American Women.

stances. The lower species have to go on doing the same thing over and over again, and exactly in the same way; this routine'suffices for the preservation of A great writer, speaking of the Duke of Wellington, says: "England has been too modest in regard to Wellington. To such creatures amid the simple condi-tions of their existence. On the other hand, the higher species, having to adapt themselves to much more complex make Wellington so great is to belittle England. Wellington is but a hero England. Wellington is but a hero like the rest. The iron soldier is as good as the Iron Duke." One is constrained to think of the above upon reading every and changeful surroundings, are continually called on to vary their actions and morning of the lofty courage and heroic devotedness of Mrs. President Garfield. modify their mode of life. The difference may be seen by comparing what an Great God, what has she done that is so wonderful. She has been a thoughtful, insect, as a bee, and what a predatory mammal, such as a fox, has to do in orfaithful wife at the bedside of her wounded husband. If she has missed a der to obtain its food. In the case of the bees, the surrounding conditions, namely, the presence of honey-stored flowers, being pretty uniform, all that is meal or lost a night's rest since she came from Long Branch, the telegraph has failed to inform us of the fact. Such needed is a few sensations of sight, and a gush as is poured out daily upon her is a number of curious but perfectly unwrong to ten million other American varying instincts. The fox, on the other wives. Mrs. Garfield is a true woman, ever-varying circumstances, having moreover to cope on occasions with wife and mother. That much praise she is entitled to and that is praise enough for any woman. But we must not forget that had she not married James A. Garall sorts of new and unforeseeable difficulties, must substitute intel-ligence for instinct; that is to say, must continually be consciously field she might have married some young farmer in Ohio, and to-day have awake, observing, reflecting, reasoning, and voluntarily adjusting his actions to the particular new set of circumstances been attending to her house and her babies without as much as one hired girl, and without any one suspecting that she had married below her proper sta-tion. Then, had her husband been in which he happeness to be placed at the moment. Now, this capability of ad-justing actions to varying conditions is brought home wounded, she would have still attended to her household duties and nursed her husband besides, and there would not have been a reporter on is the result of individual learning, and any paper in the United States who would have thought that her devotion presupposes a gradual accumulated store and her courage were worth publishing; because it would have been what American women always do under such circumstances. A foreigner, to read our newspapers, would take up the idea that the rule among American wives is, when structions proceeding in close connectheir husbands become ill or are wounded in warm weather, to go away to the springs or to the seashore and let the brutes pull through if they can. Right here, perhaps, is a good place in which to reproduce a little history, as follows: In a little log house, on the nineteenth

of November, 1831, was born James Abram Garfield, the President of the United States, who is the subject of this history.

He was the youngest of four children, come into the world in a high state of one of whom was then a boy of nine nervous development, the more complex years, and the others, girls, aged respecorganisms necessarily enter it in a very low stage.- [Cornhill Magazine. tively seven and eleven years. These children, with their father and mother, comprised the little family, and it was a happy household; for, though poor, they were content, and the distance they were content, and the distance which divided them from the rest of the dilemma arose of there being only one world bound them more closely together, room in the house vacant when two visilike different spears in a sheaf of wheat tors required accommodation for the with separate individualities, but with night. It was a double bedded chamber, only one life. or was soon converted into such, and the

But an autumn wind blew and the wheat sheaf was thrown to the ground and rent asunder. Before the younger Garfield was two years old, the strong, broad-breasted man who bound these lives together was borne out of the low doorway, and laid in the corner of the little wheat-field forever. Nothing now remained to bind up these broken lives but the weak puny arms of the mother; but she threw them about the little household, and set her face bravely to meet the wintry storms that were coming; and it was a cold, hard winter, and they were alone in the wilderness.

The story of this struggling family in shall choke!" the toils and hardships of frontier life is but a variation of many another, but is instructive and often pathetic.

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The Sentinel.

Just after the Franco-Prussian war the Adjutant-Major of a certain corps d'infanterie, in order to test a new sentry, who had been placed upon a responsible post, approached, and affecting to have for-gotten the word, at length by means of threats, prevailed on the ignorant soldier to allow him to pass without giving the word. This he immediately reported, the result being that the poor fellow was sentenced to be shot, this decision fortunately he commuted to banishment to Algeria by influence brought to bear from high quarters. This Ad-jutant-Major at length met with a well-merited rebuff, as the following narrative-the dialogue of which we give in English-shows. Finding a newly-joined man placed on a similar hand, having to look up his pabulum in duty, he determined to repeat his former experiment. Fortunately, however, the sentry had already been warned by his comrades, and was resolved not to be outwitted. As the night wore on he observed the officer approaching alone, lantern in hand, and at once challenged: Who goes there?" "Officer of the guard!" at once came

the response. "Approach to the word, officer of the

guard," continued the sentry. The officer approaching, said: "I have the growth of individual experience; it forgotten the word, and you must let me cannot be transmitted by inheritance. It finish my round without it."

But, forewarned, the only reply made by the sentry was: "The word! Stand back or I fire."

of sense impressions, and the functions of memory and reasoning. On the "I have forgotten the word, I tell

physiological side this development of intelligence means the building up of you," persisted the officer. "Can't pass without the word." was complex nerve structures in the higher the only answer made by the sentry, as centers known as the brain, such conhe kept him at bayonet's point.

"You know me perfectly," insisted the officer, in a tone of chagrin, "I am your tion with the daily exercise of the senseorgans and the muscular system. It officer-your Adjutant. "I don't know you. Keep back, or I would appear to follow then that the young of the higher and more intelliwill fire," was the only reply vouchsafed

gent animals will be born with these cen- him. ters but very little developed. And this is what we find. The stupidity of the pup is proverbial. While the lower "You dare not fire on your superior; and as it is, I will have you severely pun-ished for thus detaining me from my duty." So saying the officer seized hold of the bayonet, and endeavored to force species which are sufficienty equipped for life by a few instincts involving relatively simple nervous arrangements

his way past. "Stand back!" shouted the sentry, as he drew away his bayonet, and made as if to charge the officer. Stepping back, the officer drew his sword and came on again, but was instantly disarmed by the sentry. Seizing hold of the muzzle of the rifle, he next endcavored to wrest it from the sentry's grasp. The sentry, being new to the corps, and knowing perfectly who his opponent was, refrained from firing, not knowing what the consequence might be of firing on his superior, even though the pass had been refused. In the struggle, however, the rifle went off, and the bullet whizzed past the officer's ear, carrying with it a piece of his head-dress. Half stunned. and utterly confused by this unexpected turn of affairs, the officer lost his presence of mind, and actually took to his heels, and without reflecting on the probable consequence of his act he reported the fact of his being fired on by the sen-Terrified beyond measure, the other jumped out of bed. But the room was try, who was immediately marched off to pitch dark; he had no matches, and he the guard-room a prisoner. Next morning a court-martial was convened, and "For heaven's sake, be quick!" gasped having been charged with firing on his superior, was asked what defense he had the invalid. "Give me more air, or I to make. In a few simple words he ex-At length, by dint of groping wildly plained that he had been placed on duty and upsetting half the furniture in the at a certain spot, with strict orders not to apartment, the window was found; but allow any one to pass without giving the

an officar

FOURTH ANNUAL VICTORY D. M. Osborne & Co. Harvesting Machi ery at the Oregon State Fair for 1881.

Nal.2M. OR., July 11, 1861. This certifies that D. M. Osborne & Co. was awarded

first premiums on their Twine Binding Harvester, No. Six Combined Resper and Mower, No. Three Independent Resper, No. Two Front Cut Mower, and No. Five Rear Cut Mower, at the Fair of 1851.

E. M. WAITE, Sec'y. The above speaks for itself. The competition wa between the "Osborne" and "Woods" Twine Binders Tse McCormack and Marsh-Deering acknowledged defeat, and did not enter for premiums; but found time to exhibit on the Fair Grounds, but attracted no attention whatever. The Osborns was put to a very severe test, elevating and binding green wheat, succentrally repeating the operation until the committee expressed perfect satisfaction. The defeat of the Woods binder was rough and hard to bear, but the following from Mr. H. A. Davis, of Harrisburg, Linn county, Oregon, is a much grander victory for the "Osborne:"

HARRISBURG, OR., July 16, 1881. Means D. M. Osborne & Co., Portland, Or.-Gen-tiemen: After two days' hard labor and extreme vexation with a "Woods Twine Binder" (having the assistance of an expert). I have failed to make it go To-day I concluded to try an Osborne, and am happy to say that from its entrance into the grain up to this writing it has not failed for one moment to do perfect work, cutting, binding and elevating. And before this reaches you my order will be filled with one of your machines, as I consider them the best and only ma-

chine on which we farmers can fully depend. My men will all cheerfully sign with me as true friends to the Osborne. H. A. DAVIS. D. M. OSBORNE & CO., Portland. Or.

He is to be envied who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

The old made young and the weak strong by drink-ng Damiana Bitters, the great tonic. O. N. P. Co. (New Series), No 24.

Portland Business Directory

SEAL ENGRAVES.

BUENA VISTA POTTERY.

COMMISSION MERCHANT. H. H. PITTS.-.NO. 70 Front street. Wholesale dealer in California and Mexican fruit and produce Chuns Rice and Nut Oil at low rates.

ART GOODS. MORSE'S PALACE OF ART .-- The leading house for picture frames and monidings, wholesale and retail. Fancy goods and artists' materialsa spec-laity. 163 First street Portland. C. C. Morse & Co.



The Opinion of a Prominent Physician.

I will always give merit where merit belongs. Par-don me for relating a little personal experience. In the year 1880 I found myneif loaing both in strength and health. I could assign no cause for the decline, but I continued until I was induced to attend the State Fair at Salem. In the pavilion I saw several people samping something. My curiosity was attracted there. I found it was **DANDELION TONIC**. I examined the formula on the back of the both, and found the ingredients used were good. I tasted the Tonic, and found it very pleasant to the taste; and to my wonder and surprise it seemed to help me. I pur-chased a bottle, and while I was stopping on the Fair



PERUVIAN BITTERS

which are as effective against malarial fever to-day as they were in the days of the old Spanis. Vicerova.

\$70

\$75

Eclectic Physician & Surgeon 113 Morgison St., opposite Custom House, Portland. Desire, Fortune. Desire, Fortune. Desire, SURMAN TREATS DIREASE AT HIS IN-of Medical Hygines, as practiced at the most cele-brated Hydropathic and Hystenic Institutes in Ea-brated Hydropathic and Hystenic Institutes in Ea-brated Hydropathic and Hystenic Institutes in Ea-brated Hydropathic and Hystenic Mich Icludes the use of Electric Baths, Calvanization, Yapor and diseases are curved by this system, which to cludes the use of Electric Baths, Calvanization, Yapor and diseases are curved by this system, which to cludes the use of Electric Baths, etc., etc. Both accurs and chronic diseases are curved by the system with a stonishing which are cully given in cases where specially indi-

ten, hired a horse, and ploughed and sowed the small plat of cleared land, and the mother split the rails and fenced in the little house-lot. The maul was so heavy that she could only just lift it to her shoulder, and with about every blow she herself came down to the ground; but she struggled on with the work, and soon the lot was fenced, and the little farm in tolerable order.

"But the corn was running low in the bin, and it was a long time till harvest. So the mother measured out the corn, reckoned how much her children would eat, and went to bed without her supper. For weeks she did this. But the children were young and growing; their little mouths were larger than she had measured, and after awhile she omitted to eat her dinner also. One meal a day, and she a weak and fragile woman! Is it to be wondered at that she is loved and revered by her children?

No reporter ever telegraphed that story, and but for the name the "baby" of that household has made, would it have ever been resurrected and singled out from the story of millions of other pioneer women. But how does it compare with any thing the second Mrs. Garfield has done during the past two weeks? True, the President's wife has done all that she has been called upon to do, and were the need as urgent she might do all that the President's mother

did when left with nothing but her sor-rows and her children in the depths of in Ohio forest. But the fulsome praise which is being Javished upon her, is a proach to the millions of other wives of the United States who are just as devoted, and just as brave and bright as is the mistress of the White House .- [Salt Lake Tribune.

Babies Justified.

The first thing that babies needed was to have their existence justified, and this service has been amply rendered them by the newer science of biology. The helplesaness of the new-born child is, as race. The young of other species often show an extraordinary readiness to manage for themselves as soon as they see the light. The perfect equipment of the newly hatched chick, for instance, which can straightway peck away at tiny grains of meal with as much precision as though it had passed the period of incubation in doing nothing but pecking, is something that is almost irritating to the human spectator. Even the young of higher species, as those of the familiar mammals, are able to get about and to explore their new world in a wonderfully short time. In contrast to this the human infant begins life in the most pitiable condition of helplessness. It has to be closely tended, nourished, and even carried about for many months before it can do anything on its own account or take a single step in life. The evolutionist has found a meaning for this apparent defect in the organization of the human offering. He tells us that as creatures rise in the scale of organization they are called on to adapt their actions

countersign; th t was an old-fashioned casement and no hasp or catch was to be discovered. "Quick, quick; air, air!" implored the

A Cure by Imagination.

At a large hotel the not uncommon

two guests-who were both commercial

travelers-agreed to share it. One of

these gentlemen was a confirmed hypo-

chondriac, and greatly alarmed his com-

panion by waking him up in the middle

of the night, gasping for breath. "Asthma," he panted out; "I am sub-

ject to these spasmodic attacks. Open the window quickly; give me air!"

had forgotten the position of the window.

apparently dying man. "Open it, break it, or I shall be suffocated!" Thus adjured, his friend lost no more

time, but seizing a boot, smashed every pane; and the sufferer immediately ex-perienced great relief. "Oh, thank you; a thousand thanks. "Ha!" he exclaimed. drawing deep sighs which testified to the great comfort he derived; "I think in another moment I should have been dead!" And when he had sufficiently recovered and had expressed his heartfelt grati tude, he described the intense distress of those attacks and the length of time he had suffered from them. After a while both fell asleep again devoutly thankful for the result. It was a warm summer night and they felt no inconveniences from the broken window; but when daylight relieved the pitchy darkness of the night the window was found to be still work already, or was the episode of the past night only a dream? No; for the floor was still strewn with the broken glass. Then, as they looked round the room in amazement, the solution of the mystery presented itself in the shape of an antiquated book-case, whose latticed glass doors were a shattered wreck. The spasmodically attacked one was cured from that moment. So much for imagination .- [Chambers' Journal.

INDISCREET APPRENTICE.-An American druggist's apprentice during his master's absence became very voluble to a customer. Said the apprentice, half in soliloquy and half in narrative: "The drug business is terrific. These porous plasters. The old man has a national reputation for them. He makes 'em out of old sun-bonnets, old hats and gluecuts up the old sun-bonnets and smears on the glue; and when you get one of his plasters on your back it is there for life. There's a man comes in here most every day to swear at the old man because he put on one of our plasters for a lame back in 1848, and he couldn't get it off, we know, peculiar to the progeny of our the skin grew over it like the bark of a tree, you know. That plaster has worked further and further in, until now it's gone to his lungs, and it pulls his left lung in a way to set him crazy. He is a very remarkable chemist-the old man, I do believe he could make paragoric ont of umbrellas, and boil down an illustrated paper into attar of roses. He has a most remarkable ingenuity. You wouldn't believe."- Potter's Monthly.

New Market Theater.

The Lester Opera Company is at present meeting with splendid encouragement at New Market Theater in Portland. The company is a strong one and deserve the success they meet with. Manager Stechen informs us that he has secured Sheridan, the great Shakspearian actor, who will care for Portland on August 9th to play a full round of characters opening in Louis the XI. This will be one of the best engagements ever played in Oregon and our readers should not miss it .- Telegram, July 30th.

Ceremony is the invention of wise men to a much wider variety of circum- to keep fools at a distance.

now recognized to be the Adjutant, had endeavored to pass with-ont giving the word, and on being prevented had seized his rifle, which had gone off by accident. The Adjutant Major, on being interrogated, could not but admit the truth of this statement, and the Colonel, a severe but just disciplinarian, amid the cheers of those present, gave judgment as follows: "The Adjutant will remain in his quarters during the next eight days, having unnecessarily endeavored to cause a private to perform a breach of duty. The name of Private D—will be entered on the 'ordres du jour,' and remain thero during the same period." This was equivalent to eight days' imprisonment for the officer and to the highest praise given to privates, the entry in the "ordres du jour" being read to the assembled regiment at each morning parade, as follows: 'Monsieur le Colonel compleentire! Had invisible glaziers been at ments to Frivate---- on the zealous performance of duty under the most trying circumstances." This public rebuke to the officer had a salutary effect. However, to his credit be it said, he never attempted in any way to molest the sentry for his share in the affair.

> THE WAY IT IS DONE.-Here's Tom Jones. He's a member of Congress and Chairman of a Committee. He tells his messenger or his clerk to have that desk sent to his house-he has so much writing to do at night that he must have it. De you think that desk gets back to the Capitol when that man leaves Congress? Not much. Then Dick Roe is chief clerk somewhere. A handsome droplight worth twenty or thirty dollars perhaps, is in his office. He says to his messenger, 'Henry, take that droplight to my house; I have got to use it for a week or so, and then you can fetch it back." Does it ever get back though? Hardly. Then a Con-gressman may have in his committee room a hundred dollar clock to be sent to his house, "for fear somebody may steal it during the recess." Does that clock ever tick in that committee room again? Not a bit a tick .- | Washington Cor. Philadelphia Times.

When you go to Portland be certain and visit Isaac Barman, The Clothier, as it is the only store in which you can so easily contract for an outfit and be sure of receiving satisfaction. Or send your order; state your size and quality of goods desired, and if you do not receive them as ordered don't accept them. Address ISAAC BARMAN, The Clothier, corner First and Washington streets, Portland Oregon.

Abell's Gold Medal.

Abell's handsome gold medal, given at the state fair for superior photographic work was worthily bestowed. His parlors, 167 and 169 First street, Portland, are constantly crowded with people from all over the state, that are judges of good work.

The "Ladies' Emporium and Lace House," J B Garrison & Co., 167 Third street near Yam-hill, Portland, Or. The finest assortment of real and chesp laces and embroideries in Oregon.

Pfunder's S. S. S. Feyer and Ague mixture. A sure shot.

You will always feel good and never have a sour stomach if you drink Damiana Bitters.



