A Bold Crime.

Reading the highly special and illustrated stories that adorn a certain class of weekly papers, one involuntarily smiles at the idea of the people of this wide-awake and practical age swallowing the stuffs gives them under the head of mysterious murders, strange elopements and monstrous abductions. Yet, one could barely be found that reads more romantically than an incident that occurred within this State last month, in daylight, and a thickly populated part of the city, and which has been kept out of the papers, excepting the Herald, which had a mistaken account of a supposed elopement, retracted the following day, when the young lady was found to be at home. The following are the facts given the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer by an acquaintance of the family:

There is living in the upper part of this city a gentleman whose name as a druggist is known throughout this country, and most favorably, who has amassed a fortune in his business, and, with his wife, occupies a high social position. Near them resides, with her parents, a favorite neice, who not long since made her debut in society, and whom her relatives referred to delighted to bring out at their frequent receptions and introduce to their friends. The young lady, Miss W., is very charming, not at all a beauty, but possessed of a sweet, intelligent face, refined manners and a musical voice. Without being at all conspicuous, she is one of those girls that people involuntarily turn to look at. Yet in her demeanor she seeks to avoid attention, and of flirtness or loudness there is not a suspicion about her.

Early last Fall, Miss W. began to receive letters in a gentleman's handwriting, and signed with an evidently assumed name. The author of them expressed passionate love and admiration for the young lady, begging she would permit him to make himself known to her by her wearing some flower on a certain day, or showing in some way that she was willing to hear him plead his cause. These letters were almost violent in their expressions of love, and were evidently penned by a foreigner, unappreciative of the force of the English language. Miss W. had not the slightest idea of their source, but was alarmed by their frequency and tone. Telling her family, she was not allowed to go out alone after dusk, and a sharp watch was kept for the mysterious lover. For some months this lasted, and then the epistles came with less regularity, and finally ceased altogether; vigilance was relaxed and the episode nearly forgotten. On a certain evening, Mr. ——, the uncle, was to give an elegant reception in honor of his niece's birthday, and it was duly arranged, that she should come early and dine with them, staying the remainder of the night.

On the afternoon of the same day Miss W. sought her room to lay out her toilet for the occasion, and then dress. An exquisite cream-colored satin draped with lace was brought out, and its various accessories in the way of jewelry, slippers, gloves, etc. The young lady began to disrobe herself prior to dressing, and had taken off collar, cuffs and ornaments, when she suddenly remembered she had no flowers suitable for the dress.

Knowing that, by crossing over to Sixth avenue, close to the Reservoir Park, and only a short distance, she could get them at a florist's, she hurriedly slipped on her fur-lined cloak and hat, and left the house.

It was then five o'clock, and perfectly light. Hurrying along she was soon at the store, where she purchased a generous handful of Marshal Neil roses, and started to cross Fortieth street, where she must wait for a few moments while the other dramatis personæ are brought forward. No one in the house of Mr. W. had heard the young lady go out, and it was not until the carriage came for her, at close to six o'clock, that her mother visited her sleeping apartment to see if she was ready. To her astonishment there lay the reception dress ready to put on, and the articles of toilet on the bureau evidently recently taken off, but no daughter, and searching the house for her proved in vain.

Thinking she might have gone out on an errand and been detained, the mother waited until nearly seven, when feeling something was wrong, she sent for her husband, and he at once went to the uncle's, hoping to find she had been there, but without result. Eight o'clock came, and by that time telegrams were sent to fifty different families where Miss W. visited, and the police stations were notified. At nine o'clock nearly a hundred people were looking for her, and both houses plunged into the greatest consternation. At ten o'clock Miss W. entered her father's house, pale as death, trembling in every limb, and escorted by a gentleman acquaintance. Some stimulant was given her, when, as soon as she gained tolerable composure, she told the following remarkable story:

Coming along Fortieth street rapidly, fearing she would not have time to dress, she noticed a close coupe with a single horse drawn up against the sidewalk, and by it standing two men. As she was about to pass them, one stopped her to ask if she could tell him where a certain party lived. As he spoke the other advanced close to her, and before she could reply she was lifted into the coupe, and something held over her mouth. What it was she could not tell, but it is supposed to have been a sponge dipped in chloroform. At any rate, she says that while unable to call out she was conscious that they were driving rapidly and turning many corners. When they stopped one of the men drew her cloak up over her head and tightly across her face, and the two lifted her out and carried her into a house, when they allowed the cloak to fall off, and she was in a richly furnished room, where a table was spread with wine and delicacies, as if for some entertainment.

One of the men then left, and the other, advancing to her, said: "Have you received a number of letters this Winter from a stranger?" "Yes," she had. "Well, I am the man who sent them, and I am the man who will be made your husband in an hour. I do not like forced marriages, therefore you must consent, and when the minister comes do not betray that it is unexpected. I give you your chance. Agree to marry me, and you shall not repent it; refuse, and you will never leave this house alive. You shall have one hour to think it over, and here is wine if you wish refreshment. Do not waste your time thinking about escape, for you are bolted and barred in." So saying, and despite her piteous remonstrances, the modern brigand left the room, locking the door after him.

For some time the girl sat numb with terror, and then summing up her energies, she rose and examined the room, which was evidently the back parlor of a large house. The doors were securely locked, and advancing to the windows Miss W. tried one; it was nailed up. The other was approached, and to her joy, she saw the lock on it was broken, and gently opening it, found herself on an iron balcony, some ten feet from the ground, and with spikes across the top. Hope and excitement gave her courage. She drew out her long, heavy cloak, pushed a spike through one end of it, and, though at the expense of sore hands, climbed over the railing and let herself down within a few feet of the ground, which she lit on safely, and away she ran, down a narrow alleyway into the street, losing her wits in her fright, and turning first one corner and then another, until she saw a street car; this she hailed, as I found, after getting on, it was an Eighth avenue car, and the lower part of the city. She rode up this to Forty-second street, where she got off and started on a run for home. In passing the Rossmore Hotel, she met one of the friends telegraphed to, and, alarmed at her condition, he hailed a carriage and took her home, and so ended one of the most mysterious abductions ever made in New York. The detectives have been looking for the parties ever since, and several arrests have been made; but Miss W., who says she could identify her abductors, has failed to so far, and unluckily cannot describe the house, as she had no view of it from the outside.

The Czarina on Her Death Bed.

Dispatches received from St. Petersburg state that the czarina is very much worse and that her death is momentarily expected. The situation at the Winter palace is depicted as one of extreme sorrow and gloom. The czar, who, had his wife been able to bear the fatigues of the journey, would long ago have started with her upon their contemplated trip to the Tyrol, where they had arranged to spend a portion of the Summer, now roams about the imperial rooms in a state of deep dejection. He scarcely notices what is said to him when addressed, and seems to be absorbed in a half conscious reverie. Until recently hopes were indulged in by those outside the palace that the empress would eventually rally from her illness, which seems to be mental, not physical, under the influence of cheerful society with which it has been sought to surround her. But those who were daily in her presence, both physicians of the imperial household, her family and intimate friends, were less hopeful. The empress is now 56 years old, having been born in 1824. She was married when only 17 years old, in 1841, and is the mother of six children, five sons and one daughter, the latter being the present Duchess of Edinburg. The duchess is now in St. Petersburg, and is her mother's most constant attendant. She scarcely leaves the empress' bedside, and seems profoundly oppressed with her approaching loss and the general sadness of the atmosphere within the Winter palace. The czar visits his wife's apartment frequently, but remains only a few moments at a time. It is believed in St. Petersburg that the czar intends upon the death of the empress to arrange for an early abdication of the throne.

Emigration to the United States.

It seems that the year 1880 will probably witness the arrival in America of 250,000 or 300,000 European emigrants, as was annually the case from 1852 to 1860. The number of emigrants landed in New York for the present month up to the 23d, was 12,720, or more than double the whole emigration during the whole of March last year. Many more are daily expected by the various steamers from Bremen, and the not less numerous from Hamburg. It is asserted that German emigration to the United States will reach this year unprecedented proportions, and that the current will flow, not only from the starving districts of Silesia, but from all parts of the German Empire. The principal cause of the exodus is the resumption of business in America. Among its secondary causes may be placed the warlike policy of Mr. de Bismarck, and the fear of a war between Germany and one or more of its powerful neighbors. These views on the part of a Franco-American journal harmonize with those of all the New York papers. Besides, the great emigration season has scarcely begun. It will hardly open before the close of Spring.—American Correspondence.

A wood stove is not made of wood.—Boston Post. Nor a cole stove made of coal. Funny, isn't it?—Bangor Commercial. Neither is a sponge cake made of sponges. Te he!—Boston Journal of Commerce. Nor a headdress made of heads. Ah-ha!—Salem Sunbeam. And don't you forget it, bedbugs are not made of beds. Hur! hur! hur!—Ogden Stage. Neither are houseflies made of houses. Ho, ho!—Virginia Stage. Nor catfish made of cats. Hi! hi! hi!—Esmeralda Herald. Neither are cocktails made of—tails.—Bodie Standard. Neither is church fair oyster soup made of oysters.

Are tailors seam men?

The Mohongo.

Workmen are now engaged in taking the machinery out of the steamer Mohongo, which is lying alongside of Broadway wharf. The engines have already been removed, and they are now at work breaking up and removing the boilers, cylinders, flues, etc. The cabins, decks, and in fact all the wood work, will be removed, and the hull is offered for sale. The hull, which is of iron, is said to be perfectly sound, and could be utilized as a sailing vessel, or, with sufficient expenditure, could be made to serve as a hull for a screw steamer. The Mohongo, like most sea going vessels that have seen their best days, has had quite an eventful history. She was built by the Navy Department, at New York, in 1864, and belonged to the class known as "double enders," which proved very serviceable during the war in navigating the rivers of the Southern States. These vessels were of light draft, and from the peculiarity of their construction, were able to go backward or ahead with equal facility, being built sharp at both ends and provided with a rudder at bow and stern—similar, in fact, to the steam ferry boat of to-day. Soon after the close of the war most of these vessels were sold, and many of them became attached to the merchant marine. The Georgia, lost on her voyage from Panama to this port in October, 1878, and the South Carolina and Wilmington, now in the service of the Pacific Mail Company, were double enders like the Mohongo, but were altered to screw steamers, and the two former were lengthened by W. P. Clyde when bought by him. In 1870, steamship business was quite lively on the Pacific Coast, and steamers were in demand. The United States Government was occasionally selling vessels as they had been doing since the close of the war. The Mohongo was then lying at Mare Island. She was in fair condition, and in those days a United States vessel did not have to be in very poor condition to be condemned and afterwards sold. The manner in which she passed into private hands forms the foundation for a very interesting story, which runs about as follows: William B. Carr, and one or two others in this city, thought if she could be bought cheap she might be utilized. He accordingly employed an agent to go on to Washington and interview the Secretary of the Navy upon the subject. Mr. Carr's agent took the train for Washington, but before he had got across the Sierras, he found in a fellow passenger, an agent for Ben Holladay, who at the time owned a coast line of steamships running on the coast between San Francisco and Oregon, who was on his way to Washington on the same errand, viz: to buy the Mohongo. With a degree of shrewdness which would have done credit to his principal, Mr. Carr's agent kept his business to himself, and set about how to circumvent his rival. The latter had a weakness or two, which his fellow-traveler was not slow to discover, and before they had reached New York, he understood him thoroughly. Twenty-four hours spent amid the alluring influences of the metropolis had so demoralized the Holladay man that Carr's agent found no trouble in getting on to Washington without him, and before the latter had reached the capital, he had closed a bargain with the Secretary of the Navy. It was understood that Carr paid in the neighborhood of $20,000 for the Mohongo. He immediately put her into the hands of the Risdon Iron Works for repairs and alterations. The engines were overhauled, new boilers put in, her sides built up and an upper deck added, deck cabins put on, and her interior entirely re-arranged for service as a passenger steamer. About $70,000 were expended in making these alterations. She was sold to William H. Webb in January, 1872. It was understood that Carr and partners made between $35,000 and $40,000 by the transaction. In March of that year she cleared from this port for Honolulu with the Australian mails. Two days out of this port she cracked her steam chest, and returned on the 3d of April in distress. After being repaired she again put to sea, and was kept in the Honolulu line until the following Spring, when she was sold to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and after making one trip to Panama under command of Captain Connolly, she was placed in the line between San Francisco and San Diego. In 1875 the Pacific Mail Company relinquished their Southern coast route and sold the steamers engaged in that trade, including the Mohongo, to Goodall, Nelson & Perkins. The Mohongo ran in the Coast line up to some time last Summer, when she was hauled off and laid up in Oakland creek. A few weeks ago an examination of her machinery showed that it was in a hopeless state of decay. It was accordingly decided to take it out and offer the hull for sale. If the Pacific Coast Steamship Company does not find a purchaser for the hull, it is their intention to break it up and dispose of it as old iron.—S. F. Call.

"Nothing should be done hastily," cries a fellow who wants to be considered a philosopher, and a man has only to get hold of a hot poker to realize that the philosopher is wrong.

Mother to her darling just seven years old—"What makes you look so sad, Carrie?" Carrie, looking at her baby-brother three weeks old—"I was just thinking that in about ten years from now, when I shall be entering company and having beaux, that brother o' mine will be just old enough to bother the life out of me."

The Chinese keep grapes a long time fresh by cutting a hole in a pumpkin, cleaning it out, and after filling with ripe fruit replacing the cover, which proves beyond peradventure that the Chinese small boy knows nothing of the adaptability of a pumpkin to a jack-o' lantern manufacture. And if he did, who would be able to distinguish the illuminated pumpkin's face from the face of the average Chinee, save and except for that illumination.

Members of Parliament

The members of the House of Lords receive in pay, pensions, etc., £351,470-13s. 9d. per annum. There are 275 Conservatives and 206 Liberal peers. Five peerages date from the thirteenth century, five from the fourteenth, 13 from the fifteenth, 20 from the sixteenth and 59 from the seventeenth. The members of the House of Commons get £107,962 13s. 11d. per annum from the public treasury. The fighting interests are represented by 261 members; the peerage interests by 193 members, the law interests by 118 members, the railway interests by 118 members, and the commercial and manufacturing interests by 134 members.

A Notable Cure.

East Orange, N. J., Oct. 8, 1877.

Some three months ago I found myself suffering with Bright's disease—Albuminuria. By the use of a reliable test I found albumen in the urine, and in some slight degree in a few instances in a coagulated state. I suffered from dropsy, particularly about the ankles, slight pains about the kidneys, a derangement of digestion, great dryness of the skin, and at times much thirst and, of course, gradual failing of strength. This was about the state of things when I commenced using the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I took about six tablespoonfuls every day for one week, when I found all my symptoms decidedly improved, and at the end of two weeks it was difficult to detect any trace of albumen. Having imprudently taken cold, I had a very slight relapse two weeks ago, when I began again using the medicine, and am now as well as ever.

D. W. Bartine, M. D., D. D.

A well known German minister, Rev. A. Oehler, of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, writes:

I was a sufferer with rheumatism for years. Friends recommended the use of St. Jacob's Oil. I tried it, and must confess that the result was astonishing. Having hardly used up the first bottle, I found relief, and the second one cured me. I therefore feel under obligations, and shall recommend St. Jacob's Oil to everybody whenever I have a chance.

Wm. Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier will positively be found a valuable remedy for chronic constipation, affected kidneys, dyspepsia, liver complaint rheumatism, a rufous and all other diseases having their origin in impure blood. Manufactured only by Wm. Pfunder & Co., Portland, Oregon.

Whenever you write to your friend write as fully as possible. If you write a clear, legible hand the letter will almost read itself, and therefore fail to properly impress the reader, but if he has to pore and puzzle over every word and every letter, its every line, its every blot will be remembered interwoven with the gray matter of his devoted brain, that that letter shall be longest part and parcel of his identity.

If you are going to paint your house, barn, wagon or machinery, the wonderful Imperishable Mixed Paint is surely the best, for it is warranted by their agents in your own town, not to chalk, crack, peel or blister, is cover better and wear longer than any other paint. The Imperishable Mixed Paint was awarded the first premium, over all other paints, at the California State Fair, 1877, and was awarded the Oregon State Premium, 1878. Read a circular from their agent, which appears in this wonderful discoverer. Try it, you will find it as represented, or nothing world be recommended.

If in making any purchase or in writing in response to any advertisement in this paper you will please mention the name of the paper.

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The Original Oregon Botanical Remedies.

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Why we, the people of the Pacific Coast should any longer be pestered with worthless nostrums, made fifty years ago east of the Rocky Mountains, and that too, by persons who never even knew chemistry by its name proper, much less its wonderful workings. This question suggested itself years ago to Wm. Pfunder, the only operative chemist in Oregon. The result was that this gentleman applied himself to a great and tedious research of the different vegetations, growing in immense quantities, especially in Oregon, but shedding—until his discoveries—all their virtues from year to year to mother earth. His tedious researches, scientific applications, and proper combinations, culminated in the production known to-day as the OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER, *Progressus, fusore et scientia, extractum concentratum, nominis Pfunderii Oregoniensis formatur.*

Experience makes the master. Having had experience with very difficult medicines, chemicals, etc., for over 25 years, and having mastered them all through hard study, both here, and in the East and in Europe, we can confidently recommend our Botanical Remedies, because we have extracted, say "wrenched" from the very heart-strings of hidden nature, all that is good and beneficial to suffering humanity, and leaving the Empty Shells and Worthless Leaves to imitators, green and inexperienced.

Wm. PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER will positively be found a valuable remedy for chronic constipation, affected kidneys, dyspepsia, liver complaint, rheumatism, scrofula, and all other diseases having their origin in impure blood.

Dallas, Polk County, Oregon, January 23, 1880.
PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER has entirely cured my Rheumatism of so years standing, and other acquaintances speak very highly about it, performing a cure in every instance. Such a blessing should be made known to all sufferers, hence I make the above statement. H. Schwartz.

Rowan Place, Ore., Centerville, 10 miles north of Portland, says: For 12 years I suffered from liver complaint—tried everything. Cured with 6 bottles of PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER.

I read about it, tried it, and am still using it when occasion requires. What? The OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER! Such are the words of one of our lady patrons. All ladies will be pleased when they learn what is meant.

For whatever you want, Get a bottle of PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER. Use it; those pimples will leave your otherwise finely shaped forehead. And you, too, young lady, you also try a bottle of this really invigorating remedy, and regain that natural bloom on your sweet face, which no paint or powder can impart.

The cause of general debility removed in a short time, rapid gaining of flesh, improved complexion and good health. I sold my last bottle of Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier to Doctor Angier of this place, whose wife has been suffering from general debility for over one year, although the Doctor tried his best to cure her. After using your remedy the patient felt better, so much so that the doctor wants one dozen of this truly good medicine, which please send in my care at once. This is an unsolicited testimonial from Mr. Ross, Forest Grove, Oregon.

I, Frederick Rosegi, of Multnomah county, State of Oregon, certify herewith that Wm. Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier has entirely cured me of a skin disease, produced by poison oak. Although I had applied to several physicians for relief, none of those gents could do me any good, and I heretofore recommend the Oregon Blood Purifier to all suffering with such skin diseases. Signed: F. Rosegi.

Sea Sickness—I used to dread it—sea voyage; but now, since I take Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier I do not feel the least inconvenience. Use a dose or two before going on board and same after leaving vessel.

Look at him—that sallow sole leather face—that dull red rimmed eye—that slouching walk—yes, look at him well. He is a dyspeptic. Now look at this one: elastic step, bright eye, healthy complexion—how is this? Well, he uses Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier and nothing else.

Mountain fever of years standing cured without the use of Quinine in a short time. Read and admire: I have been suffering from mountain fever for years. My physician told me the only chance of my getting better would be a change of climate. Accidentally I came across a bottle of Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier, used it, and following directions by using a bottle of the S. S. S. Fever and Ague Mixture in addition, I am perfectly healthy now, and thus explained the theory of my physicians. Gemma Gazza, Mail Carrier, U. S.

Ladies in that delicate state—ever to be revered—but ever creating nausea, will find speedy relief by using Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier.

Pfunder's S. S. S. (safe, sure, speedy) Fever and Ague Mixture Certificate. I suffered some time with, what I was told, malarial fever, accompanied with pains in my head, back, in fact, felt pains all over. Not getting any better after using all kinds of medicines, I tried PFUNDER'S FEVER AND AGUE MIXTURE, and since gained rapidly in health. Marie Werner, Seventh and C streets, Portland.

The different Constitutions. The Constitution of the United States, that master piece of human brain. How is your constitution? If billious, use Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier, the triumph of modern science.

Tom Pearl's Choice—Tonic—Bitters, augured sarsaparilla, watered bad whiskies and pills made B. C.—hard as rock, are the cause, the reason, that to-day our people suffer more from liver complaint, poor digestion, etc., than any other nation. The idea of giving our working population such trash, and magnifying that trash by calling it formed for best containing) medicine; here, where nature's products are abundant, and very numerous. Eat our Columbia River salmon that splendid beef derived from cattle feeding on bunch grass; those vegetables at once healthy and within the reach of everybody, and then laugh at those puerile efforts of ignorant, inconsequent parties trying to force iron into your system. All you want—yours, who constitute the mass of the people is, to get your liver into working order, and there is no other or better remedy than PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER. Price, per bottle, one dollar. Five dollars for half a dozen.

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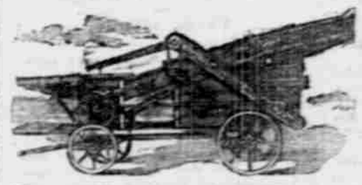

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So large a portion of the grass and grain crops of the Pacific Coast have been cut by the Buckeye that no farmer here can be ignorant of its merits or require argument to convince him of its

superiority, as it is too well and favorably known to need comment. It the perfection of all Reaping and Mowing Machines.

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The Canton Monitor Upright Engine is far superior to any Horizontal Engine; lighter on the horses and of greater power. It is the most economical Engine in the world, consumes the least water and fuel, has the patent Safety Plug and is the safest Engine made.

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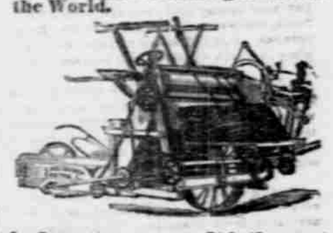

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