

Willamette Farmer.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY, BY
CLARK & CRAIG,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:
One copy one year (12 numbers) in advance... \$2.50
One copy six months (6 numbers) in advance... 1.25
One copy three months (3 numbers) in advance... .75
If not paid within six months, \$5 will be charged
one year's subscription.

PORTLAND, JUNE 27, 1879.

TELEGRAPHIC.

EASTERN STATES.

Conkling and Lamar.
WASHINGTON, June 19.—The excitement caused in the Senate chamber by the extraordinary and wholly unequalled interchange of denunciations and degrading epithets between Lamar and Conkling was intense. Each of the two Senators, although wrought up to the highest pitch of unreflecting anger and resentment, maintained an outward appearance of calmness, and both managed to formulate their astounding insults in phraseology which kept within the bounds of parliamentary rules. For this reason and also because the Senate was taken utterly by surprise, neither was called to order; and the whole colloquy was over before the listeners could fully realize to what unparalleled lengths it had been carried. Both Senators spoke slowly; but Conkling was especially deliberate in his manner, and threw into his words an amount of scornful and contemptuous emphasis which barred every word like an arrow. Lamar's last utterances quivered with anger and were accompanied by a disdainful gesture, suggesting the throwing down of a wager of mortal combat, which he eagerly hoped his adversary would take up. Conkling, while speaking, stood in the middle aisle and Lamar spoke from a position very near it. Vance, of North Carolina, who like his father is a recognized authority on matters concerning the code of the duello, occupied a seat alongside of Lamar and made several suggestions to the latter while Conkling was speaking.

No Wives Now.
OMAHA, June 19.—Geo. Reynolds, the convicted Mormon polygamist, was today taken from this city to the Nebraska penitentiary at Lincoln, to serve out a two years' sentence, such penitentiary having been designated as a depository for United States prisoners from Utah.

At Valley Forge.
VALLEY FORGE, June 19.—The ceremonies of relaying the cornerstone of Washington's headquarters took place today, in the presence of a great many persons. In the absence of Senator Bayard, an address was delivered by ex-Governor Pollock.

Afraid of Our Guns.
OTTAWA, June 20.—The government have decided to rescind all permission to American troops to visit Canada under arms, alleging as reasons therefor, that these visits might lead to future complications.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Walkists.
LONDON, June 18.—At noon to-day the score in the pedestrian match was: Brown, 252; Weston, 240; Funn, 161; Harding, 109.

The Late Earthquake.
ROME, June 18.—By the earthquake yesterday near Aci, Sicily, five villages were almost wholly destroyed. Ten persons were killed and several injured. The inhabitants of the district are fleeing en masse.

French Affairs.
PARIS, June 18.—The French Senate and Chamber of Deputies will meet in congress to-morrow to revise the article of the constitution making Versailles the seat of the legislature, with a view to removal of the chambers to Paris.

From Algiers.
VERSAILLES, June 18.—Minister Lepere assured the chamber of deputies to-day that the disturbance in Algiers afforded no present cause for anxiety. The House consequently consented to the postponement of the interpellation on the subject for one month. The French commander in Algiers reports his arrival at Medina. Ten chiefs of a rebel tribe endeavored to obtain a suspension of hostilities by falsely representing that the rebel leader had fled. The rebel leaders were warned to surrender him or they would be attacked last night.

The Prince Imperial Killed by Zulus.
LONDON, June 19.—A dispatch from Cape Town, dated June 3d, via Madeira to-day, says that Prince Louis Napoleon, Prince Imperial of France accompanied by other officers, left Col. Wood's camp to reconnoitre. The party dismounted in a field, when the enemy crept upon them and assassinated the prince, killing him. His body was recovered.

The news of his death has cast a gloom over the city and flags were flying at half mast.
A Times correspondent writing from Itetezi Hill on the 2d inst. says: The body of the Prince Imperial was discovered in a field of long grass. There were no bullet wounds upon it, but there were seventeen wounds made by thrusts. The body was found stripped and the clothes had been taken away.

The Canadian Railway.
In the house of commons to-day, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, replying to a question by John Bright, concerning the deputation said to be coming from Canada to ask the government for a loan or guarantee for the purpose of constructing the Pacific railway, said all he knew about it was that a resolution was passed by the Canadian parliament respecting the Pacific railway. The deputation, he said, was certainly not coming, in consequence of any communication on the subject between the two governments.

PACIFIC COAST.

Workingmen's Nominations.
SAN FRANCISCO, June 18.—The Workingmen's municipal committee to-day nominated Rev. Isaac S. Kallio, pastor of the Metropolitan Baptist church, for Mayor; Sheriff, Thomas Desmond; Treasurer, W. R. Rhoder; Chief of Police, James Carroll; Auditor, J. P. Dunn. Desmond was captain of the vessel which rescued the Fenian prisoners from Australia some years ago. Sheber is a furniture dealer. Carroll commanded the steamer Great Republic, recently wrecked at the mouth of the Columbia. Dunn is a market man, recently president of the 11th ward club, but the office was declared vacant to enable him to accept the nomination.

A Man Who Wants to Confess.
WHEATLAND, June 18.—A French Canadian, Frank Choquette, surrendered himself to-day to the sheriff, saying that he wanted to confess a great crime, but desired first, for the sake of safety, to be lodged in jail at Marysville. On arriving there he asked for the attendance of a priest, but on his arrival

refused to talk, saying he was too tired. He shows evidences of insanity, and is believed to have committed the assault on the two girls in a fit of mental aberration. He has been at work in the neighborhood for a number of years and has a good reputation.

California Republicans.
SACRAMENTO, June 19.—In the State Convention Mansfield nominated for Lieut. Governor by acclamation; D. M. Burns, of Yolo, was nominated for Secretary of State; John Wiell, of Sierra, for Treasurer; A. L. Hart, of Colusa, for Attorney-General; J. W. Shanklin, of Alameda, for Surveyor-General; Frank W. Grow, of San Francisco, for Clerk of the Supreme Court; F. M. Campbell, of Alameda, for State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

The Workingmen.
SAN FRANCISCO, June 20.—The Workingmen's municipal convention reassembled last evening and proceeded to nominate for tax collector—C. Curtin, a dry goods dealer, receiving the nomination. Further business was brought to a stand-still by a bombshell thrown into the convention from the Twelfth Ward club. Terry, of the first branch of that club, had, at a club meeting early in the evening, preferred charges against Rev. J. S. Kallio, nominee for Mayor, based on his career in Boston. Terry said that he lived there at the time and knew all about the matter. The charges were made out and Terry entered the municipal convention and preferred them. A scene of almost endless confusion followed. Motions, amendments and substitutes were piled one on another until the convention became hopelessly lost. It was finally decided that charges should be preferred in writing and Kallio brought into the convention this evening to answer them.

California Republican Convention.
SACRAMENTO, June 19.—The convention met last evening at 7:30. Nominations for Governor were made and balloting commenced. The first ballot stood: Perkins, 215; Evans, 106; Swift, 31; Davis, 57. At the announcement of the vote there was an enthusiastic shout from the convention, and cheer after cheer rent the air from the delegates, the boisterous congratulations being joined in by the people in the galleries and galleries. Calls were made for Perkins. Mr. Perkins said: There are times in one's life when one can ill-express himself. This is such a time for me. Either of the gentlemen named would have been as good a candidate as I. They waged an honorable war, and if (as I know they will) the gentlemen who worked so nobly for other candidates will now come over to me, I am certain that victory will be ours. [Applause.] If I am elected I shall so act that no one can murmur against me, and if I ever abuse the trust may my breath fail me. [Cheers.]

District Nominations.
The Republicans of the fourth congressional district, nominated Romaldo Pacheco for Congressman and James A. Clayton, of Santa Clara, for member of the State board of equalization.

The Republicans nominated for railroad commissioner from the first district, Joseph E. Cone, a farmer, of Tehama; third district, C. H. Phillips, bank cashier, of San Luis Obispo. The convention nominated A. L. Rhodes, for chief justice, by acclamation. Balloting for six associate justices resulted in the choice of A. P. Catlin, J. S. Belcher, G. T. Richards, J. E. Hale, M. H. Myrick and E. D. Wheeler.

The Republicans of the second congressional district this morning nominated for member of the State board of equalization, Moses Drew, the present Sheriff of Sacramento county. The third district nominated for Congress Joseph McKenna, of Solano; for member of the board of equalization, Warren Dutton.

Can't Afford It.

"I tell you Uncle Josh, I can't afford it. Girls nowadays are so extravagant that it fairly terrifies a man contemplating matrimony. There is your favorite, Miss Hartley; she declared to me in strictest confidence, last evening, that she could not imagine how any one could exist without the opera. And not a week ago I knew of her mentioning an India shawl as a positive necessity for a lady's wardrobe."

"More girlish exaggeration, Will. She has always had a rich father to pay her bills."

"And naturally will expect a rich husband, to do the same. If I had Mr. Hartley's bank account, the matter would be different; but though my salary is good, my income independent of that is very small. If I provide India shawls and opera tickets without limit, to the future Mrs. Stanton, I can scarcely meet expenses, if I do not actually run into debt. Now I am quite resolved to save a little every year until I own a home, and can start in business for myself."

"A good wife would help you, Will."

"But where is she to be found?"

Uncle Josh chuckled a little at the idea of his giving information on the subject, and the gentlemen having finished their preparation for departure, started for their place of business.

Uncle Josh was cashier and his nephew clerk in a large retail dry goods store, but the elder gentleman possessing ample means, employed his time not from necessity, but from a horror of idleness. He boarded, as did his nephew, at a fashionable boarding house at Brooklyn, crossing the ferry every morning for the store in New York.

On the morning when the gentlemen held the conversation recorded above, Will found his services required as a salesman, owing to the illness of one of the men in the silk department. He had served in the same capacity before though he held a more lucrative position in the counting house; but stepping behind the counter he found already a few fair customers in the store. Two ladies, young and pretty, required his services at once.

"Evening silks, if you please," said one, a tall and very stylish looking girl, dressed with exquisite taste and in rich garments. "Show me some of the new shades."

"Oh, Vinnie," said her companion, this shade of sage will suit you perfectly. I am not fair enough to wear it, but it is a lovely tint for a blonde. Don't look any further for a silk."

"I am not going to get a new silk, Marcia."

"Not going to get a new silk for

Mrs. Hartley's party? Why, Vin, it will be one of the most dressy occasions of the season. You have never been at one of Floy Hartley's parties?"

"No; Miss Hartley is only a recent acquaintance."

"Then take my advice and get a handsome dress. You have no idea how they dress there."

"I can't afford it, Marcia."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"But it is a fact. I have been out so much this winter that my allowance will not last me till Spring, unless I am very economical."

"Ask for more. I never pretend to keep within my allowance."

"I am saving for a new piano, and I cannot afford any extravagance."

"But what will you wear?"

"I have a new white organdie that Aunt Kate gave me last Summer, that I did not need, so it has not been made up. I shall make it so that it will serve me afterward as a Summer dress."

"Oh Vin! Vin! As if your father would not give you twenty new dresses if you only asked for them."

"I know he would, but he gives me a liberal allowance, and I find it sufficient, with a margin for saving."

All the above conversation, carried on in a low tone, was apparently unheard by the smiling clerk, whose quick ears had, however, caught every word of it. He looked again at the sweet-faced little lady, resolving that Floy Hartley should introduce him at the party for which his card of invitation had already been received.

"Come, Vinnie, give me the benefit of your taste," said Marcia; "I am tired of all the bright colors that suit my Indian style of beauty. Is there not one of those delicate tints that I could wear?"

"The peach blossom, Marcia, with black lace. If you will come over I will show you a new fold of trimming."

"Oh, Madame B— will make it up handsomely. I never make an evening dress, do you?"

"I make all my dresses. I took lessons of a first-rate dressmaker on purpose."

"You like the peach blossom?"

"I do," holding it against her companion's shoulder. "It is certainly becoming. Not so glaring as pink, but as pretty. Your black lace over-dress will be pretty with it."

"I shall have an overskirt of the same, with a new thread lace trimming. I teased you out of a new dress this morning, and I mean to have the benefit of his generosity. Twenty-five yards," she added to the clerk, and Will measured off the dress.

He saw the ladies going from counter to counter, and the hour being still early, had leisure to saunter about a little, marking Vinnie's purchase of blue ribbon and her care in selecting what was of good quality, her selection of gloves, and her unselfish interest in all her friend's purchases, from the dress and thread lace to the gloves and a costly web of a handkerchief. Evidently Miss Marcia intended that her father should indeed supply an entire new dress.

Floy Hartley was rather surprised that Will Stanton, who was a favorite of her father's, while she had Uncle Josh's heart, never paid her those marked attentions that were so evidently the desire of the old gentleman. But her surprise was changed to chagrin when he asked a special introduction to Miss Vinnie Holway, and was that young lady's devoted cavalier for the evening of Miss Hartley's party.

"The young lady in white with blue ribbons?" she said in answer to his request; "this is Miss Holway, a school-mate of Marcia Livingstone's. I have met her at the Livingstone's, but am not very well acquainted. Marcia tells me her father is quite well off, but has a very large family."

Will found that every visit to Mr. Holway's pleasant sitting-room increased his distaste for boarding-house life, and his love for pretty Vinnie Holway, till he found himself in serious consultation with Uncle Josh again.

"So it is not my pet, Floy Hartley," said the old gentleman. "It would serve you right if I should marry her myself."

"I will give my consent," Will said, smilingly.

"No, my boy, no! you and your pretty Vinnie must fill my old heart, as you have promised me a corner in your home long ago. Will, when my hair was as brown as your own, and my eyes as bright, I, too, had my love dreams. I was a country boy then, and to own a farm was the very height of my ambition. I was working for a farmer named Nelson, for I had no parents, when there came to visit my employer a cousin from the great city of New York. In those days, Will, New York seemed further away from the small country places than Europe seems now. The advent of Josephine Nelson was an event in our village, and her beauty and grace were fully appreciated by all the rough bumpkins around her. Working on her cousin's farm, I was constantly near her. I drove her, if she wished, to see the surrounding scenery, and as we jolted over the rough country roads she told me of the great city, of the opening there for energy, industry and talent. She found I was fond of reading, and lent me volumes of poetry she had brought with her from the city. Books were rare treasures forty years ago, Will. We read the sweet-measured lines together; we walked together in shaded lanes, and I gathered wild flowers, which she wore in her bosom and hair. To make a long story short, Will, I loved her with all the wild enthusiasm of a boy, and the

mature reason of a man. She was far above me in grace, in beauty and goodness, but she was gentle as she was fair, modest and tender.

When I told her my story she put her little white hand in my rough brown one, and promised to be my wife. Then she came home to the city, and I added dollar after dollar to my hoard so as to follow her. Mr. Nelson wrote to Josephine's father for me, and he promised me a place in his counting-house if I came to the city. I came, Will. Then I found out why my suit was favored; why no cross was laid on my darling's love. I had thought her pale, delicate beauty only city refinement, compared with the robust charms of our country lasses. I found that it was the beauty of that scourge of the sea-side cities—consumption. Her parents knew my darling could not live to be my bride, but because she had given me the treasure of her love they made me welcome as a son in their home.

"I spent my days in the counting-house of Mr. Nelson, my evenings with Josephine. Slowly she faded before my loving eyes, growing weaker and weaker till she died, clasping my hand in hers. That was forty years ago, Will, but I have loved no woman since. I will keep faith with Josephine till we meet in heaven. When I die, Will, all I have will be yours, but bury this with with me."

As he spoke he put a small locket that had been hidden in his bosom into Will's hands. Opening it disclosed the face of a very beautiful woman. At the sight of it Will cried—

"How much like Floy Hartley!"

"Mrs. Hartley is Josephine's sister," said Uncle Josh, quietly. "Now you know why I am so fond of Floy."

There was a long silence, and Uncle Josh knew by Will's face and the firm grasp of his hand that his story had fallen upon sympathizing affection.

"Come," he said cheerfully, after a long pause, "if Miss Holway has actually accepted, I must see about the wedding present."

"She actually has," said Will, "and the money saved for a piano is to go for a trousseau."

"Is that a hint for me to buy a piano?" laughed Uncle Josh. "Well, I will."

But when the wedding day was fixed, and Will consulted Uncle Josh about a house, he was informed that Mrs. Stanton's wedding present from her new uncle would be a neat brown stone fully furnished, including a piano, with one room reserved for Uncle Josh.

There are children's voices now in the handsome house, and Uncle Josh has stood godfather to a sturdy namesake. The sun of prosperity shines upon Will, but he says his business success, his happy home, his freedom from worldly perplexities, have all depended upon the good sense of his wife, who, in all expenditures, all charities, first considers whether or not she can afford the outlay; and while she is liberal and large-hearted, she is never ashamed to exercise economy, if necessary, or to decline an extravagance.

Never Find Fault With Your Tools.

To do this is the infallible sign of a bad workman. Real talent makes use of whatever lies nearest at hand. Faraday mastered the secrets of electricity with an old bottle. Sir Humphrey Davy threw light on the laws of chemistry by rude instruments of his own contrivance. Ferguson calculated the distance of the stars with a handful of glass beads threaded on a string. Watt's first model of the steam engine was made out of an old syringe. Benjamin West took his first brushes from a cat's tail. Dr. Black detected latent heat with a pan of water and a couple of thermometers, George Stephenson mastered the rules of arithmetic with a bit of chalk on the grimy sides of a coal-wagon. The inferior mechanic is always finding fault with his implements. His jackplane and chisel have no edge, his auger will not bore smooth, his hand saw sticks in the groove; but the trouble is in the brain, not in the tool.—Davenport Adams.

Inviting Company.

In inviting your friends to visit your house, why not be honest, and specify the length of the visit you desire them to make? Everybody knows when he has asked a friend to his house how long he wants him to stay. There may be fifty reasons combining to make him very glad of a visit three days in length, and very much inconvenienced by a longer stay. Honest people ought to find no difficulty in saying this, and honest people take no offense at hearing it. This does away, also, with all possibility of misconception on either side, with all uncertainties as to welcome, with all fears of intrusion. To render a guest thoroughly comfortable and at home, there should be on the part of the host and hostess no strained efforts to entertain or amuse the guest; on the part of the guest, no expectation of being amused or entertained. Simply to meet for the interchange of goodwill and cordiality, the usual current of life going on undisturbed, the habits of the family remaining unchanged—that is the true social visit, and embodies genuine hospitality.

Joseph M. Logsdan, who testified that he had fully complied with the conditions of the homestead law when living up on his claim, was at a recent term of court in Walla Walla found guilty of perjury, it being shown that instead of such compliance he and his family had only occasionally slept in a small house on the homestead, while they had been "at home" most of the time, on adjoining railroad land.

Pioneer Reunion.

Seventh Annual Session.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BEE.]
SALEM, June 18, 1879.

Taking a hack in company with several other pioneers, your reporter was driven rapidly to the Fair Grounds on Tuesday evening, the 17th inst. Though a noticeable quietude, compared with the Fall activity there to be seen prevailed, yet as we neared the space surrounding the grand stand the ruddy glow of the promised camp fire lighted the faces of quite a throng who discussed in animated tones the old times when oxen and canoes were the only means of travel and transportation, boiled wheat and venison constituted the usual bill of fare, buckskin and blue denims the customary raiments, the pioneer's blanket spread upon the earthen floor his bed when traveling, and the same spread over straw upon a "sticktight," his bed when at home. I cross the way at the grand pavilion. A band of music sent up and out upon the evening air its inspiring strains, while the music of myriad feet kept time thereto. Groups in various places gathered around primitive tables discussing with a relish sharpened by the open air, and the novelty of the occasion, the viands that had been prepared in adjacent farm house kitchens. We gathered with others around the camp fire, which was in some sense a reminder of the six months that intervened between April 1st and October 1, 1852, and listened to stories of adventure and peril and hardship, which, by the intervention of three or four decades and the advancing march of civilization, seem more as romances than realities. Jest was highly enjoyed because of the enjoyable frame of mind of jesters; incidents related, which, however highly colored by the imagination of those who rehearsed them, were received with apparent belief; the company at the pavilion increased to a throng; the light of the camp-fire played fantastic freaks upon faces which were marked with the conflicts of time, and hilarity and general good feeling prevailed. The meeting in the grove continued as late as the staid habits and advancing age of the pioneers would permit, and the ball in the pavilion was kept moving by their descendants until nearly morning.

On this, Wednesday, morning the Mexican veterans held a meeting at the same place, and, led by General Joseph Lane, passed a portion of the forenoon in a grand review of the exploits of the United States army in the memorable war. The annual election of officers of the Pioneer Association was also held this morning, resulting as follows: For President, Medorum Crawford; Vice President, J. M. Grim; Recording Secretary, J. Henry Brown; Treasurer, J. M. Bacon; Corresponding Secretary, Willard Rees; Trustees, T. Monteith, S. F. Mathews, Ashly Pearce. The meeting and its attendant festivities is over, and the seventh annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association adds its interesting chapter to the history of Oregon.

THE HARBOR OF REFUGE.
The testimony before the Board of Engineers at San Francisco is very conflicting and unsatisfactory. Capt. Connor and Capt. Carroll seem to agree that there is no especial necessity for any harbor of refuge on this Coast, but others urge it. Cape Foulweather has been strongly urged, and Port Orford is well represented. The Board will soon make a trip up the Coast to look at all the places named, and with the weight of testimony before them and their own observation to guide them, will probably be able to form a fair opinion. It is well enough for all those who are deeply interested to prepare for disappointment. There is no certainty as to the harbor being located on the Oregon Coast.

E. W. STOUTON, our Minister to Russia, has just come home, and he denies that Nihilists have any great numbers in that country. He describes the Czar as a man of the best qualities—kind and charitable to excess, and that, instead of driving around, as is asserted, in an ironclad conveyance, he goes alone in an open carriage everywhere about St. Petersburg, and that the people idolize him. In his family the most delightful relations prevail. Really, it is a pity such a good man is so lied about. If he had only not been born a Czar, he would lead a happy life. We shall soon refuse to believe that there is any such place as Siberia, peopled with political exiles.

"Love's Labor Lost"—Investing one's spare change for candy, gloves and opera tickets for one's girl, and then seeing her promise to love, honor and obey some other fellow.

One of the brightest things we have noticed going round lately, is a highly polished circular-saw.

When a mother, says the Philadelphia Chronicle, grasps a fine-comb and calls her child a hair-rowing scene generally follows.

"Pickles" is the name of Paul Merritt's new comedy. This is doubtless a sharp piece and Merritt's notice.

At the opening of the Territorial University in September, T. R. Wilson, A. B., will begin work as a member of the faculty. Prof. Wilson is a teacher of long and successful experience.

A boy with his elbows out was asked the cause and replied: "I laugh in my sleeves till I burst them."

UMATILLA COUNCIL.

The Umatilla Council has adjourned and about one hundred Indians, including the prominent chiefs, have expressed their wish to take up land. This will lead to the stay of the Indians on the reservation in the position of independent settlers, not as wards of the government. They will retain all the best land, or a great part of it, and there will not be much left for the whites. We cannot but view this with regret, as the interests of Umatilla county will be much better advanced to have enterprising whites take up these lands and make them productive, and the best we can hope of the Indians is that they will earn their own bare subsistence in a poor way, and they cannot be expected to constitute any refined society or do anything to make the State and county prosperous. While this result will retard Umatilla county, we also believe that the Indians would be better off, happier in every sense, if they could locate by themselves and be removed from the pernicious evils that attend civilization, and the jealousy and prejudice they have ever experienced from the whites.

PORTLAND BRIDGE.

The advance and business of this city demand that there shall be easier communication with the east side of the river than now exists. The growth of the town justifies its location on both sides of the Willamette, and the site of East Portland is admirably adapted to the purpose because there is no limit of circling hills on that side to restrict its spread. The prospect that this bridge will be soon built is encouraging, and it is to be hoped that the subscribing of the capital stock is a bona fide transaction, with the money forthcoming within reasonable time to insure the construction. Our friends in East Portland are earnest in their share of it, no doubt of that.

THE SCHOOL BOOKS MATTER.

Yesterday the vote of the County School Superintendent was duly canvassed, at Salem, and the result is the adoption of the independent series of spellers and readers, published by A. S. Barnes & Co. of New York. As all the Superintendents had specimens of the leading publications in the line of spellers and readers to examine in making their decision, it is evident that no objection can be made to this choice. The vote was a decided majority in favor of the Barnes books over all competitors.

Queen Mary's Lover.

An unpublished manuscript, giving certain new particulars concerning the murder of Rizzio, has been brought to light in the British Museum. It is probable that the manuscript was either dictated by Mary Stuart herself, or written from information supplied by her to her secretary. It begins with relating a discussion by the confederate lords, just after the murder, concerning the next step they ought to take. Darnley, terrified at their proposals, endeavored at night to enter the queen's bedroom by a private stair. The door, however, was locked, and the queen firmly refused to open it till next morning, although Darnley assured her he had something to tell her which concerned their common safety. When he was at last allowed to enter, he threw himself on his knees before her, begged that she would pardon him, and showed the secret articles between himself and his accomplices. The queen replied that he had lost her confidence, as she believed, forever, but that he must now devise some means to save both himself and her from danger. His plan was that she should pardon the conspirators, and thus prepare the way for a compromise, but she refused to promise it, saying, however, that her husband might promise anything he liked in her name. Darnley first brought his father to her and afterward the other lords of the same faction. Morton, as spokesman for the rest, implored her pardon, and knelt on the very spot which was still red with the blood of Rizzio. The queen, being closely pressed by the solicitations, at last feigned sudden illness and called for the immediate presence of the midwife, leaving it to Darnley to say what she would do. Although the midwife had been appointed by the conspirators, she was so well deceived that she reported the Queen's life in danger from premature pains of labor, and the lords were obliged to withdraw. That night Mary's plan of escape was secretly arranged, and before daybreak, says the manuscript, she and Darnley were a long distance on the road to Dunbar.

At the opening of the Territorial University in September, T. R. Wilson, A. B., will begin work as a member of the faculty. Prof. Wilson is a teacher of long and successful experience.