

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

To the Patrons of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho.

Dear Brethren: In a few days I expect to start out to attend the meeting of the National Grange, and before I leave I wish to say a few words to you...

Fraternally yours, A. R. SHREVEY, Master Oregon State Grange, Oswego, Sept. 25, 1878.

State Grange Deputies for 1878

- CLATSOP.—Thomas Smith, Baker City. DEWITT.—A. H. Holder, Clifton. CLATSOP.—C. N. Wray, Canby. CLATSOP.—W. H. Gray, Youngs River. DEWITT.—D. S. R. Bick, Myrtle Creek. JAMISON.—J. N. T. Miller, Jacksonville. JOHNSON.—Joseph Pollock, Leelanau. LATA.—Roscoe Knox, Creswell. ALLEN.—Basil, Eugene City. MADON.—J. W. Bachler, Battleville. W. M. Hillory, Tillamook. MILLER.—Thompson Kelly and Jacob J. Larson, East Portland.

DIRECTORY.

- OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL GRANGE. Master—John T. Jones, Barton, Phillips, Ark. Overseer—J. J. Woodman, Paw Paw, Van Buren, Mich. Lecturer—A. B. Smalley, Cresco, Howard, Ia. Secretary—A. J. Vaughn, Memphis, Tenn. Ass't Secy.—Mortimer Whitcomb, Middlebury, Vermont. N. J. Chaplin—S. H. Ellis, Springfield, Vt. Treasurer—F. M. McDowell, Wayne, Steuben, N. Y. Secretary—O. H. Kelley, Louisville, Ky. Girls' Dept.—O. D. Dismore, Orchard Grove, Ind. Corresponding Secy.—John T. Jones, Barton, Phillips, Ark. Corresponding Secy.—Mrs. Samuel E. Adams, Monticello, Minn. Corresponding Secy.—Mrs. Harvey Goldard, North Graveny, Ct. Corresponding Secy.—Miss Caroline A. Hall, Louisville, Ky.

DUTY OF PATRONS.

[An address delivered by Lecturer F. B. Logan, before the members of Pataha Grange, P. of H., at their hall in Marengo, W. T., Dec. 21, 1878.] Worthy Master, Sisters, and Brothers: No theme so forcibly impresses my mind on this occasion as the Duty of Patrons. No subject which I can recall is so important, and none, therefore, so worthy of our careful consideration.

owes its food and raiment. We have it from divine authority that charity is the crowning virtue of a true life; that it should begin at home, and that it should be bestowed with discretion. In our Order charity is inculcated and aimed to be applied to the needy and deserving. As a young man, you may be called to support a family, or to provide for a child. It is equally necessary to kindly deprive ourselves of our just right to those things which the God of nature intended for our use and enjoyment as it is to rob our neighbor, while at the same time we should exercise due care that selfishness be not allowed to creep into our lives under the authority I have quoted, and thus secure control of our better nature. If there is a duty that, by nature, we owe to God, it is none the less imperative to perform it now that we have assumed the obligation of the patron. If there is a duty which by nature we are under obligations to perform toward our fellowman, that duty has become doubly imperative since we have solemnly invoked heaven and earth to witness our vows. If it were ever a duty to lend aid when needed in defense of our country, we should certainly feel a thousand fold more perceptibly the weight of that obligation now than before we became patrons. But narrowing down to a more limited sphere of the subject, let us inquire what is our simplest duty as patrons? And are we performing that duty aright? I pause for a reply—but no answer comes! While all of us may truthfully claim that, in a measure, we have tried more or less when it was convenient, or when we happened to think of it to do some one or more of the thousand and one things required at our hands, none, I dare say, will venture to assert that he has come fully up to the standard of duty. Acknowledging we have made commendable improvement in many ways it is still to be feared that many have too little heeded the wisdom from time to time imparted for our instruction and guidance. Some have failed to comprehend the import of the obligation assumed, or they have seemingly forgotten it, and though the praises of charity are so often sounded in our hearing, yet there seems to be room for great improvement. There is music in fine speech, but most charity comes from action, not word. I have to faith whatever in those prayers that depend on sound alone; if from the heart they will be accompanied by suitable action. Let us cease finding fault with our brothers and sisters, they cannot entirely overcome their peculiarities. Let us look to ourselves. There is no charity in continually magnifying the faults of the brethren. No benefit will accrue to any one from such a course. An explanation when proper, or a mild rebuke in season, is uniformly beneficial, but we too often advance too far in this direction and the results are most grievous. With us the grange is a school; it affords the best means at our disposal to acquire the lessons of practical life. In order to make satisfactory advancements, however, we must be punctual in attendance of the same. Tardy pupils never made satisfactory progress. The pursuit and acquirement of knowledge afford them no pleasure. If we would reap the full benefit of the grange we must not only be punctual in attendance but we must be prompt in the discharge of such duties as may be required of us at any and all times. It now remains with us to say how much of this good we shall reap for ourselves; how much we will scatter for the benefit of others; and how much happiness we will disseminate. Sisters and Brothers, are we willing to try? willing to sacrifice a little for the accomplishment of the most laudable objects in the world? Did I say sacrifice? No! I did not mean it. It is no sacrifice to exchange an article of lesser moment for one of inconceivable value. Possibly the time may come when those who espouse our cause will not meet under the grange organization. The grange may die, but our cause, thank God, can never die, so long as the immutable principle of justice reigns in the heart of man, the cause will live, and when that reign shall be triumphant, victory will surely crown the patrons' warfare. Then would you live a truly useful and honored life, and when the arena of action shall end in death, leave a memory indelibly engraven on the tablets of the human heart? If so, I would entreat you with all the earnestness and eloquence at my command, violate not your obligation taken at the sacred altar of our Order, but do your duty, your whole duty, and the proud laurels of the victor will be yours ever and ever.

Mr. O. Dickinson, of Salem, publishes a letter in the Oregonian, advocating the "seventh-day" theory—and concludes there is no scriptural warrant for observing the "first" day of the week as the Sabbath. Mr. Dickinson proves the sincerity of his convictions by closing up his seed store on Saturday, although it will work very seriously against him in the line of his business.

Workman's sphere—A mouse is woman's fear. The 2000 wives of the King of Siam live under one roof. "Women on the spot" a long while before they own up to it. The enemy that sews tears while men sleep—their wives. Edwin M. Stanton's daughter is a clerk in the War Department. Custom compels an icelander to kiss every woman he meets. A true woman loveth flowers—the kind the new bonnets are trimmed with. Maud Grubb, the Cincinnati singer, may yet develop into a prima donna butterfly. It requires a certain culture to dress well—a refined perception of the eternal fitness of things. A base and irreclaimable philosopher has said: "Woman is a clock that runs slow after five-and-twenty." Gold having come down to par, the girl with a pair of brass bracelets should be careful not to put on so many airs. Miss Hosmer's idea of heaven is a place where the inventor of a new motor has an unquestioned title to the invention. An unpoetical Yankee has described ladies' lips as "the glowing gateways of beans, pork, sauerkraut and potatoes." Housekeepers should learn of the railroad companies, which always lock the car stoves, so that the fires can't go out, you know. We no longer question the propriety of considering vessels in the feminine gender. They run each other down almost every day in the English Channel. "John," said a hen-pecked wife, "I wish it was the fashion to trade husbands as it is to trade horses." "Why so?" "I'd chest somebody before night." Love may be blind, as they say, but it can be noticed that in all the records of the ages it has never kissed the girl's mother by mistake when it reached after the girl. Bronson Alcott is in his eightieth year. He is arranging for a "summer school of philosophy" at his orchard-house at Concord. Barry Sullivan will play "Hamlet" at the dedication ceremonies of the Shakespearean memorial at Stratford-on-Avon next April. It is proposed to erect by subscription, in the Court of the Louvre, at Paris, a statue of Admiral Coligny, near the spot where he fell during the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The authorities of Kiev University have just discovered that the Vladimir collection of ancient Slavonic works, which are of priceless value, has been robbed to the extent of 700 volumes. The Eastern papers contain many notices of the wonderful Goodale children, the first edition of whose book of poems was almost instantly exhausted. The sisters are 16 and 12 years of age respectively. "Human opinion has so many shades that it is rare to find two people's that agree." Human hair has the same diversity of shades, as woman discovers when she goes to buy a switch. There is nothing which fills the soul of a young man with consternation so much as to take his best girl to prayer-meeting, and have the pastor call upon "our stranger friend for a few remarks and a prayer." There was a wedding at Newtown (Conn.) the other day, after a vigorous courtship of fifteen years. The stars and stripes were hoisted on the hotel, and a salute of 100 guns was fired at the hour of the ceremony. "Women are normally jolly," says a writer. May be so, but when the church is in trouble, and they put on lugubrious looks and go about soliciting contributions for a fair, you'll find the fair sex pensiva. There is much sense in the following excerpt: "Practical farming is in no way incompatible with scientific knowledge, as those who fling the epithets 'kid-glove farming,' 'sidewalk farming,' 'aristocratic farming,' and 'scientific farming,' would have us believe; but the practical farmer avails himself of every fact and improvement which the plodding farmer despises. He takes a good paper, which intelligently discusses the great subjects of agriculture, which interest the great mass of the population of nearly every country. The reading farmer, who farms in the broadest sense, imparts his knowledge to others as freely as he enjoys his own, and that benefit he enjoys may be enjoyed by all who farm for pleasure or for profit; he feels the generous impulses which should actuate the universal brotherhood of man. For none of us 'liveth to himself.'"

Small boys stoning the telegraph wires cost England \$50,000 last year. The older emery paper is, the more it has been used, the better it will be for fine polishing. A coating of soda glass on emery wheels will, it is said, render them impervious to coal gas. Seal-brown plush is a new and warm-looking material, which in texture resembles seal fur. There has been scarcely one clear day in the Penobscot Valley in Maine since the last of October. Professor Gorini is building crematory on the site belonging to the Cremation Society of London. Massachusetts officials have observed that home-sickness is a frequent cause of insanity among immigrants. American paper manufacturers are buying all the poplar wood they can find in the Canadian eastern townships. If Texas had as many people to the square mile as Massachusetts she would have a population of 72,000,000. Arsenic in the green-leather lining of the helmets worn by some soldiers at Konigsberg caused troublesome eruptions. Borax soap is recommended as the best substance for removing grease from beakers, test-tubes and other vessels in the laboratory. Sir W. Armstrong uses the electric light in the picture gallery of his residence at Craigside, about 18 miles from Newcastle-on-Tyne. Lead has been found by Schulzenberger in a new and remarkable condition, and he cites this as another example of allotropism by electrolysis. Birds build their nests in the seaweed which grows and floats with the Gulf Stream, and in many instances are found 1,000 miles from any land. At the annual meeting of the American Social Science Association, held on the 8th instant, David A. Wells retired from the Presidency, which he has held for three years. An old Turk named Payanovic, is living at Bihatz, Croatia, at the age of 125. He preserves all his faculties, and can still carry a sack of wheat weighing 100 pounds to market. A German paper asserts that prussic acid only causes suspension of life at first, and that one who takes it can be restored to animation by the pouring of acetate of potash and salt, dissolved in water, on the head and spine. HEAVY SUPPORT.—An exchange relates the experience of an editor who presented to an "old subscriber" a bill for eight years back subscription. The o. s. was first amazed and then indignant. He put on his spectacles, scrutinized the bill, and after assuring himself that it was genuine, he exclaimed: "I've been supportin' this yere paper nigh onto eight years, but I never had no such thing as this flung at me before. I'll stop supportin' it." He not only withdrew his valuable support, but also failed to pay the bill. There are lots of this sort of people in the world. They will enthusiastically and cheerfully support a newspaper, or a school, so long as it doesn't cost them anything, but when they are asked to pay a cent their interest and zeal are gone at once. DIED.—On Thursday morning, Jan. 16th, at Salem, Mrs. John Hackleman, aged 49 years, 6 months, and 24 days. She was a daughter of Andrew Cowan, of Linn county, and for some years had been afflicted with consumption.—Last week she began failing rapidly, and she requested that the marriage of her eldest daughter, which had been postponed in consequence of the mother's illness, might take place immediately. Accordingly, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 15th, Miss Nellie Hackleman was united in marriage to Mr. John D. Belt, by Elder S. C. Adams. A few hours afterward the spirit of Mrs. Hackleman passed away peacefully to rest. Some time ago the emperor of Russia granted a charter to the university for women, and the Russian minister of war has now officially taken up the subject of training lady doctors for army practice. This measure has been decided upon in consequence of the proof given in the late war of the utter inability of the regular medical staff to cope with the enormous number of sick and wounded. Classes for the instruction of female medical students, to eventually become members of the army medical staff, will soon be formed at St. Petersburg. A Wyoming correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean comes forward with a point blank contradiction of the reports that women suffrage has failed in that Territory. He says that large numbers of the better classes of women visit the polls, that they are not degraded by the suffrage, that their influence on the ballot has been salutary and purifying, and that there is no desire to take the elective franchise away from them.

EDUCATION.—One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation, and the pleasures of conversation are of course enhanced by every increase of knowledge; not that we should meet together to talk of alkalies and angles, or to add to our stock of history or philology, though a little of these things is no bad ingredient in conversation; but let the subject be what it may, there is always a prodigious difference between the conversation of those who have been well educated, and of those who have not enjoyed this advantage. Education gives fecundity of thought, copiousness of illustration, quickness, vigor, fancy, words, images, and illustration; it decorates every common thing, and gives the power of trifling without being undignified and absurd. The subjects themselves may not be wanted, upon which the talents of an educated man have been exercised; but there is always a demand for those talents which his education has rendered strong and quick. Now, really, nothing can be further from our intention than to say anything rude and unpleasant, but we must be excused for observing that it is a very common thing to be interested by the variety and extent of female knowledge, but it is a very common thing to lament that the finest faculties in the world have been confined to trifles utterly unworthy of their richness and their strength. "MAURIE HIRSH PRINTER."—Many years ago, in what is now a flourishing city, lived a stalwart blacksmith, fond of his pipe and his joke. He was also fond of his blooming daughter, whose many graces had ensnared the affections of a young printer. The couple, after a season of billing and cooing, "engaged themselves," and nothing but the consent of the young lady's parents prevented their union. To obtain this an interview was arranged, and the type prepared a little speech to admirably convince the old man, who sat enjoying his pipe in perfect content. The type dilated on the fact of their long friendship, their mutual attachments, their hopes for the future, and all the topics; and taking the daughter by the hand he said, "I am now, sir, to ask your permission to transplant this lovely flower from its parent soil" but his feelings overcame him and he forgot the remainder of his oratorical flourish (blushed, stammered, and finally wound up with "from its parental bed into my own." The father keenly relished this disconcerting line of action, and removing his pipe and blowing a cloud, replied, "Well, young man, I don't know as I have any objection, providing you marry the girl first." There is nothing so sweet as to be loved, except loving. By love, we mean, of course, the true, pure love which is not a thing of the senses, but of the soul—love that is the outgrowth of goodness. What will not one do to win or keep such tenderness? Who will not one dare, or risk, or forsake for it? Is any journey long that has love-kiss at the end of it? any duress that cements the bond between two loving hearts? To be truly loved is the reward that life offers. As any one who has a heart, and does not mind showing it, who can put selfishness and be true to others, can win love. To have people temporarily in love with you, needs only beauty. To be beloved, one must have true tenderness, constancy, and responsiveness. Be good, and do good, and, despite all that is said about this world's ingratitude, some one will love you. A KENTUCKY TRAGEDY.—Overton was one of the most disreputable men in Elizabethtown, Kentucky. It was a common thing for him to whip the man who offended him, and he prided himself on keeping all his promises of vengeance. Craig was a quiet, inoffensive man, but he somehow offended Overton, who said, "I will kill him, just sure as I live!" Overton repeated this threat publicly, and Craig was informed of it. Craig fully believed that this was made in earnest, and resolved effectually to protect himself by killing Overton. He armed himself with gun and a knife, sought out the desperado, shot him through the head and cut his throat. "There is a general feeling of relief at Overton's death," the local newspaper says, "Craig has not been arrested." The New York Sun agrees that it is a gar snobbery to address the President of the United States as "His Excellency." Congress once decided that point. The Sun indulges in still greater snobbery by the use of military titles for those who are not in the military service. An illustration of the absurdity of this tom occurred in Washington a few years ago. The occasion was a society reunion, and the time was late at night. One was Mrs. U. S. Grant. "Have you seen Mr. Grant?" said the latter. "Have you seen the General?" was the answer. And the General, in this case, was designated by his own loving spouse—a ninety-day brigadier, with a record that showed him to be the reverse of a hero. The Earl and Countess of Dartmouth have for years set apart a country near Birmingham, for the higher education of women, and it is now open for ladies a girls' school, an industrial school for boys and girls, are to be trained for service.