

"Fine Pictures fit to Frames as Fine; Consistency is a Jewel."

While editing a non-political paper, we still claim the right to criticize the methods by which a number of political papers are seeking to advance their interests. Chief among these is the oft recurring assertion that this or that measure will fail on account of the political complexion of the members of the national legislature. This is the sheerest folly; it has no weight or should not have with the intelligent and advancing thought of the nineteenth century. On the other hand, if it be true and incontrovertible that good measures fail, and that the enactment of just laws becomes impossible from no other cause than that they will not advance the selfish aims of party, the sooner the "great body" of the people rise to a sense of the situation, the better it will be for the country. As we claim the possession of the best government the world ever saw, we ought to have the benefit of it—the substance and not the shadow. The argument is unworthy of the space devoted to it, and it is totally irreconcilable with the idea which prevails—chiefly among newspaper men—that the mission of the newspaper is to educate the people. There can be neither education nor improvement in ex parte assertions promulgated for no more worthy purpose than the success of party—for men, regardless of principle, and which engender no higher attributes than those of passion and prejudice. Such papers are but the jackals of party. The lion is about to sit down to a sumptuous repast, and the followers are howling for their insignificant dole. We entertain the most supreme contempt for anything or anybody, whether it is a newspaper man, "or any other man" whose chief aim and highest earthly ambition, is to cry himself hoarse, to whoop, rip and hurrah for a mere politician. The tail of the comet may add dignity to the nucleus by the sheer force of contrast, but the elements which go towards making the tail of party—the howlers, and the newspaper full of lying eulogy for its friends, and venomous vituperation for its foes, but detract from the dignity of the greater body by the odious comparison.

Quoting from an article in the News, on the celebration of the "Fourth," at this place, we glean the following, which will be news of a surprising character to some who participated in that ceremony: "Mr. Gray was disposed to give the fathers all due credit for their work in the foundation of the republic, but contended that while we have reason to be proud of our ancestors, our ancestors have equal reason to be proud of us." If Mr. Gray made use of the closing remark in that sentence, we failed in hearing it. There can be no doubt that the writer made a mistake in placing Mr. Gray in such an anomalous position. Having no desire to enter upon any lengthened criticisms, we will conclude with a quotation, which in our opinion, will be satisfactory to all concerned, as well as a complete refutation of the illogical statement: "For to him that is joined to the living there is hope; for a living dog is better than a dead lion. For the living know that they shall die; but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward."

Will some of our good natured contributors please to remember one essential point in newspaper ethics. The columns of a newspaper cannot be devoted to one article or one subject, and thus exclude other interesting matter. Be concise. In other words, cut it as short as possible. Others wish to be heard as well as to hear. We appreciate and will gladly insert articles that are interesting and instructive; but the matter must be diversified, otherwise it becomes monotonous, and the periodical fails to please.

THE HOG.

We made an attempt lately to write an essay that would not only interest the farming population, but take them by surprise, also. We got well under-way, but caught a snag, and fortunately, too. If we had succeeded in wading through the intricacy of the subject involved, we would have not only surprised the farmers, but utterly astonished them. The idea to which we clung tenaciously—as a sucker clings to a shark—we intended naming "the practical use of the plow," but, as we never plowed anything but the sea, we went to sea, on the subject, and got lost in a labyrinth of conjecture. We thought of all kinds of farm products, and, finally, settled on hogs. The hog is a good subject—when fat, pickled and packed in a barrel. Alive, he is a busy animal; there is nothing lazy about him. The great trouble with the hog is, that, having no aristocratic notions—being always meek and lowly in his disposition, he is still inclined to enter the point of his proboscis where he has received no invitation. This is a lamentable fact. Thus far, we have but touched on the amiable disposition of the porcine quadruped who gazes up when we encounter him, with an innocent, let-me-alone-I-won't-do-any-harm, kind of a look. The worst of it is that he belies his looks; as, we have no sooner turned our backs, than he is diligently at work raising the foundation of the farm or garden. As a labor-saving machine, the hog is a success. He is always energetic in his desire to lighten the duties of his owner, and, if permitted, will remain faithful at his post. There are different kinds of hog. There is the hog, spoken of above; the Chinese hog; the Guinea-pig-hog; the "root hog or die"—hog; but, worst of all is the biped hog. He is the forerunner and herald of all other hogs. 'Tis he that opens the gate and leaves it so that the beasts of the field may run riot in the garden of the husbandman. Beware of this hog as you would beware of fire. Malice is imbedded in his heart, and destruction is his highest attribute. Watch him—give him no opportunity to insert his diabolical nose in your reserve, then, he may be unable to revel in the satanic delight which he takes in the misfortune of others. Give the biped hog a portion of your attention, then, the quadruped will be of infinitely less trouble, and you will have no cause to regret it.

Oil on the Troubled Waters.

We have struck it at last, and cannot afford to waste the opportunity. Another missive has been received with reference to our course in the future, and the dire consequences which will be the effect of ignoring the writer's advice. We are, if unmindful, to be visited with "undying hatred," "perpetual enmity," "withering contempt," and a bunch of superfluous epithets more numerous than polite. This thing is becoming monotonous; but, it may have the effect of stirring our anatomy, and enable us to take a correct view of the situation. We don't wither with a cent, and, as for "undying hatred," we would like to entertain a specimen of that commodity, to mix with the peaceable condition of the element by which we are surrounded. Casting our eyes over the subscription list, we fail in finding the name of this virulent receptacle of "undying hatred;" this spasmodic contortionist in the labyrinth of tautological infinitesimals; this leaky bag of windy, "withering contempt." No doubt, he borrows the paper, and while he is too mean to buy a copy, his aim is to dominate its columns. What would the world be without variety? Let him send along his vindictive specimens, and not spare us. In truth, we are but a rough sample of the genus biped, consequently, we need polishing; and as he reveals a propensity for the business, we will give him the job. Finally, we remark that his "undying hatred" and all its concomitants will have the same effect on us, as a drop of water on the back of a duck.

The Arrogance of Poverty and Ignorance.

How frequently we come in contact with captious people, whose chief delight is to be continually finding fault, and for whom, could we but deceive ourselves with the idea that they were sincere, it might be said that there is nothing in the heavens above, or the earth below, that will afford the slightest gratification. When poverty, ignorance and wealth become obtrusive, when they have no regard for propriety or the feelings of those who consider the amenities of life worth practicing, they should be taught a lesson, and the continuity of the reproach will have the effect of opening their eyes and expanding their minds until they become convinced of the folly of their abominable course. Wealthy people and those who are educated, whether wealthy or not, are seldom guilty of rude behavior. We generally find that rudeness and incivility are practiced more by the upstart—the fungus growth of a vagrant hour—the loud, obtrusive disciple of incipient bravado. We encounter this element in all the walks of life—the theatre—the ball-room—the dining table—the church—in fact, it penetrates and obstructs all the avenues of our social structure. Poverty and pride are uncongenial bed-fellows. They are as transparent as glass, and reflect nothing but that which rebounds with the rapidity of lightning, and reveals the debasing nature of a too conspicuous vulgarity.

False Delicacy.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense." We have been trying to pry into this mock sentiment, in the light of some reflections that were cast upon the merits and demerits of a foot-race in which a lady took part, on the Fourth. The maxim at the head of this article says: "Evil to him who evil thinks." So say we. Why should a female not enjoy the blessings of healthy exercise, and skip, jump, run, if so inclined, as well as a male? While we do not object to dancing, let us ask this question: Is there any more harm—is there as much—in a vigorous, respectable run, than there is in the lascivious proximity of the sexes while cavorting through the mazes of the round dance? Away with this false delicacy. The Goddess of Liberty is represented by the figure of a woman. Let woman, then, be allowed to enjoy the substance as well as the symbol. She has a perfect right to expand her muscle and increase her vigor as well as man.

Over the Rapids.

Cascade Locks, Or., July 5th '84. The government launch went over the falls at 11:30 this morning. Those who saw the little craft go over the rapids will long remember it, and especially those who were aboard. She was taken over by Capt. E. B. Allcott, superintendent of the locks, and Machen, the pilot of the government tow boat, Fred J. Carroll, assistant engineer, and Chas. A. Ross were all who were on board. It was a dangerous undertaking. Precaution was taken before she went over, to put canvass over her front part and board up her windows, so that she would go over safely. She shot the rapids in fine style, but went out of sight in the water, once. Messrs. Brown and Smith were below the falls with a small boat, ready to help those on board in case anything should happen to the little steamer. She will soon be taken to Portland to be used by Capt. Powell on the lower river. Everything is very quiet at the locks. It is to be hoped that work will soon commence again. If congress passes a good liberal sum of money, it will not be many years until the locks will be finished and boats running up the river to the Dalles. It is a pity that this great work is left idle so long every year, when so much work could be done to advantage in low water. Thos. Hope.

What is the difference between a Jew and a lawyer? The one gets his profits from the law, and the other gets his law from the prophets.

We notice the familiar faces of some gentlemen from Marshfield, on our streets. They arrive in gloom and depart in sunshine. The cause is easily explained and must be credited to the "way up" style of living of the Coquiller. Our hotels can take the palm for diversity. The tables are supplied with the best that the market and garden produce, and with fruit in abundance. Charley Olive says that he has the finest dining-room in the county—the best cooks, and the prettiest—what there. Whither are we drifting? We have not seen all the dining-rooms in the county, but we must bear witness to the fact that the Olive hotel contains a commodious one. We advise our friends on Coos bay, to come over and get a square meal.

No balm can soothe this stinging pain—The spark ignites—"I has burned me. I asked her if she would explain—"I won't," she said, and spurned me.

Market Report.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Eggs, Apples, Flour, Butter, Cheese, Beefsteak, Beef, Mutton, Salt Pork, Corned Beef, Hams, Bacon, Lard, Potatoes, Cabbage, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Rice, Beans, Apples (dried), Raisins, Currants, Wool, Dry Hides, Green, Hay.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, July 7, 1884. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the judge or clerk of Coos county, Oregon, at Empire City on Saturday, August 16, 1884, viz: James Lanab, Homestead No. 3063 for the lots 1 and 2 and N. E. 1/4 of S. E. 1/4 and S. E. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4 Sec. 26, T. 28, S. B. 12 West.

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NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, June 18, 1884. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the judge or clerk of Coos county, at Empire City, Oregon, on Friday, July 25, 1884, viz: Robert Ward, Homestead No. 3871 for the S E quarter of N W quarter, E half of S W quarter and S W quarter of S E quarter section 26, township 29, south of range 13 west, Willamette meridian.

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