

PULLING THE WRONG TOOTH.

Ashland has gone to the doctor. She complains of a troublesome epidemic. Symptoms of croup. Symptoms of influenza. Symptoms of diphtheria. Symptoms of every ailment, from hoarseness to pulmonary consumption. Poor Ashland—hitherto so perfectly healthy—is in a sad plight!

Now while she is out suppose we slip into her home and examine the premises a little. It is not quite so bad as we know, but possibly good may come of it, who can tell?

Here is Mr. ———'s place; some one is sick here nearly all the time; let us look around a little. Why in the world do they have this stream of water trickling along just in front of the gate?

In the city of Philadelphia, the city treasurer lately published in the various papers the names of all the whisky dealers in the city who were licensed, called on them, by this public advertisement to come to his office and take out and pay for their licenses for the coming year.

Some time ago, Barnum, the great show man, was in Philadelphia, and being a strong temperance man, he made an address on the subject, to a large meeting of citizens. And in the course of it, speaking of the immense waste caused by intoxicating drinks, he is reported to have said: "If they would give him the money spent in Philadelphia in intoxicating drinks he would engage to pay all the city taxes, all the expense of the police and courts and prisons, all the expense of sustaining the schools and churches of the city, and would give to every man woman and child in the city, two new suits of clothes each year, and that he would make money by doing it!"

A Horstia Sin Indicted. N. W. GAMBELSON. [P. C. Messenger].

Prominent, though seldom named among the sins of our day, is one, with consequences so fearful, and which has come to be so common in this, as in many other communities of our country, as to seriously concern the thinking of the future of society.

During the month of October the Mint in this city coined \$5,000 double eagles, 99,000 quarter eagles and 1,200,000 standard dollars, making a total of 1,384,000 pieces, valued at \$3,147,500.—S. F. Ex.

The tree under which the tramp delights to shelter himself from the sun must be the low-cuss tree.

TWO PICTURES: OR LICENSE AND NO LICENSE.

BY B. L.

In Trimble county, Kentucky, Judge Bartlett sometime ago refused to license any one to sell intoxicating drinks in the county, and though there was a loud cry of opposition and remonstrance he stood firm to the decision, resolved that through his agency no more whisky dealers should be allowed to work ruin to themselves to their families, and to the people of the county; and what is the consequence? To day, says the "National Prohibitionist," there is not a criminal in the jail, not a pauper in the county to be supported, and not a licensed bar room; and at the last county court, though the county town was crowded with people, not a drunk man was seen in the place; good order and good will prevailed, and no husband or father went to his family intoxicated, to abuse his wife and children.

Anderson county, says the same authority, continues to grant licenses to the whisky shops and taverns. And what is the consequence there? In one week two murders were reported and numerous arrests for violence and disorder. Jefferson county licenses, and it has twenty murders or attempts to murder, in a year, and five hundred and thirty seven arrests in one city in a single month. Polk county licenses and it has ten whisky murders in a few months. Scott county licenses, and its docket is crowded with offences and crimes. And so in every county of the State where licenses are granted, murders, and quarrels, and violence, and abuse of wives and children, are reported abundantly; and the great part of all the county expenses is found to come from the courts and jails and prisons and officers and red neckers, by the offences and crimes committed by men under the influence of intoxicating drinks!

And now, which of the two pictures is the fairest? Which of the two systems is the best? It would seem as if every one must draw but one and the same conclusion, that to license the grog shop is to ensue expense, loss to the citizen, and crime; waste property; lead to cruelty to wives and children; build jails and all things; and spread sorrow, poverty, disorder, and distress on every ill.

Many young girls and older women in the country and in small villages become suddenly awakened to the consciousness that they are ignorant. Some of them make feeble efforts to obtain information, and then sink back to their former level, while others spend their lives in an indolent longing to "know something so as to be like other folks," at the same time having little comprehension as to what is necessary to be our object in gaining knowledge. The lowest possible motive is simply to be like other people, just as we change the shape of a garment or the style of dressing hair: the next is love of knowledge for its own sake; and the third the wisdom that we may grow to the full stature of Christian womanhood.

Two things should be remembered; we need not be ashamed of our ignorance if we have had no opportunities for learning, nor should we be discouraged by it if we have not wasted our opportunities, for as long as we have our reason we have time for further education.

Now do not exclaim, "But we are so far away from everything; no lectures, no public library, no books at home, no refined home to associate with, and miles and miles of muddy road, or huge banks of snow between us and even church and Sunday school. The means of becoming the women we thus all are are all, not in books or lectures or societies, but in ourselves.

The "company manners" which are so awkwardly on rare occasions, should be worn every day; for if it is proper to use them once, it is proper to use them always. The humblest meal served on crockery unmatched and cracked, offers no excuse for coarseness of manner, but should be eaten as delicately as a feast in a king's palace, and our nearest associates have as much claim upon our little courtesies as the greatest strangers in the land. We need not therefore go beyond the home circle to acquire a lady-like deportment. In this, as in everything else, let us live up to the light we have, and more light will be sure to follow.

A little girl once hearing a lady inquire of a clerk, "Have you linen thread?" immediately resolved never again to ask, "Have you got linen thread?" as she had been taught to say by the people around her. We will probably know how to speak more properly than we do, then let us praise the all we know every hour of the day. We may also study conversations in books, and among the most cultivated people of our acquaintance, never being ashamed of asking correction, or of directing a word of pronunciation, where we find it ungrammatical.

Princess Bismarck.

The wife of Prince Bismarck, Johanna von Puttkammer, of an old and noble Pomeranian family, was born in 1824. He made her acquaintance at the marriage of one of his friends, where she acted as bridesmaid, and two years later—in 1847—she asked her to become his wife. Her family was not at first disposed to accept his proposals. At that time Herr von Bismarck enjoyed a rather curious reputation. He was nicknamed "der tolle Bismarck" (mad Bismarck), and had earned this title by his numerous duels, his daring feats of horsemanship, and some widely-spread anecdotes concerning his attitude generally towards professors, burgomasters and other respectable members of what German students call "Pauhist society." But more especially he owed his surname to the very noisy revels he used to hold with a number of exceedingly bold young men, at Kniesdop and a Schenkenhaus. To quiet, respectable, religious people, like the Puttkammers, he did not appear a very eligible suitor for an only and beloved child. Bismarck, however, settled the question at once. He walked up to Miss Johanna, and, having a certain bias to look that she sided with him, he filled her in his arms and said, turning to her astonished relatives, "What do I have to do, no man shall put another." Prince Bismarck has preserved all the simplicity of his early life. He is a perfect specimen, in the best sense of the word, of the German man (household). She is very quiet, leads her home as the most natural thing in the world, holds fast by the old friends of her childhood, and has but one great object in life—to make her husband and children happy. She cares for them in a peaceful, motherly way, and her serene and patient, which has always seemed to Bismarck a quiet home, have certainly contributed to his success through life. "She is it," he once said to a friend, "who has made me what I am."—Blackwood's Magazine.

At half past nine o'clock this morning (Monday) a special train from Saratoga arrived at the Union Depot, Troy, consisting of three special horse-cars containing the horses and equipages of William H. Vanderbilt and the private drawing-room car of that gentleman. This superb coach is called the Vanderbilt, made with every possible improvement, and is probably the finest establishment of the kind in existence. The trucks are mounted on spoked paper wheels, with exceptionally fine journals. The outside is painted a light orange color. On the sides are four cones, painted in oil colors, one representing the Grand Central Depot, another depicting the falls of Niagara, another, the great Fourth Avenue Tunnel, and the other the massive river bridge between Greenbush and Albany. The car is sumptuously fitted up inside with lounges, easy chairs, desk and sleeping-berths. The upholstery and furniture are most costly material. In the rear is a covered platform, with large windows on either side, on which some ladies were seated, viewing the scenery along the route. The occupants of the car were William H. Vanderbilt and family and five friends. The run from Saratoga to Troy—thirty-two miles—was made in fifty-two minutes, and the time from this city to New York—160 miles—was to have been three hours twenty-five minutes, or at the rate of fifty miles an hour, including a stoppage at Poughkeepsie to examine and oil the wheels. As soon as the train reached this city one of the most trusty conductors of the Hudson River Railroad approached to the rear platform, where Mr. Vanderbilt had stepped out, touched his hat, received a bow of recognition, and asked the question, "All ready?" The railroad magnate replied, "Yes," the signal to the engineer was given, and the train moved on.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

An English Clergyman's Description of a Local Editor.

It happens that there is in America a perpetually prying, far seeing, vivacious, inquisitive, voracious being known as a local editor, who must get a living and lives only upon items. If a man sneezes twice in his presence the local columns of the morning papers will contain the announcement that our esteemed fellow citizen is suffering from a severe cold. If a man loses his hat in a high wind it excites the mirth of the local editor to the extent of a dozen lines. It amplifies an accident that kills, or a scandal that ruins with miraculous minuteness of detail. His eye is at every man's back door to see and report who and what go and come. There is nothing safe from his pen. All the private affairs of that community for which he writes are published to that community every day. If a man shoots a dog, or catches a string of trout, or rides out for his health, or leaves town by an evening train, or sells a horse, or buys a cow, or gives a dinner party, or looks sorrow, or grows fat, or smiles upon a widow, or removes the wall paper of his house he gives the local editor an item. The local editor turns the houses of the community inside out every day and keeps the windows open by which the secrets and sanctities of every home are exposed to public view.

Mr. Cornwall, owner of the opposition line, has sent an agent to the Eastern States to secure another steamship to run on the Portland and San Francisco route.

A String of Fish.

The salmon has commenced on Yaquina bay. First class oysters are raised in Yaquina bay.

There is a clam cannery at Arcadia in which 12 men are employed. Over three hundred salmon were on the dock lately for canning purposes in Astoria.

One of the boats of the Astoria fishery, caught one hundred and salmon in one night. Silver-side salmon are now running in the Columbia. This is unprecedented.

Large quantities of deep sea fish from across the bar, are now brought to Astoria. Tacoma Herald: The salmon run on the sound, so far as we can learn, is not so great as last year.

In Lima at Seattle the peddle salmon about to run, to families desiring to salt for future use, at from 75 cents to \$1 per dozen.

The Fish Ladder. Two thousand dollars is the sum just appropriated out of the State Treasury to build a ladder at the falls of the Willamette river at Oregon City for salmon to climb over the falls. Another appropriation should be made sufficient to hire a boy to stand at the foot of the ladder and give each fish a boost as it starts up the ladder; and then there should be a death penalty attached to all fish refusing or neglecting to ascend that ladder.

Cammeries. Besides the salmon cannery at Macnetto, there are clam canneries at San Juan Island at Shaw's Island, and at Sogamo Bay. The project is on foot of drying fish by the Plummer process, and, doubtless, will prove a success. As these waters abound in halibut, herring, salmon, and other marketable fish, the wealth contained in them is incalculable.

NEWS ITEMS. Willamette Valley. The Oregon City fish-men are getting ready for the salmon run. E. D. Parrot, of Salem, has invented a gas manufacturing machine. Mr. N. K. West, of East Portland is building a warehouse 50x100. The public school building just completed in Eugene City cost \$12,000.

The taxable property of Clackamas county is \$1,728,923; tax, 21 mills. One stack of corn produced eight ears on Tom Huston's place, in Yamhill county.

The Oregon Central Railroad is to be constructed 50 miles further south of St. Joe. The amount of taxable property in Polk county is \$2,709,905. In Douglas, \$2,042,275.

A patch of excellent sweet potatoes has been raised on the farm of Mr. Dilard, in Lane county. The latest San Francisco wool quotations are as follows: Eastern Oregon, 15@18; Valley, 20@21.

Henry Moore, of Junction City, recently threshed 4,000 bushels of wheat from less than 100 acres. Plummer has 300 fruit dryers in operation in Oregon, and they are all doing a successful business. Thousands of acres of the most fertile land along the banks of Skipanon creek Clatsop county, are about to be reclaimed from the tides by means of diking.

A man who is seeking the votes of the people should be compelled to adhere strictly to the truth in all of his arguments, and if it is discovered that he has been practicing deception or betraying those who his pledges of mutual support, he should be compelled to abandon the political field and be forever thereafter distrusted. If this course were pursued, it would have a wonderful effect in purifying the political atmosphere, and good men would stand some little chance of being chosen to fill the various offices.—Seattle Post.

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J. M. McCall & Co.,

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PATRONS, OLD AND NEW.

Are invited to send in their orders and assured that the same shall receive prompt attention at prices that defy competition.

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J. D. FOUNTAIN. General Merchandise, DRY-GOODS, GROCERIES, STATIONERY, SCHOOL-BOOKS, BEST PENS and GENUINE INKS ETC., ETC.

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