

Agents will please take notice that it is a great tax upon us to pay express charges upon small sums, and they will confer a great favor by remitting to us through money orders or registered letters.

OYSTERS AND DRINKS.

Women of the State, read carefully the details of the Grover investigation now being published, and answer us candidly, do men who go to the State capital and haggle with notorious political tricksters about the price of a vote; who beat around the indisputable places of the city at unseasonable hours, "when good men sleep," taking "drinks," smoking cigars and gorging themselves on oysters until whatever brain power they may originally possess is perverted and befuddled into a condition resembling idiocy, do they represent you?

Remember these are not charges against our legislators, but are facts brought out on their own sworn testimony. A sample will suffice. Senator Salsbury interrogating State Senator Palmer, of Denton:

Q.—Still states in his testimony that you came into the hall and invited the whole lobby to go down and take a drink with him. A.—I had some friends in the third house that I wanted to get out and go down town with me; got up and moved that all go down and take a drink.

It is in midnight carousals, with their late supper, drinking and smoking accompaniments, that men of this class hatch laws for the government of the commonwealth, and fresh from such associations, proclaim that they legislate for women more wisely than they could legislate for themselves. Again we ask, Women, do men of this kind who too frequently form the majorities in legislatures "represent" you, as they claim to do?

WEAPONS REVERSED.

The suffragists of Colorado are vigilant, quick to perceive an opportunity, and ready to seize upon it. The Catholic Bishop Machebeuf, of Colorado, has recently delivered two lectures in Denver against Woman Suffrage, and these have called out a vigorous reply from Rev. Dr. Cray. The Colorado Woman Suffrage Association immediately had five thousand copies of this reply struck off on convenient size for gratuitous distribution.

Among many people the Bible argument against Woman Suffrage is the most potent of all, as they deem it sacrilegious to attempt to disturb the status of woman as expounded to them by priests and ministers, who interpret certain Scriptural texts to suit their own narrow ideas. When, however, these are fairly met by more enlightened ministers, and the absurdity of their arguments shown up and refuted, hundreds whose conscientious scruples have caused them to array themselves with the opposition see that there are no Biblical reasons for assigning to woman a menial or subordinate position, and, truly converted, make public profession of their belief in woman's political freedom. The reply of Dr. Cray is an able review of and answer to the so-called Bible argument against equal rights, and its distribution throughout Colorado at this juncture will be most opportune. Thus the labored effort of the Catholic bishop will add strength to the cause of woman's enfranchisement, instead of being an instrument of warfare against it. It is therefore quite apparent that His Grace the bishop bided better than he knew when attempting to strengthen the old citadel of error.

THE INDIAN WAR.

The mutterings of discontent against General Howard for what seemed tardiness in pushing the campaign against the Indians have been supplanted or hushed by news of a victory achieved by the forces under his command on the 12th inst. In his account of the battle General Howard says: "The losses of the Indians appear to be thirteen killed and quite a large number wounded. We have Captain Bancroft and Lieutenant Williams wounded; also eleven enlisted men killed and twenty-four wounded. Their camps were abandoned in great haste, leaving much plunder. The Indians fought as well as any troops I ever saw, and so did ours, not one man failing in duty. I now believe that I am in fine condition, just as soon as Green appears from Boise, to make thorough work with these Indians. They are making for the Snake country, and I for concentration at Mount Idaho. Troops have never done harder or more rapid campaigning or better fighting than these."

We all understand how much easier it is to fight imaginary battles upon paper than in rough, mountainous districts under a burning July sun with powder and musket balls, and should not hastily call in question the efficiency or criticize the conduct of officers who are working valiantly on the rough edge of battle for victory over a treacherous and well-equipped foe. It is well for an enemy who thinks that General Howard will not fight on Sunday except with psalm-singing and prayer-books to keep out of range of his guns, while they "to their mates thus in derision call," or the chances are that their Sabbath day pastimes will be interrupted by the "disapom of the cannonade." At all events, the General has been making his Gatling guns and mountain howitzers speak in language that needs not to be interpreted to the Indians.

We hope indeed that his belief that he will make thorough work with the Indians may prove well-founded, and they receive such a castigation as will cause them thereafter to be sought for in vain on the face of the earth.

FURTHER TESTIMONY.

Mosier of Wasco, he who was "burnt out" a year ago last April, and, as a consequence, thought \$1,000 would be a "mighty fine thing," has given in his testimony to the Senate sub-committee, corroborating the damaging statements made by Messrs. Nesmith and Goodman, but excusing himself on the ground that he threw out these remarks concerning money in connection with the Senatorial election as a "feeler." He, however, repudiates Styles and his \$750 testimony, and denies in toto that he ever received a cent, directly or indirectly, for his vote for Grover. This of course was to be expected; no one thought he would march up to the confessional and tell who paid him money, or how much.

If in all the mass of evidence taken by the committee there has not been found positive proof of fraud and corruption in the election of Grover, there has been that unearthed that carries conviction to every candid mind that mercenary arguments were employed, and that they were effective in changing the votes of certain members. The Yamhill Reporter speaks pretty nearly the popular sentiment when it says that "Governor Grover counting out coin to anybody as a means of securing his election we do not maintain; but that money was paid to secure his election, and that the payers thereof were rewarded by services to the said payers as good as so much money, we have not a doubt." If Mosier's testimony were repeated a thousand times, and each time rendered more emphatic, the verdict of the popular mind would still be the same.

For some years past the NEW NORTHWEST has rigidly abstained from taking any partisan course in relation to politics, the reason being that there have been no issues between the two organized parties which have caused its editors during that time to feel any preference for particular candidates. That venality and corruption are the rule of the present one-sided political parties, and honesty the exception in case of a few individuals, and that this order of things will remain, no matter who gets into power, till men and women return to philosophical principles, and restore dominion to man as God created them, male and female, we have not only learned, but openly promulgated.

This reticence upon the part of this journal is a source of constant annoyance to a few stalling journalists, who would fain place us in the front of their battles and keep us there as a target, while steadfastly denying us the liberty we mean to have in spite of them; constantly attacking us with charges more or less covert or open, according to the frequency and strength of their "drinks." A fair sample of this, given elsewhere, from the Salem Record, was eagerly copied by the Standard, of this city. It sounds so intensely Sam Clark-ish that we're half inclined to charge it upon him; and just here it occurs to us that Gervais is the place where Tim Davenport's erewhile anonymous correspondence with an "Independent" Salem paper, now defunct, hailed from; and Timmy doesn't take the NEW NORTHWEST, so he's liable to misrepresent it, not only from choice, but from ignorance. But our sensible readers will see so much to contempt in the scurrility referred to that they will blame us, we fear justly, for even deigning to notice the contemptible whine.

To attack a gentleman who is not a journalist, and who has nothing to do with political action in any way, for no other reason than because he is honorably related to the NEW NORTHWEST's editor is the old style of opposition, which is deserving only of contempt.

What "scheme," "contemptible" or otherwise, the "custom-house ring," if such ring exists, may have in hand, we certainly do not know. Politicians long ago learned better than to entrust us with any of their wire-pulling schemes. We have disapproved the Grover "white-washing" from the beginning, because we knew there would be no getting at the truth. We have no idea but votes were bought and sold, just as they doubtless have been in former Senatorial elections; but the fight isn't our funeral, and we've only stopped a minute to cuff the ears of the contemptible fete who barks at us under cover of an alias.

LET HIM PARTIOLARIZE.

The editor of the Salem Record, essaying through a sham correspondent located at Gervais to be pertinent and witty, but only succeeding in being impertinent and untruthful, asks and answers:

Can you explain why Mrs. A. J. Dunaway, of the NEW NORTHWEST, always champions everything that the Portland Custom-house Ring has anything to do with, and always endorses any dirty, contemptible scheme they have in hand? TYPICAL.

The solution is as easy as rolling off a log backwards. Mrs. Dunaway's better, but weaker half, holds a petty clerkship in one of the offices of that building.

It is apparent to the most casual reader that this question was trumped up solely to give the editor a chance to fling in a little scurrility by way of reply, and this opportunity he is not slow to improve. That "petty clerkship" in the Custom-house seems to be a terrible thorn in the side of this editor, who is owned, now by Mart. Brown and now by Sam Clarke, and whose politics and opinions are, according to his own sworn statements before the Senatorial committee, "mixed"—like his politics.

Let him particularize concerning any "dirty, contemptible scheme which the Custom-house Ring have in hand," and which is endorsed by the NEW NORTHWEST, and we will engage to prove him a falsifier, as he has already proven himself a blackguard.

Dead Turks have so effectively "assumed the offensive" in the town of Bayazut that it is impossible to remain in the place.

PRIMITIVE WORSHIP.

Away back in the store-house of memory, occupying a long-forgotten chamber, are remembrances of the primitive camp-meetings of "yore olden time." Whether these have in the progress of the age been left behind, or whether chance and change and circumstance have caused our path to have a wide divergence therefrom, we know not; but we do know that a visit to the old-time "camp-ground" seems like recalling a half-forgotten dream.

Availing oneself of a kind invitation, we took a seat in a carriage behind a pair of lively-stepping bays on last Sunday, and were whirled away toward "Ames' Chapel," about eight miles from this city, where, in the grounds contiguous to a white and solemn-looking little church, camp-meeting was in progress. Preparations for the meeting were exceedingly primitive, and—as we were told—in comparison to those of two decades ago, were exceedingly meager.

Rough board shanties, weather-beaten and moss-grown, rude benches, without backs, a ruder pulpit decorated with evergreen, the well-worn Bible, and Methodist hymn-book, flanked on either side by a pitcher, each filled to its utmost capacity with gorgeous poppies, marigolds, and snap-dragons; the table in front covered with the snowy linen, whereon lay the emblems of the "shed blood and broken body" of our Savior; these were the preparations for worship.

The July breezes sang a psalm of quiet thanksgiving to the soft and dreamy accompaniment of the swaying branches of the giant firs that seemed to vie with each other in their efforts to catch the first ray of sunlight, as we took a seat in front of the white table and rudely-voiced pulpit and hearkened to the voice of the presiding elder, while the words, "As the hart panteth for the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God," stole up and out upon the sultry noontide air.

The sermon ended—perhaps before—we glanced about us. Relics, as it seemed, of a bygone age, were the gray-bearded fathers and bowed and bent mothers in Israel who sat upon chairs in the shade of the moss-grown buildings or shifted their position on the rough benches to escape the rays of the scorching sun, that as the day advanced came here and there through the tall tree-tops. Living in the depth of the deep green woods, many of them have spent a quarter or third of a century in wretched a subsistence for themselves and children from the soil which nature, resentful for their trespass upon her wild domain, struggled ever to reduce to a state of primal luxuriance. In the hard and unceasing struggle these men and women have been partial victors, for here and there through the woods are small clearings, in the midst of which comfortable homes appear, and from their doors on Sundays and gala days step smiling and healthful daughters, whose bright ribbons scarcely rival as content to live where their fathers have lived, and wrest by the same slow and toilsome process their living from the soil.

Here, leaning against a tree, the trunk of which has been worn smooth by the annual friction of jean and hickory, is a group of old men, their hands, misshapen from toil, clasped across their knees, while with white heads bowed they listen to the preacher's words. But look! The treacherous wind has loosened from its fastenings a rude lantern which has been swaying over their heads, and down it comes with a crash that causes them to glance about them in blank amazement for a moment, thinking, perhaps, of the final throes of nature; then, as the truth slowly dawns upon them, they ruefully gather up the fragments of broken glass through which their evening light has been accustomed to shine and resume their former attitude of devotion. Grandmothers are here who speak with pardonable pride of the enthusiasm that attended the early camp-meetings upon this ground, bending low to catch the familiar words; young mothers who plainly bear in their countenance the impress of the "double curse" are here, soothing the restless two-year-old, and dandling the nursing, while they endeavor to derive comfort from divine promises, and with the closing hymn is mingled many a wail of tired infancy.

Dinner under the cool shades, served by women whose stained and battered hands had prepared it, accompanied by a social chat, subdued because of the sanctity of the day and the occasion, and again the voice of the minister calls together the scattered congregation, and as his voice in "lining" the hymn is heard, we turn our faces homeward, satisfied that primitive camp-meetings are not entirely a recollection of a bygone era.

Harper's Weekly, commenting upon General Grant's reception in England, says: "Could old King George open his eyes upon his great-grandson congratulating the realm that General Grant was its guest, and know that the reason of the congratulation was that the guest was illustrious because of maintaining unbroken the independent national Union whose formation the old king himself had striven so hard to prevent, he would gladly close his eyes again and resume his dream of unbroken empire. Yet while the feeling of which General Grant is hailed as the symbol continues, that empire is not only unbroken, but is bound together more closely than ever. The true English empire is the realm of the political ideas of the English race; it is the empire of civil and religious liberty under popular institutions. England has a just right to be proud of America, as America may, with equal justice, rejoice in every step of political progress in England. Their meanness and most insidious mutual foe is the jealousy and suspicion of those who should be the most intelligent of friends."

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: There can be no more delightful rural retreat anywhere than that afforded by the suburbs of Oregon City. At this season of the year the very rocks are rioting in a wilderness of green. Laughing rivulets go rippling through mossy roadbeds, or, widening in the low places, lay asleep in silvery lakelets in which little children play. White clover, kept eaten by the happy cows as short and crisp as fresh-mown grass, perfumes the air with passing sweets. Ferns, as luxuriant as feathers, droop low over the lichens that face the overhanging rocks which guard the brow of the mighty cliffs as they lift their gray heads heavenward.

Mount any one of the several rows of winding steps that lead from the narrow plain on the riverside, where the business part of the little city flourishes, and you will be rewarded by a view of weird magnificence. The roaring falls, as white as newborn snow, and as restless as a rolling weather beach, keep up for aye the ceaseless monotone of the Eternal, while mountains, purple as twilight and green as emeralds, gaze solemnly upon the scene with the same silent majesty of demeanor with which they listened when first they heard the morning stars as they sang together in the mystic shades of the long ago.

After a while you get accustomed to the distant roar of the waters, and then you hear the echo of the hammer, the buzz of the saw, the rumble of the factory, the rattle of wheels, the rippling of laughter, and the din of the dinner whistle. Now the Chinamen swarm from the factory in a drove, like so many hogs. They are on their way to the "mess-house." Girls and older women perch themselves in the windows of the great building for a taste of the delicious air that fans their cheeks and fills their breath with invigorating gladness. The men who were wailing, breast deep, a moment ago, in the waters of the "basin," where important improvements are going on, climb from their watery surroundings to the adjacent banks and lie away to the noontide meal.

Now look around you, and behold another and nearer prospect. The peaceful town, under the bluff, raises its church spires in such a manner as to throw their shadows across the doors of groceries, as in many places more pretentious. White cottages, and here and there a considerable mansion, sit cozily among trees and gardens. Little shops, in which tidy women do deft work in feminine apparel, dot the edge of the sidewalk at intervals. Stores, abounding in everything in the commercial line from a cambric needle to the materials for a woolen factory, are flanked by grocers' supplies upon the one hand and hotels upon the other. Lawyers abound, and the usual quota of county, State, and Federal officers are serene and genial as is their wont. The oldest mercantile establishment in Oregon flourishes here; that of Thomas Charman, Esq., which began its existence a quarter of a century ago under the firm name of Charman & Warner. Mr. Warner long since exchanged the yard stick for the plow handle, and is one of the most successful farmers of the county, while Mr. Charman goes on, assumed gigantic proportions. The Enterprise, a weekly journal under the management of Mr. Dement, is in a healthy and growing condition. The Cliff House, a well-kept hotel under the supervision of Mr. Rhodes, is driving a thriving trade. Our old friend, J. M. Bacon, Esq., has changed his headquarters to a more commodious building. Ed. Fellows has given up steam-boating for a grocer's business, in which his good wife takes acceptable part. The Jacobs brothers have sold their elegant mansion to T. Charman. Carey Johnson has built a palatial residence on the hill, and many other changes, more or less notable, attract us, not the least of which is a new literary venture, entitled, "The Woeful of the Molalla, or the Conquest of Mary Ann," said by experts to be the offspring of the genius of our esteemed friend Charlie Church. It is believed that the publication of this venture in the columns of the Enterprise will add materially to the already large subscription list of that ably conducted hebdomad.

After a pleasant and profitable season of distributing copies of "David and Anna Matson" and recruiting for the Journal of Peace, the undersigned left Oregon City on the afternoon of the 12th and strolled along the river margin to Canemah; the walk of a mile, between the towering bluff upon one hand and the glassy waters of the Willamette upon the other, setting the July sun to beating and beaming upon our corporosity, till, by the time our destination was reached, our adipose tissue was in a condition bordering on that of melted butter. We had a splendid view of the Locks, during the walk, with a steamer going through, but couldn't stop to admire lest we'd flatten out on the blistering sidewalk like a heated cake of mutton tallow. But good Mrs. Elliot welcomed us at the end of the long ramble in her cool, shaded veranda, where we were soon ready to do ample justice to the excellent edibles which are always in readiness for the tired missionary wherever she may go.

If Oregon City is quiet in the summer season, Canemah is sleepy. Most of her denizens have business elsewhere, and retreat to their rural homes at nightfall. This is one of the best places in all the range of our intolerant experience for the brain-weary to go for rest. The air is as pure as ether, and the water from the abounding springs and brooks as pure as the air. The view of the falls is magnificent, and their roar a sedative. We'd like to remain a week and gather needed strength from the delicious repast, but the demands of business drive us forth again, and we bid a regretful good-bye to genial friends and return to the heated metropolis, bringing with us the memory of all we have tried to chronicle, and much more that is manna to us, which would not interest the general reader. Every where we meet good friends and true, who welcome us in the interest of woman and freedom, and the work goes marching on. A. J. D. Portland, July 16, 1877.

EXERCISE CARE.

For the credit of Oregon abroad, and the consequent permanent prosperity of the State at home, our farmers cannot be too careful in placing in the market in good condition the great staples, of which the financial and commercial importance of the State is made up. Shipments from Oregon to Eastern cities and foreign ports have always been a credit to her when carefully made, whether these shipments have been of fruit, flour, wheat, or wool. It is to be regretted, however, that due care has not always been observed, and some of these productions, perhaps more especially the latter, have not been a credit to producers. Apropos to the subject, we submit the following, taken from the leading New York and Boston circulars, being assured that wool growers will at once acknowledge the truth of its timely suggestions:

We would again call the attention of farmers to the necessity for honestly and carefully putting up their wools. Every season buyers discriminate more closely in their selections, and any commodity that will put its wool in the best merchantable condition will soon find that it cannot only command the highest price, but that it will have a ready sale when the wools of other sections are neglected.

REGENT EVENTS.

James Russell Lowell, minister to Spain, sailed on the 14th. A salute of fifteen guns was fired from the Boston navy yard.

The senate of the university of London has decided to admit women to degrees in other faculties, as well as that of medicine.

Vice-President Wheeler is enjoying excellent health at his home at Malone, and refuses to allow his serenity to be ruffled by the many rumors circulating in the newspapers about him.

The Secretary of the Navy has informed Captain Howgate, originator of a plan for establishing a colony for Arctic explorations in the far north, that he regrets his inability to detail a civil officer or loan instruments for such purposes.

The Herald's special of the 14th says: Grant is stopping at the Hotel de Russie, in Frankfurt. Yesterday was devoted to sight-seeing, and last night he visited Hamburg. To-day he will be given a banquet at the Zoological Gardens in that town, which promises to be a magnificent affair.

Through confessions made by several members of the silk and lace smuggling ring at New York, three trunks have been secured containing a mass of invoices, bills of lading, canceled checks and private letters. These papers will be used to secure the arrest of implicated parties, and as evidence against them on prosecution.

The Secretary of the Interior summarily dismissed L. S. Hayden, clerk in the Indian Bureau, on the 14th. This is the first public result of the pending investigations and fraudulent practices in the Indian service. The Secretary says the investigation shows that Hayden has accepted valuable, and has corresponded with outside parties concerning official business. This cannot be endured, and similar action will be taken with all similar cases. Hayden is a Marylander, sixteen years in the service. He claims the testimony has been misunderstood, and asks a suspension of sentence for four days.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Concentration of the Russian armies is very slow. Five thousand Russians are at Berozov, marching on Kars.

Mukhtar Pasha is at Kars with about 40,000 men, all told, including the Kars garrison.

Refugees say the Russian troops attacked wagon trains fleeing to Shumla and murdered people indiscriminately.

Correspondents in Shumla state they personally witnessed the Russians attack unarmed Turks, wounded, old men, women and children.

It is stated that Austria intends to propose mediation as soon as decisive action of either of the belligerents has clearly defined the military situation.

Nikopolis was captured by the Russians on Sunday, after severe loss. The Turks, finding their line of retreat threatened, abandoned the town, which was filled with Turkish dead.

And now it is said that W. H. Hight has left for parts unknown, the statements of one, Lake, before the investigating committee being too damaging for him to withstand. Every villainy has been disclosed by this investigation, from casual "drink-taking" to habitual drunkenness of legislators, and from unseemly jocularities in members concerning the offering and taking of bribes to the lowest depths of perjury in witness. Women, aren't we proud of our protectors, our law-givers, our examplars, our heads?

The execution of ten "Molly Maguires" on the same day in Pennsylvania doubtless has been some check on the movements of this secret organization. But continued and vigorous measures will be necessary, it would seem, to show the power of law. Reports have been received from the mining districts that several witnesses against the "Molly Maguire" murders have disappeared, and that two persons have been assassinated.

The investigating committee will probably complete their labors this week.

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: The "glorious Fourth" has come and gone, and the sound of fire-crackers in the land has fled. Some one has said that this day, which means so much to men, means nothing to women. But we think it means much to all, for does not broader freedom for man argue broader freedom for woman, just as the freer life for woman that we are now laboring to introduce will bring also still freer life for man? At any rate, the Coloradans determined that it should mean something to women this year, and planned a suffrage celebration at Colorado Springs. The "Woman's Column" in the News of this city gives a glowing account of the occasion. (See extract from Rocky Mountain News in another column.—Ed.)

Mrs. Margaret W. Campbell, whose name rouses feelings of gratitude in all friends of equal rights here, has just started with her husband on a journey south. Going in her private carriage, she will be able to make a thorough canvass of that part of the State which is included in her route, and it is hoped that her labor will bring forth abundant harvest in the shape of clubs and converts.

The heart of the Association beat with renewed warmth, hope, and courage when the liberal present of two hundred dollars from Mrs. A. J. Margaret, and Ellen Hamilton, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, was received.

The Pennsylvania Association are to send Miss Lella Partridge to help us this fall. The "Woman's Column" speaks of her as a graceful and effective speaker, and if report says true, this lady will be worth more than her weight in gold to the suffragists of Colorado.

Susan B. Anthony will be another of our helpers. Her suffrage lectures are entitled, "Woman Suffrage," and "Why the men of Colorado should vote yes."

Lucy Stone and Henry B. Blackwell are coming, and perhaps Mrs. Livermore and Wendell Phillips.

We throw up our hats and shout: "Can Colorado help being converted?" We think not, if friends of the cause everywhere will realize the importance of her conversion and give us all possible aid with pen and pencil. H. L. Denver, July 8, 1877.

NEWS ITEMS.

STATE AND TERRITORIAL. Harvesting has commenced in Southern Oregon.

Fifty-three schools are taught in Douglas county.

Baker county will hold an agricultural fair beginning September 4th.

Jacob Honver has been elected mayor of Stellacoon by the common council.

Puget Sound rivers are now sending down unprecedented numbers of sawlogs.

Quite a number of horses are in training for the fall races at the State Fair grounds.

A camp-meeting is in progress this week on the Weifoot grounds near Lafayette.

Seattle has fifty-six liquor saloons, which beats even Astoria in proportion to population.

David Newsome and wife, of Marion county, celebrated their golden wedding one day last week.

The brick work on the foundation of the new jail at Lafayette was commenced last week.

The Postmaster-General is to be petitioned for a daily mail route between Salem and Lafayette.

M. H. Abbott is about to move the material of the late Dalles Tribune to La Grande, Union county.

Altogether \$200,000 would not cover the property losses already suffered at the hands of the Indians in Idaho.

The Tacoma Herald estimates the yield of hops in the Puyallup Valley this season at four or five thousand bales.

Emigrants from California and elsewhere continue to arrive in the Snake River country, in spite of the Indian scare.

Eldridge Morse, of the Snohomish Star, has been commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the militia of Washington Territory.

The house of George Charlesworth, near Seattle, was destroyed by fire on the 10th. His youngest child perished in the flames.

Professor J. W. Johnson, of the State University, has gone with his family to Foley's Springs, on the McKenzie, to spend vacation.

The run of salmon is said to be on the increase during the past week, and hopes are entertained that after all the season will not prove a failure.

Mr. Carter, of the Corvallis Gazette, lost a bright little daughter four years of age with the diphtheria last week. The dread scourge rages with unabated violence in that city.

Captain Oliver C. Applegate, of Lake county, has purchased the Ashland Tidings, and will hereafter conduct that sheet. There is a rumor that it will be taken to Lake county.

Only a little more than 100,000 cases of salmon were shipped by the first of July from the river, and the Astoria asks where the balance of 5, 6, or 700,000 cases are to come from.

Work on the White Bull Sanitarium continues. In that locality several persons are at work on placer mines. Ditches are being dug and thorough preparations made to test the banks and bars.

A dispatch from New Tacoma says: "Grading of the Puyallup branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad to the coal mines has been completed. Coal fully equal to the Alleghany coal of Pennsylvania is being got out. Track not complete; waiting for iron."

The deficiency in the salmon catch as compared with former years is thus explained: Between thirty and forty miles of net is spread by two thousand fishermen, nightly, near the mouth of the river, besides numbers of traps and seines are in use; and how effectually these arrest the passage of fish to their spawning grounds, is apparent to all.

In Memoriam.

The Liberal Association, of Portland, on Sunday, July 15, passed the following resolutions upon the death of Dr. James Pilkington:

WHEREAS, in the course of events this society has been bereft of one of its most devoted members by the death of Dr. James Pilkington, a man whose chief desire was to gain a perfect knowledge of life and its duties, and use this knowledge to the benefit of the human race; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Dr. James Pilkington this society has lost a most devoted and influential member, and society at large a beneficent friend.

Resolved, That the faith of our departed brother in immortality as revealed to him by the communion, as he believed, of spirits, through whom he judged immortality, is one not easily disproved, and should not be idly discarded, and that in his efforts to give existence or lessen his efforts to free man from the shackles imposed by intolerant priestcraft.

Resolved, That in the death of our lamented brother, free thought has lost one of its most earnest champions, and one of its most enthusiastic devotees, and social progress one of its most fearless advocates.

Resolved, That the sympathy of this Association be tendered to the relatives of the deceased, these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Association, and a copy of the same be transmitted to the NEW NORTHWEST for publication. H. B. NICHOLAS, Secretary.

Suffrage Celebration in Colorado.

However disinclined to exertion the intense heat made most people, the Suffrage Club at the Springs did not share in the general laziness, but were indefatigable in their efforts to ensure success for their celebration. When the train arrived from the north, the scene which greeted the passengers was most pleasing. The railway station, the private houses, and the school building were all gay with the national colors; a military company, in uniform awaited the incoming train, while a brass band discoursed inspiring strains. In holiday procession we wended our way into the village and toward the excellent banquet which the capable housewives had prepared for the hungry crowd. At 2 o'clock the commodious hall in the second story of the beautiful school-house was overflowing full—many being obliged to remain in the vestibules and smaller side rooms during the exercises. The band gave some good selections, while the audience was getting settled; then there was a prayer, followed by a song of welcome from a Glee Club, and a graceful little speech of similar import from Mr. Blodgett, pastor of the M. E. Church. Then there was more singing, after which Mr. Wolf, who presided at the banquet, introduced Mrs. Margaret W. Campbell. She took as the text of her discourse the memorable preamble of the Declaration of Independence, and showed in the simple, earnest, straightforward manner that is so characteristic of her addresses, how those grand utterances apply alike to men and women, and that all that the friends of equal rights ask is that there should now be removed the invidious discrimination which really makes our government an aristocracy of sex. One by one the old disabilities have been removed, until it matters not what is a man's religious belief or disbelief, his wealth or poverty, his color or nationality, he is absolutely upon an equality before the law with every other man.

It remains for Colorado to put into the hands of her women the ballot, which is the symbol of the fact of the rights of citizenship, and thus attain the proud distinction of becoming the first State which carries to entire practical and logical sequence the immortal principles set forth by the Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Campbell was often interrupted by applause, and at the close of her address there was abundant demonstration of the pleasure with which she had been the recipient of the address.

Then was the prelude to "America," and, by the way, since we "adapted" that air bodily from our British sires' "God Save the King," would it not be well for us to "adapt" also the English custom of standing during the recital? As a nation, we are so much afraid of showing undue reverence for anything, that we are likely to become fixed in the opposite extreme of giving respectful cognizance to nothing. What Englishman does not spring to his feet at the first note of "God Save the Queen"? Do we reverence our country less than he does his?

The hymn finished, and Professor Edwards, of McKean College, Illinois, who, with many students and teachers, is encamped near Manitou, made a brief address. He spoke earnestly of the high standing which the young women, in the classes which he is accustomed to conduct, have taken during all the years since McKean opened its doors for their entrance; and argued from that the probable good effect of giving women political as well as educational freedom.

Supplementing this "feast of reason," a delightful banquet of strawberries, ice cream, etc., was served in Unity Hall by the efficient ladies of the Suffrage Club.

A S. P. M. festival was held on the lawn surrounding Unity Hall. Toasts, vocal and instrumental music, and short, stirring speeches made the evening brilliant and interesting.—Rocky Mountain News.

At a recent meeting, in which there was much religious interest, an old man gave expression to his joy by shouting, and continued it until he began to interrupt the services. Brother H— said to Brother W—, "Go and stop that old man's noise." He went to him and spoke a few words, and the shouting man at once became quiet.

He asked Brother W—, "What did you say to the old man that quieted him so promptly?" Brother W— replied, "I asked him for a dollar for foreign missions."

A pious hen crawled into a Methodist Church in Jefferson City, ready to lay an egg in the contribution-box. While the minister was making an earnest appeal to his congregation for foreign missions, the hen suddenly left her nest, and presenting herself in the channel, cackled most energetically. The deacons discovered the egg when they went forward to get the boxes. The pious hen's contribution was adapted to the domestic rather than the foreign field.

The Danube and its tributaries drain an area of 500,000 square miles. At the points now occupied by the contending armies it averages three-fourths of a mile in width with a three mile current at low water.

Even if a boy is always whistling "I want to be an angel," it is just as well to keep the preserved pears on the top shelf of the pantry.

Late estimates of the losses by