

OUR ORATIONS

Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton are making an immense sensation in San Francisco. We have just received a number of letters from San Francisco—too late for publication in this issue—in which the appearance and success of these eminent champions of the right are agreeably and graphically portrayed.

A FIRST-CLASS SENSATION

Mrs. John A. Bingham, of Ohio, was announced to lecture at the Court House in this city on the evening of the 18th inst, and we availed ourselves of the longed-for opportunity to hear a celebrity whom Republicans praised and Democrats reviled.

The speaker—this from memory—is a thin-framed, book-nosed, light-complexioned, middle-aged man, who looked like anything but the fierce murderer of Mrs. Burt, whom we might have looked for from what the Mercury had painted.

He gave some highly eulogistic opinions concerning our State and people, in which "we, the people," seemed to concur, for they applauded uproariously, though we thought good taste should have taught them to bear the honor meekly.

The speaker quoted from the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, proving very forcibly that every person in the United States was entitled to all the immunities of citizenship irrespective of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

He said that these Amendments being ratified by a majority of the States have become a law; that every citizen of the United States is to be protected in the exercise of inherent immunities. This sounded strangely to us, coming as it did from a man high in official position, who had rejected the Woodhull Memorial, which declares the very same things, and which Loughbridge and Butler tried in vain to convince him were facts.

He was glad that the error of his ways, and we suspect that a reported matrimonial engagement between himself and the world-renowned Anna Dickenson has had much to do with the softening of his back-bone upon the Amendment issue.

Can the presumptive arrogance of the genus man yet farther go? We think it high time for them to appeal to enlightened women for the removal of this terrible polygamitic scourge. Yet how absurd, viewing women from their stand-point as incapable of exercising ordinary political immunities, to call upon "the noble" class to remove the horrible result of man's powers of hallucination from the borders of Utah, when the whole Government of these United States has expended its powers, civil, judicial and military, to remove this curse, and failed in the attempt!

THE CORIENE JOURNAL AND PORTLAND GREGORIAN INTERVIEWED

Our highly respected but very one-sided neutral contemporary of the Oregonian, writes extensively from the Coriense (Utah) Journal, a man's rights organ, which endeavors, by portraying the condition of voting women in Utah, to prove that women everywhere would fall to avail themselves of the privileges of the ballot.

We are told that we shall introduce a moral clemency into politics with women. As a result of our relations of high and pure morals? where polygamy, the worst form of woman slavery, is not only enjoyed as a religious duty, but where decency is further outraged by the toleration of incest? where men change wives or take new ones as often as they tire of the ones they have, and are true to nothing but their own selfish interests? where men and women are fed on the shucks and husks of superstition instead of love?

We respectfully ask the Journal and Oregonian how they can expect active participation in public or private affairs from a community where "polygamy, the worst form of human slavery," has gained such ascendancy over the women that men of seventy years may "marry girls of fifteen," who are so infatuated, imbecile and superstitious that they accept "shucks" and "husks" instead of love?

Many of these women are utterly ignorant, and all of them are upheld by a fanatical belief in the glories that await them in a future existence, where they incessantly expect reward for a life of debauchery here. What folly to expect them to revolutionize society! And yet the Journal prates that it had hoped something from these women, but was disappointed! No wonder the "result, so far, in Utah is discouraging!"

Then, to show how very exacting these men's rights organs are, the Journal says:

And here is a place for Mrs. Stanton and the rest to begin the conquest of the country. Let them retrieve the reputation of their sex in Utah, and through that sex. They have got all they ask, yet, more, for a man born abroad must live in the country five years before he can vote, while the polygamists of Utah have decided, albeit despite the laws of the United States, that a foreign-born woman has only to marry or be married to a saint to entitle her to vote at once on landing.

Mrs. Stevens' idea of having Anthony settle in Utah and run for Congress is capital one. Let her come and bring her disciples and marshall a majority of the women of Utah to the polls and vote them against polygamy and incest, enjoined in the name of religion, and submitted to with the tameness of sheep, and she will have done something to fit the attention of men. She will have forced men to acknowledge the justice of woman's claims to superior moral standing, or intellectual acumen, or true instinct, or whatever it may be, and the efficacy of this occult power for the correction of the political ills by which we suffer.

Let them retrieve the reputation of their own sex in Utah! How very fair and just they are, to be sure! Let our man's rights brethren, before they shall prove themselves worthy to vote, begin with the penitentiaries, the asylums, the brothels, and other pits which their own hands have dugged, and let them purge these sinks of man-made pollution from off the face of the earth if they would be consistent in their demands upon equal rights women.

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THE "PLAINDEALER" IS EXPOSED

We notice some strictures upon the NEW NORTHWEST in the last issue of the Plaindealer which are as good as they go. The editor says that he thinks our language toward his "friend" of the Enterprise was rather strong, and he willingly admit that it was. But he does not say one word in condemnation of the vile insult from his "friend" of the Enterprise which rendered that, to us, disgusting castigation necessary.

We believe the Enterprise will not repeat the insult, and we assure the Plaindealer that, unless compelled in self-defense to resent insinuations against the private character of so-called "strong-minded" women of Portland, whose lives are blameless, and who deeply feel the degradation of being classed with the weaklings who depend upon weak-minded and impure men for support in a life of shame, the NEW NORTHWEST never has nor never will chastise anybody. We think our brother of the Plaindealer should consider it his duty to repent the man's rights journal which evokes such castigation by its posted law insinuations, rather than become a horror-stricken because the insult is resented.

PORTLAND, July 17th, 1917.

As it is of very rare occurrence that men treat their wives as mentioned in the enclosed, and therefore must please you to find (occasionally) evidence to prove your assertions, and support your doctrine of woman's rights, I send you the enclosed (collected from an Eastern paper) that you may have some subject to moralize on. Yours, etc.

A drunkard brute at Petroleum Centre, Penn., shot his wife several times, June 20th, and after he was arrested, begged to be permitted to see and kiss her before she died. His wife had supported him and their two children.

We don't see how we could improve on the above. — Ed. New Northwest.

WE DIDN'T KNOW IT.

We have received a letter from a prominent Republican politician of Salem, who accuses us for having criticized the Coriense-Watkins trial, in which trial, our friend assures us, Watkins received sentences fully equal to his deserts. Our correspondent says that our unjust opinion of Watkins must have been formed from the perusal of the Salem Statesman, which journal does not seem to be very high in his (the writer's) esteem. Our opinion of Watkins was drawn from the few copies of the Salem Press which it was our misfortune to see during its ephemeral existence, and not from any opposition paper, party or clique. That opinion was in no way heightened by the affray which has caused this discussion.

We will not be unjust to anybody if we know it; and we have long since learned that there are two sides to all political issues, and that political papers will tell the story that suits their party, whether it is true or false, and it is pretty sure to be the latter.

Of Governor Grover, Judge Thayer and other prominent Democrats we have the highest personal opinion. We believe them to be gentlemen, and the only point in our strictures upon the trial was one which our correspondent, as well as the Mercury, either could not see or utterly ignores. We now proceed to sharpen the point: "If the wife of Gov. Grover, or some other woman equally qualified to share the gubernatorial office, had held joint custody of that important place of public trust, our worthy and believe excellent Governor would have and hold a better man than Watkins—or Clarke either, for aught we know—in an office of emolument and trust." We are no personal friend of Mr. Clarke. We are free to confess that we don't half like him; but that is no reason that a man, high in official position, should be permitted to covide and shoot him with impunity, even if he does defend himself.

While we thank our friend for his explanatory letter, of which we cheerfully give Mr. Watkins the benefit, we must abide our first decision—that men who prove themselves incapable of self-government are not the men to superintend penitentiaries. If this be peculiarly Republican doctrine the public may make the most of it. We didn't know it was.

MEN ARE DETERMINED TO BE MATTERS.

In spite of the oft-repeated declaration of this and other Human Rights journals, men are determined to be considered martyrs to the cause of the coming woman. We rarely meet a gentleman who converses upon this all-absorbing topic but he says in substance: "Men will soon be compelled to take a back seat. Women will hold the reins of Government as soon as they vote. Men will be compelled to take care of children in the counting era. Women will drive men to the kitchen sink." And a host of other just ridiculous, half-sensical, half-playful expressions; while many of them say that we regard them as "brutes" and "animals" and all that, which we certainly never said, and which we are satisfied they don't believe of us. In the coming era of woman's political emancipation she will take her place, not as ruler or dictator over man, but by his side as his equal.

Mr. Home Hill—A splendid place to hold a Health Reform Fourth of July celebration, inasmuch as the house is spacious and commodious, the orchard fruitful, and the host, with his mother, genial and hospitable to a remarkable degree.

4th. THE NEW NORTHWEST—The Star that has so recently appeared in our horizon. May it steadily and boldly march to its completion, and become a fixed and entire disease of alcohol, tobacco and pork.

5th. MORE "BULLETIN" DOCTRINE. Catherine E. Beecher, one of the anti-suffrage "Isis Pleasides," is now copied by the Bulletin, and of course endorsed.

She says: "In behalf of the women whose voices are not heard, I entreat that no such duties be enforced upon us until we are better prepared to discharge all that belongs to woman as the prime minister of the family state, and chief educator of our race."

This "Isis Pleasid," being the only one of the Beecher family who has failed to "become a prime minister of the family state," now calls upon her sisters who have succeeded in this business to postpone exercising their immunities till she can overtake them! We beg to demur, and in the mean time should be pleased to see Catherine hunt up that suffrage Pleasid who was asked in California if she had any children, and who answered in the negative, and granted a few, and then give us her views upon the ballot.

RECORD OF RECENT EVENTS.

A Deputation of the American Evangelical Alliance has presented an address to the Czar of Russia, in which the benevolent decrees of his Imperial Majesty, in reference to serfs, are highly commended; and in which is also expressed the deep sympathy of the Alliance with Russian subjects in the Baltic provinces, who are prevented by existing laws from openly returning to the Lutheran faith. The address exalts in the religious freedom of American citizens, who, in every respect, enjoy equal protection in the most diversified religious opinions. The Czar is implored to grant all Russian subjects equal protection in the full exercise of religious liberty.

Threats have been made against a proposed Italian parade in San Francisco on next Sabbath. We hope San Francisco will learn wisdom from the late New York riots; but we think it high time that Sunday parades, excursions and celebrations should be made to postpone their miserable until Monday. Men and animals need one day of rest in seven, and men rapidly relapse into brutality when this rule is disregarded. Marysville, Cal., has been visited by a destructive fire.

LETTER FROM HON. T. W. DAVENPORT.

HOME HILL, July 14th, 1917. Editor New Northwest: On the 6th day of last May the Health Reformers of Marion county met at Aumerville, and organized a county association, auxiliary to the Oregon and Washington Health Reform Association, and at that time adjourned to meet on the 4th of July, and have an independent picnic of the Health Reform persuasion at Home Hill.

Pursuant to adjournment, the picnic has come and gone, and with it as much that was social and agreeable, morally, intellectually and physically, as could be well marshaled into one warm summer's day. The house was full and the cherry trees were full, and, as a consequence, the heads, hands, stomachs and hearts were not empty. We had readings and speeches, songs and toasts; a genuine feast of reason and flow of soul, without spirituous liquors or acrobatic stunts, a good and wholesome gathering of both sexes, old and young, and altogether the most pleasant, rational and beautiful Fourth of July that it has ever been my lot to witness.

Father Wilbur, one of the old apostles of temperance, had a declaration of independence written out expressly for the occasion, and the ladies (or women as I prefer to call them) had some resolutions and toasts of a pointed and spicy character, which gave tone to the proceedings. As usual in all good works the women furnished more food for mind and body than their masculine associates. They wrote nearly all the toasts and resolutions, and made as good speeches. We, the men, may as well take them as equals in all departments of life, and lose and respect and admire them all the more on account of their ability and worth in all human pursuits. I presume that to the end of time there will never be an occasion for human endeavor in which there will not be a full half of its requirements that cannot be performed better by women than men. Every thing worthy of doing or being in the human sphere requires the co-operation of both sexes to make it a complete success.

I should like to give you a more extensive report of what was done and said, but I presume that your space can be more profitably employed in educating the man editors of Oregon and California, and all others who do not thoroughly understand the definition of human rights.

I will give you one or two toasts, and not forget to mention that we were not free from a sharp and wholesome criticism during the time of our meeting. Our neighbor, the Rev. Thomas H. Small, a forcible and eloquent speaker, was present, and elicited a good many views and points that otherwise might have passed unheeded. I believe he is the only person of note in the county who dares meet us in debate upon those problems relating to Health Reform.

1st. The Oregon and Washington Health Reform Association—Organized five years ago by a small band of earnest workers, and now numbering about two hundred, may it prove a nucleus around which will yet rally thousands.

2d. Our temperance platform—The only true one in existence, comprising temperance in all things, with the complete and entire disease of alcohol, tobacco and pork.

3d. Home Hill—A splendid place to hold a Health Reform Fourth of July celebration, inasmuch as the house is spacious and commodious, the orchard fruitful, and the host, with his mother, genial and hospitable to a remarkable degree.

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Dr. Holland on the Social Evil.

"The verdict returned some time since in the Fair-Crittenden trial will, we trust, prove a severe and wholesome check to that devilish device of depraved minds—the free love doctrine."

We regret to say that there is no evidence of any favorable change on the part of masculine free-lovers. We have not learned of the closing of one house of assignation or prostitution on account of the verdict. There is no mention of the numbers of the debauching class. On Friday last, Dr. Holland, at a meeting of the Board of Health, gave notice that at the next meeting of the Board he would present a bill to amend a law drafted by himself, which is intended to regulate the social evil in a manner similar to that pursued by the Board of Health in St. Louis."

Fredrick told step, this, on the part of Dr. Holland, especially after the so-called St. Louis system has proved a dead failure. No man in this city, no matter how great his talent, wealth, position or influence in the interest of masculine free-lovers can successfully engineer an odious system for the regulation of the social evil, which will, in its operation, subject one sex to inspection, registration and license, while at the same time it will allow the other and the opposite sex to remain unregulated, unlicensed and uncontrolled. This system may be tolerated in the monarchial governments of the old world, which are controlled in the interest of a very small class—where man, as such, is the ruler, and woman vastly inferior to him, both as to character and rights—we say, this system may be tolerated, and to a certain extent succeed, in the old monarchial world, where man shall labor to press a sickening, brutal system like it on the city of San Francisco, or the city government which shall labor to establish and enforce it upon its people, will damn both himself and his city to infamy. A system, to command either public confidence or respect, must contain the germs of equality and justice.

If masculine free-lovers must have for their own special gratification and convenience houses of prostitution, it is obvious that they should be subjected to the same regime as are their partners in social debauchery. If the public health demands that one sex shall be specially examined and restrained, because vaccinated with the virus of an unnamable disease, it must be obvious that the public health demands similar examination and restraint from those of the opposite sex. If the public good requires that the sex of the accommodated sex should be registered, we are unable to perceive why those of the sex accommodated should not have their names, age, condition and place of business registered. If it is necessary that the government having jurisdiction should derive a revenue from the debasing and corrupting commerce of the sexes, we can see no reason why the burden should fall upon the female and not upon the male. If the department, or why the rich, well-to-do and the accommodated sex should be allowed to escape without taxation—why one sex should not be required to pay a license fee, or some other tax, as is done in the case of the male sex, we shall keep our eye upon Dr. Holland and those of the masculine persuasion who shall give encouragement to his style of suppressing the social evil.—S. F. Pioneer.

Made a Hit. Dorr was an actor of some favor, not high up, but above the level—took the part sometimes of irascible fathers and ponderous villains—and the Western and rather jocular, and somewhat of a humorist. He found himself at Pittsburg, advertised to play with Forrest in "Metamora." In the small part, as he conceived it, of the captain of the Puritan soldiers, he was successful. On the stage for rehearsal in the morning, he was eating an apple, when the great tragedian started out: "Mr. what's-your-name, when you have done eating your apple, we will go on with the play. We shall keep our eye upon Dr. Holland and those of the masculine persuasion who shall give encouragement to his style of suppressing the social evil.—S. F. Pioneer."

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Bobbing for Eels.

The smallest, brownest house in the village—that was the Widow Dunn's. And the brownest, best-natured boy in the village—that was Benny Dunn. Sometimes the widow loomed large from the ship-yard, but just now it was a dull season, and what few men were at work there had gone to the Widow Webb's. It was a little bad now, too, about the milk. Generally, Benny got a pint a day for driving Captain Critter's cow to pasture. But Captain Critter's cow and calf were both dead, and he hadn't got another yet. So there was nothing in the Widow Dunn's cupboard but a peck of potatoes, and a peck of meal, and a plate of pork-fat."

They always had wood enough, because Benny could pick up chips at the ship-yard. And about shoes it was no matter, for he had rather go barefooted than to buy shoes. They were well off for clothes, too. Benny had another calico dress beside the one she wore for common, and you'd be surprised to see how little the patches showed in Benny's trousers, seeing they were overworn. So they were not so very poor after all; only boys will be discontented sometimes, even the best-natured of them.

"Don't you think, mother, a few eels would go good for my coldfeet," asked Benny, standing at the crust of Johnny-ake with the relish of a hungry boy.

"Very good, indeed," replied Mrs. Dunn, who was soaking her Johnny-ake in a cup of curmudgeon tea. "You suppose there are any in the dock, now?"

"Any?" replied Benny, swallowing the last crumbs of the crust and tossing a bit of eel which he had been holding in his hand, both as to character and rights—we say, this system may be tolerated, and to a certain extent succeed, in the old monarchial world, where man shall labor to press a sickening, brutal system like it on the city of San Francisco, or the city government which shall labor to establish and enforce it upon its people, will damn both himself and his city to infamy. A system, to command either public confidence or respect, must contain the germs of equality and justice.

"No, mother," cried Benny laughing. "I'll say 'no,' you'll say you are afraid to have me out alone for fear something will happen to me; and if I say 'yes,' you'll say you don't like to have me out nights with other boys."

"To be sure, mother, don't like to have you out nights anyway," replied Mrs. Dunn, anxiously. "No, ma'am, but think of the eels. If I get more than we can eat, Captain Critter would be glad to buy them," said Benny, with his head in the corner cupboard behind the door. Here it is! Here is my line with the sinker all set. Nothing to do but fix the bob. See, mother! Now you'll let me go, won't you?" he cried, backing out with a cobweb on his nose.

"I suppose so, Benny, only I want you to be careful; and don't be out very late," replied the widow, trying in the fading light to thread the point of her needle. "You may bring me my bonnet out of the other room close before you go," she added, putting down the bob and winding shoe she held in her hand. "PH step over to Grandma Goodkin's and ask after the old lady's neutrality, now it's too late to see in work."

In "the other room" were six red chairs, a straight-backed arm-chair, an old-fashioned desk with drawers and a sloping lid, that had belonged to Benny's grandfather, and a table with the family Bible on it. There was a pair of slippers of asparagus in the fire-place and some peacock feathers over the looking-glass. On the walls hung a colored print of the Last Supper, a silhouette miniature of Benny's father, and a picture of the widow with Benny, a baby on her lap. The best brass candlestick stood on the chimney-piece, with a pair of snuffers beside it, and a great conch-shell and a broken vase filled with paper flowers. There were no curtains at the window, but a climbing woodbine cast its flickering shadow across them, and a lilac and snowball tree grew close outside.

"It was full of the smell of the lilac flowers to-night and the tall, eight-day clock in the corner struck seven as he slipped away the clean, white floor to the closet, and held the eel in his hand, and a bottle of sugar-tub, a bottle of vinegar, a couple of molasses, and the widow's black cottage-bonnet in a generous bandbox, that was the only thing in the house which there seemed to be quite enough of."

"Mrs. Dunn, your neutrality," said Mrs. Dunn, tying her bonnet-strings and picking them out carefully before the scrap of a looking-glass. "Don't get in the water and don't get with bad boys." Her eyes were fixed upon Benny, and she was dancing a little on the floor, as if with a settling his brains. "We'll have a jolly breakfast to-morrow morning. And, say, mother, when I am a man I am going to buy me a bran new, brown silk gown, see if I don't!"

Grandma Goodkin's "neutrality" was very bad to-night, and Mrs. Dunn took off her bonnet and stayed, applying bags of hot hops, slippery elm, poplars, and her own teeth, and she was long past the time she called "daylight" when the last streak of red had faded and died in the west, and the fire-flies flashing up and down over the marshy meadow seen the only brightness under the clouded Summer sky.

Meantime Benny climbed out and in among the eras, water-worn piers, as sure-footed as a wharf-rat. He climbed up and he clambered down; he sat patiently still and he moved restlessly about; but here or there, or over the top, it was all the same. The eels might be asleep, or they might be on a journey, or they might have lost their appetite for worms. Anyhow they kept shy of the bobbing bait at one end of the line and the hungry boy at the other. The town clock struck eight, and nine, and ten, and only two bites. Still Benny would not give up, and neither would the eels. Now and then came a splash of rain-water, and a flash of lightning, but Benny didn't mind that and neither did the eels. Nine! ten! eleven! clashed out from the Baptist steeple.

"Eels don't bite as well when it is dark; that's so," said Benny, as he hauled in his line with a tiny eel at the end of it. "One, two, three! Well that will do for me and mother. Just enough eels, as 'twere, as though I had pulled 'em in on the count." Then he climbed up the moist bank and ran home. "I'll draw you over night and have 'em all in a row ready to fry, first thing to-morrow," said he, drawing a broken-handled jack-knife from his pocket, and beginning to grope round in the dark for a candle. The floor creaked, and he stumbled over the chipmunk and knocked down the lamp, but he was a lucky fellow, and he tumbled into an iron candlestick, and taking it out on the back stoop, finished his work by his feeble light, and in five minutes after was fast asleep, with a heavy downfall of rain pattering on the roof close above his head. The next sound Benny heard was the stifling and sputtering of the eels in the spider.

"Now, mother, ain't that nice? Don't they smell good, though?" he cried, carrying about on a fork. "I'm proper glad I went last night." Mrs. Dunn had spread the little red

table with a clean brown cloth, two blue-and-white plates, and a couple of knives and forks that had seen better days. The kettle of potatoes were laughing themselves out of their skins on the crane, and she was bending to take the spider from the coils in the wide fire-place, while Benny looked on with his eyes as big as the potatoes, and his mouth already open, when there came a shambling step upon the threshold and a flumbuging rattle at the latch. Immediately the door opened and in came Jake Saunders' head. Jake Saunders was a good-natured, lazy old hulk, who was "in everybody's mess and nobody's business," as the sailors say.

"Morning, widder. Catching weath' or?" said he, thrusting his shoulders after the door. Then he began to sniff. "What! Eels for breakfast? I don't know when I've had a meal of eels. I've a good mind I'll take my breakfast with you this morning, widder," he continued, following his head and arms down. Benny looked at the three little fishes cut up in nicely browned morsels, and at the great-mouthed, overgrown loafer, with a pang of dismay and a good many scowls. But Mrs. Dunn put another plate and knife and fork on the table with unfeigned hospitality.

Three little fishes, and Jake ate two of them! "It was too awful mean, mother," said Benny, when Jake had finally shambled off to look after the next neighbor. "And there you sat and looked as willing! How could you, mother?"

"We don't want to be mean because other people are, my son," replied Mrs. Dunn, cheerfully. Benny was a man long ago, with ships that went to sea and came safely home to him. He did not forget the "shanty" he had sung for his mother, nor a thousand other things that had made the evening of her life beautiful. And to this day he remembers the delicious smell of the eels on that far-off June morning, and how disgusted he felt to see Jake Saunders eat them. But he has remembered also never to be mean because other people are.

To GIBBARD OF FLIES.—The smoke of the dried leaves of a pumpkin burnt on a bright fire, will cause flies to quit an apartment instantly or it will kill them. Birds must be withdrawn before the operation, and persons should abstain from going into apartments immediately after, as the smoke causes headache. The employment of laurel oil is also a preservative against flies, as they can not bear the smell of it.

"Sir, you have the advantage of me." "Quite right; you are quite right, sir; everybody of common sense has."

LAST GRAND PICNIC OF THE SEASON! AT EAST PORTLAND PARK.

ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON NEXT, JULY 22D.

THE WORLD RENOWNED DON JOSE LE VEGA.

The Smallest Man in the World! He is crippled, and will appear in his unrivaled "Shanty" and "Shanty" on this occasion, by special request, will sing "William Weaver's Serenade," in his own native Spanish language. He is a native of the island of Cuba, and the people delighted wherever he appears. He is the last chance to see this wonderful man alive.

Arrangements have been made for A GRAND BALLOON ASCENSION To take place during the afternoon.

THE BEST OF MUSIC WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE.

Admission, 10 cents; Children, half price.

WILLIAM DAVIDSON, Real Estate Dealer.

OFFICE—No. 64 Front Street, PORTLAND, OREGON.

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