BERRYING.

The berries stained her dimpled face,
And dyed her white dress here and there,
As standing with a laughing grace
She twined the tendrils in her hair.

The brambles round her fondly clung—
I envied branch and thorn that day—
The very woodland when she sung
Seemed hushed and listening to her lay.

The pines that lined the shadowy lane,
And grew far down the rugged brake,
Had changed their weird and sad refrain
To one glad pean for her sake.

The purpled lips, so full and sweet,
The dainty hand, so round and fair;
I could have fallen at her feet,
In worship of her smiling there.

Another June, and in the wood
Among the berries in the lane
I stand, where once my idol stood,
But where she ne'er shall stand again.

Comes from the pines a dreary dirge,
Comes from the sea a solemn moan,
And, oh! your wailing—wood and surge—
Is but an echo of mine own.

The Beggar Boy of Lucerne.

More than half a century ago, before the walls were built about the old city of Lucerne, certain Austrian noblemen formed a great conspiracy to conquer the town and land for Hapsburg. Now, the emerald-green waters of the Reuss flowed swiftly past the town. They have had a long journey from their home among the awful glaciers that bolt and bar the glories of the Alp-land. They have bounded over barren rocks, sprinkled the moss and heather above the realm of beast and bird, leaped fearless down the black Devil's Gorge, dashed over and around the boulders with which the giants used to play, and so ever on and ever down have held their course, till the Wonder-lake, the lake of the Four Cantons, has received the panting-fugitives. She has washed them clean of the earth-tint with which they were born. Her depths, the color of daintiest robin's egg, quietly hide the wandere's imperfections and send them on their way, clad in their purity, loudly singing their untranslated song. Down by the bed of the Reuss there stood an old aracade, dim and obscure, fit place for murderous council Here the scarlet-sleeved conspirators met in the darkness of the night. After much consultation, it was finally determined that with the swords and daggers with which they were armed the Mayor and Councilors of the city should be slain. Before day shall break the doomed town shall be in their power.

Silently starting on their deadly mission one of the noblemen dicovers a poor boy lying upon a bench in the darkness of a corner. He is only a beggar boy, and he has no home, no friends. So the hand of the heavenly watcher, whose glances pierce the veil of night, had led him here to guard the town. He had listened to the treacherous plot and determined to reveal it as soon as he could escape undiscovered. But suddenly he is seized by the desperate men. They declare that they will instantly kill him. The sword is raised, but the boy, wild with terror entreats their mercy, and promises, he will never reveal to any one what he has heard. Believing the promise, with many threats they let him go.

Out into the darkness the boy dashes. He sees far off the light of a village butcher, and hastens toward it. There is careless feasting and merriment here, and a group of men are telling stories of daring in the olden time. The boy, with breathless haste, rushes into the room. The tears are rolling down his cheeks. He looks not into the face of any one, but hurries to the great stone stove and cries:

"O stove! what I have promised never to tell to any *man* I must tell to thee! O dear good stove! I was compelled to swear; but listen well, while I show to you the danger of the beloved city. The murderers are hastening even now to slay the rulers, and to conquer Lucerne once more. They—

But only the stove is there to hear the story of the bright, sly boy. The strong men have quickly taken the alarm; very soon the conspirators are seized and hastened to justice. The foes of the good town are driven out with a strong hand, and Lucerne is free.

They sought for the child whose loyal cunning had saved them, but they never found him. Even to this day the Switzers tell the story with admiring gratitude in their tones, but no man knows his name. The senseless stove that heard the warning is still preserved in the old hall where the butchers' guild was wont to meet.

What think you of the bravery and artifice of the nameless beggar boy of Lucerne?—*Hearth and Home.*

Montana has a population of about 20,000. The production of silver and gold amounted to $6,000,000 last year.

Cleveland has 1,018 saloons. or one to every 130 inhabitants.

A BLACK BRIGADE.

HOW BUTLER GOT OVER HIS PREJUDICES—THRILLING DESCRIPTION OF THE CHARGES AT NEW MARKET HEIGHTS.

[From Butler's Speech on Civil Rights Bill.]

Now, sir, you will allow me to state how I got over my prejudices. I think the House got over theirs after the exhibition we had yesterday. I think no man will get up here and say he speaks only to white men again. He must first show himself worthy before he can speak to some colored men in the House after what occurred yesterday. [Applause.]

I came into command in Virginia in 1863. I there organized twenty-five regiments with some that were sent to me, and disciplined them. Still all my brother officers of the regular army said my colored soldiers would not fight; and I felt it was necessary that they should fight to show that their race was capable of the duties of citizens; i for one of the highest duties of citizens is to defend their own liberties and their country's flag and honor. On the 28th of September, 1864, I was ordered by the commanding General of the armies to cross the James river at two points, and attack the enemy's line of works, one in the center of their line, Fort Harrison, the other a strong work guarding their flank at New Market heighs; and there are men on this floor who will remember that day, I doubt not, as I do myself. I gave the center of the line to the troops, the Eighteenth Corps, under Gen. Ord, and they attacked one very strong work and carried it gallantly. I went myself with the colored troops to attack the enemy at New Market heights, which was the key to the enemy's flank on the north side of the James river. That work was a redoubt built on the top of a hill of some considerable elevation; then running down into a marsh; in that marsh was a brook; then rising again to a plain which gently rolled away toward the river. On breaking, I placed a column of three thousand colored troops, in close column by division, right in front, with guns at "right shoulder shift."

I said: "That work must be taken by the weight of your column; no shot must be fired;" and to prevent their firing I had the caps taken from the nipples of their guns. Then I said: "Your cry, when you charge, will be, Remember Fort Pillow; and as the sun rose up in the heavens the order was given, "Forward," and they marched forward, steadily as if on parade—went down the hill, across the marsh, and as they got into the brook they came within range of the enemy's fire, which vigorously opened upon them, They broke a little as they forded the brook, and the column wavered. O. it was a moment of intense anxiety, but they formed again as they reached the firm ground, marching steadily on with closed ranks under the enemy's fire, until the head of the column reached the first line of the abatis, some one hundred and fifty yards from the enemy's work. Then the ax men ran to the front to cut away the heavy obstructions of defense, while one thousand men of the enemy with their artillery concentrated, from the redoubt poured a heavy fire upon the head of the column hardly wider than the clerk's desk. The ax men went down under that murderous fire; other strong hands grasped the axes in their stead, and the abatis was cut away. Again, at double quick, the column goes forward to within fifty yards of the fort, to meet there another line of abatis. The column halts. And there a very fire of hell is pouring upon them. The abatis resists and holds, the head of the column seems literally to melt away under the shot and shells, the flags of the leading regiment go down, but a brave black hand seizes the colors; they are up again, and wave their starry light over the storm of battle; again the ax men fall, but strong hands and willing hearts seize the heavy sharpened trees and drag them away, and the column goes forward, and with a shout which now rings in my ear they went over that redoubt like a flash, and the enemy never stopped running for four miles. [Applause on the floor and in the galleries.]

It became my painful duty sir, to follow in the track of that charging column, and there, in a space not wider than the clerk's desk and three hundred yards long, lay the dead bodies of five hundred and forty-three of my colored soilders, slain in defence of their country, and who had laid down their lives to uphold its flag and its honor as a willing sacrifice; and as I rode along among them guiding my horse this way and that way, lest he should profane with his hoofs what seemed to me the sacred dead, and as I looked on their bronzed faces, upturned in the shining sun to heaven, as if in mute appeal against the wrongs of that country for which they had given their lives, and whose flag had only been to them a flag of stripes on which no stars of glory had ever shone for them—feeling I had wronged them in the past, and beleiving what was the future of my country to them—among my dead comrades there I swore to myself a solemn oath. "May my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I ever fail to defend the rights of these men who have given their blood for me and my country this day, and for their race forever;" and, God helping me, I will keep that oath. (Great applause on the floor and in the galleries.)

The Arkansas Traveler.

A burlesque tune known as "The Arkansas Traveler," is exceedingly popular in the West and South, and originated from the incidents of the following story—which are exactly as related by the author of the tune and story, Col. S. C. Faulker, of Arkansas:

In the earlier days of the territory of Arkansas, when the settlements were few and far between, an adventurous traveler from one of the old States, while traversing the swamps of that portion of the country, gets lost, on a cold rainy day, in the Autumn of the year. After wandering till evening, and despairing of finding a habitation, while searching for a place to camp, he strikes a trail which seems to lead somewhere and also hears in that direction the noise of a fiddle.

Accordingly he takes the trail, and soon discovers ahead of him, rising above the timber, a light column of smoke, which he knows comes from the cabin of a squatter. As he approaches he finds it to be a log cabin, ten logs high and about ten feet square—one side being roofed, and the other only half covered with boards. He also sees the proprietor seated on an old whisky-barrel near the door, sheltered by a few boards which project from the eaves, playing a tune, or, rather, the first snatch of a tune, on an old fiddle.

After surveying the habitation and surrounding of "cotton-head" children, the traveler rides up to see if he can get lodgings, and the following dialogue ensues, the hoosier, however, still continuing to play the same part over and over again, only stopping to give short, indifferent replies to the traveler's queries:

Traveler—"Good-morning, sir."

Squatter—"How d'ye do, sir?"

T. "Can I get to stay all night with you?"

S. "No, sir."

T. "Can't you give me a glass of something to drink? I am very wet and cold."

S. "I drank the last drop this morning."

T. "I am very hungry; ain't had a thing to eat to-day, Will you let me have something to eat?"

S. "Havn't a darned thing in the house."

T. "Then, can't you give my horse something?"

S. "Got nothing to feed him on."

T. "How far is it to the next house?"

S. "Stranger, I don't know; I've never been there."

T. "Well, where does this road go to?"

S. "It's never been anywhere since I lived here; it's always here when I get up in the morning."

T. "As I am not likely to get to any other house to-night, can't you let me sleep in yours, and I'll tie my horse to a tree and do without anything to eat or drink?"

S. "My house leaks; there's only one dry spot in it, and *me* and Sal sleeps on that."

T. "Why don't you finish covering your house and stop the leaks?"

S. "It's raining."

T. "Well, why don't you do it when it is not raining?"

S. "It don't leak then."

T. "Well, if you have nothing to eat or drink in your house, and nothing alive about your place but children, how do you do here, anyhow.

S. "Putty well I thank you. How d'ye do yourself?"

T. (after trying all sorts of ways to extract some satisfactory information from him)—"My friend, why don't you play the whole of that tune?"

S. (stops playing and looks up for the first time)—"I did not know there was any more to it. Can you play the fiddle, stranger?"

T. "I play a little, sometimes."

S. "You don't look much like a fiddler (handing him the fiddle.) Will you play the balance of that tune?"

The traveler gets down and plays that tune.

S. "Stranger, come in! Take half a dozen chairs and sit down. Sal, go round into the holler, where I killed that buck this morning. Cut off some of the best pieces and fetch it, and cook it for me and this gentleman, directly. Raise up the board under the head of the bed, afore you go, and get the old black jug I hid from Dick, and give us some whisky—I know there's some left yet. Dick, *carry* the gentleman's horse around to the shed; you,ll find some fodder and corn there. Give him as much as he can eat. Durn me, stranger, if you can't stay as long as you please, and I'll give you plenty to eat and drink. Hurry. old woman, If you can't find the butter knife, take the cob-handle, or granny's knife. Play away, stranger! you shall sleep on the dry spot to-night.

A SHORT SERMON TO CONGRESS.

The question the people are seriously pondering now is whether the Government is conducted primarily in their interest, or in the interest of those to whom they have entrusted temporarily the management of their affairs. Of one there is a pretty general conviction, that the present management is necessarily costly. They demand a reduction, and they will have it. They depend upon Congress to stop the waste. We speak what we believe to be true when we say that, unless the waste is stopped, there will be sweeping changes, next fall, in the constitution of Congress. There is no reason to regret this condition of public sentiment. It is right, and full of promise. The people want to know why it is that, in spite of annual appropriation of twenty millions or more for a navy, there is so little show for it. They believe that the force of pensioners on the Treasury, nominally employed from one to six hours a day at the departments, is out of reasonable ratio to the requirements of the public business. If the Republican party goes to the country, next fall, having expanded the currency to the war limit, it will find it has forfeited the confidence of an influential body of citizens, without whose support no party can long prosper. The real work of retrenchment and reform has not yet begun. The repeal of the salary bill is only the retracing of a recent step in the direction of extravagance. There ore old abuses to be corrected, and some not so very old, that have grown up without the sanction of explicit legislation. The demand is that new and old together shall be put to the knife.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Quaker gray is the color still popular among brides for traveling dresses.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington.

The President and Trustees of Tualatin Academy and Pacific University, plaintiff, vs. Virgil Pringle and Feme Pringle his wife, Oris Brown and Manthano Brown, defendants.

To the above named defendants:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit by the 25th day of May A. D. 1874: and if you fail so to answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit, for the reformation and correction of the discription of land contained in a certain deed executed by one Tabitha Brown to plaintiff, dated August 21st 1857, by the insertion of the words "Northeast corner of the Lot 2" instead of the words "Southeast corner of the lot 2"—and for such other relief as may be proper.

This Summons was ordered to be published by Hon. W. W. Upton, Judge of said Court on the 4th day of February 1874.

DURHAM & THOMPSON,
Attorneys for plaintiff.
n 47:6 w

Executors' Sale.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT in pursuance of an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, made the January term thereof A. D. 1874, in the matter of the estate of S. P. Tayler deceased, and me, as executioner thereof, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder on Monday the 2d day of March, A. D. 1874, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. at the Court House door in Hillsboro, Washington County Oregon, free of dower, all the right, title, interest and estate of S. P. Taylor at the time of his death, or since acquired by his estate, in and to that tract of land lying being and situated in Washington County, Oregon, described as follows, to wit: Being the donation claim of said S. P. Taylor in Sections two and eleven, Town two South, Range two West, containing 151 acres, more or less, upon the following

TERMS OF SALE:

One Thousand Dollars U. S. Coin in hand. The remainder of the purchase price to be paid in ten years from the day of sale, in U. S. Coin, with interest from the day of sale at ten per cent. per annum, payable annually, and to be secured by mortgage on the premises, or other good land.

S. H. HUMPHREYS,
Executioner of the Estate of S. P. Taylor.
45 4w

Sheriff's Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT OF EXECUTION and order of sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Washington county, dated Dec. 22nd, 1873, in favor of D. H. Ford and against James and Sarah Carrico, and to me directed and delivered, commanding me to satisfy the sum of one hundred and thirty dollars, U. S. gold coin, now due on judgment with interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum from the 26th day of May, 1873, and the further sum of twenty-two dollars and eighty-five cents costs, out of the following described real estate, to wit: The undivided one-half of the N. W. quarter of Sec. thirty-one (31,) T. one (1,) south of range three (3,) West Willamette Meridian, Washington county, Oregon. Therefore, by virtue of said execution and order of sale, I did on the 23rd day of Dec. A. D., 1873, levy upon the above described tract of land and on Saturday the 31st day of Jan. A. D. 1874, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M. of said day, at the Court House door in the town of Hillsboro, Washington county, Oregon, I will sell the above described premises at public auction, to the highest bidder, for U. S. gold coin, cash in hand, to satisfy said execution and accruing costs.

Witness my hand this 26th day of Dec. 1873.

CHAS. T. TOZIER,
n42 4t *Sheriff of Washington Co., Ogn.*

Administrator's Notice.

ISAAC BALES, ADMINISTRATOR OF the Estate of Caleb Antram, deceased, having filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington county, his final account as such administrator, all persons interested in said Estate are notified hereby that the first Monday in March, 1874, has been set for the hearing of said matter.

ISAAC BALES.
n42 4w

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the Hon. County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, Administrator for the Estate of P. S. Fields deceased.

All persons having claims against said Estate are requested to present them to me at my office one half mile east of Forest Grove in said county and State, with the proper vouchers, within six months from the date of this notice. And all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment of the same.

Forest Frove, Jan. 24th 1874.
n45 4w S. HUGHES.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WE ARE READY

COME ON! HURRAH

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*Baker City,
Clarksville,
Express Ranch,
Eldorado,
Gem,
Humboldt Basin,
Jordan Valley,
Wingville.

Benton,
Alsea Valley,
*Corvallis,
King's Valley,
Liberty,
Little Elk,
Newport,
Newton,
Philomath,
Starr's Point,
Summit,
Toledo,
Yaquina.

Clackamas.
Barlow,
Beaver,
Butte Creek,
Canby,
Clackamas,
Clear Creek,
Cuttingsvill,
Damascus.
Eagle Creek,
Glad Tidings,
Highland,
Molalla,
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Needy,
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*Oregon City.
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Scappoose.

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Chetcoe,
Ellensburg,
Port Orford.

Douglas.
North Canyonville,
Camas Valley,
Butler,
Elkton,
Galesville,
Gardiner.
Kelloggs,
Lookinglass,
Myrtle Creek,
Oakland,
Pass Creek,
*Roseburg,
Scottsburg,
Ten Mill,
Umpqua City,
Wilbur,
Yoncalla.

Grant.
*Canyon City,
Camp Watson,
Dayville,
Grant,
John Day City,
Praire City.

Jackson.
Applegate,
*Ashland Mills,
Brownsbourgh,
Central Point,
Eagle Point,
Grant's Pass,
Hot Springs,
*Jacksonville,
Klamath,
Linkville,
Langell Valley,
Phœnix,
Rock Point;
Sam's Valley,
Table Rock,
Willow Springs,
Yanax.

Josephine.
Kirby,
Leland,
Slate Creek,
Waldo.

Lane.
Butte Disap'ntm't,
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Junction,
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Mohawk,
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*Albany,
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Dimond Hill,
Harrisburg,
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Peoria,
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Marion.
Aurora,
Aumsville,
Butteville,
Brooks,
Fairfield,
Fair Ground,
Gervais,
Huddard's,
Jefferson,
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Monmouth,
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Rickreall,
Zena,

Tillamook.
Garibaldi,
Kilchis,
Netaras,
Nestockton,
Tillamook,
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Cecils,
Cayuse,
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Mitchell's Station,
Eilton,
Pilot Rock,
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Weston,

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Orodell,
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Antelope,
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Bellevue,
Dayton,
*Lafayette,
McMinnville,
Mountain Hou,e,
North Yamhill,
Sheridan,
West Chehalem
Wheatland,
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Money Order Office.

DIRECTORIES.

Washington County Directory.

County Judge,	T. D. Humphreys
Clerk,	W. D. Pittinger
Sheriff,	C. T. Tosier
Treasurer,	L. Patterson
Co. Commissioners,	Samuel J. Stott
	Ulysses Jackson
Surveyor,	Columbus Smith
Assessor,	J. F. Pierce
School Supt.,	A. J. Anderson
Coroner,	———
State Senator,	T. R. Cornelius
Representatives,	Geo. H. Collier
	Thomas Stott

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EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

Governor,	L. F. Grover
Secretary of State,	S. F. Chadwick
Treasurer of State,	L. Fleishner
State Printer,	Eugene Semple
State Librarian,	S. C. Simpson
Register of State Lands,	E. S. McComas

CONGRESSIONAL.

U. S. Senators,	Jas. K. Kelly
	J. H. Mitchell
Congressman,	J. W. Nesmith

FEDERAL OFFICERS.

U. S. District Judge,	M. P. Deady
U. S. Marshal,	Thos. G. Young
Clerk U. S. Court,	R. Wilcox
Surveyor General,	W. H. Odell
Sup't. Indian Affairs,	T. B. Odeneal
U. S. Assessor,	Thomas Frazer
U. S. Collector,	O. B. Gibson

LAND OFFICERS.

W. Willis, *Register,*	Roseburg
B. Herman, *Receiver*	Roseburg
Owen Wade, *Register,*	Oregon City
Henry Warren, *Receiver,*	Oregon City
J. H. Stephens, *Register,*	La Grande
D. Chaplin, *Receiver,*	La Grande

SUPREME COURT.

P. P. Prim, *Chief Justice,*	Jacksonville
A. J. Thayer,	Corvallis
B. F. Bonham,	Salem
W. W. Upton,	Portland
L. L. McArthur,	Baker City

JUDICIAL DISTRICS.

First Distric: Jackson and Josephine. 2d District: Benton, Coos, Curry, Douglas and Lane. 3d District: Linn, Marion, Polk, Tillamook and Yamhill. 4th District: Clackamas, Coumbia, Multnomah and Washington. 5th District: Grant, Umatilla, Union and Wasco.

TERMS OF CIRCUIT COURTS.

First District.—In the county of Josephine on the fourth Monday in October; Jackson, second Monday in February, June and November.

Second District—Douglas, third Monday in October and second Monday in May; Coos, fourth Monday in May and fourth Monday in September; Curry, first Monday in June; Lane, third Monday in April, and first Monday in November; Benton, second Monday in April, and third Monday in November.

Third District—Linn, fourth Monday in March, and second Monday in October; Marion, second Monday in March, June and November; Polk, second Monday in May, and fourth Monday in November; Yamhill, second Monday in April, and fourth Monday in October; Tillamook, second Monday in July.

Fourth District—Clackamas, fourth Monday in April and September; Multnomah, second Monday in February, June and October; Columbia, second Monday in April; Clatsop, second Monday in August, and fourth Tuesday in January; Washington, fourth Monday in May, and first Monday in October.

Fifth District—Wasco, third Monday in June, and second Monday in November; Grant, first Monday in June, and third Monday in September; Baker, third Monday in May and first Monday in October; Union, first Monday in May, and third Monday in October; Umatilla, last Monday in April, and fourth Monday in October.

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Forest Grove

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