

FAMILIAR SCENERY.

Judge H. P. Deady Among the Friends of Early Manhood.

Over 32 years ago, says the Clairville, Ohio, *Gazette* of the 15 ult., there lived in St. Clairsville a poor young man, named Matthew P. Deady, who was just beginning the practice of law. He was a native of Maryland, and had lived in Colerain township, and at Barnesville in this county before coming to St. Clairsville. His father was a blacksmith and Matthew learned that trade himself; but the young man was talented and ambitious and determined to make his mark in the world. He came to St. Clairsville, studied law with the late Judge Wm. McKenney, Sr., was admitted to the bar, and entered upon the practice of his profession. But Mr. Deady was full of enterprise, and he resolved to strike out for the then unoccupied and almost unknown regions west of the Rocky Mountains, where the opportunities for young men ambitious to be the architects of their own fortunes, were greater than were afforded in the old town of St. Clairsville. Accordingly, in the year 1849, Mr. Deady bid farewell to home and friends and started for the far-off Pacific coast. After months of travel, tramping it part of the way, and driving mule teams the remainder, young Deady reached California, and shortly afterwards located in Oregon, where he has since built for himself a name and fame of which any man well be proud. Soon after locating in Oregon President Pierce appointed Mr. Deady Territorial Judge, and a few years later President Buchanan appointed him United States District Judge for Oregon (a life position worth \$5,000 a year) which he still holds. In politics Judge Deady is a Democrat, and he is one of the very few Democrats holding Federal offices by appointment before the war.

Last Wednesday evening Judge Deady, accompanied by his wife, whom he married in Oregon, returned to St. Clairsville to visit his old time friends, of whom many still remain, though the majority have passed away during those eventful 32 years. To most of the people of St. Clairsville Judge Deady was known only by reputation, but these as well as his old acquaintances were glad to see him and welcome him back to the old town. On Friday evening our citizens tendered the Judge and his charming wife a reception at the National Hotel, where they were stopping, which was a very pleasant affair for all who were present. The elegant parlors of the National Hotel were filled with a large number of our best people. About 9 o'clock the St. Clairsville band appeared in front of the hotel and played some of their best music, after which Judge Chambers addressed the assemblage as follows:

What Does this Mean?

Gen. James S. Brisbin, a distinguished engineer, says the Walls Walla Union, who has been in charge of the Yellowstone and Montana divisions of the Northern Pacific railroad, writes to the New York *Herald* that that road after leaving Helena, Montana, "passes over the Rocky mountain divide through the Deer Lodge pass, and enters the Deer Lodge valley. A tunnel will have to be constructed through the divide, but it will be short and easily made. The tunnel will be made this Winter. From Deer Lodge valley the road runs along Hell Gate river into the Missoula valley and up this valley to Lo Lo pass, where it passes over into Washington Territory and Oregon." Only one of two constructions can be placed on this; either Gen. Brisbin is mistaken or the Northern Pacific is to be built over the Lo Lo—Clearwater pass. The operations of the company at and beyond Pend d'Oreille lake, where they have large forces of men at work grading, bridging and clearing the way, would indicate that Gen. Brisbin was mistaken. On the other hand, we have it from a very reliable source that Mr. Zahner found the Lo Lo—Clearwater pass—explored by Maj. Truxax last Summer, much better than reported. What the plans of the Northern Pacific railroad company are, one can guess as well as another. Gen. Brisbin's letter is only a straw showing the possible direction of the wind.

SHORT STATISTICS.—Exports, foreign, from Portland during the past year, \$5,324,503; imports, \$431,257. Internal revenue collections, \$84,314. Value of new buildings erected, \$1,147,865; street improvements, \$283,000; freight movements by the O. R. & N. Co. for 11 months, including November 30th, from Upper Columbia to Portland, 152,265 tons; from Portland to Eastern Oregon and Washington, 129,309 tons; exports from Astoria for the year, \$1,736,933; imports, \$220,218. Total domestic exports to foreign countries and San Francisco, over \$10,100,000.

Judge Deady then spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, OLD FRIENDS AND NEW FRIENDS,—and particularly the old friends!—This is not an occasion for speech-making. Besides, speech-making is not my vocation; and I have been so long on the Bench that I have forgotten the art, if I ever knew it. But, if I ever were an orator, could not express the pleasure which this friendly demonstration gives me.

Years ago, as my friend Judge Chambers has so eloquently told you—nearly the limit of an average generation—I left this historic town, so long the capital of the picturesque hills, constituting the county of Belmont, for the far-off and then almost unknown shore of the Pacific Ocean. Although not to the manor born, and comparatively then new among you, in a few years I had lived here. I had found friends and formed friends which made the going no light or easy matter.

Here I had lived during the most impressionable years of my young life—here I had read law, been admitted to the bar and commenced the practice; and now, upon my return after an absence of more than 32 years, I am glad to find that I am not forgotten. Indeed it stirs my blood and warms my heart to find so many of my early friends and associates, to get together with other distinguished ladies and gentlemen, here to-night to welcome me back to St. Clairsville.

During my absence I have seen an infant settlement in Oregon grow into a great State. In its progress thus far, I have taken, I may say without boasting, a not inconspicuous part. Portland, its commercial metropolis, contains 25,000 inhabitants, and is doubling its population every decade. Its commerce extends to every quarter of the globe and it transacts the business of the surrounding country for at least 300 miles. And I have seen the beginning of it.

But during all this time and among all these interesting and engrossing affairs, I have never forgotten the pleasant days spent here with my youthful friends, then full of hope and confidence, some of whom I see around me tinged with gray and looking down the decline of life. Together we walked, sang, danced, read and discussed the current ques-

tions of the day, little thinking how various and diverse our futures were to be.

Wherever I have roamed, whether over the trackless prairies or through the sombre forest, or however engaged, the light of these days has never faded from my memory. The society of "The Seven" was a literary and debating club, so called, because by its constitution only seven persons could be members of it at any one time. But in fact, only five persons ever belonged to it. It met weekly or semi-weekly. The meetings were presided over by one of the members, who also acted as secretary and treasurer during that meeting, and then these dignitaries devolved upon the next one in alphabetical order. The other four engaged in the discussion, or other exercises of the evening. One of this five is asleep upon a forest shore, one is here tonight and an honored and worthy member of this community. Another has just been chosen as your judge, and the fourth has the honor of now addressing you. The fifth one is still alive, but I can't say exactly where, and I believe fondly flitting with the muses.

Now have I ever forgotten our distinguished seniors at the Bar of that day. They were the men who had made the name of St. Clairsville known and honored far and near, in the halls of Congress, at the Bar and Bench. Most of them have passed over to the other world.

Among them I call the names of Shannon, Peck, Jewett, Carroll, Alexander, Genin, Cowen and the two Kennons—William, junior and senior. Truly, of them it may be said, they were giants in those days. Much of what I am and have accomplished in this world is largely due to my association and converse with those men during this formative period of my life.

Particularly do I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to the precepts and example of my preceptor—Judge Wm. Kenyon, senior, "the noblest Roman of them all."

The desire to see him once more in this life was the principal cause of my present visit here. But death preceded me a few weeks, and the good husband and father, the true friend, the patriot citizen, the wise counsellor and just judge had already sunk to his rest, full of years and honors. [Applause]. Yesterday I stood by his new-made grave in the old cemetery over yonder and thanked God that I had known him in my youth, and breathed a prayer that I might so live as to meet him at last in the assembly of the just.

In conclusion, permit me on behalf of myself and wife to again thank you all for your attention and kindness to us while here. She is the most valuable prize I have drawn in the lottery of life, and the best friend I have found since I left you; and it gives me great pleasure to present her to my friends in St. Clairsville. [Applause].

The meeting then broke up with regretful leave-takings, and on Saturday morning Judge and Mrs. Deady left for Barnesville, where they intend spending a few days and then go to Washington, D. C. They will return to Oregon early in January. The Judge and his wife are a very good looking and pleasant couple, apparently yet in the prime of life, and all who met them were delighted with them.

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What Shall the Future Be?

The policy heretofore pursued by the people of Oregon has been one of impoverishment rather than of building up. Wheat and wool have been sent abroad to purchase needed supplies. We send our wool three thousand miles to be then worked up ready made clothing to be again freighted three thousand miles back to us. Our beef hides are shipped in the same way, and we get our boots and shoes from the East. Thus our producers and consumers are made to pay heavy freights to and from the States, while the products of our State are artificially restricted to such articles as can be shipped over long routes and heavy expense, thus greatly limiting the source of income and narrowing the channel of profitable employment. The time is at hand when this condition of things should be changed. If new enterprises are not to be inaugurated, if the present system is to be continued, then the clamor for more immigration is only for accelerated exhaustion. Our soils are fast becoming exhausted, and the grasses fed off so that our wheat crop must decrease and our wool gradually fail, while our needs will not in any sense diminish. We must devise means for utilizing our natural advantages; we must manufacture a portion of our wool and furnish our home market with all needed woolen goods, and the same is true of all articles manufactured from leather, iron and wood, in other words, we should become pre-eminently manufacturing people.—*Daily Statesman*.

Good Chance for Settlers.

Mr. Drake, who has been up on Rogue river recently, tells us that there is more vacant land in that part of our county which is desirable for farms than is generally known. A number of settlers could find good paying ranches in the Government land about the Meadows and Evans creek. There is excellent land and good range for small bands of stock. As evidence of what kind of soil may be found there, Mr. Drake brought us a bunch of oats which are about the tallest we have ever seen, the stalks being over 7½ feet in length. This grew at the Daniel Reynold's place on "Oak Hill," at the head of Evans creek, and Mr. R. has also raised his own tobacco and has syrup from cane of his own raising. From John Bailey's, at the Meadows, Mr. Drake brought specimens of white club wheat, which are very fine, the heads being unusually long and the berry plump and large. Some of the heads yielded over a hundred kernels each. Persons looking for farms ought to well to visit this section.—*Aland Tidings*.

SHORT BUT SWEET.—The December term of the State Circuit Court for Multnomah county was only in session for 15 days and during that time the sentences to the penitentiary aggregated 36 years and the fines \$250, as follows: W. Smith, 9 years; Tim Wheeler, 6; Fitzpatrick, 5; Andrews, 15; Ah Sing, 6; Ah On, 1; and R. Lampert, 1; James Welch, fined \$100; John Hess, \$100.

IMPORTANT MILITARY NEWS.—The following was received last evening from Vancouver: Colonel Cuvier Grover, 1st Cavalry, is appointed special inspector on one crest cost, a Fort Walla Walla, W. T., for whom Lieut. Wm. H. Miller, R. Q. M., 1st Cavalry, Asst. A. Q. M., is accountable, reported the 26th instant as requiring the action of an inspector.

A farm of 1500 acres, in Barry county, Mo., is to be devoted to the breeding of mules.

GENERAL NEWS.

State and Territorial Notes.

Weston Leader: Probstel Bros. have just butchered 33 head of hogs that aggregated 10,930 pounds, or an average of 331 pounds net weight. The heaviest one weighed 510 pounds with 28 pounds lard—total 538. Last year the average gross weight of 31 hogs was 309 pounds. They have yet about 80 head to kill. If any one can beat the above, speak right out.

Weston Leader: If we have a dash of snow here, we think our climate as bad as the Eastern States, and if it rains for two or three consecutive days, we consider we are degenerating into a regular Wchitost climate. But in how many parts of the United States can we go forth at Christmas and get a mess of trout?

Seattle Post-Intelligencer: The fine barkentine, built at this place for the Puget Mill Company, was launched this afternoon. She was named the "Kitaps," and her dimensions are as follows: Length, 175 feet; beam, 40 feet; hold, 15 feet, and tonnage 894. She is a very fine model; is built of the very best selected material, and is as strong and substantial as wood and iron can make her. She is copper fastened and coppered to the water-line, and will carry about 800,000 feet of lumber. Her builder is Mr. John Beaton, late of California, and a more gentlemanly and honest ship builder never tried the shores of Puget Sound. Her lower masts and rigging were put in while on the stocks. Mr. Saxie, the jolly old landsman, is the rigger. The wood carving was done by Mr. Allen in a very neat and tasty manner, and is admired by all. Capt. Robinson, of the Kluckitat, it is said, will be her commander.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company has, within a month, had 325 miles of new road accepted by the United States Government—100 miles in Dakota and Montana, and 225 miles in Washington and Idaho Territories. By this acceptance the company acquires 5,760,000 acres of agricultural and timber lands in Washington and Idaho, and 2,560,000 acres of farming and grazing lands in Western Dakota, in all 8,320,000 acres.

Plaindealer: Mr. Sol Abrahams, right of way agent for the O. C. & R. R. Co., has secured the right of way through the different farms from here to the head of Cow Creek valley, where a depot has been located. From there south the road goes through government land until it reaches Galesville, and there will be no more work for him in that line until the survey reaches that point. Mr. Abrahams is, no doubt, the best man the company could have engaged to do that work, as he is not only personally acquainted with all with whom he will have to come in contact, but is a thorough business man, and will serve the best interests, both of the company and those through whose land the road is located.

State Line Herald: From B. M. Cobb, who was in town this week, direct from Juniper Mountain, we learn that sheep on the desert are wintering splendidly. There are now about 10,000 head of sheep out there. They are all in good order. The range is excellent. But little snow has fallen so far—barely enough to supply necessary water for stock. Cattle have not been driven to the desert yet. A great many are now among the tufts of the Chewchan marsh.

In a conversation with Mr. B. D. Butler, of Alder Creek, W. T., we learn, says the *Dalles Times*, that the season so far has been very favorable for stock of all kinds. The grass is four inches high, and furnishes good feed for cattle, horses and sheep. Without a sudden change, he thinks the present Winter will pass without any great damage to flocks. The wet Fall was very good for grain sowing, and Mr. B. is in hopes that the yield next year will surpass any former one.

Albany Democrat: A. J. Olin, one of our practical farmers, brought in last Tuesday, and sold to Mr. West, the butcher, of Salem, the nicest porkers we have seen for a long time. They weighed, when dressed, 356 and 333 pounds, and brought their owner the nice little sum of \$53.85. They were a cross of Berkshire and Poland China, only 10 months and 11 days old, and had gained on an average over a pound a day since their birth. Still we hear some farmers say there is no money in pork. Blooded stock don't cost very much—get some of it and experiment a little. This thing of raising wheat, wheat, wheat! all the time, and nothing else, is old fogeyism.

Honor to Whom Due.

The policy heretofore pursued by the people of Oregon has been one of impoverishment rather than of building up. Wheat and wool have been sent abroad to purchase needed supplies. We send our wool three thousand miles to be then worked up ready made clothing to be again freighted three thousand miles back to us. Our beef hides are shipped in the same way, and we get our boots and shoes from the East. Thus our producers and consumers are made to pay heavy freights to and from the States, while the products of our State are artificially restricted to such articles as can be shipped over long routes and heavy expense, thus greatly limiting the source of income and narrowing the channel of profitable employment. The time is at hand when this condition of things should be changed.

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Handsome Array of Meats.

Mr. A. H. Johnson, wholesale butcher, who occupies the stall on First street of the New Central Market, made an unusual display of meats for Christmas, that well deserve a mention. One carcass of mutton, a Cotswold, weighed 214 pounds, and that was one of several remarkably good sheep; the most remarkable of all his exhibit were four carcasses of hogs; a Yorkshire sow and three of her pigs eighteen months old, that averaged 740 pounds each, 2,960 pounds for the lot. Mr. Johnson had two Yorkshire sows, pure bred. This extraordinary English breed grow to very large size. The pigs were half Berkshires. We doubt much if any four hoggs were ever killed in Oregon that gave this weight.

N. P. R. R.'s NEW OFFICERS.—Three officers of the Northern Pacific Railroad (western department) yesterday commenced to occupy their newly prepared and very comfortable quarters in the south end of Zeta Psi block, corner of Front and D streets. Following are the officers who will have headquarters in this city: Supervising engineer, auditor, disbursing officer, superintendent traffic, purchasing agent, paymaster, cashier, and general baggage agent. The western department includes the Clarke's Fork, Pen d'Oreille, Columbia river, Cascade mountain and Pacific divisions. The balance of the officers will move into their rooms within a week.

Exposure of Stock in Wet Weather.

The man who lives in a climate reputed to be moderate, cannot expose his stock with impunity, because the frequently cold rains of such a climate are more damaging than the dry, bracing atmosphere of a more northerly location. Experience proves this; and the proofs are borne out by the teachings of physiology, namely, that a dry, cool atmosphere is a tonic which, indulged in with moderation, will invigorate; while, on the other hand, a wet, chilly atmosphere is depressing to the vital forces in the highest degree.

Perhaps there is no kind of exposure that is more detrimental, or which causes greater discomfort, than to be forced to stand upon the feet during day and night, or otherwise lie in the wet nest. The cow, the horse, and the pig, particularly abhor a wet bed. Rheumatism, lung and bronchial ailments, congestion of the liver, bowels or kidneys, in fact any ailment which comes of congestion, may be contracted in a night by a beast that is forced to lie in the wet. No function of the body can go on, even moderately well, under the damaging influences of a wet nest; and to put fat upon a beast so exposed is not possible, except through the expenditure of a very large amount of feed—greatly larger than required by an animal comfortably housed and bedded.—*National Live-Stock Journal*.

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