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Table with columns for advertising rates: LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS (cash), THE SQUARE OR LESS, ONE INSERTION, THE SQUARE OR LESS, SEVERAL INSERTIONS, THE SQUARE OR LESS, A MONTH, THE SQUARE OR LESS, THREE MONTHS, THE SQUARE OR LESS, SIX MONTHS, THE SQUARE OR LESS, ONE YEAR.

What the Bullet Sang. O joy of creation, To be! O rapture! To be free! Be the battle lost or won, Though its smoke shall hide the sun, I shall find my Love—the one Born for me!

If We Would. When he spoils his neighbor's fame, If we would but help the erring, Ere we utter words of blame; If we would, how many might we Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Michigan Rose. Two little boys of the street picked up a bunch of Michigan roses, defaced, bruised, trodden on, soiled with dust.

Michigan Rose (continued). A girl, passing by, and attracted by the eager and interesting look on the children's faces, stopped to enquire what they were talking about.

Michigan Rose (continued). "What is this? It is a bunch of Michigan roses," said the girl, with a twinkle in her eyes; "and it grows tall, away up to the sky, and all the bush is like this cluster, pink, with yards and yards of flowers."

Michigan Rose (continued). "Sweet Michigan!" said both boys in the same breath, as the girl went on her way; but from that day forth, as the quest of the Holy Grail possessed Sir Galahad, so the search after Sweet Michigan possessed these orphan boys.

Michigan Rose (continued). "Yes, sir," responded the children, taking out a neatly folded brown paper from each vest pocket and handing it to the agent. The packages contained exactly fifty cents apiece. They were the

remnants of the earnings of Johnny and Sammy. There were four five cent pieces and the rest was in pennies, two and three cent coins. The man looked down in those sun-burned, happy faces. He read no story of misgiving there, but a confidence and hope that was pleasant to see.

Michigan Rose (continued). "Where did you say you were going?" "Sweet Michigan," lisped the babies together. "Put it back in your pockets. You are running away, aren't you?" "Yes, sir."

Michigan Rose (continued). "I shall have to send you home." "We're a goin' home, sir." "Where are your father and mother?" "Both dead, sir."

Michigan Rose (continued). "I don't mean that kind; I mean the sweet ones there. There's that girl who told us where the roses grow; there's Josh and we would sleep in the station when we couldn't sleep anywhere else."

Michigan Rose (continued). "Along the level of the prairie the sun burned red and warm. Acres of wheat were cut and gathered into ricks that looked like little old women with their bonnets on. There were also sweet ricks of pink turkeys and ducks gave animation to the front door there along the road-side for a short distance, then crossed the highway and trickled down a meadow whose greenness showed the second growth of the year.

Michigan Rose (continued). "The children could not learn much, but what the little newsboys told them they remembered. "Did you know," said one bootblack to another, "that Johnny and Sammy are goin' to emigrate?" "No; where they goin'?" "Well, they're goin' out West, where roses grow, or suthin' of that sort."

Michigan Rose (continued). "The boys got aboard a Western express; their friends waved their hats and gave them a cheerful farewell; the train was off. Johnny and Sammy had started on their new lives. "Tickets, boys," said the conductor. "Yes, sir," responded the children, taking out a neatly folded brown paper from each vest pocket and handing it to the agent. The packages contained exactly fifty cents apiece. They were the

Make Your Own Table Syrup. We find the following, by a correspondent of the Sunny South, and it contains so much good sense that we give it to our readers. The numerous brands of molasses and drugged syrups on the market can be replaced by a healthful syrup at nearly, if not quite the same money—perhaps money can be saved, as stated below. There can be no good reason given why people should eat just what the world sets out to prepare for them.

Make Your Own Table Syrup (continued). "So, boys," said Farmer Laly, after supper, "you thought you would come out here and live by the Michigan rose?" "Yes, sir." "And you like it, do you?" "Yes, sir." "Well, you can live here, if you want to."

Make Your Own Table Syrup (continued). "Forever!" "Yes, you can call me Laly for a father you can call me so. Now, boys, I am going to milk the cows; come and see them."

England's Dilemma. England's worst enemies could not hope to see her in a more humiliating position than that she now occupies. She sees her ancient enemy, Russia, marching forward with restless force to the accomplishment of the very thing which England has devoted all her energies and sacrificed a profusion of treasure and blood to prevent her doing. Twenty years ago, England was able to summon France and Italy to her aid to beat back the Russian from Constantinople, but to-day she seeks in vain for an alliance. France cannot go to war; Italy has been bribed away; Austria has been bought by the shrewd Muscovite; Spain and Portugal care nothing for the Eastern Question, and if they did, have as much as they can do to attend to their own affairs. England has no armies to send abroad large enough to meet on equal terms more than a Russian corps.

England's Dilemma (continued). She has heretofore fought her battles in Europe with her navy, her money, and a small and contingent. Her navy can be of little effectiveness in such a struggle as is now threatened, her money of little more use, since there are now no good disciplined troops to be hired for service against Russia. But she then would drain even her long purse to put troops equal in number to the Russian hosts in numbers, while they could not possibly be a match for them in discipline and effectiveness.

England's Dilemma (continued). She finds one hope left her; she appeals to the Court of Berlin, to use its moral influence to prevent the Russian from carrying out his schemes. It is said to see the proud nation which was so long the mistress of Europe brought to supplicate the good offices of another to secure for her that which she thereby confesses her inability to secure for herself. And this supplication is the more galling when it is remembered that the relations of the Prussian and Russian Courts are so intimate as to give color to the supposition that they are accomplices in each other's designs for national aggrandizement, and therefore England's humbling herself before Prussia is nearly equivalent to assuming that attitude before Russia.

England's Dilemma (continued). It is safe to say that England's continental influence has about disappeared.—Tulio Blade. WHEN MEN ARE AT THEIR BEST.—Dr. Beard states that from analysis of the lives of a thousand representative men in all the great branches of the human family, he made the discovery that the golden decade was between forty and fifty, the brazen between twenty and thirty; the iron between fifty and sixty. The superiority of youth and middle life over old age in original work appears all the greater when we consider the fact that all the positions of honor and prestige—professorships and public stations—are in the hands of the old. Reputation, like money and position, is mainly confined to the old. Men are not widely known until long after they have done the work that gave them their fame. Portraits of great men are delusions; statues are lies; they are taken when men have become famous, which, on the average, is at least twenty-five years after they did the work which gave them their fame. Original work requires enthusiasm. If all the original work done by men under forty-five were annihilated, they would be reduced to barbarism. Men are at their best at that time when enthusiasm and experience are almost evenly balanced. This period, on the average, is from thirty-eight to forty. After this the law is that experience increases, but enthusiasm decreases.

England's Dilemma (continued). An Englishman, named Bryce, has been looking after the pieces of Noah's Ark, at the summit of Mount Ararat, where the Armenians of the neighborhood believe it yet to be, in a good state of preservation. To them the mountain has been thought inaccessible. But this is the third or fourth ascent that has been made. The mountain is 17,213 feet high. The peak is in sugar loaf form, of volcanic origin, and covered with snow. It is quite needless to add that the Ark was not discovered by Mr. Bryce.

The Cobra. When the Earl of Albemarle was performing military service in India, he had frequent acquaintance with that deadly reptile, the cobra de capello. At one time, a servant, who had been bitten by a cobra, was brought to the Government House, in hopes that the physician in attendance could save his life. The remedies given were ineffectual, and the man died in half an hour. His death appeared perfectly painless, for so long as life remained his body rested in a state of complete repose, with the hands open and the palms upward. The cobra can be domesticated, and, when tamed, allows itself to be handled by persons to whom it is accustomed with perfect impunity. An instance of its amiable bearing is cited by the General in command of the Barrackpore District in my time, an old gentleman of the name of Hardwick, who was passionately fond of cobras, of which he had a large collection. His pets, being of a tractable disposition, would frequently escape into the adjoining compounds, to the no small annoyance and terror of his neighbors. I once paid a visit to his snakery. I saw him seize a cobra by the tail with his right hand, while he passed the body of the animal rapidly through his left till he reached the head. He then forced open the serpent's mouth and showed the poison-bag at the base of the fangs. When he let the reptile go, so far from showing irritation at such rough usage, it seemed rather gratified at having been chosen to exhibit the idiosyncrasy of its species in its own person.

The Cobra (continued). The Hindoos have a superstition that if a cobra is killed, some of its relatives will avenge its death. For this reason, the serpents are allowed by them to multiply without molestation. It is stated in a recent publication that, in the Presidency of Bengal alone, 11,416 persons died of snake bite in the year 1869.

The Hurricane. NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—A letter from Key West, giving the experience of the United States steamship *Ontario* in the storm of the 19th and 20th of October, says the men, in getting about the decks to attend to their duties, were thrown violently from their feet, and blinded by the spray were obliged to grope groping about as if they were in total darkness. They could only stick to their stations by the most desperate struggling against the hatches, gratings, doors, deck-buckets, and many other articles that were being swept back and forth across the deck by the rushing of the water, as the ship sailed and tossed. Breathing was difficult, and the air taken into the lungs was so loaded with sea salt that it caused excessive irritation, producing violent coughing and vomiting. The suffering of the men was most intense, especially among the firemen and coal heavers, who were not only deprived of ventilation but obliged to inhale the salt-water steam produced by the seas rushing over the boiler.

The Hurricane (continued). The surgeon found a sufficient quantity to give all hands and sent it to the cabin to be distributed. The effect of the storm on the animal board was peculiar. The cats disappeared the morning before the storm and were not seen for five days afterward. The dog, Daniel, a splendid pointer, owned by the captain, exhibited the greatest dread at being left alone and was so alarmed, when he was let out, as to petting him. The hens and turkeys, usually the most hungry and voracious and quarrelsome beasts on board, forgot their hunger and barely opened their eyes when food was thrown them. Two black cats, a species of pelican, came on board while we were lying in the vortex. They must have been drawn down while attempting to fly over us. The parrot was the only thing on board that seemed at all to enjoy the surroundings.

The Hurricane (continued). NO LAGER IN TOWN.—A laughable incident is told of a German and his wife who visited Ocean Grove the other day. Going into the ice cream garden the man asked for beer for two: "Zwei glass beer," with more emphasis. "What is it you want?" "Beer! beer! beer! Zwei glass." "You haven't a speck of beer, and I beg to experiment by placing two plates of ice cream before the pair. "Ugh! take away that shtoo! Ve vant beer-lager." "Oh! Lager beer, eh?" "Yes, yes! I dot is right. Zwei glass." "We haven't any—don't keep it." "You no keep him? Ve, here can ve find some—eh, mein friend?" "Nowhere. You can't get any in the place." "Can't get any beer—no lager! Mein Gott in Himmel! Dot was awful places! Vat dime leads de next time, eh! Coom on, Katerma," and without waiting for an answer they started for the depot.

The Hurricane (continued). THE STEWARDSES OF THE PLYMOUTH ROCK tells of a romantic young lady who ventured out too far at Rockaway Beach and was nearly drowned, but fortunately was rescued and given in her charge. On coming to her senses the young lady declared she would marry the man who had risked his life to save hers. "Impossible," replied the stewardess. "What, is he already married?" "No." "Wasn't it the handsome young fellow who was bathing near me in the surf when I became unconscious?" "No, 'twas a Newfoundland dog."

The Hurricane (continued). EMPEROR WILLIAM has addressed the following words to the citizens of Wissembourg, in Alsace, where the French first felt the shock of the advancing German host: "I know you come to me with bleeding hearts. It is only natural, my friends; but I myself have known vicissitudes, but here up against them. Believe me, as an old man, time sets its rights right. Time reconciles us to all changes, and time, I am sure, will make you satisfied."

The Hurricane (continued). A DRY SUBJECT.—The mummy.

The Story of Captain Nathan Hale. On September 23d, one hundred years ago, within the limits of the City of New York, Captain Nathan Hale, of the Continental Army, was hung as a spy, without the formality of a trial and under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. He was but twenty-one years of age, a graduate of Yale, and a man whose literary attainments are perpetuated in his grand-nephew, Rev. Edward Everett Hale. The World gives some interesting reminiscences of this hero-martyr, and says: "Tradition has preserved a picture of the gallant young soldier, who, in April, 1776, encamped his company in the fields near our Banker Hill, at Broadway and the Bowery, and who in September the same year crossed the Sound, at New York, on his perilous errand. Twenty-one years old in June, bright-eyed and athletic, he was dressed in a frock of white linen, fringed, such as officers then wore, with a yellow ribbon in his cockade, to mark his rank, in lieu of epaulettes. He had his dress and uniform all of his own making, and at his side was the sword worn by his uncle, Nathan Hale, who was killed by a shell at the siege of Louisbourg, in 1745. When equipped for the perilous work of a spy, Captain Hale changed his uniform for a plain citizen's clothes, with a round, broad-brimmed hat. He was set ashore at Huntington, Long Island, and thence proceeded through the British camps on Long Island and New York. After passing safely to the outposts of the British army, he stopped at a tavern called the 'Coblers,' where he was seen and recognized by a Tory cousin, a dissipated young man, named Samuel Hale, who had received many favors at his hands in former times, and who had been ordered by a total eclipse. On the 20th of October, 1798, he obtained a distinct image of one of the prominences, which he afterwards traced entirely round the sun. Astronomers can, therefore, now study these flames at any time, and see their progress. The result of observations now being taken show that storms rage upon the sun with a violence of which we can form no conception. Hurricanes swept over its surface with terrific violence. Vast cyclones wrap its fires into whorls, at the bottom of which our earth could lie like a boulder in a volcano. Huge flames dart out to enormous distances, and fly over the sun with a speed greater than that of the earth itself through space. At one time come off of the sun, at eight thousand miles, and then died away all in ten minutes' time. Beside such awful convulsions, the mimic display of a terrestrial volcano or earthquake sinks into insignificance. There is nothing in these phenomena to alarm us. They have, in all probability, happened constantly for ages past. That we have now means of investigating their height and velocity, furnishes no sense of anxiety. Honors of these discoveries have crept into the papers, and exaggerated by repeated copying and sensational additions, have given rise to these mysterious and uncalled for predictions.

The Story of Captain Nathan Hale (continued). "There is nothing in these phenomena to alarm us. They have, in all probability, happened constantly for ages past. That we have now means of investigating their height and velocity, furnishes no sense of anxiety. Honors of these discoveries have crept into the papers, and exaggerated by repeated copying and sensational additions, have given rise to these mysterious and uncalled for predictions.

The Story of Captain Nathan Hale (continued). THE HERO OF MINNESOTA. There is no tragedy of Shakespeare so grand and complete, so satisfying in its dramatic unity, as one which has now been acted on the stage of real life in Minnesota. Now that the drama is finished by the death or capture of its hero, we must, for the honor of the state, repeat the familiar outlines of the story. As everybody knows, the cashier of the Northfield, Minn., bank, who was also the treasurer of Carleton College, was a month ago attacked by a band of highway robbers and told that he must instantly open his safe or die. This is not the first time that cashier have been so caught and threatened. They have always yielded, preferring life to honor. But the Northfield cashier was a hero and not a coward. It took him no time to refuse. He could die, but he could not be compelled by threats to become the accomplice of robbers, and they murdered him. His trust he kept. The savings of widows and orphans which had been confided to him he preserved. He retained his integrity. He did not think a few years more of life worth so much as honor and duty. And so he died, keeping well the trust put in his hands by a financial institution and by a Christian college.

The Story of Captain Nathan Hale (continued). THE HERO OF MINNESOTA (continued). The robbers came from Missouri, where deeds of violence are not rare and where they had often escaped. They thought that by such audacity as has been successful at home they could succeed in a more northern state. But they found in Mr. Heywood an obstacle such as they had never met. Before they could turn and flee the citizens were rushing to horse and arms. One of their number was already shot. They gained the open field, but were not yet safe. The country was aroused before them and behind. Every citizen became a detective and every copse and thicket was scoured to find them. Not one of them was allowed to escape. A number of them were shot in their tracks. Others were captured, wounded or exhausted, to suffer the no less severe penalty of outraged law. The tragedy has had its fitting close.—Independent.

The Story of Captain Nathan Hale (continued). AN OPTICAL DELUSION.—Here is a neat deception. Roll a sheet of writing paper into a tube ten inches in diameter, and hold it to the right eye, looking through at any convenient angle, keeping the left eye also open. Place the left hand, open with the palm upward, against the tube an inch or two from the further end. The surprising effect apparently seen will be a hole through the hand the size of a cross-section of the tube, showing in place of the hand, but a sheet of white paper with a hole in it of a quarter of an inch in diameter; stare intently into the tube, and you will see the hole in the sheet of paper floating in the middle of the tube, clearly defined by the difference of illumination. Each eye obviously transmits a different impression to the brain, and that organ, unable to disentangle them, lands us on the palpable absurdity of a materialized hole.

The Story of Captain Nathan Hale (continued). HOW TO WOO A WOMAN.—Woo a woman bravely. If there is anything humiliating to a woman, it is to have a lover whom she wishes to honor, weak and timid, ever yielding through lack of affection. She longs to tell him "I act like a man!" The man who conceals or denies his love for fear of being laughed at is a coward. A love that has no element of divinity in it is not love, but passion, which, of itself, has nothing ennobling. That was a beautiful inscription on an engagement ring. "Each for the other, and both for God."

The Story of Captain Nathan Hale (continued). A BRAG CONCERN.—The limb of a tree.

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