

Strown with Flour. As a truckman was driving his Bucephalus and his chariot along First street this morning a bag of flour on the rear burst, and the snowy contents were distributed along the street.

Golden Tribute. Miss Nellie Meacham, now teaching in the Harrison street school in this city, was presented by her pupils and friends in the Oregon City seminary, where she had been employed some months, with an elegant gold ring and chain, tokens of their appreciation of her services.

Lighthouse on Tillamook Rock. The Astorian says that beyond a doubt the lighthouse on Tillamook Rock will be one of the best on the Pacific Coast. The contract for the delivery at Astoria of Portland stone, brick and other materials has been signed by the contractors, Messrs. Chalmers, Holmes & Jeffery. Work on the foundation will commence about the first of May.

Attempt at Mail Robbery. And now comes the mail carrier between Clackamas and Silverton with his hair breadth escape story, of how a man rushed out of the brush near the latter place and called upon him to stop. This our valiant carrier declined to do and putting spurs to his horse escaped, a bullet whistling uncomfortably near his head as he urged his gallant steed forward. There were several registered packages in the mail sack, but to the honor and credit of Uncle Samuel his agent bore them in safety to their destination, in defiance to the furious demands and whistling bullets of a highwayman.

On a Bound. The Dalles boat brought down two convicts last night who are on their way to Seattle to ruminate on the "hardships of law" in the quiet "retreats" of the penitentiary. They were both in charge of Mr. Oliver Sheard, and their names were James Newbelle and William Russell. Newbelle, like the bad man in the Sunday school book picked up a rope one day in the fastness of Columbia county, and walked off with it, and then Justice gave him a five year's admission ticket to the penitentiary. The joke on Newbelle lies in the fact that he didn't appear to notice that there was a fine horse attached to the end of the rope, which he says he picked up just for fun. Russell ain't a newspaper editor, but then he killed a man, and now he go a fourteen year's dose.

A Ruby Wedding. The Salem Statesman of Tuesday contains the following notice of a very enjoyable occasion in that city on Monday evening, the 9th inst. "The fortieth anniversary of Hon. J. Q. Thornton and wife's marriage was duly celebrated last evening at the Methodist Church. The audience present was quite interested in all the exercises. Prayer was offered by Rev. M. H. Clarke. After appropriate congratulatory remarks by the pastor, Mr. F. Bewley recited a piece full of pathos and point. President Lambert made a few eloquent remarks, followed by Rev. T. H. Rook. Judge Thornton delivered a brief address on the subject of marriage, full of thought and wisdom. Some valuable presents were made, but the Judge and his excellent wife were almost overcome by their emotions in attempting to return thanks. After a thorough and general congratulation with hand shaking all present, the party dispersed well pleased with the ruby wedding." It is certainly meet that silken bands that have escaped the severing sickle of death, and withstood the menace of divorce for four decades, should be adorned by a clasp of sparkling rubies; not to give strength, for that has been thoroughly tested and found equal to the great strain of accumulating years, but as a fitting token of that bright and tender radiance which illumines a pathway that love has kept a united one during a pilgrimage that far exceeds the average life of man. We trust that Judge Thornton and his wife may live to see the rubies of 40 years supplanted by the golden tokens of their fiftieth anniversary.

A Murderous Heathen. The Dallas Itemizer contains the following account of an assault committed last Saturday by a Chinaman upon Wilcy Kimsey, who lives near Perrydale: The Chinaman was one of a band which had been grubbing for Mr. Kimsey, but at the time of the assault was working for Mr. Sargent. On Saturday the heathen came to where Mr. Kimsey was at work and wanted to borrow an ax to cut a pole. Mr. Kimsey was using the best ax, but showed him where an old one was, and the Chinaman took it and spent some time in cutting a pole and seasoning it by the fire. Coming back to where Mr. Kimsey was, he commenced to find fault about the ax being dull, and finally coming close to Mr. K. he aimed a murderous blow at his head with the ax. Mr. Kimsey dodged and received the full force of the blow in the shoulder near the neck, the ax penetrating about two inches, inflicting an ugly and dangerous wound. The Chinaman then threw the ax at him and made for the brush, making his escape. On Monday Sheriff Hall went in search of the miscreant, but failed to find him, and the chances are that he has left that section and will escape the punishment he so richly deserves.

Great Britain has two thousand yachts, with a tonnage of 92,000 tons, whose prime cost was at least \$18,400,000, and assuming a fourth of them to be in commission during the Summer months, the sum expended on their maintenance would, at a rough estimate, amount to near \$3,750,000. (The money spent on yacht building and repairs is some \$750,000, and 5,000 men—1 1/2 the number of the British naval force—are employed.

The other day a young man from the rural districts came to town with a load of wood and a pair of oxen, and in the course of his wandering he came across a fire hydrant that had been opened to clean out the pipes. He stared at the gushing water in dead silence for a moment, and then gave the alarm by shrieking, "Gosh all hemlock! Here's a hitching post sprung a leak worse than a sugar maple."

Good digestion will do a great deal more to keep a man straight than good resolutions.

Foul and Damnable. The telegraph brings the news this morning that the fair land of California has again been stained by a senseless and brutal murder, which is but the direct result of accepting the mark of Cain for the badge of manliness, as it has been the custom to do in that land where ferocity and madness are looked upon as convincing proofs of valor and might. It seems that Hollister, a town in the Southern part of the State, has been the seat of a war that has been carried on of late between two newspapers, the Enterprise and the Telegraph, in the senseless manner of all such affairs vile and low. The editor of the Telegraph, G. W. Carleton, imagining he was doing the public a great favor and that he was magnifying himself by vilifying others, called Brummett, the editor of the Enterprise, a "horse-thief" in his yesterday's edition. Like all cowards, he armed himself, and when Brummett met him and demanded some explanation, Carleton, in keeping with his character, drew his pistol and shot him between the eyes.

And he died at noon. The assassination is almost beyond the manifold mercy of Heaven to pardon or forgive, and the fact that Carleton called himself a Christian and was a church member only renders it more damnable. The murderer comes from Silver City, Idaho, and is well known in Portland, having worked for Himes, the printer, for nearly a year and a half. Mr. Himes says he proved himself a steady and industrious man while with him and was married at his (Himes') house in this city to his present wife who comes from Illyria, Ohio. He left Portland and went to Olympia, where he worked in the Transcript office and there joined the Presbyterian Church. He then drifted to Tacoma, where he opened the first job office ever started in that place. Quitting there he went to Hollister, was taken on the Telegraph force and finally became its proprietor, and now his work culminates in the affair we have just recounted. As long as thugs and bullies having neither the instinct of a gentleman nor the stiring qualities of the man continue to run newspapers in the disgraceful manner they do in California such occurrences as the Carlton-Brummett affair may be looked for and expected.

Parboiling Themselves. One of the most sickening affairs, if, indeed, it is not the most horrible, which it ever has been our duty to chronicle, happened last Saturday on the premises of Mr. Solon Kelley, about eight miles from Huntsville. There was a hog-killing in progress, and two colored men, Robert and Dennis Patrick, brothers, got into a dispute about each other's share in the year's crop. A long kettle filled with water was near by. The water in the kettle had been heated to such a high degree that they were waiting for it to cool a little in order to scald hogs in it. The water was so hot that they were afraid it would "set" the hair of the hogs. This was the high temperature of the water when the brothers began to quarrel. Dennis, who was the oldest, told Robert that he would put him in the kettle if he didn't shut up, and Robert, the preacher brother, told Dennis that if he put him (Robert) in the water he (Dennis) would have to go with him. Dennis caught Robert and pressed him backward in the direction of the kettle. He pressed him, both of them having their arms locked meanwhile, until they both went headlong into the seething water. Their piteous and awful screams and moans soon attracted others to the place, who finally extricated them from the boiling caldron. They retained their senses when first taken out, and their intense agonies were simply beyond description. They at once complained of their hot clothes, and when these were taken from their limbs great flakes of boiled flesh went with them, leaving their bones exposed. Their beards fell out and their hair dropped from their heads. They had literally been cooked alive! The sight was such that those who witnessed it were well-nigh paralyzed with horror. All possible measures of relief were tried during the night, but Robert died the next day, and Dennis died on Monday.—Huntsville (Ala.) Independent.

The breakfast was in every way a most notable and enjoyable event, spiced with wit, redundant with humor, gently touched with pathos, overflowing with appreciation—a season to which memory will ever gladly turn with sincere pleasure. And while the honored brow of Dr. Holmes is wreathed with laurels gathered from the Eastern shores of our continent, we trust that he will not deem it a presumptuous folly if we add thereto "A spray of Western pine."—Bee.

The Chinese believe in the Bible "The sins of the father shall be visited on the children, unto the third and fourth generation," is their rule. In 1877 Yakob Bez, the famous rebel, was put to death, and now an edict has been issued sealing the doom of all his kinsmen, among them being little boys from 5 to 14 years of age. The New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has memorialized Congress, asking it to do all in its power to stop the barbarity about to be perpetrated.

The Atlantic Breakfast. The Publishers of the Atlantic Monthly ask the aid of your company at a Reception and Breakfast to be given at the Hotel Brimley, Boston, on Wednesday, Dec. 3, 1879, at twelve o'clock, in honor of the seventieth Birthday of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. An early answer is desired. 22 DEVONSHIRE ST., BOSTON, NOVEMBER 13, 1879.

The above card of invitation found its way to the desks of the most distinguished literary men and women of the land, and the number who accepted, formed on the 3d of December one of the most brilliant and cultured assemblages ever gathered in New England. The guests, to the number of one hundred, were seated at six tables, which were arranged with an artistic exactness with reference to position, that conducted greatly to the social and intellectual enjoyments of the occasion. At the head of the magnificent dining hall sat the honored guest, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the frosts of seventy Winters lightly touching his venerable head. Mr. Houghton, senior member of the Atlantic Publishing House, occupied the first place at his left; on his right sat Mrs. Whittier and Mrs. Stowe and President Eliot. Opposite the guest at the further end of the hall sat Mr. Howells, editor of the Atlantic. The first seat at the right of Mr. Howells was intended for Mr. Longfellow, but he was unhappily detained by sickness. A diagram of the tables designating the seat occupied by each guest is presented in the February Atlantic. A lithograph of the same was furnished each guest so that it was easy to discover the names of any who might be strangers in person. Among the notables whose names appear at the festive board we find Mr. Eggleston and Mr. Clemens; Dr. Bowditch and Mr. Parkman; Julia Ward Howe and Col. Higginson; Mr. Parton and Mrs. Aldrich; Governor Rice and Mr. Harper, and more than fourscore others whose names are a household word in American literature.

The 29th of August was the anniversary of Dr. Holmes' birth, but since many of his friends and literary associates would be absent at that season the festival was postponed to the day above named. Mr. H. O. Houghton, in conducting the initiatory exercises of the intellectual portion of the great feast said: "In an old almanac of the year 1809 against the date of August 29, is the simple entry 'Son born.' The ink with which that entry was made was blotted with the coarse sand universally used at that time, and that sand to-day, firmly imbedded in the ink, still glistens on the record. May the sands of this life which blot the record of immortality awaiting our Autocrat be as adhesive and continue for many years to come to give out its coruscations of light and truth and beauty!" "Ladies and gentlemen, I give you as a sentiment 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table; O King, live forever!'"

At the giving of this toast the company rose enthusiastically and drank the health of Dr. Holmes. When they were again seated and the applause had died away Dr. Holmes read a poem prepared for the occasion, replete with pathos, tenderness and beauty.

We reproduce the following stanzas, regretting that our space will not accommodate the whole:

Old age, the gray-beard! Well, indeed, I know him— Shrum, tottering, bent, of aches and ills the prey; In verdant story, fable, picture, poem, Oft have I met him from my earliest day: Yes, long, indeed, I've known him at a distance, And now my lifted door-latch shows him I take his shriveled hand without resistance, And find him smiling as his step draws near. What though of ogled baubles he becares us 'Dear to the heart of youth, to manhood's prize. Think of the calm he brings, the wealth he leaves us. The hoarded spoils, the legions of time! Altars once flaming, still with incense fragrant, Passion's uneasy nurslings rocked asleep, Hope's anchor fast, wild desire less v-great, Life's flow less noisy, but the stream how deep! Still as the silver cord gets worn and slender, His lightened task-work logs with increasing strain, Hands get more helpful, voices, grown more tender, Soothe with their softened tones their slumberous brain. But, O my gentle sisters, O my brothers, These thick down snow flakes kind to toil's release! These feathered plumes bid me leave to others The tasks once welcome; evening asks for peace. And now, with grateful smile and accents cheerful, And warmer heart than look or word can tell, In simplest phrase—these traitorous eyes are fearful— Thanks, Brothers, Sisters—Children—and farewell!

The breakfast was in every way a most notable and enjoyable event, spiced with wit, redundant with humor, gently touched with pathos, overflowing with appreciation—a season to which memory will ever gladly turn with sincere pleasure. And while the honored brow of Dr. Holmes is wreathed with laurels gathered from the Eastern shores of our continent, we trust that he will not deem it a presumptuous folly if we add thereto "A spray of Western pine."—Bee.

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Chapman's Patent Churn. Revolving Wonder! Greatest Invention of the Age! Warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. These machines are a success, and worked with ease by small children. READILY ADJUSTED AND EASILY CLEANED! These machines may be had from any of my authorized agents.

ALL ORDERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO A. E. Wadsworth, sole agent for the State of Oregon, headquarters at Salem, Oregon. These machines may be seen by calling at— L. Howe's.....Roseburg Geo. Humphrey.....Eugene Gilmore.....Junction J. P. Ferguson.....Long Tom Hiram Smith.....Harrisburg G. W. Ross.....Philomath Wm. McFadden.....Astoria Ben Strang.....Salem H. P. Frettyman.....E. Portland Or at this office, Jan 30/80

STOVES. Corner of Salmon and First Streets, PORTLAND, DAVID COLE & CO. SELL.

Stoves and ware AND THE LIKE, FOR CASH. Cheaper than you can buy elsewhere, and better stock is used to make his goods. Call and see for yourselves. dec-4 J. H. SETTLEMIER, PROPRIETOR.

WOODBURN NURSERY Marion Co., Oregon. KEEPS A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF Fruit, Shade and Nut Trees, Vines and Shrubbery. NO APHIS OR BARK LOUSE ON HIS TREES. #Send for Circular oct-3m

A LARGE STOCK OF GOODS At Old Prices. L. & E. HIRSCH, SALEM, OREGON. HAVE PLENTY OF GOODS ON HAND, BOUGHT before the rise, and they will sell them at old rates. Old Customers well used and new ones Wanted TO BUY OUR Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hardware and Ironware, Groceries and Provisions, Crockery and Notions, AT THE SAME OLD RATE GOOD GOODS AND GOOD BARGAINS! Come and see us and have a friendly chat and see we can't prove all we say.

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Just from Illinois! FINE STALLIONS Mr. M. B. RANKIN

O. P. BLOOMINGTON, McLEAN CO., ILLINOIS, has just returned to our State with these fine animals: KING BEE.—Horse of all work; five years old; dark bay; weight 1,300 pounds. PEACOCK.—A Coach horse; Cleveland bay; seven years old; weight 1,400 pounds. BLUCHER.—Coach and draft horse; jet black; five years old; weight 1,500 pounds. NOTICE.—Mr. Rankin has sworn testimony as to the breeding of this stock, and will sell it on reasonable time with good paper. These were all premium horses in their classes at home, and can be seen at the stable, corner of Ash and Third streets, Portland, Jan 10-1m

356,532 SINCERE SEWING MACHINES. Sold in 1878, being an increase of 75,000 over any previous year. BUY THE BEST! Waste no money on "cheap" counterfeits. SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. WILLIS H. FRY, Manager, 183 First Street, Portland, Or.

ANOTHER SUFFERER! Snatched from the Grave. I think it my duty to suffering humanity to make the following statement: My wife's sufferings were unbearable, doctoring all the time, still she grew worse and weaker every day till she was a mere skeleton. As a last and only resort, I was advised to consult Dr. VAN DYKE BROS., sr. I must say I had but little faith in her ever getting relieved. The Doctor made a very thorough examination, he said it was possible to effect a cure in three months. He stated worse was the cause of the gnawing sensation and the great distress and pain in her stomach; also the female and nervous debility and all other miseries. After taking his medicine for about ten days she commenced getting better and kept on getting better and gained strength, and 16 pounds of solid flesh, during the treatment. Thanks to the Doctor for saving my wife from an early grave, and my little children from being motherless. For any further information inquire at my residence and see my wife herself. No. 65 South Fifth and Sherman streets. S. T. RANDALL AND WIFE.

REMOVAL OF A GRAVEL The Size of a Walnut Without the Loss of a Single Drop of Blood. After doctoring for seven long years with many doctors and surgeons, and suffering during all that time the greatest pain and agony, no rest day or night, I consulted Dr. VAN DYKE BROS., of 213 First Street, Portland; he said operation was out of the question, but he would remove the stone; which was the size of a walnut, by drilling. The first drilling lasted five hours and brought one nail of the stone away, in small gravel and sand, and sent a single drop of blood, which gave a great deal of relief. The following week, after two and a half hours of skillful drilling the doctor found the remainder of the stone also in fine gravel and sand without the loss of a single drop of blood, and thanks to the doctor's skillful treatment I am cured of the most agonizing and painful malady known to the medical profession. For further information call at my place on Saville's Island, Willamette County, Oregon, Dec. 14th, 1879. THOMAS WILSON, Multnomah county, Oregon, Dec. 14th, 1879. Witness, G. W. Thayer.

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