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We ask your assistance in building up the Mechanical interests of our own State. Give HOME MANUFACTURE the preference, and we guarantee you a Better and Cheaper Wagon than can be imported. T. CUNNINGHAM & CO. May 31.

Pacific University, FOREST GROVE, OREGON. INSTRUCTION is given in four courses of study, covering from two to four years—at the same time, it is the wish of the Faculty to be of service to all earnest students in their plans for self-improvement, whether they can continue a long or short time. Provision is made for boarding young ladies. For particulars, address the President. The next term begins September 4th. FACULTY: Rev. S. H. MASON, D.D., President, and Professor of Intellectual Philosophy. Rev. HORACE LYMAN, A.M., Professor of Mathematics. GEORGE H. COLLIER, A.M., Professor of the Natural Sciences. J. W. MASON, A.M., Professor of Latin and Greek. A. J. ANDERSON, A.M., Professor of Theory and Art of Teaching, and Principal of the Academy. Miss P. A. WINE, Preceptress. Miss O. A. HARKELL, Teacher of Music. May 31.

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American Humor. American humor, we are inclined to believe, is the most genuine in the world. Its chief characteristic is, undoubtedly, tremendous power of exaggeration, accompanied by a sort of innocent air of truth. As an instance of this exaggeration nothing can be better than the war story, which tells how a showman, from his constant traveling about had his name enrolled in thousands of places, and was actually drafted in so many hundred spots that he formed himself into a brigade, and held a brigade meeting, and elected himself brigadier general by acclamation. Take, too, the story of the steamer on the Mississippi, that sailed from Baton Rouge, a long way down the river, and went so slow that after two day's steaming she found herself ten miles higher up the stream than when she started. This species of humor is not confined to the West. It was in New England that the fog was so thick that a man engaged in shingling a roof shingled a hundred yards right on the fog before he found his mistake. On the other hand, underlying the love for general ideas, and for that exaggeration of speech that naturally follows, it, there is in the Americans a deep stratum of common sense that continually breaks out as a check upon buncombe in all its shapes, and has itself created the ludicrous ideas conveyed by the words buncombe, spread eagle, and bifalutin. America, it must be remembered, changes so fast that general statements as to American literature and thought, that might have been true a few years since, are not true now. Mr. Lincoln was the most thoroughly American man that America has shown to the world. He was the only real American statesman that America has produced. Even Webster was English by his side. Everything about him, from his dress to the attributes of his mind, from his appearance to his jokes and stories, was essentially American, and of the latest type. Mr. Lincoln would have been impossible thirty years ago. But Mr. Bret Harte's miners seem to belong to a new race, which knows not even Lincoln. They are far-western; Lincoln was central valley American. The men of the Mississippi Valley seem all alike. Lincoln and Parson Brownlow are two representative heads. The hollow cheek, sunken eye, large nose, high forehead, square chin, jet hair, are alike in all the men of southern Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, and of Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee. These men have not square jaws for nothing. When Parson Brownlow was asked if he was coming out as a Democrat, his answer was, "When I join Democracy the Pope of Rome will join the Methodist Church." That there was a tinge of melancholy in Lincoln's disposition is well known; that it is general among Americans is a less accepted theory, but not the less true. It runs through all their humor, and seems to extend to California, for there is pathos even in Mr. Bret Harte's jests. Downrightness, melancholy, and odd expression all color American humor, and distinguish it from that of other countries. As for the odd expression, it must be borne in mind that many so-called Americanisms come home to roost again, and no longer recognized by us. "Platform" may be found in Harrington; "let him slide" has Shakespeare's seal upon it; the New England drawl and twang itself may be heard in central Essex, whence it was that the Pilgrim Fathers bore it across the seas, to become in time the habit of more than half the England race, and a laughing-stock to its own parent in Old England. There is still too much, however, of that vulgarity which changes a "mad house" into an "insane receptacle," and calls swindling by the taking name of "financial irregularity." As for American downrightness, along with it goes too much of one-sided fierceness into the American character. No American, for instance, out of New York and Boston, ever seems to read the papers on both sides. He says "he can't sit still to see his friends abused," although he reads with pleasure the personal attacks upon opponents in his own gazette. Just as elsewhere there is not enough of sympathy with the physical weakness of any cause that is also wanting in moral strength. No American was able to

conceive that there were men in England, during the late rebellion, who could sympathize with the Confederates merely because they were few, apart from the question of whether they were right. A Western boy, talking to such a man, demolished him with one blow with, "Guess, then, at the battle of Armageddon, you'd take side with the devil," which was, in reality, less a joke than a literal expression of American thought.—London Athetnum.

The Adoration of Woman.

That adoration which a young man gives to woman whom he feels to be a greater and better than himself, is hardly distinguishable from religious feeling. What deep and worthy love is so? whether of woman or child, or art or music. Our caresses, our tender words, our still rapture under the influence of autumn sunsets, or pillared vistas, or calm majestic statues, or Beethoven symphonies, all bring with them the consciousness that they are mere waves and ripples in an unfathomable ocean of love and beauty; our emotion in its keenest moment passes from expression into silence, our love at its highest flood rushes beyond its object, and loses itself in the sense of divine mystery. Is it any weakness, to be wrought on by exquisite music—to feel its wondrous harmonies searching the subtlest windings of your soul, the delicate fibers of life where no memory can penetrate, and binding together your whole being, past and present, in one unspeakable vibration, melting you in one moment with all the tenderness, all the love that has been scattered through the toilsome years, concentrating in one emotion of heroic courage or resignation all the hard-earned lessons of self-renouncing sympathy, blending your present joy with past sorrow, and your sorrow with all your past joy? If not, then neither is it a weakness to be so wrought upon by the exquisite curves of a woman's cheek and neck and arms, by the liquid depths of her beseeching eyes, or the sweet childish pout of her lips. For the beauty of a lovely woman is like music; what can one say more? Beauty has an expression beyond and far above the one woman's soul that it clothes, as the words of a genius have a wider meaning than the thought that prompted them; it is more than a woman's love that moves us in a woman's eyes—it seems to be a far off mighty love that has come near to us, and made speech for itself there; the rounded neck, near to us, and made speech for itself there; the rounded neck, the dimpled arm, move us by something more than her prettiness—by their close kinship with all we have known of tenderness and peace. The noblest nature sees the most of this impersonal expression in beauty (it is needless to say that there are gentlemen with whiskers dyed and undyed, who see none of it whatever,) and for this reason, the noblest nature is of ten the most blinded to the character of the woman's soul that the beauty clothes. Whence, I fear, the tragedy of human life is likely to continue for a long time to come in spite of mental philosophers, who are ready with the best receipts for avoiding all mistakes of the kind.—George Eliot.

SKIMMED MILK FOR FOWLS.—Some egg-raisers claim that the best use for skimmed milk is to give it to hens to drink; that it is worth twice as much for this purpose as for feeding to hogs; and that, by its use in winter, chickens will lay constantly. This must be their only drink, and to have access to it at all times.

A PARIS dispatch dated August 8th, says: Reports of the harvest in France show that the yield generally is only middling, both as regards quality and quantity. In the South the quality of wheat is good, but the crop is scarce and prices have advanced. Millers are using foreign wheat. They expect soon to experience a difficulty in running their mills in consequence of the low condition of the streams, caused by the continued drought.

OF THE cotton factories of Columbus, Ga., the Columbus Sun says: "September the 1st they have taken 6,710 bales of cotton against 6,399 last year, showing a gain thus far of 311 bales. We have now six manufactories in Columbus, running 32,000 spindles, 1,000 looms, and supporting directly and indirectly three thousand people. No other city in Georgia has done so much."

"OLD IRONSIDES."—Of all the ships that ever floated there is none whose memory is so cherished by all Americans as the old frigate Constitution. Greater heroes never lived than those who trod her decks. Her flag was never struck. Many will remember when she had outlived her usefulness, it was proposed to condemn her as unseaworthy and to break her up. But that stirring poem, "Old Ironsides," from the pen of Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a young man, aroused the patriotism of the country and saved her from that doom. She was thoroughly repaired, fitted with new rigging, and is still afloat at the navy yard near Philadelphia. Concerning this grand old ship, the Army and Navy Gazette makes the following suggestion which will be received with favor everywhere: "Why not have her rigged and equipped, officered and manned, ready for action, and a national salute fired from her in honor of the Centennial anniversary? Let her wooden walls be decorated with the names and portraits of Nicholson, Bury, Hull, Preble, Chauncey, Decatur, Rogers, Porter, Bainbridge, Stewart, Shubrick, Jones, MacDonough, Morris, Lawrence—those naval heroes who have honored her decks."—Pacific Pioneer.

FAT AND LEAN.—Meat eaters and vegetarians show in their persons the effect of the diet. The first has the most brain force and nervous energy. A mixed food of animal and vegetable rations develop the highest intellectual powers. A strictly vegetable living ordinarily gives a fair complexion, and amiability, and extreme pugnacity when the vegetarian's views in regard that one engrossing thought of his life are discussed. They are annual meeting reformers, without ever setting a river on fire. Arabs are a sober, frugal race, rather slender, not tall, conscientious and contentious on religious subjects. They largely subsist on rice, milk, and keimah, something similar to whip cream, through a vast region of an arid country where they are indigenous. They are not destitute of goats, camels and game; but they manifest no disposition to feed upon meats, as is necessary in temperate zones or in high northern latitudes. An intellectual man, one of their own kindred, who rises to distinction by the greatness of his mental status, is extremely rare. The beer and ale drinkers expand and grow fat, but they are not much given to profound researches in science.—Scientific American.

The divorce of Senator Sumner from his wife was so easily and quietly accomplished in Boston as to render it notable among divorces of people high in social position. Not the slightest impropriety was alleged on either side. It was a matter of affection; but both parties were so mature, and so fixed in their ways and habits of life, as not to harmonize. Each found out that a mistake had been committed; so, to remedy it as far as possible, Mrs. Sumner went quietly to Europe, where she has since dwelt, and by her protracted and intentional absence has given Mr. S. the statutory right to claim a divorce on the ground of abandonment—all parties meanwhile remaining on terms of respectful tenderness." How Samuel Hooper, M. C., of Boston, his father-in-law, maintains the most intimate relations with Mr. Sumner, and, though losing him as a legal son-in-law, clings to him closely as ever as one of the best of friends.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.—Be ever gentle with the children God has given you; watch them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of Scripture, "Be not bitter against them." "Yes, they are good boys," we once heard a kind father say; "I talk to them pretty much, but I do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed. Yes, there is not one child in the circle around the table, happy and healthy as they look now, on whose head, if long spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity wither them, sickness fade, a cold world frown on them; but amid all, let memory carry them back to a home where a law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned "more in sorrow than in anger."

A DRY GOODS dealer of Oswego claims to have been compelled, by the new freight-tariff of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road, to send his produce to this city by wagon. The distance is forty-three miles. He has had two teams at work, and calculates that they save him in one trip \$21.—Chicago Tribune.