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 SALEM, FRIDAY, JAN. 11, 1878.

THE LATE DR. WM. KEIL.

AUGORA, Oreg., Jan. 1st, 1878.
 In compliance with your request I hereby send you a very brief sketch of the life of the late Dr. Wm. Keil, with the particulars of his last illness.
 Dr. Wm. Keil the leader of the colony at Aurora, Oregon, and at Bethel, Mo., was born at Bleicherodes in the kingdom of Prussia, on the 6th day of March, A. D., 1812, was married at Erford, in Prussia, the latter part of February, 1836, immigrated to the United States of America, in the Spring of 1836, and landed at the city of New York, about the middle of April, of the same year, where he resided until the year 1838, when he removed to Pittsburg, Pa., where he first advocated communism, and being a natural and good orator he advocated the said communistic principle very ably both in private and at public meetings, until he had quite a number of believers who adhered to him and his cause. Many of his adherents were residents of Pittsburg and vicinity, whilst the rest were distributed in the several States of Ohio, Iowa, Illinois and Missouri. After experiencing a great deal of inconvenience in visiting his adherents in the several States, he came to the conclusion to found a colony on the communistic principle; that is, holding property and everything thereto, in common. And in the year 1844 he and his adherents bought a tract of land in Shelby county, Mo., and laid out and built up a town which they named Bethel, where he founded and thoroughly organized a colony consisting of about 800 souls. He continued to live as president and leader of said colony in Mo., until the Spring of the year 1855, when on May 24th, he started to cross the plains, with a train consisting of the Willamette river, in Pacific county, W. T., where some of his adherents had preceded him, and where he arrived on the first day of November, 1855, but for various reasons he abandoned the idea of leaving them there, and only stopped there with a part of his colony until February, 1856, when he removed to the then small city of Portland, in Oregon, where he arrived on the 24 day of March, 1856. After being in Portland a short time he learned that Dr. White and Smith had a small saw and grist mill on Pudding river, the place where Aurora is now situated, which they offered to sell, and he went in the summer of 1856 and bought the said mill, together with a section of land. He, with a few of his adherents, resided in Portland until March, 1857, when he removed to the said mill, where he arrived on the 20th day of March, 1857, and founded the town of Aurora, (named after one of his daughters) in Marion county, Oregon, where he established what he then thought a temporary home for his colony. After a temporary home was established at Aurora there were additions from time to time from his people in Mo., who began to permanently improve the place until he with the balance abandoned the idea of removing to a place better adapted for a colony. He continued to live at Aurora as President and leader of the colony to the 30th day of his death, which occurred on the 30th day of December, 1877. His last illness was inflammation of the stomach and valvular disease of the heart, the latter of which was the immediate cause of his sudden death.

Family Quarrels.

They had been married about two years, and the other evening they were sitting at the supper table. He was reading the DAILY RECORD while she was finishing her cup of tea. Finally he dropped the paper and said: "The Records are talking about Turka again." "I do wish you would learn to properly pronounce those geographical names," she remarked pettily. He gave a sniff of royal discontent, and said: "Some people have more learning than sense." "And some other people," she rejoined, "never open their mouths without displaying their ignorance." "I've seen folks who made great pretensions to learning who couldn't earn their own living," said he, with his face slightly colored. "You have probably seen other people whose ideas never rose above a full meal," she responded, kaily. "Confound you, Madame!" he yelled; "where would your old bankrupt of a father been, if I hadn't disowned for him?" "He would have moved in better society than your sisters, if my family hadn't introduced them into the best society." "Your family are a pack of beggars," she howled, throwing down the paper and upsetting the table. "And yours are no better than swine," she answered between sobs, and shouting the last word at him as she left the room, to get her clothing, preparatory to taking the pedagogue's advice to "rise and go unto my father's house." At the next sitting of the court there will be two applicants for a divorce—no homo—no cards—no cake—nobody's business.

Took a Tumble to Himself

One day this week a portly individual who has a great deal of traveling to do, and at one time was a resident of this place, arrived here on the morning train. Upon reaching the depot, he attempted to show the crowd of admiring friends who were assembled there his agility. So without paying the slightest attention to the fact that the train was still in pretty rapid motion, he started to step from the car to the platform. In so doing he forgot that the laws of motion would inevitably carry him along with the train, notwithstanding his 250 pounds overweight, and that when his foot reached the solid platform the old philosophical problem of "an irremovable body coming in contact with an irremovable body," would be practically illustrated before a large and respectable audience. Thus forgetful, with a hearty "How are ye, old fell!" he planted his foot upon the platform, and then suddenly laid down upon his stomach, and slid along to the door of the depot like a freshly caught salmon on a river bank. Then his friends, in chuckling accents, exclaimed: "Old fell, are ye hurt?" "Hurt," he exclaimed, "almost killed." The remainder of his reply is not contained in the Decalogue.

MEN OF BUSINESS.

Business Schools.
 BY DR.
 Who rules the world? Who commands the admiring gaze of nations? Who lends to the powers of war? Who builds our railroads, bridges, canals, telegraphs, and our floating palaces? Men of business. Business rules the earth. Business is labor. Business is an adaptation of means to ends. Business is knowledge, and knowledge is power. Hence the influence of business men.
 The commercial, agricultural, mercantile, literary, scientific, and other great branches of business, a knowledge of which keeps up the social, moral, and intellectual activity of our race.
 No man can succeed in life unless he has that kind of intellectual training which will enable him to adapt given causes to the production of given results or effects.
 Why do men fail in law, in medicine, in divinity, in agriculture, in horticulture, or any other department? Because they have not the brains to learn "the ways and the means" of business. Brains, then, are at the bottom of success. But brains, like rich soil, must, to produce well, be highly cultivated. Hence the need of "business schools." Have we these? Only in part.

Our commercial schools are a success, and an honor to the mercantile world. But have we schools in other departments of equal success? Alas! we must put in a plea of demurrer. Why are not our agricultural colleges as successful in making their students successful business men in farming? How is it that out of every hundred students of our agricultural schools or colleges, only from twelve to fifteen ever follow agriculture as a business for life? Why, after the students have graduated, do they not go on farms and follow farming as a business? Why, with the splendid education(?) received, do they not set an example of scientific farming? These are deep questions, and to answer them, we must go deep down into the laws of biology.
 The race has risen gradually from nomadic savages up through all the grades of barbarism, semi-barbarism, and civilization. The barbarian, and even the semi-barbarian, has inherited a profound disgust for manual labor. Hence, in the most civilized communities, this same inherited dislike for work prevails to a great extent. Men won't work. They will cheat, swindle, lie and steal, rather than work. But somebody must work, or the necessities of life will not be produced. In ages gone by, women and slaves did the drudgery of the world. Now educated (?) people strive to throw the drudgery on illiterate persons. The laws of evolution show us plainly that we cannot shake off, at once, our inherited hatred or dislike of work. Hence, then, when a boy is what we call well educated, he says: "I won't go out on a farm to dig in the dirt and be a drudge. I am educated; I can do better; I'll follow an easy, genteel business for a living." Don't you see? "I won't work!" That's what's the matter with more than Hannah.

Then to succeed in making boys and girls like business, work, labor, we must commence as soon as they can walk, by attracting, and inducing them to love work, not hate it. Then and not till then, will we succeed. A new law must be turned over in making boys and girls fond of work, of labor, of business. We must and we can make work attractive to them. Learn them that manual labor is a means to accomplish an end—the thing desired, as money, boots, hats, books, etc. Give a child half his earnings, and work becomes joyous—learn him how to lay out money, and he soon learns how to trade—make him interested, and work is a pleasure.
 When labor becomes a pleasure to your sons or daughters, you have established in them a habit, firmly grounded in their nature, which in after life makes them useful members of society—good citizens.
 First, then, it rests with parents to train their children early, in the right path; and, secondly, our schools finish or carry farther, the good start. Hence, when they enter the arena of manhood, and womanhood, they know how to make a living—how to do business successfully.
 Now is success the end in view? If so, the right means must be used to insure the right ends. To know how to succeed is the basis of success. Clearly, there is nothing so successful as success. It is the business of life to learn to make a living. The more we learn of business, the better living we can make. If, then, a good living in a comprehensive sense—is the end of life, how deeply important it is to learn early, the proper means of making a living—Causes produce effects.

New Era in Business.

One of the hopeful signs of a new era in the business of Portland is the appearance simultaneously in about forty papers of this State, of the advertisement of Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co. This is one of the leading firms of the Pacific Coast, a consolidation of the firms of T. A. Davis & Co., and Hodge, Small & Co. It is a good omen of the future, and we hope the example set by Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., will be followed by other of the leading mercantile firms of our sister city. In no other State will you find the interior press ignored as they have been ignored by merchants and dealers in Portland. In no other State will you find a community of interior people, country store-keepers, farmers, small traders, etc., so independent of the metropolitan dealer as they are in Oregon. This is the natural result of the policy pursued by the metropolitan Californians everywhere who are proud of San Francisco; the Missourians in proud of St. Louis; the Illinoisians in proud of his Chicago; the Kentuckians of his Louisville; the Backsians in proud of Toledo, Cincinnati, Cincinnati, etc. but here in our own beautiful and prolific Oregon, none scarcely outside of Portland feel any pride in that city. For one we shall be happy to see a change of sentiment, based upon more liberal ideas of business on the part of the mercantile community of our sister city, hence we refer with pride to the step in this direction made by Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co.

The East Portland meager market hall, last Monday night, was well attended. The first prize was awarded to Charles Bartel, "Interior of Physicall"; second prize, H. B. Cox, "Lucky Washington"; Mrs. Stieford, "Lucky Washington"; The proceeds of the ball were about \$30.

Who rules the world? Who commands the admiring gaze of nations? Who lends to the powers of war? Who builds our railroads, bridges, canals, telegraphs, and our floating palaces? Men of business. Business rules the earth. Business is labor. Business is an adaptation of means to ends. Business is knowledge, and knowledge is power. Hence the influence of business men.
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IN MEMORY OF

And Tenderly to the Memory of the late Dr. E. K. Fiske.

PENITENTIARY, JAN. 1, 1878.
 How often when an hour of silent thought falls upon the soul, remembrance winds the silken tendrils of the heart and lets a stream of tender memories flow back upon the past. In such moments how sweetly and we dwell upon the last words of some dear one whom we are destined to meet no more upon earth. And how like a weight upon the spirit when there comes ringing back through the aisle of death the echo of that absent voice, which was ever ready to advise us, and strive even with mingling of tears to shield our weaker nature from the temptations of life and lead us out into the fadless noon of purity from sin. How well do I remember the last words of the late doctor Fiske to me. I called upon him at his home; it was the evening hour; a holy hush seemed hovering like a spirit of light and love around the scene; softly fell the twilight dew, and sweetly came the breath of blooming flowers. But more softly tender than these were the earnest pleadings of my kind friend that I would assert the inherent right of my own nature; forsake the wrong, and become a new and better man.

Did I heed his kind fatherly advice? No! Shall I forget it? Never.
 How gently soft the fading light
 Steals from the rosy west away,
 As weaves the sunset veil of night
 Upon the hush of closing day.
 How lovely hang the tinsel waves
 That tinge with gold, the ethereal deep,
 As lowly dips the sun to lave
 Where twilight "winds, their revels keep."
 How sweetly comes the tender sigh,
 From wavering bough and weeping rose
 As pass the voice of evening by,
 To usher in the deep repose.
 How softly sad the parting ray,
 That through the saffron curtains gleam,
 As fades the "stealing step of day."
 To pass entirely from the scene.

How beauteous then, the cloudless night,
 When calm the starlit heavens glow,
 To watch the wandering worlds of light
 Mid silence, shadows, and repose;
 And float on memory's pinions o'er
 The silent sea of pensive thought;
 To word the fabled fancies o'er,
 Or weep to feel the answer not.
 But sweeter far, and brighter too,
 Than fairest woe of nature's art,
 There falls a dream, like gentle dew,
 Upon the tendrils of the heart;
 And in the noon of memory's sky
 Its impress tenderly is laid,
 Too sweetly and to ever die,
 Or even down the zenith fade.

'Tis of the loved that came no more,
 Some gentle friend, estranged or dead,
 Whose tender bloom of life is o'er,
 And down the vale of death has fled.
 Away and let us weep but to mourn
 As one by one they thus depart,
 So rudely from our bosom torn,
 So sadly taken from our heart.
 One with the bloom of spring was born,
 But faded with the flowers along;
 My only tribute, memory's tear,
 I offer with this simple song.
 To virtue's pure and noble light
 He sought to win my wayward will,
 And tenderly woo me from a life
 So fraught with tears and wealful ills.

But he has gone! along the shore
 His gentle, loving spirit fled;
 The weeping farewell all are o'er,
 He slumbers sweetly with the dead.
 My retrospective glance but scans
 The painful echo of a sigh,
 More softly sad than vanished dream,
 Or drop in memory's tearful eye.
 A last adieu, thou noble dead,
 No ills can touch thee rudely now;
 Though waile the winds above thy head,
 They'll leave no chill upon thy brow.
 Sweetly, deeply, slumber on,
 Thy loss we mourn, but cannot tell
 How dear thou art, since thou art gone—
 Friend of the erring, fare thee well.
 MATTHEW.

OREGON AND KANSAS.

A person who resided temporarily in Oregon a year or two ago, says the Oregonian, but is now in Kansas, has published in one of the papers of that State a warning to people who may think of coming to Oregon. He says he has seen six dollars an acre rent paid in this State, and only seven bushels of wheat to the acre harvested; but even he appears to think this a result of poor farming, for he says if a man undertakes putting in wheat properly, he may get twenty-five bushels to the acre. He adds these statements: "This wheat the farmer must sell at an average price of seventy-five cents per bushel, which gives him \$18 75. Taking his rent from this, he has \$12 50 left, and \$1 50 for seed, and he has \$11 25. Then it costs for heading, thrashing, and racking ready for market, thirty-five cents per bushel at the lowest figure, which would leave him \$1 50 per acre for his plowing, sowing, ditching, and all his work." With this showing there is a word of caution against leaving so good a country as Kansas for a home on the Pacific coast, from which many, he says, would gladly return if they only had means to do so.

We are informed that the writer of this letter is one R. W. Harris, who now lives in Linn county, Kansas. In 1875 he borrowed most of the money necessary to move himself and wife to Oregon. For a year he resided at Brooks Station, Marion county, in this State. His trade in blacksmithing. In that one year he realized enough from his work to repay the loan and convey himself and wife back to Kansas, and have a handsome sum left. It has not occurred to him that a country which offers advantages like this may be a very good one, rather than the bad country he would represent it.

There is not a farmer in Oregon, except in distant localities out of reach of transportation, who is not making more money than the farmer in Kansas, and doing it with less labor. Wheat, the great and sure crop, yields a profit which can be derived from no crop in Kansas. Large wealth is often acquired here in raising wheat alone. Nor has the grasshopper plague ever caused a famine in Oregon.
 Let do Jan. 4.—Cholera has appeared at Joth and Mecca.

Let the People Rejoice.

For the bountiful harvest of 1877 has now placed in the hands of the people the golden corn, that they may feast to W. P. Johnson & Co. and secure such pictures as will please them and their friends, and be a blessing to generations to come. Remember the place, over Willis' Bookstore, State St., Salem, Or.

SALEM FOUNDRY, & Machine Shop.
 B. F. DRAKE, Prop'r.

STEAM ENGINES, SAW MILLS, GRIST MILLS, 3 Reapers, Pumps, and all kinds of Machinery made to order. Machinery repaired at a short notice. Pattern-making done in all its various forms, and all kinds of Brass and Iron Castings furnished at short notice. Also, manufacturer of ENTERPRISE PLANER and MATCHER, and STICKERS and SHAPERS.

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DRUGS, PAINTS,
OILS, GLASS,
Patent Medicines,
CHEMICALS,
Perfumery
TOILET GOODS,
 Etc., etc.
PURE WINES and LIQUORS,
 For Medicinal purposes.
Medicines Compounded, and Prescriptions Filled.
Weatherford & Co.,
 Prop'r Commercial street, SALEM, OREGON.

BEAVER GLEN Nursery.

ALL INTENDING TO PLANT THIS SEASON should call at this Nursery, and save the Agent's commission.
G. W. BERRY,
 Prop'r
PIERCE'S PATENT MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS.
 This great invention is being adopted by the leading Physicians and Surgeons all over the land. We would respectfully caution the Public against certain fraudulent and worthless imitations which are now in the market. Beware of them. Send for Illustrated Book and Price List. MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 125 Sacramento street, San Francisco, Cal.

T. C. SMITH & CO., DRUGGISTS, CHEMISTS,

Pharmacists,
 Patton's Block, State street, Salem, Oregon.
 PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO PRESCRIPTIONS, and all orders by mail or express filled promptly and accurately.
 Physicians and Country Dealers will save money by obtaining certain standards, and purchasing elsewhere.
Steamer A. A. McCULLY,
 Capt. J. W. COCHRAN.
 Parties desirous of engaging freight or passage, will apply to W. J. HERREN, Agent, Farmers' Wharf, SALEM.
S. H. CLAUGHTON,
 Notary Public, Real Estate Agent, and Collector of Claims, will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. MAKING UP TRUSTS, CO. 125 Sacramento street, San Francisco, Cal.

RAILROAD LANDS. Liberal Terms!

LOW PRICE! LONG TIME! LOW INTEREST
 The Oregon and California and Oregon Central Railroad Companies
 OFFER their lands for sale upon the following liberal terms: One tenth of the price in cash; interest on the balance at the rate of seven per cent, one year (for sale); and each following year one tenth of the balance at the rate of seven per cent per annum. Both principal and interest payable in U. S. Currency.
 A check of one year will sell on all lands for cash. Letters to be addressed to P. SCHULZE, Land Agent of A. O. R. R., Portland, Oregon.

Final Settlement.

NOTICE is hereby given that Mary J. Weston, administratrix of the estate of David Weston, deceased, has this day filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Marion her final account in said estate, and said court has appointed Monday the 25th day of January, 1878, at 10 o'clock A. M. of that date, for the hearing of objections thereto; before all persons interested in said estate are required to appear at said date at the court house in Salem, and give and defend their claims, and there to show cause why said S. H. Gregorie should not be appointed as such guardian.
 W. M. J. WESTON,
 418 1/2 Administration of Estate of David Weston.

Notice.

A PETITION having been filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Marion, by the appointment of R. S. Green as guardian of the estate of Frank Brown, a resident minor, and dated December 15, 1877, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, by the hearing of objections thereto, before all persons interested in said estate are hereby required to appear in said court, at the court house in Salem, on said date, and there to show cause why said S. H. Gregorie should not be appointed as such guardian.
 JOHN C. FROBES,
 County Judge.

Agents for the Willamette Farmer.

- Albany..... J. E. Hannon
- Anity..... J. L. Simpson
- College Grove..... J. H. Hartgrove
- Buena Vista..... Wm. Wells, J. W. Hobart
- Brownsville..... W. H. Kirk
- Bottleville..... D. B. Biddle
- Canyon City..... W. T. Briggs
- Canyonville..... F. S. Matteson
- Coquille City..... S. M. Clarke
- Colo's Valley..... J. J. Morrison
- Clairemont..... J. H. Morrison
- Clatsop..... J. B. Keenan
- Cove..... J. B. Keenan
- Corvallis..... J. B. Keenan
- Creswell..... J. B. Keenan
- Clemons..... J. B. Keenan
- Camp Creek..... G. R. Hennessey
- Hallock..... D. Lee, D. M. Guthrie
- Dexter..... S. J. Patterson
- Drain..... K. W. Moore
- Dummock..... J. B. Keenan
- Layton..... J. B. Keenan
- Elkhorn..... J. B. Keenan
- Forest Grove..... J. B. Keenan
- Fox Valley..... A. D. Gardner
- Forest Grove..... S. Hughes, S. Curtis
- Goshute..... J. H. Morrison
- Gervais..... J. B. Keenan
- Halsey..... J. B. Keenan
- Harrisburg..... Hiram Smith
- Hilbert..... J. B. Keenan
- Heppner..... Morrow & Herren
- Independence..... W. L. Hodgins
- Junction..... Smith, Bradford & Co., W. L. Lemoor
- King's Valley..... J. B. Keenan
- Jefferson..... John W. Roland
- Lewisville..... J. B. Keenan
- Lafayette..... J. B. Keenan
- Lebanon..... J. B. Keenan
- Lebanon..... J. B. Keenan
- Monroe..... J. B. Keenan
- McMinnville..... J. B. Keenan
- Monmouth..... J. B. Keenan
- Mill Plain, W. T..... J. B. Keenan
- Newberry..... J. B. Keenan
- New Hope..... J. B. Keenan
- Newport..... J. B. Keenan
- North Yamhill..... J. B. Keenan
- Oakland..... J. B. Keenan
- Oregon City..... J. B. Keenan
- Penitentiary..... J. B. Keenan
- Portland..... J. B. Keenan
- Prineville..... J. B. Keenan
- Prineville..... J. B. Keenan
- Roseburg..... J. B. Keenan
- Salem..... J. B. Keenan
- Silverton..... J. B. Keenan
- St. Helens..... J. B. Keenan
- Springfield..... J. B. Keenan
- Sweet Home..... J. B. Keenan
- Tangent..... J. B. Keenan
- The Dalles..... J. B. Keenan
- Turner..... J. B. Keenan
- Yamhill..... J. B. Keenan
- Willamette Falls..... J. B. Keenan
- Walla Walla..... J. B. Keenan
- Waldport..... J. B. Keenan
- Yoncalla..... J. B. Keenan

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 Pays Cash for
Hides, Furs, & Pelts,
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For Visiting Cards!
 30 Cards with any name neatly printed thereon sent to any address upon receipt of 25 Cents, and a 3-cent stamp. Address, W. J. CLARKE, Salem, Oregon.

RAILROAD Nurseries.

I have the Largest Stock of Fruit Trees in Oregon!
200,000 Plum and Prune Trees,
 THAT WILL AVERAGE SIX FEET IN HEIGHT
 and I will sell them from
\$10 to \$25 per Hundred.
 I call special attention to my AMERICAN JUNO PEACH TREES. I had Peaches of excellent quality, ripe July 8, 1877, and they are of excellent quality. I have also seven other varieties of Peaches, and a general variety of other Fruit Trees and shrubs. Also, a large lot of TEACH SEEDLINGS, at \$20 per 1,000.
 AGENTS FOR MY NURSERIES:
 D. J. Malarkey, Portland
 E. W. Whipple, Cottage Grove
 W. M. Steele, Turner
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