

Sham. The inventor of this word crowded a volume into four letters. Its descriptive power is boundless, for it paints, with one sweep, the subject to which it is applied, without the necessity of details to make the perfect picture. Its very sound is hissing. No one needs to know more of a sham than that it is a sham, in order to apprehend it thoroughly and intimately. To say that a man is a sham, is to say that there is nothing of him. He has the similitude, but not the substance of manhood. He is a shadow, and, like every shadow, he is a blot upon the sunlight. No sham has a right to be vexing the world with a form, without giving to the world a body. And yet, here and there, walking among men, are these fleshly ghosts, whom we can see, but cannot touch; whose words are winged lies; whose smiles are feigned; and whose very tears are briny falsehoods. The light that friction makes to shine on the back of a black cat in a dark room, is fervid compared with the warmth of their sentiments or their friendship. Shams are usually respectable. It is of the essence of their contract with themselves to seem to be what they are not, and they never break the contract. The sincere man says things he is sorry for, does wrongs that he confesses; if he hates honestly, he loves truly. But the sham never slips. His lily cannot be perfumed, nor his gold gilded. He loves his enemies better than he loves his friends, and his friends better than himself. If his neighbors hint that he has spoken untrue words, he demonstrates that his words are more true than truth; if they think he has done something wrong, he shows it to have been an act of self-sacrificing devotion. The sham is fearfully and wonderfully made. The sham is always a sham to himself. He knows he is a sham, and delights in the contemplation of his fraudulent identity. The only sin he is guilty of is his love of himself. That he indulges with the whole strength and exaggeration of his centralized and exclusive idolatry. But recognizing and idolizing himself, there is one thing in which he is immensely and intensely self-deceived. He thinks he is deceiving others. But he is not. There was once a simple-minded king whose wicked courtiers persuaded him that they could weave a texture so fine that its threads were invisible. For many days, in sight of the monarch, they pretended to weave the unseen threads into a robe, which they declared to the king was most beautiful to behold. Then clothing him in this imaginary garment, they sent him into the street naked as he was born. The sham has a garment as invisible as this king's fool's, and he is as unconscious of its utter transparency. The sham's respectability is itself a sham. It is not genuine. It is simply the public's outward deference to an outward show of propriety. As the show is only a show, so the deference is impatient and unwilling. Sooner or later, the sham ceases to be endured, and then the people speak their minds. Shams are in every vocation and profession. They are on the sea and the land; in the town and the country; everywhere on the face of the earth. But here is the limit of their kingdom. They are not in heaven or hell, for their souls are not good enough to be saved, nor big enough to be damned. A case is now pending in the Supreme Court of the United States, the decision of which will affect Oregon. San Mateo County brought suit to recover taxes alleged due from the Southern Pacific Railroad. This corporation resisted the suit on the ground that no deduction of the indebtedness of railroads is allowed by the California law, and this law is alleged to be contrary to the fourteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution, which prohibits a State from denying to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws. The U. S. Circuit Court in California decided in favor of the railroad, from which decision the county appeals. Many bridges on the North Yamhill have been washed away.

A New York theatrical manager is trying to get a license to put on the boards the "Passion Play," representing the death of the Savior. This play was originally an annual religious ceremony. There is a wide discussion and a general opposition to the play. It seems sacrilegious to cheapen, by a vulgar display, the sufferings which the world is wont to regard with the deepest reverence. Aside from that, it has never been regarded as within the province of true art to make realistic the tortures of human beings. Such are rarely presented on the stage. McDonald, of Indiana, is supposed to be the man who will receive the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Senator Edmonds is looked upon as the citizen who can just stand Mac off. It should be borne in mind, however, that the racers who go in the earliest usually come out the latest. The next President of the United States probably has not himself a dream of his own high destiny. Oscar Wilde has gone. The apostle of the sunflower leaves America to its idolatry of ugliness and goes home to sip the dew from his native lilies. Good-bye, Oscar. LETTER FROM LEWIS COUNTY. BOSEFORD, W. T., Dec. 18, '82. EDITH ITEMIZER: Thinking a few lines from this section of the country might not be out of place, I thought I would write you. I have lived in Oregon so long that my ideas are brighter when it rains hard, and as it is raining to-night I thought this was the time. Of course no one will see this but you and the waste-basket, so here goes. We left Dallas on the 24th of July for our home on the Chehalis; arrived in Portland the same day, taking passage next morning on the S. G. Reed for Kalama, where we arrived at 9 o'clock. Kalama is thirty miles below Portland. I will omit a description of the Columbia and its scenery, for everybody describes these who travel on this river, but will give you a short sketch of Kalama, for people generally believe it is a town. We expected to see a Salem, a Corvallis, or, at least, a Dallas, but instead, it is not a first-class Perrydale. It has a hotel, ticket office, and a saloon, all under one roof, a warehouse or wharf where the boats land and the cars load. It has one little single-barreled store. It looks like a town that God had forgotten, but the people have not forgotten God, for on the bluff near by, we saw a very respectable looking church. It was standing there like a sentinel to warn the inhabitants to flee from the wrath to come. I suppose that means when the Columbia comes up, if it gets up to their expectations, some times. But while I was looking for the town, the cars rolled up to the depot and a big fat conductor (got up on the Dave Burns style) bawled out "all aboard, and we bade farewell to Kalama and started for Chehalis, fifty miles further on toward the Sound. Chehalis City is a very lively little place; it is located in a good farming country, and is the county seat of Lewis County. There is a large steam grist mill almost completed, and the Newaukum Saw-mill Company that was burned out last Fall, are building a large saw-mill here, the railroad company are making extensive improvements here. It is talked here, among the knowing ones, that this is the place where the western end of the N. P. R. R. will tap the Sound, if it has any Sound end to it. Here we leave the railroad and start on the home-stretch, a distance of twenty-two miles, behind a good team and a careful driver. We travel up the Doisfort (pronounced Boylaw) Valley. Harvesting had just begun and the crops looked well. They raise more wheat here, per acre, than they do up in Oregon, but Oregon can bang it for wild oats, although they grow here to some extent. We saw some as we passed along, if in recognition, and winked at us through the fence, as much as to say: "We know you, old fellow; you are the chap that went through on us, up in Oregon." This sent me back, five years ago, when I began to make my fortune by renting on Salt Creek, and it was Salt Creek. It was Salt Creek all round, a regular "salt creek" business. I eventually got well salted, and left the place, as renters had done before. And here my heart went out to the poor renters of Oregon, until my sympathetic tears rolled down my weather-beaten face and dropped off my sunburnt nose. But the scene has changed, for here we are at home—a home of our own. We are monarchs of all we survey. We are well pleased with the country, of which I will say more in my next. The publishers of the Northwest News have taken a State copyright on the name of their paper, on learning that no copyright had been taken on any name similar to it. The New Northwest is not copyrighted.

There were 31 suits for divorce at a recent term of the Court at Pendleton. The division question seems to be a main with the Unmatillates. Statesman: On Christmas an engine and two cars of the down freight train were wrecked. It was caused by a spreading of the rails, and delayed the passenger train for about an hour. Damage considerable, but fortunately no one was hurt. Pendleton Tribune: The grand jury having found indictments against nearly every business man in town for violation of the Sunday law, last Monday was set for a hearing, and they were arraigned. About all pleaded guilty and were fined each \$10 and costs, amounting to \$13 40. Standard: F. L. Bish and John West were drowned in the Spokane river, near Little Fall, last Saturday. Bish is the proprietor of a sawmill there, and with West went out in a little boat to adjust a boom of logs, when the rapid stream forced them over the falls, twenty-five feet high, where they were drowned. Yesterday a week ago, a young man named Chappell was shot in Goldendale, W. T., by McCully. The latter was Deputy Sheriff and was holding an auction sale in a store. Chappell was drunk and boisterous, and when ordered to keep still refused. Finally he climbed upon a sack of salt in McCully's light, who pushed him off. Chappell then rushed toward the other, who shot him in the abdomen with a pistol. His recovery is deemed hopeless, McCully is under \$3,000 bonds. An Indian war has broken out in the Indian Territory. Troops of the United States have been sent into the Territory to disarm the combatants. Reredell, one of the star route defendants, will turn State's evidence. It will be remembered that he is the only one who was convicted at the first trial, and that the Judge sat aside the verdict. The other defendants rejoiced at his conviction, supposing that he was thus rendered harmless to themselves. The judge's action, however, gives him another chance to get even with those who were willing to see him sacrificed for their own safety. NEW THIS WEEK. A. J. GOODMAN, (Successor to Cooper Bros.) LIVERY, SALE AND FEED STABLE, INDEPENDENCE, OREGON. HAVING PURCHASED THIS WELL-KNOWN establishment, I propose to conduct it in a first class style. Always in readiness. GOOD TEAMS AT LOW RATES. Particular Attention Paid to Transacting Accommodations of Commercial Travelers & Society. Give me a call. A. J. GOODMAN, Independence, December 29, 1882. Sheriff's Sale. BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION ISSUED OUT OF THE Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Polk, against the estate of J. M. Boyle and Josephine P. Boyle, his wife, for the sum of \$1,200.00, and the further sum of \$100.00 attorney's fees, and the further sum of \$20.00 costs and disbursements, and to me directed, against certain mortgaged premises, to have the same levied upon and sold for sale to the highest bidder, on

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