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FOREST GROVE LODGE NO. 136,
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MEETS AT ITS HALL EVERY SATURDAY evening at 6 o'clock. Al members of the Order in good standing are cordially invited to attend. m22:1y

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n7:1y

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CALENDAR.

The year, in all departments of the Institution, is divided into three terms, beginning on the first Wednesday of September, December and March, and will close at Commencement, on the first Wednesday in June. There will be a vacation of one week, during the Christmas holidays.

Tuition.

$45 and $30 a Year. n12-m

What a Maiden said to Me.

Ah, distinctly I remember
Gentle words from woman's lip,
When the dewy twilight rested
On the grass where fairies trip,
And the daylight's dying embers
Faded on the purple lea,
As I heard in broken whispers
What a maiden said to me.

Curls blew lightly round my shoulders
As the soft wind kissed the vine,
The dark eyes from darker lashes
Threw their love light into mine:
At our feet the brook went singing
With a soft melodious glee,
And its music seemed to echo
What a maiden said to me.

In my arms another's rested,
In my hand another's burned
And so tenderly I pressed it
That the pressure was returned;
Then I whispered low and asked her
If my true love she would be,
And I think I need not tell you,
What a maiden said to me.

East Oregon and Washington Conference.

TRIP TO PALOUSE.

We clip the following important letter descriptive of parts of Eastern Oregon, Idaho and Washington Territory from the *Advocate*, for the instruction of many of our readers who know little of that wild region, also for the benefit of our subscribers in the "States."

On the morning of the first day of Nov. I left Walla Walla, for a town north of Snake river, holding quarterly-meeting on the way at Waitsburg. Though the appointed pastor, Bro. W. E. Koontz, had not yet arrived we had a good meeting. The people are anxiously awaiting his arrival and will make him welcome to his fine field when he arrives. Monday morning I said "good bye" to my very kind host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Preston, and after a travel of 35 miles found a warm greeting at the home of Bro. and Sister Sheffield—to their "fifth avenue brown stone mansion," as she facetiously called it. This is situated about sixty rods back from Snake river in the mouth of a long flat which cuts miles southward through the rolling hills. The road during the day was over a country mostly unoccupied. Crossing the valley of Tucannon, and for six miles up that of Pataha, it is all a fine grazing, and mostly an excellent grain country. I was traveling parallel with the Blue mountains, and probably twenty miles westward of them and all between was a country which one day will be a vast grain field. Nineteen-twentieths of it is yet unclaimed. From Bro. Sheffield's, my route was up Snake river seven miles to the ferry. There are several farms on the eastern side of the river. The bottoms along the river are undoubtedly unexcelled for fruits, especially the more delicate varieties, like peaches, grapes, etc. Crossing the river the road strikes the mouth of the narrow valley the Knawawa, following up that stream about 18 miles, then crossing a low divide to

UNION FLAT.

This is a long valley running parallel with Snake river and but a few miles from it, from near Lewiston in Idaho, seventy-five miles, in a southwesterly direction. Its width varies from a few rods to miles, bordered everywhere by low rolling hills, nearly all of which can be easily cultivated. Crossing this and through the rolling country to the north a couple of miles brought me to Rebel Flat, shorter and of the same general character of soil, though not timbered and watered like Union Flat. Down this a few miles and I was on the hills that overlook the Palouse river, and

COLFAX

The county seat of Whatcom county. The town is situated at the junction of South and North Palouse. It has two stores, a good hotel, mechanic shops of various kinds, a saw-mill, and a flouring mill expected to be in operation this fall. The outlook of the place is promising. Desiring to see as much of the country as possible, I took a Dr. Bunnell into my buggy and we drove out of Colfax, crossing North Palouse, and heading northeast towards "Steptoes Butte," we travelled up "Dry Fork" about two hours, then a little more east to "Silon Creek" when at three o'clock we dined with Bro. and Sister Rector, formerly from Waldo Hills. From this we passed on to Upper Pine Creek, reaching at seven o'clock, the residence of Bro. Price. Sister Price soon reminded me that she "knew Harvey Hines more than 20 years ago on the plains," and wondered how it was that so long a time had left so few traces of its passing on him. We were now two miles and more into Idaho, and fifty north of Lewiston, and had made an irregular half circle around "Steptoe." It was on the "butte," which outlooks the whole country, where on the 16th of May, 1858, a thousand Indians under the leadership of Kamiakin surrounded Colonel Steptoe, with one hundred and fifty-nine men, and a fierce battle was fought. Captain Oline, H. P. Taylor, and Lieut. William Gaston and a number of the men were killed. The remainder of the command was saved by breaking through the foe, and making a forced night march of 75 miles to Snake river, and reaching and crossing it at ten o'clock next morning.

In the morning, resuming our ride we took the Colville and Lewiston treil, worn deep and wide by the rushing feet of the now decaying tribes to whom this was a very paradise, and turning toward Lewiston, over one of the most beautiful regions I have ever traveled, stopped at noon at Mr. LaDows, 38 miles from Lewiston, and on the line between W. T. and Idaho. Down LaDows' Flat to the Palouse again, thence along fine valleys and among beautiful hills. At dusk we were back at Colfax, having made an oblong circle of perhaps seventy-five miles. After Sabbath, desiring to pursue explorations as far as possible, Bro. D. S. Bowman took a seat with me in the buggy, and we headed towards "Kamiakin Mountain" which stands confronting "Steptoe," distant probably twenty miles southward. This route led us on a most charming country, crossing again into Idaho, passing over a low timbered spur of the Coer d'Alene mountains, and striking the beautiful valley of the South Palouse some twenty miles from Colfax, night found us in Idaho, and 18 miles from Lewiston. Crossing into W.T. again in the morning, we swept a circle still southward and westward, and at sunset found ourselves again at Colfax. I will now try to give some general news of the country—a very difficult thing to do.

It is not a valley, but a slope southward and westward from the Cœur d'Alene mountains towards Snake river. Spokane river may be its northwest limit and the Clearwater its southwest, and the distance between them say 125 miles. From the timber of the mountains to Snake river may be a distance of 40 miles. Imagine a gentle sloping plain 125 miles long by 40 wide. Imagine it now thrown into a "chopped sea" and furrowed with long sinuous "troughs" winding endlessly among the changeless waves. Think of those waves of all possible forms and outline, from a few feet to hundreds in height, but few comparatively too steep for the plow. Clothe it well, trough and wave, with a rich grass; let springs gush out from the wave-like hills and trill through every valley, everywhere and you have as good an idea as I can give you of the country. Note these general charactetistics:

1. *Size.* It is as large as the Willamette valley.

2. *Quality of Soil.* It is a rich vegetable loam, apparently, everywhere, from the valleys to the highest hilltops, and all apparently equally productive

3. *Water.* It is watered everywhere with the finest of living springs.

4. *Timber.* In this I was disappointed. It is a much better timbered country than I expected to find. Fir wood is generally convenient, say from a man's own farm to three or four miles away. An abundance of pine, cedar, tamarack, etc., clothes the mountains, and is very easy of access.

5. *Climate.* It has the general climate of the country east of the Cascade mountains; with some unpleasant things, reminding us that there is "a *better* country, that is a heavenly;" yet on the whole, a climate where the air itself is a tonic, where heart and pulse beat free and fast, and the whole system feels the impetus of a healthy stimulant; where man can do more thinking and do it better than in any climate east of the Mississippi or west of the Cascade mountains.

6. The country is yet nearly all unoccupied, for while there are perhaps 2,000 people in the country, so unoccupied did the country seem to me in passing over it, that I said to my travelling companion, "none of these people can tell why they are on the place they are in preference to any one of the thousand others we have passed." He replied, "I am sure I cannot tell why I am on mine, except that I had to stop somewhere." He is a practical and very intelligent farmer from one of the finest counties in California—the golden state. My description of the country has been so lengthly, as this is a region I have never visited before, and am in weekly receipt of letters of inquiry about it, that other matters may be deferred until another letter.

H. K. HINES.

Amount of Coin in Circulation.

According to the annual report of the Director of the Mint, the whole amount of gold coined in the country is estimated at $135,000,000, and the amount of silver coin at $5,000,000. The silver is in circulation principally in California, Oregon, Nevada, Idaho, Arizona and Texas. As the report closes with the year ending June 30th, no account could be taken of the increase of coin since that date. Five millions of silver is rather a small sum for displacing forty millions of fractional currency. It is possible that there has been an increase of gold and silver coin since the end of June, of ten millions, bringing the specie resources up to $150,000,000. This is the best showing that can be made in contrast with the great volume of paper currency.—San Francisco *Bulletin.*

Grains of Gold.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly,—[Cicero.

What is justice?—To give every man his own.—[Aristotle.

I pray thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within.—[Socrates.

Twins, even from the birth, are misery and man.—[Homer.

Humble wedlock is far better than proud virginity.—[St. Augustine.

In the meanest hut is a romance if you only knew the hearts there.—[Varnhagen von Euce.

A man's reception depends upon his coat; his dismissal upon the wit he shows.—[Balzac.

In this world, it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—[Beecher.

I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort around with them.

Thackeray has well compared English society to a ladder, which every one tries to mount first, each holding on by the heels of the one who precedes him.

A true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature, and swings there as easily as a star.—[Chapin.

With many readers brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake butter cups in the grass for immeasurable mines of gold under-ground.—(Longfellow.

No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment; a man is the happier for life for having once made an agreeable tour, or lived any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.—[Sidney Smith.

Taking in a Deacon's Dinner.

When you are carrying several articles and one of them slips, it is best not to try to recover it. An Essex street man, named Roberts, was helping his wife to prepare the dinner table on Sunday, as one of the Deacons was to take dinner with them. Roberts took a plate of steak in one hand, and the coffee pot in the other, and had a dish of peas on one arm with the steak. The wind blew the dining room door partly to as he approached it, and putting out his foot to push it back, the arm with the peas moved out of plumb and that dish commenced to slide. A cold streak flew up Roberts' spine and his hair begun to raise, and he felt a sudden sickness at the stomach but he dodged ahead to save the peas, partly caught them, made a wrong move, lost them again, jabbed at them again with the coffee pot, and upset the steak dish and in springing back to avoid the gravy, stepped on the cat that belonged to the family down stairs, and came to the floor in a heap, with the steak and peas and a terribly mad cat under him, and an overflowing pot of scalding coffee on top of him. Then he bounded up, and stamped on the steak dish, and threw it out of the window, and finished that performance in time to hurl the coffee pot and the remaining contents after the cat, which was making the very best time down the front stairway. The Deacon didn't stay to dinner. Roberts retired to the bedroom with a bottle of sweet oil and a roll of cotton batting, and Mrs. Roberts went over to her mother's to cry.—*Danbury News.*

A Western Romance.

Seven years ago last June a great broad-tired wagon, loaded with a heavy iron boiler, rolled into Central City, Colorado, and halted in a vacant lot fronting on Gregory street. That wagon and its ponderous rusty load stands in the vacant lot to-day, commemorating, it is almost needless to add, a woman's fickleness and a man's despair. When the wagon was loaded in Atchinson, Kansas, in the early Summer of 1866, the owner and driver, who was a prosperpous miner, with a sort of passion for hauling useless machinery across the plains—was thinking of a bright-eyed blushing girl beyond the desert who had promised to share with him his rough fortunes. We can all of us understand how the image of the border beauty was like a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to this sturdy teamster during his two months journey across the plains, making dusty days short, and lonely nights sweet with such a solace as never fails to solace the absent lover. But none of us can understand the despair which took possession of the weather-beaten miner, as he pulled up in Central City only to find a letter from the girl he loved, telling him that a rival had won her hand. He straightway unharnessed his mules and sold them on the spot; he left the wagon and the boiler where they stand crumbling to-day, and, after swearing a little and dissipating a great deal, he finally drifted out of the mines and out of life.

Chicago has eighty-two miles of wooden pavement, or one mile of pavement for every fifty corn-juice fountains.

Costly Churches and Taxation.

The little house in which I have lived for the last 15 years I shall have to pay a tax upon in 15 days, of about $220. It was about that last year, and in New York revolutions never go backward. But right before my eyes as, I use to come down the steps, rises a lofty and luxurious edifice, the property of a few rich men, which they only care to use four hours a week. It is worth, I suppose half a million dollars; and if it were fairly taxed, it would place in Mr. Green's treasury, in the course of next month, not less than $10,000. But it will not pay him one dollar, because it has two steeples upon it, and is named in honor of the patron saint of England, who slew the dragon. But mark: if a mob should burn it, the taxpayers of New York would be expected to pay every dollar of the damage. At this moment a number of very worthy gentlemen, who stand justly high in this community, are building in the Fifth Avenue an edifice for their Sunday edification which is to cost about $800,000. The land alone cost $350,000. These gentlemen have a perfect right to build this elegant and costly church if they can afford it, and if it accords with the principles of their religion, of which they alone are to be the judges; I merely wish to remark that churches of this character may be fairly classed as luxuries; and as such are peculiarly adapted to taxation. Many good Christians deeply lament the expenditure of so much money upon edifices which minister to the desires of so few, and to these few only a few hours in each week. But I tell those lamenting Christians, that the only way to keep within bounds the erection of these costly churches, is to subject them to just and equal taxation. The Tribune tells us that our Episcopal brethren are about to erect in this city a cathedral that is to cost two millions of dollars. It will more likely cost five; and there is one gentleman interested in the scheme who could build it outright, gold candle-sticks and all, by assigning to it his surplus income for two years. Among the subscrip already received are two of a hundred thousand each. I would put it to the justice of the American people and I would submit it to the heavy-laden tax-payers of New York, if it is fair to the laboring men of this city to exempt such an edifice as that from taxation. If it is to be exempt from the charge of supporting the government, then the government ought to be exempt from the charge of protecting it.—JAMES PARTON.

Danbury Almanac.

These paragraphs are from the Danbury *News* man's Almanac for 1874:

I shall not say anything here about the importance of this subject.

We all know how unbearable society would be without it—how tame and commonplace would become heaven and earth in its absence.

I merely wish to call the attention of the reader to the care that has been taken in selecting weather for this book.

Being warned by the last season, I have put in plenty of rain, which will be found to arrive just in the nick of time.

I have dealt lightly in thunderstorms—I find they are not popular—and I have such an antipathy to lightning-rod men that I lose no opportunity to injure them.

I have been rather liberal with snow, for the sake of the young and livery stables, and have put in some extraordinary hail, for the encouragement of the oldest inhabitant, and a little frost to stir up the amateur in tobacco and other varieties of cabbage.

But accuracy is the strong point of the volume. When it says "Look out for rain," then is the time for you to "hump yourself" for the house. And when it says "Frost" any delay in getting your wife's father's overcoat over the tomatoes and dahlias will prove eminently disastrous to those articles. Yes, I have aimed to be accurate, looking more to the comfort and general information of my patrons than to the plaudits of a wicked world and gold, which perish in a day, I am told.

I have not lost sight of the fact that I have a formidable and unscrupulous opposition at Washington. But trusting to an honest purpose, a discriminating public, and eight years of promiscuous trusting as the editor of a country newspaper, I shall press steadily on and hurt that Washington chap.

One of the things you read of recently occured in Wilmington, Del. A man was detected hurrying away from a butcher's stall with a steak which he had stolen under his coat. A Policeman followed him to his home, and peeping through the window, saw him give the steak to his children, who devoured it raw. Upon report of this being made to the butcher, his bosom so glowed with benevolent sympathy that, instead of prosecuting, he sent the starving family a large basket of meat and a little cash to buy wood to cook it.

The patron saint of small New York counterfeiters—Cent Nickalus. N.B.—The above joke with small change may find currency in our exchanges.

Schools for Girls.

In view of the opening of all kinds of schools in this first week of September, we put the question the other day to parents as to the soundest and most efficient training to be given to boys. It was from no lack of appreciation of their importance that we said nothing about the girls, or the myriad schools which are open on every side waiting and ready to bring them up into women, wives and mothers, of every class and degree, from the staid reserved model of deportment, trained by Moravin sisters, to the rough and jeweled society women who are seen in embryo at matinees, smiling in rows, whispering in bad English and bad French from some fashionable boarding-school. Women are more plastic than men; the girl is always moulded more or less by circumstances, which the boy's tougher fiber pushes through and casts aside untouched. The young man thrusts and works his way out of an ungenial iron-ruled home, and in the friction of his broader life learns to look back on it with good-humored indulgence, while his sister has wilted and shrunk in its unkindly air into

HARD, CYNICAL OLD MAIDENHOOD.

The pretty apple-cheeked little maidens beginning school this week will very probably remember nothing ten years hence of the sines and tangents, the syllogisms, symphonies and areas which fill their brains now; but they will testify in every movement of body and mind to the influence of the manners and opinions of their favorite teacher. It is hardly possible to over-estimate the effect which a woman teacher with any personal magnetism can exert upon her scholars. We have known young girls in convents kneel and kiss the ground where the shadow of some favorite Sister Agnes or Baptista had fallen.

A GIRL'S FIRST LOVE

Is, in fact, usually a woman; and in this case the mystery and sanctity of a vow and consecrated garb were added to the charm, the absurd enthusiasm of this first blind belief. In consequence of this impressibility the girl is educated not by books so much as by the atmosphere of the home or school, and the two or three salient examples of human nature, after which or opposed to which she models herself. In choosing a school for the innocent little girl who heretofore has ruled absolutely over her kingdom of father, mother and brothers, it is this more subtile, ineffable teaching that should be taken into account, rather than the text books. If she come back to them skilled in chopping logic and

IMPREGNABLE IN DATES AND THEORIES,

What will it matter if the delicate bloom, the innate high-breeding which simplicity and truthfullness gave her be lost in loud and fast vulgarity and fashionable deceit? Latterly, at least in appearance, we are wisely going back to the old guarded training for our girls. The young daughters of good families no longer crowd the cars on their way to school, apparently grave spectators with their loud dressing and loader manners. They are duennaed on the street by *bonne*, or groom or governess. There is much to be said of the advantages of innocence which is clear and open-eyed, but the innocence of ignorance is not to be despised; and a little of it could be introduced into the modern education of American and English fashionable girls with profit.

THE SECOND POINT

In the training of a girl should be to discover what special gift or talent she has, if any, and whatever her circumstances, to fit her for its use. Even putting the money value of such art or accomplishment out of the question, its aid as a resource and strengthener is incalculable. Disappointment and grief come more easily to women than to men; they abide with them longer, and sap more of their life away, simply because they need the tonic of hard enjoyable work—not the mere drudgery of the bread winner but the toil of the artist. Pride, philosophy, even religion, cannot give the new vitality which such work bestows on the faithful votary. It repairs bodily and mental forces like Nature itself slowly, imperseptibly, surely. The father and mother who can find in their daughter such power, and give to her the means of useing it, may count themselves happy and her the inheritor of a royal heritage.—*New York Tribune.*

The third wealthiest religious denomination in this country are the regular Presbyterians, with nearly $48,000,000 in church preperty. The regular Baptists have over $39,000,000, the Protestant Episcopal over 36,000,000, and the Congregational over $25,000,000.

Walter Savage Landor's picture of "Curiosity;" "Her lips were half open, her hair flew loosely behind her, designating that she was in haste; it was more disordered than the hair of Hope is represented, and somewhat less glossy. Her cheeks had a very fresh color, and her eyes looked into every eye that fell upon them.