Morse's Passion play will be produced in New York on the 5th of February. There will be 734 persons employed on

or about the stage.

An express train on the Southern Pacifie got beyond the control of the brake men on the morning of the 20th ult., and backed with frightful velocity down a steep grade, wrecking the train and killing 22 persons. The grade is several miles long, and has an average rise of 116 feet to the mile, and down this the train went flying at lightning speed. The cars soon caught fire from overturned stoves and the flames burst out in every direc-tion. After running 4 miles the two sleepers, baggage, mail and express cars jumped the track and were hurled broadside, when many passengers jammed in the debris were burned to death. Miss Squires of Oakland and Mrs. ex-Gov. Downey are among the victims.

From Wilkesbarre, Pa., comes the following dispatch under date of Jan. 24th: An extensive cave occurred this morning in the Delaware and Hudson mine. On the surface cracks are visible for acres in either direction. A number of houses settled from six inches to two feet, alarming the inmates, who fled from the cave. It has taken place under the surface, and no less than 40 acres have gone down. The disaster is accounted for upon the theory that the props put in the mines some years ago to sustain the roof have rotted away. General apprehension is felt that this is only the beginning of more serious trouble. Old and reliable miners contend that the accident is the result of pit robbing.

pened on Georges Creek and Cumberland railroad to-day. Three coal trains, consisting of three locomotives, fifty-two hoppers and seventeen gondolas, all loaded, started from Cumberland, coupled together, one engine in front, another in advance until \$1 was reached, which was the middle and one in the rear. In going the closing bid. down one of the steep grades the engines lost control and the train started down a steep incline at a fearful rate of speed. The train kept the track until it got on the trestle work. Having reached the curve, the front engine flew the track, dragging all three trains, cars and locomotives after it, all going rolling and tumbling down a steep hill between 80 and 100 feet high. Each train consisted of one conductor, two brakemen, fireman and engineer, in all fifteen, six of whom were killed and all more or less injured.

The Hamburg-American steamer Cimbria collided with the English steamer Sultan in a dense fog in the German ocean on the morning of the 19th ult., and sank in 15 minutes. She left Hamburg the day previous with 487 persons on board, of whom but 58 are known to have been saved. The steamer had 8 boats, but 5 of these it was impossible to launch on account of the lurching of the vessel agitation. and the short time allowed. Captain Hansen was standing on the bridge when the ship went down. The place of collision was on the ocean highway much frequented by vessels. The Cimbria lies steamed away leaving the Cimbria to her fate. The survivors who escaped in bouts say that when they rowed away from the scene the water was covered by bodies kept up by life belts. Tugs were sent out to the wreck but the most vigilaut search failed to discover any additional survivors. The Sultan has been seized by the authorities at Hamburg and a thorough investigation will be had. The Cimbria's passengers were mostly emigrants from East Prussia bound for New York. The scenes at the time of the wreck were appalling. A passenger in the shrouds begged his neighbors to push him into the sea, he being too much chilled to move himself. They refused to do so, when he let himself fall headlong into the waves. An elderly woman, bolding her bible in her cramped hands and singing loudly funeral hymns, was washed away from the deck. Two girls, belonging to the Saubian singing troupe, having secured life-belts, swam about for a long time frantically crying,"Help help!" The people in the rigging cried "Come to the rigging; we cannot move. The girls, half benumbed and no longer able to swim, cried out for the last time,

"We can't come," and disappeared be-

neath the waves.

A Bohemian woman of Milwaukee, 23 rears old, butchered her three young children a few days ago while laboring under religious insanity. The children were all girls, aged four years, twenty months, and four months, respectively. The dingy apartment where the deed was committed was a terrible sight. On the low bed and on the scanty, dirty bed clothes lay the prostrated forms of three little girls, a ghastly group. The little bodies were nude and cut up in a terrible manner. The oldest girl had a large number of gashes all over her little body. The arms of the second girl were cut off near the shoulders, and the lower extremities hung to the body by thin shreds of flesh, and the body was completely disemboweled. The small body of the babe was cut into six pieces, the head and extremities completely severed from the trunk. Near the foot of the bed the young woman, only partially dressed, with disheveled hair, eroughed on the floor, held down by two strong men. Upon a table near by the remains of a frugal breakfast, and earelessly thrust among the cups and saucers lay the ugly butchering knife with blood dripping from its blade, and a cooper's knife, or scraper, with two handles, also smeared with blood. Blood dropped from the bed on to an uncarpeted floor, forming investigating the circumstances attenda large pool. The whole surroundings ant upon the recent disaster. He exwere exceedingly squalid. Her hands presses a firm conviction, based on evi-were smeared with blood, and the front dence taken at the inquest and on addiof her dress was dyed in gore. A smile tional facts and attendant circumstances, played about her mouth, and her whole that not only was the train started down appearance was that of an insane person. the grade by tramps, with a view of rob-while the bodies are shockingly mutilated, the heads are untouched. asked what caused her to do the fearful started and killed Messenger Pierson deed, she replied: "I read it in the with a blow of a hatchet, or some other hair with bloody hands, and looked at the evidence that two bodies were taken from crimson stains and smiled. Her eyes the express car before the flames reached had a wild look. The sight was so terri- it-one of an unknown man and the other ble that the officers turned away, sick at of Pierson-with a deep gash across the

Gustave Dore, the famous French deigner, is dead.

Imperialists are urged to proclaim Prince Victor emperor of France.

The Kingston, Jamaica, fire and relief fund, sends thanks to the United States for contributions.

Hon. James Patrick, Sr., the oldest journalist in Ohio, died on the 24th ult., at New Philadelphia, aged 91.

Two negro murderers of H. H. Rudd, of Walker county, Ga., have been cap-tured. There are threats of lynching. Thirty-seven cadets of the military cademy of Pennsylvania were dismissed

for going to a theater contrary to orders. Ex-empress Eugenie visited Paris last week, but in compliances with President Grevey's request has returned to Lon-

The Delaware house killed the senate bill to abolish the whipping of persons convicted of murder in the second de-

Grand Father Roessley, aged 93, born

in Germany, died on the 24th in Fairfield county, Ohio. He fought under Boneparte at Waterloo. He leaves a large

It is generally understood that Van-derbilt will purchase collections of oid masters, owned by a gentleman in San Francisco, and place them in a gallery he is about to erect in New York.

Over 150 families residing in the northeastern part of Columbus are in destitute circumstances, caused by the closing down of the Columbus mill Christmas, throwing them out of work.

The auxiliary steamer Geo. S. Homer has just sailed from New York for Portland. This is the first vessel constructed for the Cape Horn trade with auxiliary steam power, and this is her first voyage.

Proceedings in equity have been begun 24th ult., says: One of the most terrible delphia & Reading railroad, for the reoccurred in this part of the country hap- States claims is due as tax on scrip issued by the company.

The oil market is excited at Buffalo. A sharp advance, opening 93%, was dropped to 93 4 in the first fifteen minutes, and from that on there was an uninterrupted

The first through freight train for New Orleans, over the Southern Pacific Company's new route, left San Francisco on the 25th nlt. The train embraced one full carload of canned salmon, and two cars of California wine.

Isaac Knapp, a life man in the penitentiary of Sandusky county, Ohio, pardoned October 19th, was arrested at Freemont recently, and is on his way back to prison. It was discovered that he ate soap in prison, causing an abscess, which led to the pardon on the ground that he would die.

The unprecedented cold has produced widespread destitution among the poorer classes at Lynchburg, Va., especially among the negroes, hundreds of whom are out of employment in consequence of the suspension of work in the tobacco factories, on account of the tax question

The house committee on appropriations considering, without action, the petition of Philadelphians asking congress to make an appropriation to reimburse stockholders for loss by the deficit in 90 feet of water with the topsail yards of receipts found in the settlement of the visible. But 3 women were saved. The accounts of the exposition of 1876. Sim-Sultan was but slightly injured and ilar petitions were presented to the 46th

> A New York dispatch of the 23d says: A husband and wife named Lynch have been separated for six years. Their eldest child, a boy of thirteen, died a few days The body was placed in a coffin, and he was to have been buried to-day, but the father, aided by friends, carried it off, and the utmost efforts of the police have so far failed to recover it.

> The agricultural convention reassem bled in Washington on the 25th ult. John H. King, president U. S. Agricultural society, reviewed its history and its objects and purposes. A resolution was adopted authorizing President King and the secretary of his society to confer with other state societies for the purpose of determining the practicability of holding a joint agricultural exposition.

> Princess Louise embarked at Charles ton, Jan. 25th, on the Dido. An immense throng lined the battery to witness the departure. Two ten oared barges conveyed the party to the Dido, which was gaily dressed with bunting. Twenty-one guns were fired by the German artillery and answered by a double salute from the Dido, in greeting to the princess and marquis. The marquis has gone to Washington.

> Information was presented against Fanny Baldwin in the superior court of San Francisco on the 25th ult., on the charge of attempting to murder Lucky Balkwin. She is confined in the county jail, and suffers considerably from her imprisonment. She positively refuses to receive visitors, and spends her time reading. Her mental condition is said to have improved, though her delicate constitution is much taxed by the confine ment.

> The giant powder works at Berkeley California, exploded on the afternoon of the 21st ult., with terrific force, the shock being plainly felt in San Francisco. The employes were mainly Chinese, 22 of whom were blown to atoms. It had been the custom to close the works on Sunday, but in consequence of a large order, consisting of 8000 boxes for Oregon, a large force of men were put to work, either manufacturing powder or loading a schooner which was to have left for Portland about the middle of the week. Dam-

age to the works is estimated at \$60,000. R. D. Wiggington, ex-congressman and attorney for the Southern Pacific railroad company, has returned to San Francisco from Tehachapi, where he had been presses a firm conviction, based on evi-When access to the express car before the train She kept smoothing back her weapon. In proof of this he cited the temple and no other injuries on his body.

DR. DORN'S MISTAKE.

Miss Wilmar's doctor was dead. Now, we al know it is very hard on any one to lose a physician on whom one is dependent, and to whom one is greatly attached. To Miss Wilmar it was particularly so.

Miss Wilmar, I must tell you, was a maiden lady of some forty-five years, very rich, very whimsical (as rich people often consider that they have a right to be), and nervous and fussy, withal, fancying herself ailing a hundred times oftener than there was any need, and convinced that she could not live a week without the physician to examine her pulse and look at her tongue.

Therefore you can see at once that the good lady was in a most uncomfortable state of mind. What she was to do, she had not the slightest idea. The possibility of any one else taking the place of Dr. Dennet was ridiculous in itself. She was perfectly satisfied that there was no physician equal to him anywhere. She sighed deeply, and telt that now she was to be pitied indeed. She should never enjoy anything like

And you can see, too, that if Miss Wilmar should get over this conviction and allow herelf to be persuaded that there existed in the world another physician worth trusting, it would be a very good thing for him; since, dependent on frequent medical advice as she fan-cied herself ill, her doctor's bill must necessarily be be large.

Her friends said, "Now, what will poor dear

Miss Wilmar do ?" And more than one physician in the town thought within himself what a particularly profitable thing it would be for him if he could get Miss Wilmar for a patient with her very nany ailments, and her very prompt remuner-

ation for services rendered.

Mrs. Leenard, an old friend of Miss Wilmar. called on that day to condole with her and to

"What a great pity, Miss Wilmar, that you have lost your physician. It must come very hard to you!'

Yes, Miss Wilmar said, it did come very hard to her. She didn't in the least know what to She would be very glad if anybody could advise her in the matter! She certainly couldn't live without a physician—a physician she must have. But what physician? There was the dif-

"Why don't you try Dr. Gray?"
"Too slow! I never should get well under his care in the world. He'd make me so neryous with his excessive moderation!" Dr. Markham, then?"

"He's just the opposite. Come blustering in like a whirlwind, and won't hear what you have to say, hardly. Gives a patient no time what-ever to describe symptoms. I want somebody with some feeling! "Dr. Hale?"

"I hate homoopathy. I thought you knew

"So I did, but I thought I'd mention him. Well, Dr. Carlton, if they won't do?" "Wouldn't have him to prescribe for my

Mrs. Leonard laughed. She didn't see what Miss Wilmar could do. Half a dozen good physicians were within a stone's throw, almost, as one might say, and yet she would have none

'What do you think of Dr. Dorn? or haven't you thought about him at all? He didn't occur my mind before, being somewhat new here But I have heard him spoken well of,"
"To tell you the truth, I was thinking of him

just before you mentioned his name. I won't have any of the others. And I should run ome risk, any way. At all events I believe I'll think about having him."

To a good many people in this world, it is a

relief to have made up one's mind, even with the prospect of running a risk. And when Wilmar's mind was made up, as it was shortly, she felt very much better-quite cheerful, indeed-and keeping Dr. Down in her mind almost constantly, she got very sooi, to feeling as if she were quite well acquainted with him; so that the good lady actually bowed very civilly to him the next time she met him

Now, this was quite elevating to Dr. Dorn's feelings; for he knew, as well as any other phy-sician in the place, that Miss Wilmar was en the lookout for a new medical adviser; and from the peculiar earnestness with which regarded him, he could not help but flatter himself that she had been turning over his case in her mind; which, as we know, was very true, indeed.

Ar Mrs. Leonard had remarked, he had not been settled in the town a great while; and he was not very widely acquainted. But his maners were plausible, he had already been handin-glove with one or two rich families; and we must here mention that this was very gratify ing to the doctor; for he liked exceedingly the ciety of the rich and great; and poor patients he did not by any means desire. So that thus far his prospects were very pleasant ones in-deed. He thought to himself that he should very soon be a rising man in the place-thought much of and looked up to. And when the rich Miss Wilmar bowed so graciously to him, he quite congratulated himself, as, of course, verybody thought he he had good reason to do And it soon appeared a fact. For, not three days after this, Miss Walmar, being attacked everely with neuralgia, sent for him at once. He happened to be at home and went immedi ately to see her.

The meeting was a very pleasant one; for Miss Wilmar, as we have said, having set her mind on employing him, and thereby becom-ing used to the idea—which went a great way with her—and having, moreover, heard favorable accounts of him from some of the families where he visited, was quite prepossessed with

And when she had half an hour's conversation with him she liked him still more. entered into her feelings so completely, she said—was so full of sympathy—seemed so clearly to understand her case. In fact, though ifferent, of course, from Dr. Dennet, yet he was more fitted to take his place in her estima-tion, than any physician she had ever known. He prescribed for her—the prescription was successful. She had never experienced more lecided rollef even under Dr. Dennet's care,

For one ailment and another, she was obliged to send for him again and again; and every oceasion gave her new faith in the doctor and his treatment. So that Dr. Dorn became estabished as Miss Wilmar's physician; and ongratulated herself very much upon the fact

In fact, Dr. Dorn said to himself that he had made a considerable step in the world. He been preferred before every old established practitioner in the town. Miss Wilmar was rich—prompt in her payments—needing fre-quent advice—what a good thing for him—for his reputation-for his purse! A very fortuman was the doctor.

He was sitting quite at leisure, in his office no evening, with his feet on the fonder, and ireaming golden dreams of the future. Miss freaming golden dreams of the future. Wilmar had promised to introduce him to a wealthy family where Dr. Dennet had been em-ployed, and in which he, in turn, was likely te gain favor. He was congratulating himself anew and building easiles in the air, which ed altogether too beautiful too be real. when the beil rang and dissipated them most effectually for the moment.

A little girl of ten or twelve years came in with timid and hesitating step—a little girl with a cheap, gingham dress, and a coarse straw hat that had seen service. What do you want?" asked the doctor

The child looked up, half frightened. Old Mr. Gray was sick; would Dr. Dorn ome and see him?

"Who is Mr. Gray, and where does he live?" isked the doctor, indifferently. "Our neighbor, sir," said the child: "he

"Well, well! I don't know where you live. Can't you tell me the name of the street?" In her confusion she had forgotten. She told him now-a street on the outskirts of the lived.

town, composed of only a few straggling, oldfashioned houses that had long since een their best days, and were mostly occupied now by very humble and unpretending people

"Hom -ha! What ails him?" was the doc tor's next question. comatism, sir. He's very bad to-night."

"Had any physician before?"
"Dr. Dennet, sir—but he's dead."
Dr. Dennet had been a favorite among the "It's an inconvenient distance to-night;

couldn't you have got a doctor somewhere "Mr. Gray sent me for you, sir,"

The doctor went, unwillingly enough; reached, in the darkness, the old-fashioned brown house that pictured itself to his memory; found old Mr. Gray suffering a good deal, a circumstance which, however, falled to awaken Dr. Dorn's sympathy, but rather made him the crosser instead. So, that he was unnecessarily short and gruff, and seemed likely to frightly short and graff, and seemed many to tright-en and worry the poor old patient more than to help him. Mrs. Gray, a gentle, lady-like, though somewhat nervous elderly woman was affected quite as much as her husband at the doctor's quite indifferent and almost rude man-ner, but did her very best to smooth and conciliate and please; so that, to have seen her half-terrified politeness of manner, one would have pitted the poor old lady very much in-

It is, perhaps, needless to say that the doctor had at once taken note of the surroundings. They were plain, old-fashioned, like the house— lumbering, well-worn furniture; patched curtains; a home-spun carpet, patched, too. He made his visit short as possible. "You'll come again to-morrow or next day?"

asked Mrs. Grav, following him to the door, and speaking as if she were asking a great favor, which she had no right to ask. The doctor half promised, roughly and un-

civily, as usual, and banged the door behind him, without having the grace to say "Good He did not go again for three days then only

dropped in as he was going by. Old Mr. Gray was very little better, and complained, in his gentle, feeble way, and made the doctor crosser than ever.

Poor old Mrs. Gray actually felt as if they

ad asked too great a favor of the doctor in re questing his attendance. She mentioned to him that she has heard of him being so excellent a physician—her niece Hetty had recommended nim—would be want a moment and see ber? Hetty had only just stepped into the other room, and would be very glad to see him.

"Can't stop, ma'am." answered the doctor, in tones quite contrasting with the smooth and heerful ones accustomed to greet the car of his rich patient, Miss Wilmar, "And I think, ma'am, your husband's getting along-will do very well. Let him continue the application as directed. There' no need of my coming

Not coming again! and poor old Mr. Gray hardly relieved in the least! Mrs. Gray looked just a little rising pride from her gentle eyes, but said nothing, produced a pocket-book con-taining a great deal more money than the doc-tor would have believed could have been found in the house, and paid, without a moment'. question, the fee he demanded. It was an exorbitant fee, too, considering what Dr. Dorn believed to be the circumstances of his patient. To tell the truth, he was surprised at being paid so promptly and liberally. He looked a little puzzled-lingered a little-but not a word said Mrs. Gray or her husband, only waited for him to go, which he did very slowly, bidding them a tolerably civil good morning.
"Well, aunt!" ejaculated Miss Wilmar, step-

ping out from an adjoining room, as the doc-tor left the house. "This is what you get by living so that upstarts like that think you're no better than paupers! To be sure, it's none of his business, or that of anybody else, if you choose to live to suit yourself. And he may reckon on having had the last of your money. or mine either. Not a step does he set in m house again! I'll have another physician to Not a step does he set in my

And so she did. And Dr. Dorn, astonished and mortified, never knew the reason till one fine day he discovered that Miss Wilmar herself was the "niece Hetty" of whom Mrs. Gray had made mention. Jane Alison.

HOW LITTLE JAKE FOUND HIM.

It was Saturday morning, clear and cold The bells were ringing, and people were going into the churches in the upper part of the city, the same as on Sunday. A ragged, pale-faced boy loitered around the door of one of them, and finally plucked up courage to slide into the porch, and gradually to edge into the door and slip unobserved into a back seat. He was a little fellow, with auburn hair and light blue eyes, and if he had been washed and combed and well clad, would have been a pretty boy; but he bore the marks of ill-usage, and had the forlorn air of that most pitiable object, a neg-

lected child. He looked cautionsly about him, and when the organ began to sound seemed utterly confounded. And no wonder, for Little Jake had never been inside a church before in all his miserable life. He was nobody's child, and lived down by the river with an old man who starved him to make him beg and beat him to make him steal. This morning he had been driven forth without breakfast, and forbidden. with curses, to return until he got some money. He was feverish and ill, and shivered in the piercing air, and with a dull indifference had taken his way aimlessly from the filthy and poverty stricken quarter where he lived towards the broad avenues and beautiful homes of the prosperous world, and in the same dull way had drifted into the church. Wreaths of evergreen and scarlet holly and

exquisite flowers made the place beautiful. The organ pealed, the singers sang joyous strains; was Christmas morning, the gladdest time of the year to the happy, but nothing to little Jake, who had never heard of it, but a bitter cold day when he had no breakfast.

By and by the minister rose and began to His voice was soft and pleasant, and in a simple way be told the story of the first Christ Little Jake was all ears. He enlarged on the fact that the Christ to whom a wonderful star guided the wise men was the richest and most generous of beings; that one had but to ask to receive from him the choicest treas res. So simple and gracious was his language. so hearty was his assurance of welcome hope sprang up in the heart of the child and he felt if he could only get to Christ he would have plenty to eat and some money given him so that he should not be beaten when he returned

The service was soon over, the people began to go out of the church and little Jake went with them. He hung around the door until every one was gone, hoping to see the soft voiced minister, but he went out by the vestry door on the other side of the church. meant to ask him where Christ lived. After shivering around along time he was forced to give him up and make up his mind to ask some one else. He was a timid child and met with so many rebuffs when he went out to beg that so many reoms when he went out to beg that he shrank from approaching people on any er-rand, and he passed a great many people as he wandered up and down the streets before he could summon courage to make his inquiry. Finally, however, a pair of young girl friends came along, arm in arm, walking slowly and deeply absorbed in confidential conversation.

Little Jake approached them.

"Do you know Christ?" he asked timidly.

They gave bith no answer, but with a startled air hastened their steps, turning once or twice to look at the child. He sighed and wandered on. It was very cold and nearly everyone walked briskly, and Little Jake was too timid to arrest their steps. An old man leaning on a cane seemed a likely person to listen to and answer his questions, and the child plucked up courage to ask him if he knew where Christ lived. "Speak louder, little feller," he said, putting

"Speak louder, little relier," he said, passes his hand on his ear.

Little Jake repeated the question, accenting the name. An expression of robuke appeared on the aged face,

"You're a bad little boy, I'm afeared," he said. "Don't you know it's wicked to swear? And on Christmas Day, too," and he shook his

The short winter afternoon was wearing to a close before he made another attempt. He

turned the matter over in his mind and concluded to vary his form of address. A stout German woman's honest face emboldened him

to accost her. 'Please, ma'am, be you acquainted with Mr. Christ?" said a plaintive voice at her side. She

paused at once. 'Christ, Christ," she said with an effort to member. "Would he be German?" Little Jake didn't know. "What would you of him, mein kind?"

"He's agoin' to give me some money." said oor Little Jake. "I not know him, but I give you one penny,"

and she gave it and hasted on.
A finely dressed lady dropped her handkerchief; he picked it up and ran after her. Plucking her cloak to arrest her attention he held

out the handkerchief.

"It's yours, ma'am," he said simply.
She felt in her muff. "Why, so it is. I'm much obliged, little boy." "Please." began Little Jake, timidly, "could

"Of course I'd give you something if I had my portmonnaie," she said impatiently, "but I haven't and you'll have to take the will for the deed," and she hurried away. Tears come to Little Jake's blue eyes.

'I didn't want nothing only to ask where he

lived," he thought. Night was failing, and he had neither begged nor found Christ, and the dread of returning to his wretched home empty handed emboldened him to make another appeal. He put the question to two prosperous looking men. and the pleading voice and little wan face ought not to have appealed in vain, whatever the question might be.

"Get out, you little vagabond," said one, and the other, "What are she police for I'd like to know," and their angry voices were

soon lost in the distance.

It was night, and the stars were out in the frosty heaven. Little Jake looked up the long street, and above where it seemed to come to a point in the sky shone the mild lamp of the evening star. His head throbbed with pain, his weary limbs ached, his feet and hands were beed with cold, but the star filled his soul

with fresh courage.
"It's his star," was his glad thought. "Th man said it stopped over the place where he is, I'll go there," and he started off up the street. Block after block was wearily passed, and still the star was far, far off. Poor, patient Little Jake was very weary, wandering all day without food, and the porch of a church he was passing looked like a refuge from the wind, where he might rest a moment. He climbed the steps and sank down-a little huddled heap in the

"Couldn't find him to night." he muttered. "In the mornin" —and Little Jake was asleep.
Presently it began to snow and snowed all
night, and the wind drifted it into the porch and covered Little Jake with a soft white The city clocks struck all the hours of the night and it was Sunday morning. The sexton came to shovel away the snow before meeting time, and cleared the walk and mounted the steps to the porch. Finding a heap of some thing there he stooped over, brushed the snow lightly off and disclosed the small pale face of Little Jake.

"What have you here, Jarvis?" said the softoleed minister coming up the step.

Jarvis raised himself up and answered

gravely:
"A dead child, sir."—Lucy L. Stout in the Detroit News.

Selecting a Wife.

Who marries for loves takes a wife: who marries for fortune takes a mistress; who marries for position takes a lady. You are loved by your wife, regarded by your mistress, tolerated by your lady. You have a wife for yourself, a mistress for your house and friends, a lady for the world and society. Your wife will agree with you, your mistress will rule you, your lady will manage you. Your wife will take care of your household, your mistress of your house, your lady of appearances. If you are sick your wife will nurse you, your mistress will visit you, your lady will inquire after your health. You take a walk with your wife, a ride with your mistress, and go to a party with your lady. Your wife will share your grief, our mistress your money, your lady your debts. If you are dead your wife will weep, your mistress will lament, and your lady wear mourning. Which will you have?

A St. Louis genius makes icieles out of pure whisky and finds plenty of customers for all he can turn out. Frozen whisky stastes like the best imported champagne, -- Free Press.

ELEGANT QUARTERS.

A Reporter of the Welcome Visits the New Departments of the Columbia Business College.

Portland Sunday Welcome.
A representative of the Welcome yesterday dropped in upon Prof. W. S. James, principal of the Columbia Business College at his new and elegant quarters in Johnson & McCown's new brick block, northwest corner of Second and Salmon streets, Portland. He found the genial Professor literally "up to his eyes in the work of fitting up the handsome spartments which he has there leased. The new rooms of the Columbia Business College occupy the entire south half of the third floor of the building, and are arranged with a view entirely to the

COMPORT AND CONVENIENCE

Of the students. At the end of the hall fronting east, we enter the present library of the College, and pass therefrom into the elegantly-furnished private office of the principal. This room is fittled up with new and handsome fur-niture throughout. Hence we enter the main or students room, which is very large, and well ventilated and lighted. The arrangement of this apartment is such that every student will be accommodated with plenty of room—a luxury heretofore unknown in any business college on the Pacific Coast. The aisles are wide, and the desks at comfortable distances apart. The Pro-fessor informs us that the east end of this room will shortly be fitted up in genuine

BANKING AND COUNTING-ROOM

Style, so that actual business will be carried on among the students in practice as well as in theory. Passing from the main instruction room, we enter the ladies' waiting room, which is also elegantly furnished and provided with an adjacent toilet room of the latest convenience. Thence we pass into the rear hallway and enter a large apartment in the west end of the building, which will soon be fitted up as a library and reading room. There is also another room in this por-tion of the building, which early in the summer will be transformed into a telegraph office, but for the present will be occupied as a sleeping apartment by some of the students. All the different rooms are

UNITED BY TELEGRAPH Lines, with instruments in each, so that stu-

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