FOREIGN NEWS.

French Politics.

VERSAILLES, Jan. 14.—The Chamber reassembled to-day, and the Deputies re-elected M. Grevy President almost unanimously. Three of the Vice-Presidents are Republicans and one is a Conservative. The Senate will elect a President to-morrow. The Left have nominated M. Martel against M. Dandifred Pasquier.

PARIS, Jan. 14.—The appointment of Gen. Gresley as Minister of War is gazetted. General Borel has been appointed commander of the army corps.

Bismarck's Last.

BERLIN, Jan. 14—The parliamentary punishment bill continues the chief topic of conversation in all political circles. There is more opposition in the chancellor's scheme, than in Germany. Many persons here believe that Bismarck will ultimately succeed in carrying the measure with but few changes.

The Russian Plague.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 14.—Official reports state that there have been 292 cases of the plague, of which 242 were fatal, in the village of Wettinanks, up to the 6th of January.

Death in a Coal Pit.

CARDIFF, Jan. 14.—An explosion occurred in Dinas colliery, Rhondda valley, last night. It is said there are 58 men in the pit. The explosion was very violent, and it is feared that none of the men escaped. No attempt at rescue can be made yet.

The Ameer's Movements.

LONDON, Jan. 15.—A correspondent at Tashkend telegraphs under date of January 13th, that General Kaufman has invited the Ameer to come to Tashkend. The Ameer cannot arrive there before February 5th.

Credible advices indicate that Yakoob Khan will soon usurp the throne of Cabul.

Cannot Be Saved.

Eighty yards of the roof of the Dinas mine, at the shaft, has fallen since the explosion and stopped ventilation. Employes cannot enter the mine, and there is no hope of rescue for the sixty men entombed.

Silver Gets a Rise.

The rise in the price of silver to 50 pence per ounce yesterday, was the consequence of the demand for India and the further advance in Indian and China exchanges. Germany is not offering of its stock of silver at present prices.

French Affairs.

PARIS, Jan. 15.—The Senate has elected as President Louis Joseph Martel, nominated by the Left.

President MacMahon has signed a decree pardoning 1,800 Communists.

French Politics.

VERSAILLES, Jan. 16.—In the Chamber of Deputies this afternoon De Marcere, Minister of the Interior, read a ministerial declaration. It says the Senatorial elections are a striking indication of the adhesion of the people to the republican policy, and alludes favorably to the work of the Berlin congress, and hopefully to its execution and the results of the Berlin treaty.

A Paris dispatch says the Left have fully determined to have the ministers and to remove all but Republicans from office, and to carry out the wish of the electoral body, especially as regards the Minister of War, Gen. Farre, who was proposed by Dufaure, was nominated for Minister, but President MeMahon refused to sanction his appointment, and threatened to resign if it was insisted on. M. Dufaure yielded, and assented to the appointment of Gen. Gresseley.

A special correspondent at Paris of London newspapers speak of the situation in France as serious. The Left appears determined almost to overturn the Defaure cabinet, pronouncing it unworthy of confidence unless it publishes beforehand a list of intended dismissals of functionaries. The cabinet refuses to thus compromise its dignity.

Austro-Turkish Affairs.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Jan. 16.—The Austro-Turkey convention will be signed shortly. It will leave Austria free to administer Bosnia and Herzegovina, continue Turkish administration and establish mixed occupation of Novi Bazar.

Dinner to Grant.

At a dinner given at Place d'Elysee, the residence of McMahon, in honor of Grant, among the invited guests were M. Waddington and wife, Gen. Noyes and wife, Miss King, Miss Stephens, members of the Chinese embassy, representatives of San Salvador, Buenos Ayres, Chili, Guatemala, Peru, Columbia and Uruguay, and a number of French Generals and Admirals.

PACIFIC COAST.

The Nevada Senator.

SAN FRNSCISCO, Jan. 14.—The Nevada legislature to-day elected John P. Jones U. S. Senator by the following vote: Senate, Jones, 19, Hillhouse, Dem., 6; assembly, Jones, 41, Hillhouse, 8.

Stock Exchange Election.

The Pacific Stock Exchange yesterday elected the following officers: President, C. L. Weller; Vice President, H. P. Wood; Secretary, A. J. Moulder; Chairman, Jos. Tilden; Treasurer, Thomas Whitely; Assistant Secretary, W. T. Atwood; Executive Committee, A. B. Phipps, N. Doyly and W. M. Edwards.

Clearing House Election.

The San Francisco clearing house elected officers to-day as follows: President, A. McKinlay; Secretary, James H. Hutchinson; Executive Committee, A. McKinlay, of the Bank of British North America, Thomas Brown, of the Bank of California, James H. Hutchinson, of Sather & Co., H. W. Glenny, of the Nevada Bank and D. Cohn, of Lazard Freres.

The Weather at San Francisco.

Weather reports show that the storm which prevailed over the northern and central portion of the State last night is this morning extending southward over the whole State. It is clear and cold here to-day with north wind.

Powder Works Blown up.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 15.—The giant powder works of Bandman, Neilsen & Co., situated about half a mile south and west of the keeper's lodge of the Golden Gate Park, blew up with a terrific explosion about 2:30 this afternoon. The mills are located in the heart of the sand hills. This explosion is the third that has occurred since the works were started. The value of the property destroyed was $50,000. It is now ascertained that three white men and one Chinaman were killed, one Chinaman dangerously injured, and many more, both whites and Chinese, more or less hurt. The names of the white men killed are Oscar Carlson, a Swede, and Edward Morris and Samuel Thayer.

Bodie Mines.

The following mines located at Bodie mining district have compromised with the holders of State titles, viz.: South Bulwer, Bulwer, Standard, Noonday, North Noonday and Concordia. The terms are not stated but it is understood to be an open secret that the object of Bill Lent's visit East is to present the case to the U. S. authorities at Washington.

Mining Matters.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 15.—The "Calitornia" election passed off without opposition or protest, and the old board and officers were elected.

Sierra Nevada elected the following board: John Skae, President; Charles H. Fish, Vice President; W. S. Lyle, George Congdon, R. N. Graves, trustees. A. G. McKenzie, Superintendent, and W. W. Stilson, Secretary.

Revenue Department.

A complete reorganization of the internal revenue department throughout the Pacific States and Territories has been commenced, under charge of a special revenue agent, William A. Gavett, who came here about a month ago from Washington for that purpose. The work includes a revision of boundaries of districts and a thorough weeding out of incompetent officials. He has established a sort of training school at his office in the Baldwin Hotel, where deputies are examined as to their qualifications and instructed in their duties. The work of reorganization will be continued as rapidly as possible until extended over the entire coast.

Fail to Convict.

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 15.—This morning in the Tullis murder cases, the trial of A. F. Clark was continued. Dye and Anderson were called and refused to testify. The district attorney said thereupon that he had not evidence sufficient to ask the conviction of the defendant. The court advised the jury to find a verdict of not guilty, which it at once did without leaving the box.

Body Found.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 15.—The body found in the bay last night near Greenwich dock is identified as that of James Caldwell, a carrier on the Call and Post. He took out the Post for distribution yesterday afternoon, since which he has not been seen by his friends. He was a native of Ireland; aged 51.

Railway Collision.

The west bound passenger train on the Central Pacific railroad collided with an east bound freight train at Oteno station, near Elko yesterday. Both engines were damaged and cars piled up, but no person was any way seriously injured.

Gang of Robbers.

Victor Mason and Charles Carones have been arresten and locked up on a charge of robbing Nicholas Hennicker of $2,600, by means of a confidence game known as "Ringing the Boodle." It proves that they are members of a gang which has been operating here for the last two years, in which time they have succeeded in robbing some 11 or 12 persons to the aggregate amount of over $25,000.

Pioneer Bank Failure.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 15.—From the report of affairs of Pioneer Bank depositors have very little show to recover anything, except $83,000 due from the Safe Deposit Company on overdraft.

Idaho Matters.

BOISE CITY, Jan. 15.—The legislature is at dead lock. Council is 7 Republicans and 6 Democrats. Republicans have elected F. B. Wiley, President. The assembly is 12 to 12, requiring 14 for a quorum. Democrats have made a pretended organization, taking in two outsiders to help out, but Republicans wont meet with them. People are indignant that the interests of the territory are sacrificed by political maneuvering of this kind.

English Women in Office.

Eight hundred young women at work, all in one room, all looking comfortable, most of them looking pretty, earning fair wages at easy work—work fit for women to do; work at which they can sit and rest and not be weary, with a kitchen at hand and a hot dinner in the middle of the day, with leave of absence (without stoppage of pay) every year, with a doctor for sickness and a pension for old age (for the young women as the years roll round will become old), with only eight hours of work, never before 8 in the morning and never after 8 at night, with female superintendents, and the chance of rising to be a superintendent open to every girl. This is a Government office, under Government surveillance, and all this has come into existence during the last eight years. The general Postoffice is in St. Martin's-le-Grand, near St. Paul's, and there are now two great Postoffices at the same place, facing each other, the elder one having been found altogether too small for the purpose required, although when it was first opened, about forty-five years ago, it was supposed to be absurdly large for any possible requirements which the country could have for such a building. Those who pass from Cheapside into Newgate street after the lamps have been lighthd, may observe, on looking up, that the whole top floor of this new building is illuminated. It is here that the 800 young women are at work, and their business consists in the receipt and dispatch of telegraph messages. After discovering that at least 800 women can keep a secret (secrecy is essential there), I asked: "How many dismissals did you have during last year?" For I had known much of the civil service myself, and had been aware that in dealing with large bodies of men, the exercisers of discipline must have recourse to that fast means of declaring that obedience and order are indispensable. "Dismiss," said my friend, "yes, we have had a dismissal. Miss —— was dismissed. But it seems to me it was a long time ago. I'll get the books." The books were produced, and it appeared that the unfortunate one named had been sent away at some time in 1873. From a body of public servants as large as a regiment there had been no dismissals in four years.—Anthony Trollope.

George Eliot (Mrs. Lewes) the greatest living novelist, the thoughtful perusal of one of whose works is a liberal education, has never had a photograph taken, so that the great majority of her admirers are compelled to view her only through pen-and-ink sketches. She is a woman who must have passed her fiftieth year. Her hair is dark brown and has none of those silver threads one might expect where the burden of half a century is added to incessant labor, and experiences full of desolation. She is not at all handsome; her face is long and very pale, with a small, sensitive mouth; eyes dreamy, introspective, and sad always. Her hair is worn low over her intellectual forehead, and her slender figure has no robust energy about it. George Eliot's is the energy of mind, not of physical power. She is one of the greatest living conversationalists. She is one of the most accomplished amateur pianists in England, and a first-rate linguist, and seems to know as much about the healing art, history and philosophy. What the witty Mrs. French said of Madame de Stael—that she is consolingly ugly—applies to George Eliot; but her plain features are made beautiful by her expression. She composes slowly and methodically, not more than sixty lines a day; and report says that when she has completed a book her nervous exhaustion is such that her husband takes her abroad at once to recruit her failing health. While writing, she must be scrupulously arranged as to surroundings and person. She is not only a wonderful author, but a clever housewife, too; and her home life is perfect in all its details.

Massachusetts is kind to bachelors and unkind to old maids, there being 3,000 of the former and only 163 of the latter married in that State last year.

Cheap Labor not Desirable.

From Speech of Hon. Jno. F. Miller in California Constitutional Convention.

The question here is not merely as to the economies of labor, but what is the effect of this immigration upon the increase and distribution of the human race in this country? Our civilization has bred our people to a certain style of life, which to give up is next to death. The American could not, if he would, in centuries become such a man as the Chinaman, and heaven forbid that he should. If the Chinaman comes and occupies the fields of labor now open to the white man, it operates in restraint of marriage among the whites, and stops white immigration. Increase of white population is thereby stopped, for the prudent, intelligent, systematic white man will not bring innocent beings into the world to see them suffer and starve before his eyes. He would rather die without the hope of posterity than do that. He will not marry unless he can see a reasonable chance of maintaining wife as well as children. I repeat, therefore, that to permit unlimited Chinese immigration is to substitute Chinamen for white population. It must result so far as it goes. It has so resulted as far as it has gone. Is this wise? Is there any good sense in such a course? We have driven one nation, a regal race, from this land. Naught remains of that race but a weak, hounded and troubled remnant standing on the shore of the Pacific pensively, sadly looking out upon the broad expanse toward the setting sun. We have left the Indian nothing, and nothing of him scarcely remains but his sad, doleful history, a history of outrage and wrong. No mark is written upon the grave of his race but that awful, cruel word, "Fate." He is gone down under this same relentless law, the survival of the fittest, and now there are those who would supinely yield to the island, cunning, selfish Chinaman all that we have wrested from the Indian, and write over the buried hopes of our nation; over the tomb of the Anglo-Saxon civilization; over the sepulchure of republican liberty, that same fearful word, Fate? And all this for the sake of Christianizing the heathen; all this because of the brotherhood of man. They would Mongolize this land in a vain missionary effort to bring the Chinaman to a knowledge of the true God. He has his gods, whom he will not destroy. He cares for neither the missionary nor the missionary's God. They tell us that that the earth is the inheritance of all men; for all men are brothers, and each man has a right to any part of the inheritance he may choose. They make a Mongonist of St. Paul, and quote his authority for the fact that of one blood all the nations of the earth were made. What did St. Paul say? He said that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation." God made men into nations, and determined the bounds of their habitations. We take the world of men as we find it. They are divided into varieties and highly differentiated types, each with the bounds of his habitation fixed. It is certainly right that it should be so, or it would be otherwise. It is in the economy of providence that men shall exist in nationalities, and that they shall be divided by the antipathies of race. Why this should be so it is not for us to inquire; that it is so, is enough for us to know, and the history of man shows that in whatever age, whatever time or clime an attempt has been made to amalgamate two or more distinct races or types of men, the result has been calamitous to both, but more particularly disastrous to the superior race. I need not dwell upon this theme—all know the great fact.

In this country there cannot exist with safety to the republic within the jurisdiction of the government any considerable population who are not citizens. They become, for one cause or another, a disturbing element, and sooner or later must be incorporated into the nation to prevent collisions or a total deprivation to such people of all human rights. The Chinese must, if they remain, become citizens or slaves. It is a result inevitable. If we must have immigration, let us choose it from the Anglo-Saxon race, or kindred varieties of men who will build homes, and love liberty; who appreciate republican institutions and the grandeur of western civilization, and whose intelligence and loyalty to the principles of our government render them worthy of the great privilege of American citizenship.

Tanning a Lamb Skin with the Wool on It.

Make a strong soapsuds, using hot water; when it is cold wash the skin in it, carefully squeezing it between the hands to get the dirt out of the wool; then wash the soap out with clean, cold water; next dissolve alum and salt, of each half a pound, in a little hot water, which put in a tub of cold water sufficient to cover the skin, and let it soak in it over night or twelve hours; now hang the skin over a pole to drain; when well drained spread or stretch carefully on a board to dry. It need not be tacked if drawn out several times with the hand while drying. When a little damp, sprinkle pulverized saltpetre and alum, an ounce each mixed together, on the flesh side, rubbing it in well. It is now to hang in the shade two or three days, the flesh side in, until perfectly dry, and when entirely dry, scrape the flesh side with a blunt knife to remove any scraps of flesh. Trim off all projecting points, and rub the flesh side with pumice or rotten stone, and with the hands. Prepared in this way, it is white and beautiful, suitable for a door mat, and also nice for the feet in a sleigh or wagon in cold weather.

Max Adeler, the humorist, has married a young lady whose weight verges closely upon 200 pounds. "My dear," says he to her, "shall I help you over the fence?" "No," says she to him, "help the fence."

The Breath of Life.

"Line upon Line" will be well laid out if good air at night is gained by it. So long as there is plenty of pure air out of doors, to be had for nothing, why should not people let enough of it come into their sleeping rooms to give them refreshing rest? The Golden Rule says:

What do you breathe at night? Air, do you say? What sort—thin or thick, fair or foul? You can't tell?—never analyzed it. We beg your pardon—that is a mistake. Your lungs, and through them your blood, analyze every breath of air that you take in, sleeping or waking, and if it is bad your aching head, your listless, heavy body, your flushed cheeks and "fuzzy" mouth, give the results in the morning with a certainty that no chemist's test can surpass.

But how can you tell the air is good, you ask? By remembering first, that there is no pure air except that of the great out-doors. It may be warmed without material injury, for comfort in the house—though this is very seldom done; but warm or cold, pure air is a thing of life and motion and freedom, and there is no bedroom big enough to hold pure air for the use of a single human being (not to mention two) through one night. If we were shut up in a "primeely bed-chamber," and couldn't get the window open, we would throw a boot-jack through the largest pane rather than sleep without ventilation. By some means or other—we leave you to supply it—air from the great reservoir of the world must be introduced to your sleeping room if you wish to keep it pure.

As to tests, we are glad to see that a scientific lecturer has reminded people that nature gave them their noses to use, and he advises them to employ this picket-guard of the body to see if the air of their bedrooms is right. "When you get up," he says, "leave your bedroom just as it was; go out into the pure morning air and breathe that till your nose is wide awake, then go back and take a few snuffs of your bedroom air; if it smells fresh and sweet, like out-door air, you have good ventilation, and have breath of life all the night." If on the contrary it smells close, musty, "thick," sickening, your nose will have told you what your senses ought to have made clear without the test.

Why He Gave Them Up.

Little folks generally like to run and meet father at night when he returns from his day's work; either at the office, store or shop, don't they? The father likes to have them as well.

Roger Craigh did, any way, and when his little "Polly" (as he called her), ran out to the gate he would catch her up and give her a kiss, and then toss her up in the air and then run into the house with her on his back. And oh, what a good time they had after tea—she on his lap prattling in childish fashion, and he listening or telling his famous stories.

One night she met him as usual, but when tea was over did not climb up on his lap, but ran off after her mother into the kitchen.

"Where's my Polly?" he cried. "Polly, I've a nice new story to-night." But no Polly came.

"Go to your father, child," said the mother.

"No, I don't want to, said the little one, and burst out crying, for the new story was a temptation.

"But why?" urged the mother. "I thought you liked papa's lap so well."

"Yes," said the child; "but to-night his breff don't smell good."

"Did you hear that, Roger?" said the wife, whose glance at his flushed face told her the true cause of Polly's dislike.

"Yes, Mary," said he, "and it shall never be said again. I only stopped a moment with John Moore, who begged me to have a glass of something for old time's sake, and then a cigar afterwards. I'll give them up forever rather than lose Polly's kisses. If she shuns me now what will she do in the years to come? No, no! I want her love and respect more than all the liquors and cigars in creation."

That father's love was worth something. He was not afraid to give his reasons, either, for declining to drink when urged by others, replying: "No, no; I've got a little girl at home who would know it; and, mates, I don't think it's good for us, anyway. I say a clean mouth and a pure breath for kisses of wife and baby." I am glad to say he won some over to his way of thinking.—"O. M., in Youth's Temperance Banner.

The Craters in the Moon.

Since Galileo first turned a telescope upon the moon, the lunar craters have been among the wonders and mysteries of astronomy. It is not merely or even chiefly the vast size of some of these objects which excites astonishment. Indeed, it might almost be inferred from what we know of the moon's size and general structure that her volcanic energies would be more effective, though no greater, than those of our own earth. The really surprising characteristic of the lunar surface is the amazing number of the lunar craters. Even Galileo though with his weak telescope, could see but a few of the craters which really exist in the moon, compared those in the southwestern part of the moon's disk to the eyes in a peacock's tail. With each increase of telescopic power, more and more craters have been seen. Regions supposed to be comparatively smooth have been found, on closer scrutiny with higher powers or under more favorable conditions, to be covered with minute craters. The slopes of the larger craters, even in some cases their floors, have been found to be strewn with small crater shaped depressions. In fine, almost the whole surface of the moon may be said to be pitted with depressions of all sizes, from mighty gulfs 300 or 400 miles across, down to minute saucer-shaped shallows, such as only the most powerful telescopes will reveal.—Belgravia.

It is said that James Gordon Bennett will be abroad only six weeks.

Road Making.

Under the subject of roads, there is no more important item than how it should be done, except the vital part, viz: their projection.

We find by observation that many of our turnpikes are built by the slow and tedious, as well as expensive, plan of shoveling dirt into wagons and hauling it to the place wanted. This should never be resorted to except in filling in across a marsh or bog.

All locations or quality of soil composing road beds are benefited by raising the center of the road at least two feet. On level lands this can be almost completed with the plow, beginning in the center and back furrowing continually until high enough, and then harrowing and rolling.

Road scrapers are well enough known to be used more persistently than they are. In cutting through hills and in filling in their base, plows and scrapers are the only means of transportation in need. One man and team with a good scraper will take from a hill as much earth, and move it twenty rods, as three men can move the same distance with team, wagon and shovels.

Grading down hills, as a rule, is not carried out. Remember, if four feet is taken from the top of a hill and deposited at the bottom, you decrease the grade eight feet on perhaps a short drive of ten rods, or make a difference in the grade of 292 feet to the mile. Teams able to haul a given weight on a level road must lift it bodily in going up a steep hill, adding at least one-half to the labor required to move it. Newly made roads are usually left too rough by the worker. The harrow should be used continually during the grading of a road, as it not only serves to level it, but compacts the soil and furnishes a solid bed from the beginnieg.

In building roads across marshes, ditches must first be cut on each side, to drain the space between, in which case, not more than one-half the earth will be required to make a road that would be needed if dumped upon the undrained land.

Road making over timber land presents many obstacles. The land has first to be grubbed and broken, and then if long roads are to be built with a small appropriation, as is generally the case, it is best to harrow down thoroughly immediately after breaking, and let it answer for a year, when the sod will be rotted and the plow and scraper can do economical work, and the same method will apply to roads over tough prairie roads.

The Prime of Life.

Between the ages of forty-five and sixty a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to an attack of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgment. His mind is resolute, firm and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes mastery over his business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has laid in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone over a year or two over sixty he arrives at a stand-still. But athwart this is the viaduct called the turn of life, which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," round which the river winds, and then beyond, without boat or causeway, to effect his passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile material, and it depends how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout and apoplexy are also in the vicinity to waylay the traveler, and trust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins and provide himself with a fitter staff, and he may trudge on in safety and perfect composure. To quit a metaphor, "the turn of life," is a turn either into a prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and powers having reached the utmost expansion, now begin either to close like a flower at sunset or break down at once. One judicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, whilst a careful supply of props and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant will sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has entirely set in.

Mary's Little Lamb.

The veritable "Mary (who) had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow," visited the Old South Spinning Bee yesterday afternoon, and told the ladies present the story of the little lamb. When she was nine years old and living on a farm, one morning she went out into the barn and found two little lambs, one of them nearly dead. So she took it into the house and sat up all night nursing it with catnip tea. The next morning it could stand upon its feet, and grew stronger every day. Owing to her loving care the lamb became so attached to Mary that it followed her about and one day to school, where she hid it under her desk, so that none of the children knew it was in the school until Mary was called up to recite. Then the lamb came out of its hiding place, and made the children laugh and shout so that the teacher was obliged to turn it out. The poem was written by a friend of Mary's soon after the lamb's visit to the school room. Mary was married many years since, and lives near Boston.—Boston Transcript.

Curious Ideas of Children.

During one of the severe thunder storms recently, little Mav, a light haired girl about four years old, came running to her mamma and said: "Mamma, does God keep a gun?" Her mother, somewhat surprised at the curious question, answered, "Why do you ask that, May?" "Because, if he doesn't keep a gun, what does he break the sky with when it thunders?"

This reminds us of another true story. Some years ago a little daughter of Mr. Coddington, a noted New York auctioneer, ran out of the door and saw a beautiful rainbow for the first time in her life. Standing but a moment in awe struck admiration, she rapturously called out: "Papa! papa! come here, do come here! I dess that's the ribbon Dod ties his bonnet with."

Saw and Flouring Mill Machinery.

Frank Bros., Agents,

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C. and C. Cooper and Co., Mount Vernon, Ohio.

MANUFACTURERS OF—

Saw Mills, Flouring Mills, Mill Stones, Portable and Stationary Engines, Shingle Machines, Gearing Shafting, Plainers, Log Rollers, Pulleys and

Mill Machinery of every description. Only manufacturers of a perfect Lever Hoed Block Sett. Send for Circulars and Price Lists. We can send parties thinking of purchasing, plans of different kinds of mills for them to select from. **FRANK BROTHERS, 104 and 106 Front Street, Portland, Oregon**

Home Scene.

Husband entering and throwing himself languidly upon the sofa, as he wipes his prespiration from his brow—"Oh, dear, business is killing me, I am so tired." Wife jumping up for a pillow—'Lie down there, like a good dear fellow, and take a little rest." Little four-year-old daughter—"Oh, papa, I fought 'ood be awful tired after I saw 'oo carrying the new hired girl all 'bout the kitchen."

When you see a young man come strolling up the street at twilight, with his face all scratched, no hat, a white vest with traces of canned peaches on it, and light pantaloons all torn and ragged, it is a sign that that young man has been on a picnic, and firmly believes that he has had lots of fun.

FOR SALE.

This font of Long Primer, nearly new, has been in use only a few months on a weekly paper, is for sale. 145 lbs. complete with quads, spaces, figures and *italics*.

D. H. STEARNS & Co.

Also 120 lbs. Brevier of which this is a sample, will be sold cheap for cash.
D. H. STEARNS & Co., Portland, Oga.

Jamaica Ginger.

There are many brands of Jamaica Ginger in the market recommended by various parties, but that manufactured under the supervision of Hodge, Davis & Co., of this city, is the best known to the public, and is pure and unadulterated in all its essentials. It is the aromatic essence of the ginger itself and is absolutely the best in the market as the numberless thousands who have tried it are willing to attest. A single trial will convince the most skeptical.

For Dyspepsia use Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier. A certain cure.

Philadelphia to Portland Direct.

The Pacific Coast Steamship Company will dispatch their new and elegant iron steamship "State of California" from Philadelphia, Pa. to Portland, Oga. direct on or about February 25th. For freight apply to J. M. Craken & Co., 90 North Front street, Portland, Oga. Goodall, Perkins & Co., 10 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., Willard K. Freeman, 74 Pine street, New York City, or 108 Walnut street Philadelphia, Pa.

TERRIBLY EXHAUSTING are The Night Sweats which accompany consumption. But they, as well as the paroxysms of coughing, are invariably broken up by Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, which conquers the deadly malady, as well as bronchitis, pneumonia, pleurisy asthma, diphteria, and all other affections of the throat, lungs and chest. It saves thousands from untimely graves, and is invaluable in rescuing children from the croup, whooping cough and quinsy. It is sold by all druggists.

Ah! too true—The folly of youth is oftentimes the cause of disease or ill health that lasts a lifetime, but it is still worse folly to hold the hands and give away to despair; there is always a possibility of cure. Have you tried athletic and fairly Briston's Sarsaparilla? It is a certain cure and unfailing remedy.

For diseases of the Liver and Kidneys try the Oregon Blood Purifier.

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