The New Northwest.

TUESDAY ..... JULY 10, 1879.

THE SURGEON'S KNIFE.

When the humanitarian essays to heal the moral or social ulcers from which his kind are suffering, he becomes a surgeon who must not spare the pain his patient experiences while undergoing the operation if he would remove the cause of the disturbance and thereby place him in a condition wherein he may be ultimately cured of a chronic malady. We are led to this remark through reading the "proof" of Mrs. Duniway's vigorous editorial letters, wherein she spares neither high nor lowly, friend nor foe, kith nor kindred, and least of all her own indomitable self, if by so doing she can probe an ulcer of oppression, or extract a barb of tyranny from the side of any patient who has suffered from injustice under the law or custom which she is pleased to call the "aristocracy of sex." Sometimes some of her best friends, equally in earnest with herself in the cause for which she is laboring, but more timid than she, and consequently less able to use the scalpel, have criticised her quite severely for her thorough work and fearless speech. But time has generally proved her decisions correct. She claims that she is working for a *principle*, and must make effective work of her endeavors or forego them altogether. Of one thing her opponents may rest assured: She is working to *win*, and is winning her way wherever she goes; and the greater the opposition, the greater her triumph everywhere, as is proven by the long subscription lists she is now sending every week from Southern Oregon, where, from her published correspondence and the notices of the press, we judge that much effort has been made to check the progress of her mission among the masses, to whom her views were either entirely new or wholly misunderstood prior to her visit. But as a political missionary she is irrepressible. She will not leave any community where she begins her work till the backbone of opposition is broken; and this object once accomplished, her way is easy ever after in that locality.

The amount of ignorance with which the world is governed is absolutely amazing. Especially is it astonishing to note the errors afloat and the popular idea upon the Woman Suffrage question wherever the movement has not been agitated. Men and women make wild, extravagant theories upon the subject, and then organize themselves into a social element for the purpose of fighting their own mistaken fancies. It seems to be Mrs. Duniway's mission to cure them of their mistakes; and, though some of her surgical operations are painful, they are safe and effective, and we do not agree with those who imagine that her incisive methods are not necessary. In many cases the cure must come through the pain of the patient whose disorder is being destroyed; but the pain will soon be over if if it be but borne with fortitude. A wound always "feels good after it quits hurting," and the individual wounds she makes in curing the fallacies of the age, being made in mercy, are never long in healing, and they always leave the patient well who is willing to be healed. It is the opposition she meets that makes her campaign vigorous. The enemy will capitulate in Jackson county, as elsewhere, before her work is finished there, and it is almost as pleasing to contemplate the fact that everybody will be happy after they are cured as it is to realize that she will successfully extract the barbed arrows of prejudice from the ulcers of ignorance.

THE PUZZLED MARSHALS.

The Confederates in Congress have accomplished something by their careful legislation during the last session. Their endeavors to save the country are already bearing fruit. As brilliant a move as they have made on the Congressional checkerboard was the refusal to appropriate funds for the payment of the U. S. marshals. Commissioner Raum, of the Internal Revenue, says of the measure:

> The failure to provide for the deputy marshals is a virtual repeal of the criminal portion of the law relating to illicit distilling. Deputy collectors of internal revenue have power to make seizures of property for violations of the law, but have not power to make arrests. If a person is detected in illicit distilling, he cannot prevent the officers from seizing the distillery, but he can stand still and defy arrest. By next Sunday every distiller in the country will know what the effect will be of having no deputy marshals to aid revenue officers, and I suppose the dishonest ones will seek to take advantage of the crippled condition of the office.

Attorney-General Devens has advised the U. S. marshal at Detroit, who wrote to him for instructions, to perform the usual duties of his office, which he is in no way forbidden to do, to the extent of his power. The law prescribes the duties and affixes certain fees, and, although no appropriation has been made for payment of the fees, Devens thinks there is good ground of obligation against the United States where services of deputies are required and expenditures are to be made. The marshals will have to rely on future legislation by Congress that will be just to them.

A post office agent has arrested a mail robber belonging to a gang of Texan highwaymen in New Mexico, but can get no U. S. marshal to take him to Texas, where he was ordered removed for trial, as the marshals have no money to pay expenses. The agent has had to provide provisions for the 800-mile journey and accompany and guard the prisoner night and day himself. The prisoner will probably escape or be rescued before the long journey is finished.

When the country next selects representatives from its recognized citizens to legislate for the public weal, the now dominant party will discover, to its regret, the full significance of this measure, as well as those it failed to engraft on the statute books.

THE SPRINGER HEIRS.

If there is any other wrong existing in America to-day that is greater than the political disfranchisement and consequent wholesale legal robbery of the earnings of the women of the country, that wrong lies in the chimerical idea, and its practical enforcement, that there is an intrinsic, real, personal property right inherent in the money of some persons and the help-hips of others, by which all such persons are supposed to become divinely, or at least righteously, entitled to the ownership of our common mother, the terrestrial earth. Centuries ago, when William Penn was a living resident of the colonies of the New World, that illustrious philanthropist received a grant from the English crown for the State of Delaware—a grant which the crown had no other right than the power of might to bestow. William Penn sold twelve square miles of this land to one Lawrence Springer for twenty pounds sterling. Springer then leased the land to another party for a period of ninety-nine years. This lease, says the Truckee *Republican*, has now expired, and the property reverts to the Springers. An association of the Springer heirs has been formed, and legal steps are being taken to recover the land, upon which a city has been erected and stationary property placed that is at present worth eighty million dollars. Now, in the name of common justice, we beg leave to ask the law-makers of this nation to inform us by what moral right these Springer heirs claim these possessions. What will they attempt to render as an equivalent for the outlay of $80,000,000 by the toil of more than twenty thousand persons who have never heard of them, and to whose prosperity they have never contributed one cent—for the property which they now propose to confiscate?

How many lessons like this must the people be compelled to learn through the bitterest experience before they will realize that it is not the land, but the improvements upon or adjacent to it, which constitute the basis of realty?

No doubt there are all kinds of people among the Springers—good, bad and indifferent. They wouldn't be like other heirs if there were not. We suppose they will realize their golden dream. We have little doubt that the Springer heirs will form an extensive aristocracy by the confiscation of this $80,000,000 that really belongs to nobody except those who have toiled and bought and paid for it. But where is the justice of this thing? And how is it all to end? The Springer heirs were born as such, to quote an idea of Josiah Allen's wife, "unbeknowin' to 'em." There are doubtless many thousands of heirs to the twenty thousand real owners of the eighty million dollars' worth of labor and coin which has been expended on that tract of twelve square miles of humanity's footstool to which they now lay claim. What is to be the heritage of *those* heirs? what the fate of their progenitors? By what principle of justice are the bony fingers of the dead ancestor of all the Springers galvanized into the power to re-lease for all time to come seven thousand six hundred and eighty acres of the soil of Delaware, with all the appurtenances of the toil of others for a century to his heirs and their assignees? O, Equity! O, Justice! what robberies are perpetrated in thy name! What fools we are, and blind! And how like the living ghost of departed slavery does this phantom of landed property rise up to shake its fossil hands in the face of humanity, and clamp the iron chains of ideal ownership upon the accumulated toil of a departed century!

It is little wonder that communism is gaining power. This phantasy is only the other extreme of a mighty wrong. The middle line encircles Justice, who recognizes no individual ownership in air or earth or water, and protects no realty save that which is rendered just by occupancy, use, buildings, mining, manufacturies, or other industries.

In the meantime, while the world is learning this important lesson, it would be well for everybody to overlook the musty records of the by-gone century, and see whether or not a vandal horde of the greedy heirs of some departed ancestor have not a legal claim upon *their* homes and buildings.

The following dispatch appeared in the *Oregonian* of the 4th inst., headed "Outrages by Indians:" "The Indian Department announces that 700 horses have been run off by white men from the Red Cloud agency, and the military authorities cannot interfere on account of the *posse comitatus* law of last year, although the stolen horses are driven past Camps Sheridan and Robinson." Your Eastern exchanges, not knowing that your telegraph editor was anxious to commence celebrating, will consider you so blinded by prejudice against the red men that you cannot understand English.

Justice Field, of the U. S. Supreme Court, has decided in the U. S. Circuit Court at San Francisco that the ordinance providing for the cutting off of queues of Chinamen sent to the county jail, is special legislation of the character prohibited by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and consequently invalid. Judge Sawyer, of the Circuit Court, concurred in the decision. Mr. Pickering, of the *Call*, will now have another opportunity to mourn that Chinese criminals may use their queues to make ropes and escape from their prisons.

Salaries of school teachers are being reduced all over the State. Of course this is proper, for a great majority of them are ladies, and have no political influence. When you are voters, you can select your school directors, and then you will have your services as well remunerated as those who now use the ballot.

A HOME FOR INEBRIATES.

One of Portland's needs is a home for inebriates. Such an institution can be maintained at a medium expense, and will amply compensate the outlay by keeping from the gaze of our youth victims of "chronic alcoholism." The more familiar the young become with the sight of any vice, the less head is given to it. A reeling drunkard is so common a sight on the streets of Portland that one passes such an object of pity without the slightest surprise or a thought of his condition—without compassion or an idea of assistance. Occasionally a woman is found staggering along, and attention is accorded her immediately—not because she has committed a worse sin against society and morality, but because it is uncommon to see a woman who has fallen to such a depth of degradation. The latter sight is likely to cause one to think there is a necessity for some asylum for these victims of their depraved appetites, and the remark is probably passed that it is bad enough to see a man drunk, but infinitely worse for a woman to be in the same condition. Why worse? Does not man commit as great a crime against the laws of God as does woman when he controls his appetite so poorly as to get himself in a state of intoxication? When a woman is found drunk in the streets, notice of her disgrace is heralded through the newspapers; if she happens to be a mother, the heading to the item recounting her shame is probably "A Drunken Mother." If the husband of the same woman were found in the same condition, with his children roaming the streets, no notice would be taken of him. The next day's papers would not be horror-stricken because a drunken father had been found on the streets "in a beastly state of intoxication, unable to take care of himself, much less his offspring." If the newspapers were to commence heralding the doings of drunken fathers, it is barely possible there would be room in their local columns for nothing else.

We need an asylum where drunkards can be kept from the public gaze and their depraved appetites regarded as diseases. "Alcoholism" is a malady; it requires careful treatment. We hope the friends of temperance in this city will give this matter their attention.

HYDRAULIC MINING.

Of all the great evils that have ever cursed California, perhaps hydraulic mining has been productive of the worst results. The bays have been filled up with "tailings" until, with the exception of San Francisco, there is scarcely a good harbor in the Golden State. The many millions of dollars of gold rescued by the hydraulic process are no compensation for the incalculable damage done by filling up the rivers with sediment until every year the agricultural districts are overflowed. The Sacramento was a fine river once; but now it is a muddy, shallow stream, liable at any time to overflow the surrounding country, and almost unfit for steamboating purposes. Levees have been built at great expense, but are inadequate to keep the valley from being flooded whenever there is high water. The levees are liable at any time to breakages, and the consequences are very disastrous. The deposit of sediment dumped into the rivers by hydraulic miners was so great that the farmers of California were forced to take legal methods to abate the nuisance. The matter was finally decided in their favor, after a hard struggle. The trouble is all to be experienced over again in Oregon. Some of the rivers in this State are beginning to show the effect of the constant acumulation of settlings. It appears that nothing is to be gained by the experience of California in this matter. Southern Oregon is just now making complaint. That section, being the great mining section of the State, is the first to feel the result. Hydraulic companies should be restrained from depositing "tailings" in streams. The bed of Scott River is filling up more every year, and, if the evil is not remedied, much of the most fertile land of the valley will be rendered worthless.

The *Phrenological Journal* opens its sixty-ninth volume with a variety of themes which must please every reader. A sketch and excellent portrait of Dean Stanley first attract the eye. Next we find a seasonable article entitled "Fire-Flies," in the course of which these brilliant objects of the summer evening are well described. Place is given to Mrs. Lockwood, the Washington lawyer. The portrait certainly indicates a woman of marked intellectual ability. There are other articles upon a variety of subjects. The departments headed "Science and Agriculture Mentorial," "Editorial," etc., appear to be more crowded than usual, and treat of their several themes in a very direct and instructive manner. The magazine is now published at $2 a year or 20 cents a single number, by mail, post-paid. Address S. R. Wells & Co., publishers, 737 Broadway, New York.

J. A. Drummond, Supervising Inspector-General at Washington, has endorsed the decision of Chas. C. Bemis, Supervising Inspector of the First District, who reversed the decision of the local inspectors of Portland. Captain Carroll is now relieved of all censure.

The Albany *Democrat* puts forth its rooster in its issue on the Fourth, requesting its subscribers to consider it an eagle. Are you tired of waiting for an opportunity to show your bird in jubilating over a Democratic victory, Brother Brown?

Another woman has crowded some worthy tax-paying brother out of an office, and one more person may be forced to till the soil. Mrs. Mehama Smith has been appointed postmaster at Mehama, Marion county.

...GE.

DEAR ... NORTHWEST:

On the m... of the 28th ult., after having pa... a sleepless night—the result of a strange premonition afterward accounted for in a sad bereavement in a relative's household, the news of which reached us four days later in the shape of an obituary in the columns of the NEW NORTHWEST of the same date—we were roused from a couch of restlessness to try the realities of a hundred-mile journey by stage-coach, our destination Jacksonville.

When you go by rail or steamer you cannot possibly realize one-half of the incidents of your journey. The fatigue is too slight, the transit too rapid, the comforts too many. In such cases you grow indolent as you travel, and if your way is long you will unconsciously forget to look about you. Very different are your sensations when you mount the box above the stage-coach boot, and, seated behind the prancing six-horse team, suffer yourself to be strapped upon your precarious perch beside the obliging driver, your main business for the next twenty-four hours being an attempt to hold your place and ease, as well as may be, the constantly recurring jolts that shake you to a jelly and bruise you to a pulp.

All day long the patient horses pursue their winding way, in diligent obedience to the driver's whip. The stage road winds along through the labyrinthine mazes of narrow valleys that form divides between the zigzag heights which stretch themselves away upon either hand, as though, sometime during a great internal rupture in the ages gone, their closed sides had parted, leaving all exposed and bare the erewhile hidden rivers that come tearing down the gorges to form a patch of earth upon either bank, upon which men have founded farms and stock ranches, leaving only room between their borders for the tortuous river and the winding road. And *such* ranches! The alluvial deposits of centuries of mountain side abrasion have so prodigally enriched them that, almost without human effort, the soil produces with amazing power and regularity. One old man occupies, or, rather, claims several thousand acres in one locality, who has raised a bountiful crop of wheat every season for thirty years, without rotation or the idea of it upon a single field. Of course this man is rich; that is, as men count riches. But he lives in a tumble-down old shanty and dresses in patched butternut, and his equally ragged old wife goes barefoot. They have raised somewhere about a dozen sons, who will inherit these possessions some day, and will, it is to be hoped, prove less greedy than their parents, and enjoy a little more of life than the bare, comfortless idea of struggling through a chequered existence for the sole purpose of ascertaining how much they can accumulate and how little they can use with benefit to themselves.

Noon, and Canyonville. Here we encounter an intelligent landlady, an hour's rest, and a good dinner. Then we journey on, sometimes passing for miles through a tree-studded gulch, sometimes slowly climbing great mountains and again rapidly dashing down them, and at sundown we reach a beautiful and fertile valley where there is a store and stage station; and here we halt for supper, to be met by genial Mrs. Kitchen and her amiable daughter, Mrs. Levins, the latter a whilom schoolmate of our younger brothers and sisters at Forest Grove, and the former a specially wide-awake Woman Suffragist. After a supper fit for a king, and a change of drivers as well as horses, we journey on and on, into the heart of the night, into the heart of the mountains, over zigzag roads and past many winding turns of the busy Rogue River, our companions for miles the beautiful deer, that are so little afraid of the coach and team that they amble gracefully up to us in the waning twilight and gaze wistfully into our faces, regardless of the murderous wishes of the driver, who vainly swears for a revolver. Then, as darkness takes the place of twilight, the glorious stars come out in myriads and hang their flaming jewels in the limpid heavens, fit monarchs of the mighty solitude.

Sometime after midnight, we reached a way station, where we changed horses, and, after driving onward for a mile or so, discovered that the whip, that indispensable weapon without which no driver could think of hazarding his reputation as a modern Jehu, had been lost or left behind. The driver suddenly gave us the lines, and, alighting, loosened the off tug of the off wheeler, so that the coach might not run many yards without a complete smash-up if the team should get frightened, and, leaving us there alone in the darkness, so securely strapped in the perch behind the apron that we couldn't extricate ourself from the buckles, though we tore our gloves to shreds in the attempt, hurried back with a lamp, and was gone a trifle over twenty minutes, though to the solitary wanderer it seemed nearer twenty hours. Once, while the stillness was so profound that we fancied we could almost hear the twinkling of the distant stars, we were startled by a sudden "loo" from some awakening cow in ambush, which so frightened the near leader that he danced an equine hornpipe. Maybe we didn't pull the ribbons and say "Whoa, beauties!" and "Oh, mercy!" and "Why *did* the driver cripple the coach before he left it?" and many other things which can't now be remembered. But that off wheeler proved a veritable *brick*. He acted as though he was fully aware of the situation, and felt that the entire responsibility of the safety of the United States mail was resting on his tug-burdened shoulders.

"Why did you unhitch the tug, throw off the brake, and leave me wholly at the mercy of the horses?" we asked, nervously, as the driver came panting up.

"The horses won't start when one of the wheelers knows a gal's loose and on his back," he said, carelessly, as, readjusting the hooks, mounting to his perch, and vigorously damning the socket that wouldn't hold the whip properly, he lashed the team to a tight run, and on we crashed at a fearful rate, obliged to make up for lost time.

Morning, and breakfast at Rock Point, fourteen miles from Jacksonville, a picturesque spot to which we shall again allude before returning home. Then a three hours' ride brings us to Jacksonville, our place of present destination, and we give a sigh of relief at the prospect of speedy rest, as we look abroad over the landscape and think of the near-by hotel.

Away, away to the left, as the stage bounds, bumps and crashes along, we see the broad and beautiful valley of Rogue River, looking in the uncertain haze of the Summer morning like a vision of Paradise. The valleys are so level, the trees so graceful, and the whole so vastly magnificent that it would seem impossible that want or greed or turmoil or politics or drunkenness or scandal should ever enter. At the head of the valley, hemmed in by an amphitheater of billowy hills, sits Jacksonville, in solitary state, like a reigning queen who scorns to hold communion with her surrounding subjects. The little wooden hotel, in which we find cosy quarters, is a model of neatness and comfort, and is kept by Mr. and Mrs. Savage, who certainly deserve the patronage they get. There are ever so many well-filled stores, and a bank, of which C. C. Beekman is president. There are two churches, three livery stables, three hotels, three millinery stores, and more lady clerks than in any other town on the coast. There is a notable lady here, Mrs. P. J. Ryan, who was editor of a newspaper in Indiana at the opening of the rebellion, who is now heavily engaged with her husband in the dry goods business. Mrs. Plymale, estimable wife of Hon. W. J. Plymale, who was once a member of the Legislature, is one of the most active workers in the Woman Suffrage field whom we have met anywhere. She is sharper than lightning, and it is little wonder that evil-doers fear her. In addition to the care of her family of eight children, she is a high officer among the Odd Fellows and in the Grange, is a writer for the newspapers, and a good public speaker.

We had crept, more dead than alive, to our room at the hotel, and, after a bath and luncheon, had spent several hours in a vain attempt to coax jaded nature into a tranquil slumber, when, to our great delight, Mrs. Plymale, accompanied by Mrs. McDonough, of Willow Springs, was shown to the room, where we planned for a campaign, which began on Sunday evening, the 20th ult., in the Methodist Church, before a large and, for the most part, happy audience, though the subject, "Woman and the Bible," proved so clearly the palpable fallacy of the "one-sided curse" theory that several man's rights fogies got awfully scared to think we'd knocked their Bible pins from under 'em, and they have since endeavored to move heaven and earth to prevent the men from attending other lectures. The masses of women and the smartest men will attend, in spite of them, however, though the *Sentinel*, in trying to carry water on both shoulders, gave a very flattering and yet altogether unfair account of the first lecture, in the evident hope to aid the opposition and mollify us. But the editor really meant to compliment us, and it isn't his fault that, after we had given him arguments, we couldn't give him brains to comprehend them. The *Times*, the other newspaper here, has not, at this writing, spoken, though the editor is an able young man, and we look for courtesy from him when he does speak. He is a financial success, and is consequently above being a hack for weak-minded man's rights simpletons. One peculiarity of the men has amused us greatly. Quite a number of them have run like Turks—or turkeys—at our approach. One, a merchant, who is a commissioned Brigadier-General of the home guards under Governor Thayer, scooted out at the back door of his store as we entered, and we could easily have captured the whole concern with a single blank cartridge if his younger brother hadn't held the fort like a man. In this instance, the Governor, who is usually correct in his conclusions, gave the commission to the wrong person. Surely he could not have been personally acquainted with little Tommy Ream, or he would not have removed a veteran of thirty years' standing like General Ross to make room for a brigadier who would run from a lady whom everybody knows had no evil designs upon him. The deputy sheriff was another protector of the public interests who deserted his post at our approach, although our old friend McPherson had come along to introduce and protect him, and, even if we had had any evil designs upon him or his office, would not have permitted us to injure a single hair of his cowardly head.

Every city has its dignitaries, and prominent among those of Jacksonville is Madame Jane Holt, who keeps a famous and well-regulated hotel, and who is granddaughter to the French Duke de la Ro Boam, whose family was one of the most powerful in France during the palmy days of the Bourbon dynasty.

This (Wednesday) evening is to be the fourth occasion of our protracted meetings. The audiences on week nights are not large, as it is near the glorious Fourth. The evenings are short and everybody is busy.

We forgot to say that Judge Prim is another protector of the people's interests who ducks his head and runs when he sees us. His protected and supported wife, whom he once banished from her home and children for two years because he was weak enough to permit somebody to slander her, and who finally allowed her to come back to him for her children's sake and his own convenience, is keeping a very nice and prosperous millinery store, and is wise enough to buy her goods in Portland and patronize her own State, instead of California. We're glad we've heard the other side of the Judge's well-known domestic story. While men only had control of newspapers, such men could pass for angels of mercy, no matter how tyrannical they had been. But a better day is dawning, and justice will yet assert herself everywhere, not even excepting in the men's rights courts. But, to return to the men who run at our approach. They remind us of the old school-day rhyme, which, with a little variation, reads as follows:

> "We've charged upon a flock of geese
> And put them all to flight,
> And not one sturdy gander
> Has thought to show us fight."

We bear letters of introduction from various lower valley dignitaries to various masculine nabobs in this beautiful region, and, after we've had time to see what we can do on our own responsibility, just as we used to be compelled to do everywhere, we'll present the letters, and then, dear, confidential reader, we'll tell you all about the fun. There are a number of would-be prominent men in this place who have tried their best, because of their ignorance of our position, to snub and ignore and ridicule us, who, did they but know what their impudence will cost them, would bow like monkeys and chatter like magpies. It's too jolly for anything.

On the Fourth we are to orate by special invitation at Willow Springs, although the regular order of business was arranged before our arrival. We also acknowledge a like invitation from Jacksonville, though it came too late for acceptance, and we are physically unable to do the necessary traveling and make the two addresses in the heat of one tropical day. A. S. D.

July 24, 1879.

RECENT EVENTS.

Bennett's yacht Jeannette sailed on the 8th for the Arctic seas.

Morris won the professional scullers' race of three miles near Boston.

The telegraph reports the usual quota of wife-murders and suicides this week.

A Boston dispatch says the Unitarian Church at Scituate was burned on the 4th.

The American Hebrew Union of Congregations is in convention in New York.

It has been decided that tobacco can go through the mails as fourth-class matter.

The Hebrew Convention is endeavoring to interest Israelites in agricultural pursuits.

Burglars got $700 from the safe in the post office at Marysville, Cal., on Monday night.

Rev. Herman Bisbee, pastor of Hawes Place Unitarian Church, Boston, died last Sunday.

Spattenhuber, who killed Ivison at Lebanon, Pa., in December last, was hanged on the 3d.

In many places growing crops in Wisconsin and Minnesota have been damaged by storms.

The Third Presbyterian Church in Trenton, N. J., was destroyed by fire on the evening of the 4th.

New York dispatches say the Orangemen have decided to celebrate the 12th by excursions and picnics.

The Attorney-General has decided that Captain Eades is entitled to $500,000 for a 26-foot channel at the Mississippi passes.

The wheat harvest in the Middle States has been very large, fully fifteen per cent greater than last year, which was also a heavy year.

A man and wife named Blake have been charged with having beaten an adopted girl, twelve years old, to death, in Oneida county, N. Y.

The following post offices have been added to the list of money order offices in Oregon: Lake View, Linkville, Monmouth, Prineville, Weston.

A New York dispatch of the 7th stated that the advance in the price of wheat is attributed to unfavorable advices of the condition of European crops.

A Miss Horton, of Washington, has sued John H. Morgan, son of Senator Morgan, of Alabama, for breach of promise and $20,000 damages.

Miss Jessie Dunbar, aged 22 years, was burned to death at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the 4th, boys having ignited her clothes with fire-crackers.

A fire at Amherst, Mass., on the morning of the 4th, destroyed the post office, the Amherst House, Amherst Savings Bank, and other buildings.

When an excursion boat landed at Trenton, N. J., on the 4th, the wharf gave way, throwing some seventy-five persons into the river. Three were drowned and several injured.

A cyclone in Goodhue county, Minnesota, on the night of the 3d and morning of the 4th, destroyed an immense amount of property, including the orphanage under the care of the Vasa church, and killed a number of persons.

There has been a steady decrease in the number of lives lost by accidents on steamboats during several years, which is attributable to the increasing efficiency of steamboat inspection. But 105 lives were lost on steamboats during the past year.

Laborers on Long Wharf at Oakland, Cal., have struck for $2 instead of $1 50 per day. All Chinamen were recently discharged and white laborers employed. Trouble is feared should the contractor attempt to substitute Chinese in place of the strikers.

W. L. Moore, sheriff of Inyo county, Cal., was instantly killed on the 3d while performing his duty as an officer, by a shot received from one of two men engaged in an altercation. Both men, Michael Welch and Henry Tessier, are under arrest. It is not known which one fired the shot.

At Lake Quinsegnamond on the afternoon of the 5th, the steamer Isaac Davis, loaded with passengers, careened, and the hurricane deck broke off. Scores of passengers were thrown into the lake. There were about two hundred passengers on the boat—one hundred on the hurricane deck—and as they pressed to one side the boat careened over away from the wharf and caused the crowd to rush to that side, and threw the struggling mass into the water. As the boat gave way, the roof of the upper deck came crashing down on the engine and broke off the safety valve, causing the steam to rush out, the fearful noise adding new terror. Ten persons were killed and five injured.

NEWS ITEMS.

STATE AND TERRITORIAL.

A great deal of hay is being cut in eastern Oregon.

The west side railroad grade is finished to within a few miles of Corvallis.

Weston is building up rapidly. New sidewalks are among the improvements.

Express Ranch, in Baker county, will be hereafter known as Weatherby.

J. H. Vollmer has been appointed agent of the O. S. N. Co. at Lewiston, Idaho.

Over $40,000 will be taken from the Hamilton diggings near Unionto...n this season.

The Fourth was enthusiastically celebrated all over the State—where the rain would allow.

Sumner Barker, of Yakima City, W. T., died on the 30th ult. of apoplexy, aged 65 years.

Over sixty cases of measles were reported on Myrtle Creek, Southern Oregon, last week.

One thousand acres of good land on the North Umpqua River were sold last week for $10,000.

A lad named Long was drowned in Lapwai Creek, Idaho, last week. The body was recovered.

Hume canned more than 80,000 pounds of salmon on the Rogue River during the season just closed.

The fruit crop in the vicinity of Ashland will be very large. Cherries are particularly abundant.

A miner on Jackson Creek last week picked up a couple of pieces of gold that together weighed nine ounces.

Grain and grass in the vicinity of Silver Lake, W. T., look unusually well, and promise an abundant harvest.

The Comstock House at Albany was destroyed by fire on the 4th; insurance $5,000. It will probably be rebuilt.

Grain crops in the vicinity of Alsea never looked better. The fruit crop is a good average. Garden sass are not extra good.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, of the State of Oregon, will hold their annual convention at Salem during the latter part of this month.

The Grangers have about 300 bales of wool stored in their warehouse in Roseburg. As soon as their wool is all in it will be offered for sale in bulk.

Colonel T. Edgerton Hogg informs the *Astorian* that there are two barkentines en route to Astoria with cargoes of iron for the Yaquina Bay Railroad.

A correspondent of the Pendleton *East Oregonian* states that the bones of Myers and Smith, who were killed by the Indians last Summer, are lying unburied in full view of the road.

George Long stabbed S. Farrell, a section boss on the O. & C. R. R., at Comstock's, yesterday, and the physicians say he cannot possibly live. The cause of the affray is not known.

The "Columbia River Fishermen's Protective Union" has been incorporated. The object is to secure uniform action on the part of the fishermen on matters affecting their interests.

Efforts are being made to secure a President for Pacific University at Forest Grove, to supply the place of the late Dr. Marsh, and in the meantime all the regular classes will be provided for.

Walla Walla *Watchman*: The western extension of our local railroad is progressing finely. July 1st they drove the first spike. Two hundred and fifty men are now at work on it, and rails and ties are moving rapidly to the front.

On the 20th inst. the wire bridge across Salmon River was swept from its moorings. A band of cattle were crossing and their weight and the force of the current broke one of the main cables. Several head of cattle and one horse were drowned.

Mr. Edwin Cartwright, through his attorneys, Messrs. Johnson, McClown & Macrum, has commenced suit against the Oregon and California Railroad Company to recover $41,500 for the loss of his right arm, in consequence of injuries received when the Albany express train was wrecked at the north line of Clackamas county, in April, 1878.

The directors of the Astoria and Winnemucca Railroad are as follows: C. Leinenweber, W. D. Hare, Col. James Taylor, T. Bailey, J. H. D. Gray, James W. Welch, J. Q. A. Bowlby. At a meeting of the directors on the 4th, officers were elected as follows: C. Leinenweber, President; J. Q. A. Bowlby, Vice President; E. E. Holden, Secretary; J. W. Case, Treasurer.

It is said that a majority of the Umatilla Indians, while not altogether satisfied with the Government's dealing with them, will accept the terms agreed upon. All the older and more civilized of the tribe are disposed to take land in severality as offered, while the others will prefer to go on other reservations, or wander off among the wild tribes. None of these Indians like the idea of recognizing Moses as their chief, or living upon a reservation with him.

The following explanation is given by a Salem correspondent of the *Oregonian* concerning the closing of the deaf mute school: "The appropriation is not exhausted, although there is an insufficiency to run the school during the two years, as intended by the last Legislature. Teachers having resigned, however, the board took the opportunity of closing the school until a new organization can be effected, when it will probably be reopened and carried on until the appropriation is exhausted."

FOREIGN NEWS.

Grant arrived at Yokohama on the 5th from China.

Rio Janiero is the scene of political riots almost daily.

Prospects for the cessation of the famine in Cashmere improve.

The West Indian sugar crop this year will reach 10,000 hogsheads.

Baron Rothschild's business will be carried on by his three sons.

The recent elections show that the liberals are losing ground in Austria.

Marshal Mac Mahon will not be permitted to attend the Prince Imperial's funeral.

A banquet in celebration of Independence Day was given at Westminster Palace Hotel, London, on the Fourth.

Reports of negotiations for peace between the British and the Zulus are conflicting and contradictory this week.

The Industrial exhibition contemplated in Moscow in 1880 has been postponed a year, in consequence of dullness of trade and a general feeling of insecurity.

Mr. Lepere, the French Minister of the Interior, estimates that, in consequence of a bad crop, purchases of foreign grain will amount to twenty million pounds sterling.

War news from South America is vague and indefinite. However, it is known that the Chilian frontier Blanco Enculada was much damaged in contest with the Peruvian ram Huascar and suffered considerable loss of life recently. It is reported that Colonel has been captured by the allied forces. A Bolivian captain is a prisoner for having been in a conspiracy to assassinate the general-in-chief of Bolivia.