mean a 'oister, don't you know, a lift—a helievator, may be you call it in this country."

A dispatch from Wood Mountain says that Sitting Bull and a camp of about 100 lodges arrived at Wood Mountain, N. W. T., the last day of January, and has been camped near that post ever since.

The House of Representatives at Boston struck out of the prohibitory bill a section reserving to the people and then defeated the bill itself.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

	1 WK	1 M	3 M	6 M	1 YR
1 Inch	4 00	3 00	5 00	8 00	12 00
2 "	2 00	5 00	7 00	12 00	18 00
3 "	3 00	6 00	10 00	15 00	22 00
4 "	4 00	7 00	12 50	18 00	27 00
¼ Col.	6 00	10 00	15 00	25 00	35 00
⅓ "	7 50	12 00	18 00	30 00	48 00
½ "	9 00	15 00	25 00	40 00	60 00
1 "	15 00	20 00	40 00	60 00	100 00

Special business notices in Local Columns 20 cents per line. Regular local notices 10 cents per line.

For legal and transient advertisements, $1 00 per square for the first insertion and 50 cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

A GREAT SPEECH.

Hon. John Whitaker Champions the North Pacific Coast in the Halls of Congress.

We are in receipt of the speech in pamphlet form of Hon. John Whitaker, Oregon's Representative in the Halls of Congress, upon the question of appropriations for harbor and river improvements. We regret that our space will not permit us to publish it in full and must content our readers with the following extract:

It is not my purpose, Mr. Chairman, to enter upon a tirade against the committee because they have not granted the Pacific coast what I think the interests of that great section demand. As that committee is now constituted, it is perhaps as fair a one as could be expected. In my judgment the Pacific coast is entitled to a representation upon that committee. It is impossible for any committee to understand fully the commercial importance of the far west unless they possess personal knowledge of its wide and varied resources. Oregon, California and Washington Territory have a seaboard of sixteen hundred miles or more. And back of these states and still on the Pacific coast, lie the State of Nevada and the Territories of Arizona, Idaho and parts of Utah and Montana, embracing limits far greater than those of the Middle and New England States. The State of Oregon alone has a coast line on the Pacific of more than four hundred miles, embracing many harbors. The first on the south is formed by Rogue river, and has two fathoms of water. Many rocks border the shore, and a dangerous reef with a channel one mile wide lies off the entrance. Port Orford is two miles long and one mile wide, and has an anchorage of six fathoms.

It is proposed to make this a harbor of refuge by the erection of a breakwater to protect it from south winds. The Coquille river is accessible by vessels of light draught. Coos bay is about ten miles long and two miles wide, and has a depth of four fathoms; the bar sometimes fills up in winter, which prevents large vessels from crossing at certain periods. Umpqua river is accessible by vessels drawing from three to fifteen feet. Yaquina Bay is about four miles long and two miles wide; the bar has a depth of less than two fathoms at low water. Tillamook Bay has an area of more than six square miles; the entrance has a width of six hundred yards, with a channel one hundred and thirty-five yards wide and from four to eight fathoms deep. Nehalem river forms a bay four miles long and eight miles wide, with an entrance from two hundred to four hundred yards wide and a depth of eighteen feet at high tide. The Columbia river furnishes the best harbor in the State. Between Cape Disappointment (New officially called Cape Hancock) and Point Adams it is five miles wide. It has two channels; the south channel, more than two miles wide, with a depth of four fathoms at the lowest stage, and the north channel more than six hundred yards wide at the narrowest point, with a depth of three and a half fathoms. Its chief drawback is a shifting bar.

The returns of the census of 1880 have not been so far complete as to enable me to present the wealth and resources of the State of Oregon in regard to its internal improvements and the productions of its varied industries at the present time; but from the census of 1870, ten years ago, we find the number of acres of land in farms was 2,389,292, and the number of farms 7587. The cash value of farms $23,232,968; of farming implements and machinery, nearly two millions; of wages paid during the preceding year, $719,875; value of farm products, including betterments and additions to stocks $7,122,790, the value of orchard products, $310,041; of produce of market gardens $105,371; of forest products, $259,220; of home manufactures, near one hundred thousand dollars; of animals slaughtered, $1,365,737; and of live stock, $6,828,675.

The productions of spring wheat were 1,795,495 bushels; of winter wheat, 546,252 bushels, of rye, 3,800 bushels; of Indian corn, 72,138 bushels; of oats, 2,029,909 bushels; of barley, 210,736 bushels; of buckwheat, 1,645 bushels; of peans and beans, 12,575 bushels; of Irish potatoes, 481,710 bushels, of sweet potatoes, 2,000 bushels; of grass seed, 1,229 bushels, of flaxseed, 10,988 bushels; of tobacco, 3,847 pounds; of wool, 1,080,638 pounds; of butter, 1,418,303 pounds; of cheese, 70,333 pounds; of hops, 9,745 pounds; of flax, 40,474 pounds; of wax, 1,207 pounds; of honey, 66,858 lbs; and 75,357 tons of hay.

The live stock at that time consisted of 51,702 horses, 2581 mules and asses, 48,325 milch cows, 2441 working oxen, 69,431 other cattle, 318,123 sheep, and 119,455 swine, besides 12,923 horses and 30,094 cattle not on farms. The number of manufacturing establishments in 1870 was about one thousand, both steam and water power, employing near three thousand hands, with an invested capital of $4,376,849, paying $1,120,173 wages during the year, and using material valued at $3,419,756, producing $8,877,387.

There was nearly three million dollars of wheat flour exported in that year, in a total tonnage of steam and sailing vessels belonging to the State, of 20,496.

In closing his able address he said:

"And now, Mr. Chairman, I am through, and in a few days the same may be said of this forty-sixth Congress. Now is the opportunity to do justice, for what is not now done will remain undone at its close. I have been a quiet if not a silent member of this House, and have sat at the feet of many Gamaliels who have sought to impart their wisdom to less fortunate members. I trust their labor has not been in vain.

"In leaving this Congress I shall gladly return to that retirement from which I was unwillingly called to occupy a seat upon this floor. In going home from its walls, it will be with the proud satisfaction that at all times and under all circumstances I have endeavored to perform my duty conscientiously, as I have been given to understand it, and in no instance have ever failed to understand it, and in no instance have ever failed to act as I believed would be for the interests of all sections of our common country."

"There is not", wrote the editor of the Deadwood *Daily Champion*, "a quieter, more peaceful, well regulated and orderly community in the western country." And then as the office-boy entered to say that somebody wanted to see him, he took his bowie between his teeth, put a Colt's new pattern seven-shooter on the desk in front of him, and then said: "Jim, get out another coffin——plain one, this time——and let the cuss come in!"

Father—"Now, my boy, I've been making my will, and I've left a very large property in trust for you. I merely wish to ask you if you've any suggestion to offer?" Son—"Well, I don't know that I have sir,—nyless—hum'—as things go nowadays, wouldn't it be better to leave the property to the other boy, and—appoint me the trustee?"

"Twixt the gloaming and the Dark" is the title of the latest novel issued in New York. A Chicago young man is thinking of getting out one entitled, "'Twixt the Old Man and the Bark." He called when her father was at home and the dog unlised.

Tie her head up in a towel,
Let her put on father's blouse;
Send the children to the country—
Mamma's ready to clean house.
—*Marsh Madrigal.*