

lacrated were the tender sensibilities of liberty-loving New England, the sable-luved mothers in the Western States were separated from their children by their inhuman masters, and storms of fiery indignation burst from the lips of her statesmen against a race that licensed such outrages, and denunciations from its pulpits upon any religion that tolerated such crimes. What burning invectives were from its press upon a civilization that permitted such atrocities. How strong was the pathos of its orators in the inhumanity of this barbarous trade. What floods of sympathetic tears its people shed over the victims of their merciless cruelty. And what gladsome triumphs of the cause of freedom of triumphed over the echoes of England's hills and dales at the fall of this iniquitous institution. Is slavery really abolished? To-day the fugitive is fleeing from this land of refuge to the oppressed to find an asylum denied her in this land of her birth, where the babes she has nursed and nursed shall not be wrenched from her protecting arms by her infamously drunk master. But where is now the indignation of New England's men? Where the remonstrances from its pulpits—the invectives of her orators—the denunciations of her orators—the tears of her people? Alas! strangely silent and passive. "Fugitive!" Because the "panting fugitive" now is only a woman—a New England wife and mother—and the laws by which her children can be torn from her fond embrace were not exacted south of Mason and Dixon's line, but are New England's time honored statutes, made sacred by age. And if any man weakly refused to give aid or assistance to this fugitive mother and her infants, he would do it at his peril. The whole land is of our most holy fugitives—laws will be invoked upon his default. Do people seek to justify the barbarity of their laws by reiterating the vile slanders against Mrs. Fugate? Suppose them true, what would be thought of a proposition to take every husband who was false to his wife out of the custody and control of his lawful children? If such were done, the number of half orphaned children would be fearful to contemplate. But a wife may be pure as the driven snow—may be the embodiment of virtue and wisdom, but yet in the nineteenth century many of our States deny the mother no legal right to her children, but will permit any drunken, dissipated, tyrannical brute of a husband to tear her offspring from her.

While Mrs. Sprague with the prestige of her father's great name and the influence of her friends as well as command is forced to appropriate herself in order to enjoy rights, holiest and dearest to woman's heart, the society of her children, were they to exclaim, women have no country.—Women's Journal.

Needle Work in German Schools

In the elementary schools six hours are given to needle work and knitting. Knitting only is taught in the lower, but even that is done by the girls. In the fourth, from March to the end of August, plain knitting backward and forward. At the beginning of September a stocking is to be begun. In the fifth only stocking knitting. Some of the children knit quietly by themselves, but they must frequently do it together, stitch by stitch, while the teacher very slowly counts or beats time. This monotonous it must be for a child who has well mastered the work. The needle is put in; 2, the cotton is over; 3, the stitch is made, and at 4, the needle is out. In the second year, ages 9 to 10, needle-work is begun. The children are provided with pieces of canvas and red cotton, and each has a large frame in a stand, which coarse netting is stretched that encloses the canvas. With a darning needle and thread in her hand, she says: "Take up two threads and pass over and so on, suiting the action each to the words until she has fully mastered the girls understand and copy her. This is a lesson in running. In darning, stitching, cross-stitch and the girls are taken in the same way and the canvas is filled. Then the girls are each a piece of coarse calico given to them on which they work, on the same principle of counting the stitches. So all are all been arranged that the calico is exactly finished by the end of the year. By paying for the material the girl is entitled to whatever she earns in the school. In the first class she has to make a calico chemise for an average girl in her class that year. As nature is not very accommodating, and will make her children of very different sizes, the chemises will be an equally good fit for all the girls, but that is a secondary condition, and the girls have the option of leaving their work as it is, or of having it made to suit them.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Irish Tenantry.

It is a sad state of war exists in Ireland. The tenantry is in poor poor pay rent, and therefore, nor will they leave the lands of their fathers without eviction—and they declare that no man shall occupy the premises from which they may be evicted, and live. The whole people are in a state of rebellion, and will seek red revenge on the landlords who further oppress them. The British Government, instead of driving the landlords out of Ireland and giving the tillers the soil which they cultivate, are sending more troops to suppress the people and maintain the plunderers in their profligacy! This, it is true, is keeping with the British policy of Ireland, but it is not in accord with the principles of justice and humanity, and cannot always last—and let us hope that it may be defeated now.

A young lawyer of Boston says that he is seeking solitude, where they can be alone with their own thoughts undisturbed, should come to his office, and it is as quiet as the grave.

Kisses, says The Boston Transcript, are as various as the kissers, and each kiss is unique. There were never two just alike, any more than there were ever two faces just alike.

There is the kiss given the baby. The power to do this is peculiar to woman.

No man ever kisses a baby without making a botch of it.

The reason for this is that a kiss, to be a kiss, must be something more than lip service. It must have heart in it.

And when a man has given his whole heart to a woman (as he always does), the baby has to take his father's kisses without that which alone makes the worth having.

But when a woman kisses a baby!

Bless you, what a difference!

Her kiss has heart in it; two hearts, in fact. Her own and the one her husband has given her.

And she is so lavish of those two heart-power kisses.

Oh, to be a baby!

She cares not for dirty face, she shrinks not for sought foreign or domestic that may rest upon those pouting lips. Though nose be unkindly, though chin be ditto, though cheeks be daubed with every, thing daubable possible for a baby to daub with, what is that to her!

Nothing!

"She sees nothing but this—a baby!"

She has but one impulse—to eat it!

What one may not eat, one may kiss. And she kisses that baby!

Oh, don't she!

To fly to the other extreme, there is the kiss of friendship. This is between two of the softer sex, the kissing sex, and is a lifeless affair, the very mummy of a kiss. It is performed in this wise [for it is a performance]:

Two ladies meet. They pucker their mouths into an angular protuberance, and cocking their heads to one side, as a hen will before picking up a grain of corn, two faces, full of unspeakable resignation and inflexible devotion to duty, approximate touch, and retire.

The school-girl kiss is a very different affair. As unlike the kiss of friendship as August is unlike December, as fire is unlike ashes, as life is unlike death.

Two school girls meet. Mouth flies to mouth, and lips to lips.

Each would swallow the other. It is well it is so.

The swallowing tendency of one is offset by the like tendency of the other.

Thus are both preserved for the sons of men.

They talk while they kiss!

Each says to each, "Oh, you dear darling creature! Where have you been these ages! [since morning.] I've got so many things to tell you!" etc., etc., etc.

And all this is said contemporaneously with that kiss; in the same instant of time.

Sometimes two men kiss, but this branch of the subject is not attractive.

We have no sympathy with it.

It is an abomination.

The kiss par excellence is, of course, the kiss of love.

What is it like!

Don't ask us. It is indescribable.

Try it.

It is sweeter than honey and the honeycomb, sweeter far than the oranges that are "all sweet." It is sweetness in the concrete, concentrated, boiled down.

Try it.

The matrimonial kiss is necessarily a tame one.

Duty is apt to grow onerous.

And that is not all.

We have said that the true kiss must have heart in it.

But the man has given his heart to his wife.

The wife concentrates her sweetness upon the baby.

There can be but one sequence.

The kiss of husband and wife is but a heartless collocation of lips.

Atlantis.

One of the most plausible, and believed by many scientists to be the true theory, is this: Ages ago the Americas presented a very different appearance from what they now do. Then an immense peninsula extended itself from Mexico, Central America and New Grenada so far into the Atlantic that the Madeiras, Azores and West India Islands are now fragments of it. This peninsula was a fair and fertile country, inhabited by rich and civilized nations, a people versed in the arts of war and civilization—a country covered with large cities and magnificent palaces, their rulers, according to tradition, reigning not only on the Atlantic Continent, but over islands far and near, even into Europe and Asia. Suddenly, without warning, this whole fair land was engulfed by the sea in a mighty convulsion of nature. Now, this catastrophe is not impossible or even improbable. Instances are not wanting of large tracts of land several hundred miles in extent disappearing in a like manner. The island of Ferdinandea suddenly appeared, and after a while as suddenly disappeared. In 1819, during an earthquake in India, an immense tract of land near the river Indus sank from view, and a lake now occupies its place. The whole bed of the Atlantic, where Atlantis is said to have been situated, consists of extinct volcanoes. The terrible Lisbon earthquake of 1775, and the later Lisbon shock, created a commotion throughout the whole Atlantic area. That Atlantis possessed great facilities for making a sudden exit cannot be doubted. Its very situation gives good color to the narratives of ancient Grecian historians and Tolemaic traditions, that "it disappeared by earthquakes and inundations."—The Popular Science Monthly.

George Washington never made but one pun in his life, and that one he forgot before he could tell it, hence he respected memory.

A new material for bridal dresses is white satin brocade, wrought with threads of gold or silver. There are also tinted brocades with tinsel threads

Through the kindness of Dr. C. B. Smith, of East Portland, we have been permitted to publish the following account of the burial of Gen. George Washington, which we extract from an original copy of the *Uster County, N. Y. Gazette*, published January 4th in the year 1800. It is a real and valuable curiosity, having been purchased from a museum in the East, by Dr. Smith, he paying therefor \$20. In an advertisement of a saw mill for sale, a negro wench is included as part of the property. From the proceedings in Congress and full account of the circumstances we republish the funeral ceremonies, verbatim, which should be carefully preserved:

WASHINGTON ENTOMBED.
GROTON TOWN, Dec 20.

On Wednesday last, the mortal part of WASHINGTON the Great—the Father of his country and the Friend of man, was consigned to the tomb, with solemn honors and funeral pomp.

A multitude of persons assembled from many miles round, at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious chief. There were the groves—the spacious avenues, the beautiful and sublime scenes, the noble mansion—but alas! the august inhabitant was now no more. That great soul was gone. His mortal part was there indeed: but ah! how affecting! how awful the spectacle of such worth and greatness, thus, to mortal eyes, fallen!—Yes! fallen! fallen!

In the long and lofty portico, where oft the Hero walked in all his glory now lay the shrouded corpse. The countenance full composed and serene seemed to depress the dignity of the spirit, which lately dwelt in that lifeless form. There those who paid the last and honors to the benefactor of his country, took an impressive—a farewell view.

On the ornament at the head of the coffin, was inscribed *SCIENTI AD JUDICEM*—about the middle of the coffin *GLORIA DEO*—and on the silver plate, *GENERAL.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON,
Departed this life, on the 14th December, 1799, *Æt.* 68.

Between three and four o'clock, the sound of artillery from a vefel in the river, firing minute guns, awoke afresh our solemn sorrow—the corps was moved—a band of music with mournful melody melted the soul into all the tenderness of woe.

The procession was formed & moved on in the following order:

Cavalry,		
Infantry,		
Guard,		} With arms reversed
Music,		
Clergy,		

The General's horse with his saddle holsters, and pistols.

Cola, Simms, Rammay, Payne,	} Pall bearers.	CORPSE	} Pall bearers.	Cola, Giplin, Marsteller, Little.
Mourners, Masonic Brethren, Citizens.				

When the procession had arrived at bottom of the elevated lawn, on the banks of the Potomac, where the family vault is placed, the cavalry halted, the Infantry marched toward the Mount and formed their lines—the Clergy, the Masonic Brethren, and the Citizens, descended to the Vault, and the funerals service of the Church was performed.—The firing was repeated from the vefel in the river, and the sounds echoed from the woods and hills around.

Three general discharges by the infantry—the cavalry, and 11 pieces of artillery, which lined the banks of the Potomac, back of the Vault, paid the last tribute to the entombed Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States and to the departed Hero.

The sun was now setting. Alas! the *SOX OF GLORY* was set forever. No—the name of WASHINGTON—the American President and General—will triumph over DEATH! The unclouded brightness of his Glory will illuminate the future ages!

Imperfectly Directed Letters

In New York, Boston, Baltimore and other large cities, it has been the practice for years to try to forward imperfectly directed letters on their way to those for whom they are intended, and thus to prevent them from being buried for weeks or months—possibly for years—in the dead-letter office. We say years advisedly, for within a few weeks past a letter was returned to this office from the dead-letter office that was mailed well on to two years ago. The old practice was a good one, and earned a great deal of credit for the post office department. All imperfect directions are not the result of carelessness. Many of them are defaced because the writers do not know how to do better. There never was a time and never will be, until human nature shall become perfect, or until official information penetrates every humble house in every village, when all letters were or will be directed precisely as they ought to be. Every postal department has recognized this infirmity among letter writers, and has employed skillful and experienced persons to eke out the shortcomings in the addresses of letters, so [as to get them to their destinations. As well suspend all this and leave the bad spellers, poor penmen and penwomen, and unfortunates who pronounce according to their understanding in foreign tongues to their fate—close the doors of the post offices against them—as to refuse to forward letters to the absolute destination of which is perfectly well known to the post office clerks, for the sole reason that they are addressed to the popular, political or geographical names of the places they are intended for, instead of the oftentimes arbitrary post office names.

* * *

If every year we rooted out one vice, we should soon become perfect men

The real "Paradise of Babies" Japan—as has been said many times—for not only do the children have even more imaginative toys, but many persons go there for their living by amusing them. Men go about the streets and blow soap bubbles for them with pipes that have no holes as ours have. These young Japs have tops, kites, pop-guns, blow-guns, magic lanterns, kaleidoscopes, and wags of terra cotta animals, flying fish and dragons, beetles that flutter about, turtles that move their legs and pop out the heads, birds that fly about and peck their fingers and whistle, paste-board rats that, when hit, open and let a winged figure fly out, and—most wonderful of all, perhaps—little balls looking like elderberry, which, thrown into warm water, slowly expand into the shape of a boat, or a fisherman, a tree, a flower, a crab or bird.

The girls of Japan have dolls' furniture and dishes, and, of course, dolls. They have dolls that walk and dance, dolls that put on a mask when a string is pulled; dolls dressed to represent nobles, ladies, minstrels, mythological and historical personages. Dolls are handed down for generations, and in some families are hundreds of them. They never seem to get broken or worn out, as you do; and, in fact, they can hardly be too dear playthings that yours are. They are kept as a sort of show, and, though the little owners play with them, they do not dress and undress them and take them to bed as you do. A good deal of the time they are rolled up in silk paper and packed away in a trunk. On the great festival day of the Japanese girls—the Feast of Dolls, of which no doubt you have heard—there is a great show of dolls and toys, and it is the event of the year for the queer little black-eyed maidens. The Feast of Flags is for boys; great day, and they have launcheon, flag, figures of warriors and great meiwaku swords and other toys suitable for boys.

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 the agents in your own town not to crack, peel or blister, to cover better and work easier than any other paint. The Imperishable Paint was used by the Government over all other paints, at the California State Fair, 1893, and the gold medal at the Oregon State Fair, 1895.

Agents, which explain this wonderful discovery. Try the mix and you certainly won't have any other.

A minister relates his experience that I take pleasure in adding to your many testimonials, that last Thursday (Thanksgiving Day), not being able to preach on account of Rheumatic pain in the shoulder, I bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which, after using several times, relieved me wonderfully. Dr. I. Pick, Rochester, New York.

A new portable family fruit driest style, may be bought for \$35, applying at the Box office, Portland, Oregon. an 22-1

10,000 extra fine Fruit Trees of all varieties. Send to J. H. Settlement, Woodburn, Oregon, for a catalogue and special rates.

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.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

The Oregonian has at a recent date contains the following:

"Several Oregon Journals have complained to me that a Postal Agent has been sent out here from the East. They have been told that the Agent would be sent to Oregon or Washington for the purpose. The fact is the Department has taken this as a joke and it is official order, by my date, to send the Postal Agent to some town, and therefore decided to send from the East a competent and efficient man."

The above was officially answered by the following letter received by Mr. Shiel, the retiring Postal Agent from the chief of his department:

FOREIGNER DEPARTMENT, Division of Mail and Expressions, Office of Chief Inspector.

Agent, Washington, D. C., Oct. 1, 1895.

G. A. Smith, Esq., Portland, Oregon—Dear Sir: The Postmaster General accepted your resignation, for your knowledge of course, by my date, to send effect to the fact. If, however, you did not cease performance of duty at that date, an order can be made ceasing the per cent you received, and the receipt of such order and discontinued work. You cannot, however, draw salary in your new position for some time.

The above is officially explained, and you have been referred to work in Oregon and Washington Territory for a long time, and I suspect for him was the reason of his coming here.

In this connection I beg to say that you have the Department's approval, and I think it is certain that you have been honest and diligent in your work at all times. I hope you may succeed in your sphere in your new position.

Very truly yours,
DAVID B. PARKER,
Chief Special Agent.

PILES.

Pfunder's Oregon Pile Salve is a Simple but Certain Cure for all forms of this annoying disease. Try it. All druggists sell it. Price, \$1.

TRENNMANN & WOLFF, MACHINISTS

And Manufacturers

Tools for Planing, Molding and Turning

Cattle Brands, from Horse Work, and all kinds of Brewery Work done to order.

Also Farm Machinery repaired on short notice. Farm similar alterations paid to Rural Work. Mill Pumps made and repaired.

Iron Fencing a specialty.

No. 40 Front Street, Portland, Oregon.
aug 2-1

Assorted Canned Fruit

Consisting of selected Peaches, Prunes, Plums, and Grapes of the three choice, Raisin Varieties.

These are packed in the best style, and are supplied by this establishment.

W. M. CANNING,
Proprietor of Vineyard and Orchard.

nov 4-1m

GUNS!

Remington's, Sharp's and Winchester Rifles.

And Cartridges of all kinds at reduced prices.

W. M. BECK, SONS,
Direct Importers and Dealers in LEATHER AND SHOE FINDINGS.

No. 121 Front St. Portland, Or.

Cosmopolitan Hotel,
THE DALLES, OREGON.

Is open for the reception of guests, with everything new and elegantly furnished. The billiard and public parlors are respectfully solicited. The house will keep open all night, and a fresh stock to be had on the train.

oct 20-2m

Formerly of the Empire Hotel.

Oregon Kidney Tea

No More BACKACHE! No More KIDNEY COMPLAINT!

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Hinder, Davis & Co., Proprietors.

[illegible]

And just the book for the crowds of immigrants now coming, and proposing to come to our State. To make its pages even more acceptable as a Traveller's Hand-Book, as well as

A Welcome Visitor to the Family and Fireside,

We shall add to each monthly part interesting tales, sketches, poetry, scraps of local history, news, wit, etc., etc.

Sold complete only by subscription, at \$3 00 per annum. Single parts 50 cents each.

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The above was officially answered by the following letter received by Mr. Smith, Portland, Oregon, from the chief of his department:

"Portland, Oregon, Division of Mail and Express, June 1, 1917.
 Agent, Washington, D. C., June 1, 1917.
 O. A. Smith, Esq., Portland, Oregon—Dear Sir: The Postmaster General has received from Washington letters from you, and I am sorry to hear that you know, of course, by this date, to take effect at the end of July, however, you did not come performance of duty at that date, an order can be made so during the part with you, advised of acceptance and acceptance of the position, and you will receive salary in your new position for some time."

"Special Agent beyond an experienced agent, he is sent to work in Oregon. He is Washington Territory for two months, and I hope for him the best of fortune and satisfaction in his new position."

In this connection, I beg to say that you have the Department with an unqualified reward. No doubt is entertained that you will have a most successful career at all times. I hope you may succeed in your aspirations to your perfect satisfaction.

DAVID R. PARKER,
 Chief Special Agent.

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Pfunder's Oregon Pile Salve is a Simple but Certain Cure for all forms of this annoying disease. Try it. All druggists sell it. Price, 25c.

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MACHINISTS
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 Tools for Planing, Molding and Turning
 Cattle Brands, Iron Horse Work, and all kinds of Machinery repaired on short notice. For similar attention paid to Boiler Work. Mill Work made and repaired.
 Iron Fencing a specialty.
 No. 46 Front Street, Portland, Oregon.
 Tel. 2-51

Assorted Canned Fruit
 Consisting of selected Peaches, Apples, Grapes of the three choicest, Raisin Varieties. All of the highest quality. Write for prices by this establishment.
 Proprietor of Vineyard and Orchard Products.
 The Dalles, Oregon.
 Tel. 4-11

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THE DALLES, OREGON.
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