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FOR THE
Farmer, Business Man, & Family Circle.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.

A. NOLTNER,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Thirty-five Years' Experience.

PRACTISING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Main Street, Oregon City.

J. W. MORRIS, M. D.

(Late of Illinois.)

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OREGON CITY, OREGON.

Dr. Will respond promptly to calls during
day or night.

Office at Wagon's drug store. Can be found
at the drug store at night.

W. H. WATKINS, M. D.

Surgeon.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

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THE OLD, OLD HOME.

When I long for sainted memories,
Like and I trod the same,
I'll fold my arms to ponder
On the old, old home.

The heart has many passages
Through which the feelings roam,
To the old, old home.
Where infancy was sheltered
Like a rose-bud from the blast,
Where childhood's brief elysium
In joyousness was passed;

To the sweet spot forever
As to some hallowed home,
Life's pilgrim bends her vision—
To the old, old home.

A father sat, how proudly,
By that hearthstone's rays,
And told his children stories
Of his early manhood's days;
And one soft eye was leaning
From child to child, "would room;
Thus a mother counts her treasures,
In the old, old home.

The birthday gifts and festivals,
The blentest vesper hymn
(So dear one who was smiling it
Is with the Seraphim)
The fond "good night" at bed-time,
How quiet sleep would come,
And fold us all together
In the old, old home.

Like a wreath of scented flowers
Close intertwined each heart;
But time and change in concert
Have blown the wreath apart.
But dear sainted memories
Like angels ever come,
If I fold my arms and ponder
On the old, old home.

MA. Y.
BY VERNIE LEE.

Welcome, beautiful May,
With your wealth of buds and flowers,
Making the world so gay,
O'er the hills of April showers!

Welcome, beautiful May!
Fair as the morning of life,
Before our suns are dimmed
By all earth's toil and strife.

We see once more thy garlands,
That make the spring complete,
And we near again the music
Of thy fairyland's sweet strain.

And the sweetly scented arbutus,
Down in the old below,
Ties with its fairy blossoms
To the memories of olden days.

And the birds, with radiant plumage,
That to wood and field belong,
And to the gifts of springtime
Give glory to the song.

And we think we hear them saying
To the living and the dead,
"Welcome to the great Creator,
For the beautiful gifts of May."

Miscellaneous Paragraphs.

England's roast beef for last year
was 78 pounds per head.

The Boston health department, during
1872, expended \$350,000.

The Boston and Albany railroad is
displeased at the fact that the
sale for fuel running.

Coffin-graves are not eschewed
but resorted to by many of the wealthy
planters of Jamaica.

Within the last 45 days there have
occurred 42 railroad accidents, killing
26 persons and injuring 97.

The appropriations by Congress
for the current year are \$24,000,000
more than they were last year.

A Georgia grand jury recently
arrested themselves in K-K-K clothes;
for what purpose it does not appear.

In London, for bigamy, raised to
the ninth power, a man has been
committed to ten years' imprisonment.

The Massachusetts Society for the
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has
put upon its new board of directors
three women.

The planting interests of southern
Georgia are in a better condition than
at this season in any year since the
war. Corn is up and cotton fields in
splendid preparation for the seed.

The Oregon Penitentiary.

THE MANAGEMENT OF AFFAIRS GEN-
ERALLY AT THE STATE PRISON.

(From the Statesman of April 25.)

Yesterday visited the State Pen-
itentiary, familiarly known as the
Hotel-de-Watkins, about one mile
east of Salem, and was conducted
throughout the establishment by the
Warden Judge Holladay. The li-
brary occupies one corner of the spa-
cious chapel, and consists of about
700 volumes of choice literature,
and is a source of great pleasure to
many of the convicts. In passing
around the cells on the "bridge of
sighs," we took particular pains to
notice the appearance of the rooms
and furniture. All of them were
neat and comfortably furnished.
Two cells on the upper tier attracted
our attention by their handsome ap-
pearance. The walls were hung with
beautiful pictures, the floor carpeted,
and upon the little stand in the cen-
tre numerous articles, such as are
generally found upon a parlor table.
We were a little surprised to see so
much taste in a prison cell, and great-
ly surprised when we learned how
they succeeded in obtaining the or-
naments. Last winter when the con-
victs were cutting wood, a premium
was given them for all cut over a
certain amount. These two persons
worked hard and cut more than the
stated amount each day, thereby get-
ting money with which to purchase
these articles. Besides these things
they buy their butter, eggs, chickens,
or any thing they wish. In another
cell we saw the "musical Chinaman."
This poor creature's mind is degen-
erated, and at certain times he sings and
capers around for hours at a time.
We then passed on into the tailor
shop where the clothing is made and
repaired. Sewing machines are in
constant operation, and the shop
looked as though business was lively.
Two fallen Celestials keep the
laundry in boiling water, and the
clothes lines trimmed with striped
clothing. We next entered the bake-
house where a batch of bread had
just been baked, and we can truly
say that our city bakers cannot pro-
duce a nicer or lighter article. The
kitchen was as neat and clean as it
could be made, the large range pol-
ished as neatly as a dandy's boot.
We then passed up the tower to the
rooms where the convicts' clothes are
kept. When a man is brought to
the Penitentiary his clothes are
taken, washed, labelled, and placed
in this room until his time is served
out. After leaving the Penitentiary
we went up the road about half a
mile, where a fine grassy field en-
gaged in digging ditches. The ditch
when finished will be about one and
one-fourth miles in length, and is
for the purpose of carrying water to
the old Penitentiary building which
is to be turned into a man-
ufacture of awnings and every thing
that can probably be made. A new
foundation and floor will be placed
in the building before any machinery
will be moved into it. The ditch is
about half done at present, and will
be finished about three weeks longer
to finish it. There are ninety pris-
oners in the Penitentiary, including
one female. After inspecting the
entire building, and management
we centrally say we would not be
afraid to challenge any similar in-
stitution in the Union for cleanliness
and comfort.

DISMAL PROPHECY.—Dr. R. T.
Trail, in the Philadelphia Star, is a
very cheerful prophet. He says that
we are approaching the climax of a
pestilential period. From 1880 to
1885 the planets Jupiter, Saturn,
Neptune and Neptune will approach
the earth nearer than they have been
for eighteen hundred years. When-
ever any one of the four have come
near enough for us to feel its influ-
ence pestilence, famine and extremes
of heat and cold have been the re-
sult. Now, we are to have the influ-
ence of the four combined, and he
predicts that in seven years from
now all manner of evil which grows
out of the atmospheric changes will
be upon us. To lessen the calamity,
the world is urged to use the strict-
est sanitary measures, to live health-
fully and cleanliness counteract the effects
of our unwholesome neighbors. The
world is so much better able to care
for itself than it was two or three
hundred years ago, and by care we
may avert much of the danger. The
following classes he gives very
old comfort:

"The dissipated, the glutton, the
debauchee, may calculate on being
among the first victims. Young men
who devote themselves by tobacco-
consuming, young ladies who destroy
one-half of their breathing capacity
by fashionable dress and tight lacing,
will never survive the perihelion of
all the larger planets of the solar
system; and perhaps it will be best
that they should not."

MORE BOLLERS.—A good one is told
on Alley, the conductor of Ames, and
an ex-M. C. A lady of Irish extrac-
tion, it is said, applied to Alley for
a share of Credit Mobilier stock. With
the characteristic diplomacy of her
race, she commenced the interview
with an effort to flatter Mr. Alley,
saying:

"Shure, sir, you've a kind benevo-
lent face, and I think you'll do me a
favor, sir; now that I've a kind gen-
tleman, that you are."

"Well," said Mr. Alley, "what is
it?"

"I see by the papers that you've
been giving away Credit Mobilier
shares to your friends. I want to
make bold to ask you for one myself.
My biller is burnt out, and I have to
wash for a living. Can't you give me
one of your new kind?"

Alley declined, and the old lady
departed, saying he looked like a
"dirty thistle of the world."

Coquille Valley, Coos County.

A writer in the Coos Bay News
gives an interesting description of
Coquille valley, from which we take
the following:

The Coquille valley is about sixty
miles long, and runs nearly
through the center of Coos county.
About forty miles from the mouth of
the river, the North and South
forks form a junction, and about
four miles farther up, the Middle
fork empties into the South fork.
This place is considered the extreme
head of tide water. The main valley,
below these junctions, is of various
widths, from one to eight miles, and
is covered with a very heavy growth
of Myrtle, Maple and Ash timber,
so that it requires clearing, in order
to bring into cultivation, but after
it is once brought to the plow, it is
very productive, and as it is over-
grown with timber, it is a great
source of wealth to the people. That is
to say, in this "steep" the Congress-
men steal \$5,000, and the President
steals \$100,000. This is the plain
English of it, and the writers and
orators who condemn Congress
and justify the President, literally
"steal" at a rate and make a saw-
dust of the people. The men who thus
talk can never convince the people
that they are honest. We know that
the men who voted for the "salary
steal" were acting under the solen-
nity of an oath, and that they were
bound by the highest obligations of
patriotism and integrity to keep their
hands from plundering the public
treasury; but these obligations were
light as compared with those devolv-
ing upon the President, who under
the Constitution is made the special
guardian of public interests, and is
given the veto power to the end
that he may arrest all corrupt legis-
lation. He, too, was resting under
the shadow of the great men who
preceded him in his high office,
not one of whom from Washington
to Johnson, had ever been charged
with the crime of taking improper
gains, and yet disregarding the ex-
ample of this long line of illustrious
men, President Grant gave the ap-
propriate name to the "salary
steal" and thereby made himself a
principal of the greatest crime of his
or any age. We know that the coun-
try is disposed to place a charitable
construction upon the acts of the
President, but stretch the mantle of
charity however broad, it will fall
upon President Grant's direct partici-
pation in the "salary steal." The
future historian when he comes to
make up the record of to-day, will
not fail to write Grant down as the
head of the conspiracy organized for
the purpose of plundering the cov-
ers of the nation. Charged with the
high duty of guarding the public
faith and protecting the rights of the
people, the Chief of the State accept-
ing the \$100,000 bribe, and then roll-
ing back the gates and bars that
guarded the nation's treasury, and
bade the plunderers enter in and di-
vide the spoils. No such disgraceful
abandonment of duty can be traced
to the head of any civilized State,
and recognizing the crime in all its
 enormity, it is not strange that
nationalists and speakers hesitate to
characterize the act as it deserves.
In future, let all reference to this great
crime be avoided; or, if the shafts of
denunciation are to be launched, let
them be directed against the central
figure in the plot, and not waste our
ammunition on the men who figured
as mere supernumeraries in the drama.
Denouncing the "salary steal," and
failing to couple the President with
the iniquity, is about equal to the
play of "Hamlet" with the Prince
conquered. In dealing with corruption
the higher the station the greater the
crime. Any other course tends to de-
grade the national morals, and leaves
the impression that we have lost
that high sense of honor that charac-
terized the rulers of the Republic.
—W. H. Statesman.

CORRUPTION EVERYWHERE.—Corrup-
tion has shown its shifty head among
the Commissioners to the Vienna
Exposition, some of whom are using
their positions to turn an "honest
penny" for themselves. A late dis-
patch from New York tells the tale
as follows:

A special announces that one of
the Commissioners to Vienna has
been suspended for improper prac-
tices, who is now on his way to Vi-
enna, and another is suspected and
his case being inquired into. Re-
ports are in circulation that some of
the Commissioners have been sus-
pended for accepting bribes in order
to represent certain manufacturing
interests, and that a sewing machine
company and gun company each has
a Government Commissioner in its
employ.

These villains in high position,
whose rascality is disgracing the
nation and bringing our free institu-
tions into contempt should be sum-
marily punished.

A young man writes for the way to
gain an entrance to our most respect-
able families. We like to see our
young people aim to improve them-
selves, and in no way can they do this
so surely as by good books and the
society of the refined. To gain an
entrance to our best families the easi-
est and most direct way would seem
to be the front door, although our
young friend might tunnel under the
sidewalk and come up through the
cellar.

Some ladies and gentlemen were
taking a walk near a cemetery when a
ghost appeared. They all ran with
the exception of a pretty widow, who
stood her ground till the "ghost" got
to her. She then went for the
spectre, and thrashed off the disguise
of a young fellow who merely wanted
to frighten the party. Leading
her back to the house, she
cried: "Can't fool me—I have seen
too many men in sheets in my time."

The Salary Steal.

We notice that a number of our
radical exchanges are exceedingly
indignant over the salary steal, and
loudly denounce the Congressmen
who voted to replenish their empty
purse. This denunciation is all
well enough, but if our radical
friends would have the world believe
that they are sincere in their indig-
nation, they will go a step farther
and denounce the President who
gave the steal his official approval.
Without the signature of President
Grant the law was worth less than
the paper on which it was written,
and it was his signature that breath-
ed into it the breath of life. The
law gave to the Congressmen \$5,000
as the sum total of their steal, and
at the same time it secures to the
President \$100,000 more than the
sum for which he bargained and
agreed to serve the people. That is
to say, in this "steal" the Congress-
men steal \$5,000, and the President
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her back to the house, she
cried: "Can't fool me—I have seen
too many men in sheets in my time."

A Vision of 1893.

I was sitting by the fireside, the
other evening thinking of everything
in general and nothing in particular,
when, hearing a noise and stamping
at the door, methought I rose to
open it, when it flew back with a
crash, waking the cat, who was sleep-
ing by the fire, and causing her to
recoil under my chair in a fright.
Before I had time to wink, there
walked in a young person, dressed
so queerly that I could not tell
whether it was a man or a woman
until it spoke.

It wore loose trousers, reaching
just below the knee, and plaid stock-
ings and high boots completed the
lower portion of its attire. A loose
sack coat, open enough in front to
disclose a snowy shirt, covered the
upper portion of its body; while a
two-story hat was set jauntily on
the side of the head, the black hair
being cut short and parted on one
side, as I could perceive after the
hat had been knocked off by the
caking.

"Well, what are you looking at?
I hope you'll know me the next time
you see me. I suppose you would
like to know who I am. Well, I am
the Coming Woman—not coming
any more, because I am here; and
here I intend to stay. It is the year
1893, and things are entirely
changed now from the time when
you were born. You look as old-
fashioned as if you had just stepped
out of Noah's Ark. How old are
you?" said this amazing person.

I stammered forth I was twenty
years old in 1873; but, of course, if
it was 1893, I must be a good deal
older. But where had I been in all
those years? Had I, like Rip Van
Winkle been asleep?

"Asleep? Why, of course, you
goose! or else you would not be so
old-fashioned. Come out with me
to-night, and see how it is yourself,"
she said, in a falsetto voice.

"But how can I leave my little
girl?" said I, meekly.

"Is it possible you have a child?"
she said, in such a tone that I felt
as if I had been doing something awful
to have a child to tend to.

Turning to my husband, who had
been sitting in the now darkest cor-
ner, open-eyed with astonishment,
she said:

Here, you, man, you, go and
tend to your youngster. I'm going
to show your wife 'the elephant.
Hurry up, and make tracks!"

He quickly arose, and she assisted
him out of the door by a shove; at
which I looked aghast to see her
take such a liberty.

"There is nothing like making men
know their places," she said coolly.
"Don't be all night getting ready,
or the fun will be all over," she said,
impatiently, as I hastily put a smug-
gling velvet basque over my new
sleeveless gown