

Willamette Farmer.

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TELEGRAPHIC.

EASTERN STATES.

Wheat Harvest of the Middle West. New York, July 3.—A Times' Cincinnati special says: The wheat harvest of southern Ohio and Indiana is nearly over. The crop has been saved in good condition, and is one of the finest ever raised in this region.

Deputy Marshals. New York, July 2.—A Washington special to the Evening Telegram says: Commissioner Baum of the internal revenue said today the failure to provide for the deputy marshals was a virtual repeal of the criminal portion of the law relating to the illicit distilling.

The U. S. Marshal at Detroit having inquired if he should continue to serve warrants in criminal cases, Attorney General Devens has answered: I advise you to perform the usual duties of your office, which you are in no way forbidden to do, to the extent of your power.

Sentence Remitted. WASHINGTON, July 3.—The president remits the sentence of dismissal by court martial upon Captain Joseph Rendlebrock of the fourth cavalry.

From various causes 105 lives were lost on steamboats during the past 12 months, against 216 for the preceding 12 months. During the past 12 months, 31 lives were lost by accidents ashore; previous 12 months, 47; in 1877 the number of lives lost was 607; in 1876, 394; in 1877, 224; in 1870, 202.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Coal Miners' Wages. LONDON, July 1.—The steam coal colliers of Merthyr Tydvil, in Wales, numbering 32,000 persons, have resolved to accept the masters' demand of 10 per cent. reduction of their wages.

American Horses Withdrawn. Lorillard's Papyrus, Neriad and Geraldine, which were entered to run for the July stakes for two-year-old colts and fillies, at Newmarket July meeting to-day, have been scratched.

The Napoleonic Dynasty. PARIS, June 30.—L'Ordre, organ of Roubier, makes the following declaration: Prince Jerome Napoleon is recognized as chief of the Napoleonic dynasty, and consequently chief of the Bonapartist party.

West Indies. HAVANA, July 3.—A steamer has arrived from St. Thomas with the following news from Cape Haytien up to June 24th: It is rumored that the national assembly at Port au Prince has been closed, owing to dissensions between senators and deputies.

President Suman Blanco, of Venezuela, proposes that Holland sell the island of Curacao to Venezuela. The Congress of San Domingo proposes to the United States free exchange of sugar and tobacco against two products of the United States.

British and Zulu Peace Negotiations. LONDON, July 3.—In the peace negotiations between Lord Chelmsford and the Zulu king, Chelmsford promised that if two Carmonas, captured at Isandhula, were surrendered within a week, an evidence of Cetewayo's sincerity, he would grant an armistice pending the arrival of terms of peace for which he had telegraphed to England three weeks ago.

engers, sketched the outlines of the probable terms. The enforcement of Sir Bartle Frere's ultimatum of unconditional surrender indemnity to England for the cost of war and return of spoils taken at Isandhula, if Cetewayo is unable to comply with the last named condition, the British must themselves recover the spoils from individual holders.

Coal Pit Disaster. LONDON, July 3.—Fifty men were killed by an explosion in the High Blantyre coal pit, near Glasgow, this morning. There were only 31 persons in the High Blantyre colliery pit at the time of the explosion. Four were burned alive. Twenty-one corpses were recovered.

Rothschild's Successors. LONDON, July 3.—It is formally announced that the business of the late Baron Rothschild will be carried on by his three sons.

Postponed. ST. PETERSBURG, July 3.—Owing to the dullness of trade and general feeling of insecurity, the industrial exhibition contemplated for Moscow in 1880 is postponed one year.

PACIFIC COAST.

Protecting the Harbor of Seattle. This afternoon, Capt. L. Simmons of the ship Great Western, was arrested and brought before a Justice of the Peace of Seattle for discharging ballast in Elliott bay within the incorporate limits of the city of Seattle, in violation of ordinance No. 179, which requires all vessels discharging ballast in Elliott bay, within the city limits, to discharge such ballast in ballast ground at the foot of Madison street, unless special permission be given by the city council to discharge elsewhere.

Savage Affray at Astoria. ASTORIA, July 2.—A desperate cutting affray occurred here to-day in a house of ill-fame, between Nellie Ramsay, a notorious courtesan and T. Connor, a longshoreman. The large muscle of Connor's arm was cut in two, the knife coming within a hair of the brachial artery. The woman got off with a bad stab in the right knee.

Glenn Nominated. SAN FRANCISCO, July 2.—The Democratic Convention, after choosing a State Central Committee, went into nomination for governor. Hugh J. Glenn, nominee of the H. B. Convention, was nominated by acclamation. A recess was taken till evening.

Bonanza Suit. SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—Suit was commenced to-day in the 33d district court by John H. Burke, on behalf of himself and all other Consolidated Virginia stockholders, to recover \$1,000,000 from James C. Flood, the Pacific Refinery and Bullion Exchange and the executors of the estate of W. S. O'Brien, deceased. This suit has the effect of tying up the estate of O'Brien, which was about to be distributed, and is similar in principle to those now pending, making four suits now before the courts, aggregating \$41,444,000.

California Democratic Nominations. The Democratic State Convention of California made further nominations as follows: Lieutenant-Governor, Levi Chase, of San Diego; Secretary of State, W. J. Tinnin, of Trinity; Controller, W. B. C. Brown; Attorney General, J. Hamilton; Surveyor General, W. A. Minis; Superintendent of Public Instruction, H. C. Gesford, of Napa; Clerk of Supreme Court, D. B. Wolf; State Treasurer, G. T. Paul, of Sonoma; Chief Justice, R. F. Morrison, of San Francisco; Associate Justices, McKee, McKinstry, Thornton, Rose, Storey, Reardon; Congress, 2d district, T. J. Clunie; 3d district, C. P. Berry.

Drowned.

On the morning of July 1st a man named Charles Henrickson was drowned at Bay View. He was out fishing with his partner, the boat being under full sail when he went forward for some purpose. He lost his balance and fell overboard, and after coming to the surface once sank to rise no more. The boatman turned as quickly as possible and searched for some time in vain. Ere long a body will be found thrown upon the beach, and another grave added to the many already marked along the line of the beach on the Washington Territory shore.

The Barrel Factory.

We are glad to state says the Seattle Post that Mr. Charles Root, superintendent here for the Mattullah Manufacturing Company of San Francisco, is at present in the city. He says that work on the barrel factory will be at once begun on the site in Belknap, and will be urged forward as speedily as possible to completion. Mr. Root says that the capacity of the factory will be 2,000 barrels complete, will be turned out each day. It is calculated that the freight to San Francisco alone will amount to \$2,500 per month. A market will also be found in Australia, although the principal market will be in San Francisco, the company represented by Mr. Root having a contract which holds for five years with the sugar refineries at that city.

Fire at Albany.

Yesterday morning at 12:15 o'clock a fire broke out in the Comstock House, at the Albany railroad depot. The fire originated in the second story from a flue. In thirty minutes from the time of discovery it was utterly impossible to remove the furniture from the north end of the building. The alarm was signaled as rapidly as possible to the center of the city, but by the time engines reached there the fire was under such headway that it was impossible to save the building. The water failed, but the companies worked nobly and saved the adjoining freight and warehouse. Nearly all the furniture of the upper story was destroyed. The railroad company's property was nearly all saved. Their loss will not exceed \$50. The hotel was insured; amount not known.

Fire at Lebanon.

About 12 o'clock on the morning of the 3d a fire broke out in Luttrell's butcher shop at Lebanon. The alarm was quickly given and the inhabitants soon assembled at the scene. Everybody assisted as much as possible in carrying water, but not until three buildings were destroyed were the flames checked. The butcher shop, Gilmour & Bercaw's saloon and Harmon's barber shop burned. The buildings were owned by Luttrell and S. H. Cloughton and were insured. The fire is said to be the work of an incendiary.

Action Taken.

While so much talk is going on about railroads, narrow gauge, standard and underground ones, the people of Astoria are acting as well as talking. As one-half the capital stock of the Astoria and Winnemucca road has been subscribed, the stockholders held a meeting on the evening of the 2d and elected directors. On Thursday the directors met and elected C. Leinenweber, President; Judge Bowlby, Vice President; E. C. Holden, Secretary; and J. W. Case, Treasurer. The preliminary survey between Forest Grove and Astoria will be commenced in a few days.

Riot on the Grade.

On Saturday last a riot took place on the grade of the extension of the Oregon Central Railroad, in which a white man and forty-five Chinamen participated. It seems that the gang was the laziest and most impudent on the road, and on that day one of them refused to work and was discharged by Mr. Sullivan, the boss. The whole gang turned upon him with picks and shovels, had him tied and threatened to make short work of him when the teamsters arrived and drove off the gang. They were discharged at once.

For a Year.

Bruin and Williams, the thugs who went through Lesner, the saloon keeper, some weeks ago, and relieved him of a valuable gold watch, were sentenced to the penitentiary for one year each. The facts of the robbery are, briefly: They went into the saloons to get drinks, and refused to pay therefor. A worded difficulty ensued and Lesner went from behind the counter to eject the men, and as soon as he was within reach, they closed on him and got his watch. The watch was subsequently recovered in a damaged condition.

Indian Superstition.

The Sitka Indians are among the most superstitious tribes on the globe, and when any of their number is suspected of being a witch, or entertaining evil spirits, they are at once put to death. A short time since they were seized with the idea that a certain maiden, a young and handsome Chilcat beauty, was possessed of devils. A grand council was called and all the chiefs and medicine men assembled in consultation. After their incantations, as is the custom, it was decided that the girl should burn at the stake, and accordingly made preparations to carry the decree into effect. The young squaw hearing of her fate appealed to Captain Beardsley, of the war ship Jamestown, for protection. Captain B. sent for the chiefs and medicine men and explained to them that there was no such thing as witches, and that it was a foolish superstition that they were laboring under. The "noble" savages were unable to see it in that light and insisted that she must burn. Captain Beardsley found that there was but little use trying to reason with them so he resorted to a more effective course and told them to take the woman, and if they burned her he would hang every one of them to the yard arm of the Jamestown. It is useless to add that their superstition immediately vanished.

Irene's Auction.

"And must all go! Can nothing be saved?" querulously questioned Mrs. Arthur, her hands listlessly folded across her lap, her air betokening utter helplessness as she looked pitifully toward the beautiful girl whom she addressed. "Nothing, mamma," answered the latter, drawing nearer as she spoke and kneeling at the other's side, while she laid her finger caressingly upon her mother's pale cheek—"only each other; but papa's death has taught us how much that is. Don't worry, dearest. I hope the sale will enable us to buy furniture more suitable to the few rooms which for a time must be our future home, until I can secure some pupils and get the little home in the country where you are to live, surrounded by birds and flowers, and forget that the red flag ever waved from your door."

They were brave words, bravely spoken—so bravely as not to betray the effort they cost the speaker. Six months before, Irene Arthur had reigned a belle in her father's magnificent home, when like a thunderbolt from a clear Summer sky, came that father's failure and death in quick succession, with the less only experience teaches, of friends deserting in the hour of need—little by little learning the necessity of standing alone and seeing hope drifting further and further in the distance; until the present, with its absolute emergencies, roused her to action. The small head, set so regally upon the slight, sloping shoulders, held itself more regally still; the red, full curved lips were pressed more proudly together, as Irene buckled on her armor for the fray.

The hardest part was over now. Her mother had been told the worst that her from this spot, hallowed by memory, before the desecrating foot of strangers entered it.

A few days search, and she was rewarded by finding in a quiet house, a very comfortable suite of rooms which met at once her purse and her requirements, in sad contrast to the elegant luxuriance, with which she had been surrounded her life long, but where, at least, her mother was saved the sight of the red flag, which seemed to her to be dyed in her heart's blood.

"Is there nothing you would wish to save, Miss Arthur?" questioned a voice at her side, the morning of the sale. She turned haughtily toward the stranger, but something in his clear blue eyes bent upon her witnessed the words held honest meaning.

"I beg your pardon sir," she answered, unable to disguise wholly the pride these latter days had developed so forcibly—"I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"It is for me to beg pardon. I forgot I might not be known to you personally, though I am the auctioneer appointed by the estate. Your father once did me a great kindness, and though I would not appear intrusive, I should very much like to preserve any article you may desire."

"With many thanks, sir, I desire to receive no favors," she replied coldly, and passed on, to take one fleeting look ere she fled to the place she must now learn to call her home, to be haunted all day by the sound of the auctioneer's hammer, and the voices of strangers, desecrating the halls.

But when, in the dusk of the evening, a cart stopped before the door, and one by one articles hallowed by association—her father's chair, her own desk, her mother's favorite pictures—were brought in, the feelings so long repressed gave way to a burst of tears.

Who had done this thing? For one moment the honest blue eyes which had met her own that day rose before her. But, no! such delicacy belonged not to their owner's rank in life. Nor was it a stranger's work. Some one must have known her well to have selected the few things it had been such bitter warfare to part with.

They were, indeed, like old friends sent to comfort her, as, in the weary days that followed, her eyes would rest upon them in her bitter struggle for the daily necessities of life for herself—the luxuries which to her mother had become necessities.

Business had thrown her more than once with Earl Kenneth, the owner of the blue eyes. There had been matters connected with the sale which had compelled her to meet him, until he grew to her almost as a friend, and at times she would forget the social gulf which separated them—she, the once wealthy banker's daughter, he, a man who had risen from the humblest ranks, but whose soul was that of a nobleman.

The friends she had once known, she no longer knew. They rode, she walked, and must stand on the curb to let their carriages drift by.

Earl's cheery voice and pleasant smile, her mother, too, grew to welcome, with the few choice flowers, or the early fruit, he ever laid so quickly in Mrs. Arthur's hand, growing daily paler and thinner.

But one evening, as he sat by Irene's side alone, very calmly, very truly, yet with a certain humbleness, he told her that he loved her, and asked her to become her wife.

"I cannot bear to see you struggle," he said. "Once, as you well know, I could not have asked you to become my wife; and though I have not forgotten, dear, that I am a man who has only honor and ambition, I yet can take you from this life of toil, can shield you with my breast, can toil for you and yours, if you will give me the precious assurance I seek."

Was the man mad? The pride she had forgotten in these quiet months now surged upward, as she turned toward him with pale and sparkling eyes.

"Sir, you insult me!" "No man insults a woman with his honest love, Miss Arthur," he answered, the pride in her bearing its reflex on his face. "I love you—nay, I love you! My love you spurn. I can never offer it again, Miss Irene; but remember—should you need it, it is always yours, ready to do for you, to suffer for you, to die for you?"

"Why does not Earl come?" questioned the invalid. "I want to see him—I miss him. Write, Irene, and tell him he must call this evening."

She wrote in obedience: "Mamma asks for you. She knows nothing. If you will occasionally drop in to see her, I shall be glad."

It cost her pride a struggle to send even this; but was it possible it also brought a thrill of something like pleasure that she should meet him once more!

The weeks had seemed strangely long without him. Why had she thus answered him? Of course the thing he asked was impossible; but, ah, how cruelly she had spurned him!

Had he forgotten it! She had expected some trace of sorrow on the handsome brow; but when he entered, in obedience to her summons, the old, frank smile lit up his face, as devoting himself to the invalid, he spoke to her only when courtesy required.

Somehow, these weeks seemed to have improved him, too. He had acquired a polish; or was it only indifference, where love had reigned? "Men easily forget," she thought, and

How She Described It.

He was a bald-headed bachelor, whose heart had for the first time been moved by the tender passion. "Then you confess," he said, in a trembling voice, to the object of his regards, "that you like me a little—that you admire certain qualities of my head?"

"Yes," shyly responded the young lady.

"And may I ask," he continued, in a voice of emotion, "what those qualities are?" "I can hardly explain," said the young lady bashfully; "but I think it is because your head is so mellifluous—I can't express it more clearly."

"And you can never know how I appreciate your high opinion," exclaimed the happy bachelor, as he pressed her hand. He didn't know just what "mellifluous" meant, but he was sure it was the synonym for something grand and ennobling, and when he bade her good night he rushed eagerly home, excitedly took down the dictionary, and feverishly turned to the endeared word. His blood changed to ice as he read: "Smooth, soft, mellow."

"Take her," said she. "I give her to you!" Then the eyes closed forever.

"Do not mind it," she meant only as a brother, Irene," he said, in comfort, days after, to the weeping girl, and Irene wondered why she could not as such accept it.

So the weary days merged into weeks, the weeks into months, and the proud young spirit learned its own bitterness. She saw Earl rarely now—there was no longer the invalid's impatient demands upon his time. Some of the old friends had come forward in this second hour of suffering; but through all she missed him, and the thought that he had learned forgetfulness brought her no comfort. She was thinking of him one evening, when he entered.

"I am going away, Miss Irene," he said. "Will you bid me God speed?"

The old pride struggled for mastery against the choking in the slender throat, but the words she strove to utter refused to come.

"I have been studying law during these years of hard work, and am now able to wait for the practice I hope will come. You will think of me sometimes, Irene, and if in trouble, remember the words I once said—that I stand always ready to act the part of a friend! Is even this asking too much?" he added, as his silence continued.

Had he, then, forgotten all his words—the love he had said was hers forever—or did his pale ghost lie buried, too? But she must speak—she must not let him know.

"Good-by!" she faltered; then, spite of herself, the words she had thought locked in her heart burst from her: "Earl, do not go. I cannot bear it!"

"Irene!" where had his icy indifference fled now? His face was pale; his voice trembled in his struggle for calmness. "What matters it to you?" "Everything!" she exclaimed, as her

Pay of British Army Officers.

When the army estimates were before the House of Commons recently a member, a former Guardsman, complained of the pay of the Household Brigade being so much more than that of the line. He pointed out that, whereas a Household Cavalry colonel gets £532, a line colonel gets but £410; a major in the former £445, in the latter £351. Captains in the Household Cavalry get £275, lieutenants £188, second lieutenants £146, and adjutants £237; while in the line cavalry the pay for these grades was £266, £164, £146, and £209. In the Foot Guards, majors receive £419, captains £282, lieutenants £233, second lieutenants £100; while in the line the pay of a lieutenant-colonel commanding is £310, a captain £211, lieutenant £118, second lieutenant £95. These figures will show what a much better thing it is to be in the New York police than in her Majesty's army. The humblest doorman in the noble force which guards our lives and property receives \$524 more than a sub-lieutenant of her Majesty's Guards; while a patrolman has \$150 more than a captain of the line, who, moreover, would ordinarily serve at least ten years before he attains that rank. It must be remembered, too, that the officer has to expend a considerable amount of money in his education, to pass a pretty stiff examination, provide himself with a much more expensive uniform, and pay heavy mess bills and regimental dues. At the same time, in contrasting the expenses of these corps, it is fair to add that British officers are not called upon to make a purse periodically for the legislature. If it be once known in England that a stalwart young man can, albeit quite uneducated, obtain \$20 a month, with free lodging—in London a patrolman's pay is £5 12 (\$28)—there will be serious danger of desertion on the part of Queen Victoria's needy subalterns now struggling on less than \$500 a year, who will prefer the fleshpots of New York to the spears of Zululand. Hitherto, however, they have refused to believe in the existence of such an El Dorado. Even those carping critics who deny that our police force is the most efficient in the world cannot but admit that it is the most costly.—N. Y. Times.

"Let us," said the Sunday school teacher, "take our example the godly Abraham." There was a scared look in the eyes of the class, and the boy who sat nearest the door slipped out and cleared off home as fast as his legs would carry him. "One man enjoys what he has. Another suffers what he has not."

Josh Billings' Advice to Singers.

The first thing to make a good quire singer is to giggle a little. Put up your hair in curl papers every Friday night, soze to have it in good shape by Sunday morning.

If your daddy is rich you can buy some store hair; if he is very rich, buy some more and build it up high on your head; then get a high-priced bunnet that runs up very high, at the high part of it, and get the milliner to plant some high crown artificial hair onto the highest part of it. This will help you sing high, as soprano is the highest part.

When the tune is giv out, don't pay attention to it, and then giggle. Giggle a good deal.

Whisper to the girl next you that Em Jones, which sets on second seat from the front on the left-hand side, has her bunnet with the same color exact she had last year, and then put up your book to your face and giggle.

Object to every tune unless there is a solow into it for the soprano. Cuff and hem a good deal before you begin to sing. When you sing a solow shake the armpits off your bunnet, and when you come to a high tone and brace yourself back a little, twist your head to one side and open your mouth to the widest on that side, shut the eye on the same side just a trifle, and then put in for dear life.

When the preacher gets under hedweg with his preachin, write a note onto the blank leaf of your note book. That's what the leaf was made for. Get somebody to pass the note to sumbody else, and you watch them while they read it and then giggle.

If anybody talks or laffs in the congregation and the preacher takes notice of it, that's a good chance for you to giggle, and you ought to giggle a great deal. The preacher darsent say anything to you becaus you are in the quire. If you had a bow before you went into the quire give him the mitten—you ought to have sumbody better now.

Love's Ingenuity.

A couple not 100 miles from Manchester carried on their courtship in rather a novel manner. A young man had fallen in love with the daughter of his employer, but from certain ideas of wealth a match was opposed by the father. The consequence was that the young man was forbidden to visit his employer's house. The old gentleman was in the habit of wearing a cloak, and the young couple made him the innocent bearer of their correspondence. The lady pinned a letter inside the lining of the old man's cloak every day, and when the father went into his counting house and threw of his cloak, the lover took out the lady's epistle, read it and sent the reply back in the same manner. Love and ingenuity were finally successful.

The Sunday Stone.

In an English coal mine there is a constant formation of limestone, caused by the trickling of water through the rocks. This water contains a great many particles of lime, which are deposited in the mine, and as the water passes off these become hard and form the limestone. This stone would always be white like white marble were it not that the men are working in the mine, and as the black dust rises from the coal it mixes with the soft lime, and in that way a black stone is formed. Now, in the night, when there is no coal dust rising, the stone is white; then again, the next day, when the miners are at work, another black layer is formed, and so on alternately black and white through the week until Sabbath comes. Then, if the miners keep holy the Sabbath, a much larger layer of white stone will be formed than before. There will be the white stone of Saturday night and the whole day and night of the Sabbath, so that every seventh day the white layer will be about three times as thick as any of the others. But if the men work on the Sabbath, they see it marked against them in the stone. Hence, the miners call it "the Sunday stone." How they need to be very careful to observe this holy day, when they would see their violation of God's command thus written down in stone—an image of the indelible record in heaven.

One man enjoys what he has.

Another suffers what he has not.