A. L. Bancroft & Co

Oregon City Enterprise.

VOL. 7. OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1873. NO. 42.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

I am dying, Willie, dying,
Death's dew is on my brow
Come closer—let me gaze on you,
For you are sober now.
Your eyes be'm kindly on me—
Your voice is soft and low—
And your presence brings to light again
The blessed long ago.

I'm thinking of the happy time
Ere you and I were wed,
When daily blessings seemed to fall
Like incense on my head—
When great joy filled my bosom,
And my step was light and free,
And you, a bright-eyed, fearless boy,
Were all the world to me.

Oh, how I loved you, Willie!
And I love you, darling, yet,—
Your kindness in that golden time
I never can forget.
And I do not mean to chide you,
When a backward view I cast;
And shudder at the gulf between
The present and the past.

Forgive me, Willie, darling,
If my words have caused you pain—
I will not call up memories
Of the long ago again.
But I must speak of the present,
For I have that to say
Which I would have you think of,
When I am snatched away.

Our little boy, oh, Willie,
He is pure and sinless now—
There is no shade of crime or vice
Upon his baby brow—
His heart is free from bitterness—
His soul as pure as snow—
Oh, Willie, in the years to come
SEE THAT YOU KEEP HIM SO.

You have sworn upon the Bible
That you ne'er again will taste
The poison that has ruined us
And made our lives a waste.
If you keep that solemn covenant
As long as life shall last,
Our boy is safe, and God will grant
Forgiveness for the past.

Come closer to me, darling,
Let me fold you to my breast,
Ere the shadows close around me
And I sink to dreamless rest.
Oh, the weary, weary hours,
And the bitter, bitter pain,
Are lifted from my bosom,
And all is peace again.

I am dying, Willie, dying,
But for me all pain is o'er;
And I'll look for you, my darling,
When I reach the golden shore.
God will'd that I should perish
To save you and our dear boy,
And I go to seek his presence
With an eager, eager joy.

An Office-Seeker's Letter to his Wife, Versified.

BY MARION R. GRAYBILL.

Well, wife, election's drawing nigh,
I hope to be elected;
And if I am, then you and I
Are sure to be protected.

For Uncle Sam has bags of gold
For all who gain his favor,
And simplisters to common folks—
"Man sills" who do the labor.

Then there are pickings, stealings too),
To fill our ample coffers:
When offices are proffered, we, of course,
Can take the highest offers.

Some get a hundred thousand safe
Within their greedy grab-nets;
Then slip through meshes of the law,
As smelts do through the shad-nets.

For rogues, you know, will not complain,
When they all share the plunder;
So, if our party should prevail,
Justice "may go to thunder."

We'll vote ourselves what'er we please,
In salary and travel.
Then borrow, steal and plunder more,
And let the people cavil.

Then you shall have a muff and cape,
And ducky-diddum bonnet,
With streamers, bows and roosters' tails,
And other shoddies on it.

And watch and chain, and satin dress,
To wear to church on Sunday,
And look as smart, and feel as proud
And grand as Madam Grundy;

And turn your nose up to the coky,
As though you owned a home there;
And none but such as you and I
Would ever dare to come there.

We'll have the grandest pew in church,
Beneath the pulpit drippings,
While common folks get skimmed—milk and whey,
We'll have the cream and strippings.

And Tibbs Jane, our darter dear,
Shall learn to play the pianner,
And dress as smart, and look as grand,
As Madam Grundy's Hanner;

And Simper French, and flirtand waltz,
And play with cat and poodle,
And marry Madam Grundy's son,
Or some other wealthy noodle.

The people then will bow and fawn—
Address me with "Your Honor;"
And we will be the biggest bugs
This side of Madam Grundy's corner.

Education in the South.

Dr. Barnas Sears, the General Agent of the Peabody Fund, has recently made his annual report, which makes a bad showing for the educational interests of the South. In Virginia the freedmen show a praiseworthy anxiety to learn. In North Carolina there is an alarming indifference on the subject. In South Carolina, although the Legislature appropriated over $300,000 for educational purposes, not a dollar of this has been spent on schools, the money having probably been stolen by the officials. In Alabama 338,000, in a population of a million, neither read nor write; and in Arkansas, with 194,000 children of school age, but 32,000 are reported as attending school.

In the case of South Carolina a thieving Legislature must bear the direct responsibility of an ignorent rising generation. The funds appropriated for schools have been misappropriated by carpet-baggers and their dupes and allies. And on Grant and his agents who have supported the South Carolina thieves, the *Sun* says the chief blame must fall. Moses and his confederates have merely done what Grant gave them the chance to do. There can be no more fearful responsibility than that of causing the nation's children to be brought up in ignorance.

Leavenworth bedbugs throw up the windows to let in the musquitoes.

But One Solution.

Vice-President Wilson appears to have had a very rough time of it physically since his inauguration. We are told by the dispatches that his death seems to be approaching. Public life as every one admits has its penalties. Among them not the least is to have physical ailments and infirmities discussed. This applies alike to the living and the dead. The Baltimore *Gazette* reminds us that twenty-one years ago when Mr. Webster died, the public were regaled with the most minute details of his illness down to his dying hiccough; and then, still worse the ghastly particulars of his autopsy, as if his mortal remains were different from the rugged fishermen around him. They weighed his brain and dissected his liver. So with the diamal ending of the late Chief Justice, we had all the particulars of initiate paralysis and consummate appoplexy. So, too, with Mr. Greeley, who, we are told came to his death because for a long time he had not had a continuous night's sleep—a privation, bye the bye, which most newspaper men have to endure.

The real moral of these deaths is not as much dwelt on as it should be. In each case there was an utter defiance of the poetic dogma which teaches us

To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from dying by repose.

Chief Justice Chase's first illness was brought about by recklessness—a long, protracted journey in the heat of Summer—and Mr. Greeley had as much idea of quiet as quicksilver.

The latest pathological cases on which criticisms bases itself, are those of the late and present Vice-President—both, so far as physical appetite goes, models of morality, and both, it seems, visited or threatened by that form of infirmity which naturally enough strikes down the dissolute and irregular. President Grant lives like him of Cawdor, a "prosperous gentleman" while Vice-President Wilson and ex-Vice-President Colfax are in peril. Surely no ordinary induction can account for this. One advantage the President has over his friends. Theirs are we we take it, sensitive natures. His certainly is not. There is nothing in their past physical training to account for so sudden a break down. They have had generally, an easy, comfortable time of it. They have pretty much lived on the public, and never had the strain of professional hard work. It certainly is a great while since the cobbler has thought of the last, or the printer of his stick. One of our irreverent Democratic cotemporaries attributes this sudden decadence to introverted politics, "evil principles struck in." We cannot accept this theory seeing how many more with worse opinions thrive. The cause of this Vice-Presidential decay is very latent. It eludes us. Andrew Johnson and Millard Filmore, both Vice-President and President too, are alive and well. Chief Justice Taney, who lived to be over eighty, was fond of smoking—a habit from which the Puritans of Natick and New Albany shrink as a twin relic of something worse. There is but one solution. It must be Credit Mobilier.

Patents.

THE MODE IN WHICH THEY ARE APPLIED FOR AND OBTAINED.

A Washington correspondent of the New York *Graphic* gives the following information in regard to taking out patents.

So little is known of the *modus operandi* of taking out a patent by the average public, not particularly interested in the inventions, that I will give it in brief:

First, a written application must be made, addressed to the Commissioner, and signed by the inventor. If the inventor is not living it must be signed by his executor. Even if the inventor has assigned the patent this must be done. In this application must be stated distinctly, although generally, what he considers the invention for which he asks a patent.

With the application he sends a specification of his claim, with drawings attached if these are necessary to make clear the specifications. These must be in duplicate, that one copy may be retained in the office.

A model is required where the drawing does not give a full understanding of the invention.

Upon the skill in wording these specifications, to cover all the claim and no more than claimed, very much depends. Cases involving great interests are often lost through blunders committed in this part of the work.

The application is to be accompanied by $15.

The specification should be drawn up by some one understanding not only the invention, but all the nice points to be covered by this instrument.

The applications are examined, it is said in the order in which they are received.

Each application receives critical examination at the hands of the examiner to whose class it belongs. All the principles involved in the invention are carefully considered. Patent law, which Story called "the metaphysics of law," is applied, and if allowed, the patentee is notified of the fact, and also that upon the payment to the office of the last fee, which, he is informed is $20 a patent will issue and be sent to the patentee.

If rejected, the applicant will be furnished with such reference to former patents as shall satisfy him that there is sufficient ground for rejection, and of the probable chances of an appeal.

Charges of Corruption in Utah.

The following charges of official corruption in Utah have been published by C. Bates, ex-United States Attorney:

First—I aver that most grave charges of official corruption against two United States officials of Utah were preferred to the Attorney-General by telegraph in 1871; the charges were of sitting in judgment in mining cases where they *were themselves interested*, and that an order was issued to investigate the charges made, and if found true, to remove them both; but before the order was executed, the Rev. Dr. Newman intervened at Long Branch, and, the matter was dropped. The telegraphic charges were from a United States Senator, and were on file a year ago, in the department of Justice, and are there now unless abstracted.

I aver that large peculations of the mails and Post Office have occurred here since I came; in one instance a package of $10,000 being lost; that time after money orders had been stolen, and yet no one has been prosecuted for these offences. In one or more instances clerks detected in robbing the mail have been permitted to go, and crimes, if not actually condoned, have been overlooked. I do not charge the Special Mail Agent with any deviation of duty, but the records of the District Attorney's office and the names of many witnesses will prove that a very large number of losses have occurred here, but no single prosecution has ever been made.

I aver that large bodies of coal lands, worth a heavy amount of money, not in market at all, have been illegitimately spirited away under false pretences, and are now held against the United States as private property, by a combination of those who bought them at $1 25 per acre, in fraud of the laws of the United States; and that even now this process of robbing the United States of its coal land is going on.

I aver and charge that the timber lands during the last eighteen months have been stripped in utter violation of the laws of the United States, and a circular published by meas United States District Attorney from the Land Department, and that no attempt has ever been made to enforce the laws of the United States against such trespasses upon the public lands.

I charge that a Government official of Utah purloined from my desk, during my absence at the East, a public document belonging to the archives of the Attorney General's Department, had it copied, then certified to by other officials, and then sold it to a New York newspaper for money.

I further charge and aver that in 1872 a corrupt bargain was made in this city, between two of the leading officials of Utah, by which a large sum of money was to be, and was actually put in a bank in this city, and also a bond payable out or the products of a certain mine whenever an injunction should be granted, and a receiver appointed by the other official in that case that a retaining fee was paid to the person who was to manipulate the matter; that an argument was heard in the cause, the injunction and receiver refused; and thereupon a different arrangement was maie. Is this official corruption i Utah?

I charge and aver that information was given to a late judge of this Territory, to myself and many other citizens of Utah, by a leading agent of one of the largest and wealthiest firms of the United States, of a much graver offence against one of the United States officers at that time and the name of the informer, the character of the crime and all the circumstances were given. This charge had reference to a case in Court involving large sums of money in which it is also said that a sham trial took place after the real issues had been first settled between the parties in the suit.

I further charge that in the Spring and Summer of 1872, by reason of illegitimate conduct on the part of one or both officers of the Indian Department in this Territory, the Indians were compelled to buy their food at enormous prices, were finally starved out, and so left their reservation, begged and roamed about until an indian war was imiinent, and nothing but the wisdom and prudence of General Morrow and the keen sagacity and gallantry of General Ord prevented it. That the United States contractor for the department suffered large losses and made constant complaint to me, and taking the statements of the Indian agents each against the other and the facts furnished by the contractor and other officers of the United States, the evidence was complete of the grossest maladministration in that department at that time, which very nearly precipitated an Indian war.

THE BERRY STORY—TELL IT RIGHT WHILE YOU'RE ABOUT IT.—The papers are rehashing the old Berry story, they don't conclude it in accordance with the facts. This is the correct version: A celebrated comedian arranged with his green grocer, one Berry, to pay him quarterly; but Berry once sent in his account long before the quarter was due. Thereupon the comedian in great wrath, called upon the grocer and said to him: "I say, here's a pretty *nuill* Berry; you have sent in your *bill*, Berry, before it is *due*, Berry. Your father, the *elder* Berry, would not have been such a *goose* Berry; but you needn't look so *blue*, Berry; for I dont care a *straw* Berry, and if you come again before *June*, Berry I'll kick your *rasp*, Berry until it is *black*, Berry."

Republican State Convention at Albany, September 11th, 1873.

What the Chinese Cost Us.

(From the San Francisco Call.)

In coming to the *Call* office yesterday morning, through one of our most populous streets we saw in the basement of the building some fifteen or twenty Chinese at work on shoes. This led us to make an estimate as to the advantage or disadvantage of having this class of population in California.

In the first place we have about fifty thousand Chinese in California, and this fifty thousand realize for their labor at least one dollar per head each day on an average over and above the money expended for such commodities as they purchase from our people. Including manufacturing establishments which are carried on by Chinese, our estimate of one dollar as profits, which are taken out of the country, is rather under than over rate. There seems no doubt whatever that fifty thousand dollars per day are drawn from this coast for Chinese labor, which sum of money goes to China, from whence it never returns. This would give us a total tax, for having the services of the Chinese, of $1,500,000 per month or $18,000,000 per annum. Here is a drain upon the resources of California, Oregon and Nevada fearful to contemplate. This labor, to a very great extent, is a dead loss to our citizens, for the Chinese do not erect our dwellings nor leave any permanent improvements behind. Neither do they open farms. They manufacture a few commodities, raise a few vegetables, and assist in cultivating vineyards; but large numbers are employed as domestic servants, or extract gold from gulches. The work done by the Chinese could, to a great extent be more advantageously performed by our own people. We have an ample labor supply in this State, if it were utilized; or we could draw it from the Eastern States; and the money earned in this way would be saved to California to start manufacturing establishments, erect dwellings, stores, etc. All classes of population except the Chinese add to the wealth of the country, but money earned by the Chinese is carried away.

As we have stated before, this coast is paying tribute for Chinese labor annually to the amount of some eighteen millions of dollars. This money, we contend, could be saved by employing another class of labor. If all would make it a point to employ workmen who live amongst us—are of us—and invest their means here instead of sending it to China, the State would soon be in a most prosperous condition. But on the contrary, should our citizens continue to employ Chinese, and let the labor of our own people to a very great extent be lost, we shall have a depressed community. Instead of our streets being occupied by a white population, with workshops and stores on every hand, with a happy and contented people, we shall have a Hongkong in our midst, and Chinese dealers alone will be found upon our principal thoroughfares. Even now no white tenant will hire a building on certain streets. The nuisance is like a cancer; it becomes fastened in a particular locality, and from thence it spreads, until property is ruined all around for any other purpose except the use of Chinese. At one time it was supposed that Chinese labor could be utilized with advantage; that laborers alone, which was bad enough, would suffer; but as soon as Chinese workmen learn a branch of business, from that moment the Chinese laborer not only supplants the white workmen, but he supplants also the white employer.

How to Save a Drowning Woman.

In Cheyenne, when anything happens, the people consider that a religious duty devolves upon them to hold a meeting and to pass resolutions upon it, and so strong has this habit become that some citizens of that place, whenever a breakfast bell rings, call a meeting of the family, elect officers, and resolve to go down stairs and eat the meal. The other day a woman fell into Crow creek, and sank. A large crowd of men were standing upon the bank at the time, and they instantly proceeded to organize a meeting for the purpose of devising some means for rescuing the woman. After a spirited debate, Mr. A. Arnold was elected chairman; and on taking his seat, Mr. Arnold not only thanked the meeting very warmly for the compliment offered him, but he made a long speech, in which he discussed the tariff, the coal product for 1871, and the Alabama claims. A series of resolutions were then offered, and after a prolonged discussion, and the acceptance of several amendments, they were passed. They embraced a protest against the depth of Crow creek; regrets that all women were not taught to swim, and a resolve to rescue the particular woman who had fallen overboard. A committee of one was appointed to dive for her. He dived, and brought the woman to the surface by the hair. Just then it occured to him that he had not been ordered to bring her to shore, so he let her sink again, and swam to the bank to report progress and ask for further instructions. Action was taken on the report, and after an exciting discussion, he was directed to land the woman immediately.

He dived again and dragged her out. None of the women in Cheyenne can hold their breath more than an hour at a time, so when this one was recovered she was dead. The meeting said it was sorry, but it was vastly more important that things should be done decently and in order, and according to rule, than that the life of a woman should be saved."

NO NEED OF IT.—Mr. Bailey, of the Danbury *News*, says: "I do not lecture myself; I am married."

Ben Butler.

Baltimore Gazette.

Sinbad the sailor was not more oppressively burthened with the "Old Man of the Sea," than is Massachusetts in carrying the weight of Ben. Butler. The moral people of that Commonwealth, who were so proud of his equivocal exploits during the war, and who have admired his sharpness, his trickery, chicanery, and unblushing impudence at a distance, now stand aghast that he should practice among them these very arts at which they smiled so complacently so long as they were only practiced on others. When he ruled at New Orleans they praised his wonderful executive ability; but now that he aspires to be Governor of Massachusetts, they are astounded at his audacity. They did not object to the plunder he brought home from the war; they did not venture, even, to rebuke him for engineering through Congress "the salary grab, and sharing in the spoils." There is a peculiar admiration in Massachusetts for men who make money; and whether Butler made his honestly or not, even the Puritans did not care—so long as it did not come out of their pockets. But to elect such a man Governor over them; to give him control of the State offices, and access to the State Treasury! the very thought makes them shudder. Yet they are so much afraid of this man; so apprehensive that he will attain his ends in spite of them, that they mutter their terpidation in under tones, as the Parisians might be supposed to have done when Cartouche was about. Even the public journals shrink from discussing his candidacy. "It is too early," cry some. "It will only give him notoriety," cry others. "If we touch pitch we shall be defiled," is the thought of all. No, not quite all, for one paper classed as "religious," the *Liberal Christian*, has the boldness to say, and the sadness to confess: "If Massachusetts does not spew Gen. Butler out of her mouth, she will please, in future, to take a seat very far back in our court of State honor. We account him the most dangerous man in America, with the fewest scruples and the most diabolical ability; and he, forsooth, is in fair prospect of becoming Governor of our hitherto noble Bay State!"

It is the story of Frankenstein over again. The "monster" is of their moulding. The evil he has wrought to others they have viewed always with indifference—not unfrequently with applause; and now that he is "rampaging" among themselves, they pronounce him the most dangerous man in America, and are shocked at his "diabolical ability." How true it is that "the whirligig of time brings about its revenges."

The Third Term.

"Cesarism," or the "Third Term proposed for Gen. Grant," is the subject which within the last week has come uppermost for discussion in the leading eastern journals, especially those of the democratic persuasion. The *Herald* started it, and in one of its later issues it gives a compendium of editorial remarks from some of its principal cotemporaries, which brings out the matter in a really startling aspect, for it shows that the idea the supporters of President Grant intend to run him into the Chief Executive office again upon the Third Term innovation is taking a deep hold of the public mind. The Washington *Chronicle*, an administration organ, commenting upon this sudden outbirst of democratic alarm, observes:

This expression of opinion coming from the *Herald* alone would be without significance, for it would surprise no one to see it contradicted in a leader in a day or two, but taken in connection with expressions from other democratic papers scattered all over the country makes it clear that the leaders of that party anticipate General Grant's renomination by the next Republican National Convention.

Upon this one of those democratic paper replies.

It will be observed that the *Chronicle* did not disavow, either for the party or its chief, such a purpose as that attributed to both by "democratic papers scattered all over the country," but leaves upon the public mind the unpleasant impression that Gen. Grant is willing to disregard that usage which has made the law governing this subject, and that his party will use him as long as he is the most available candidate. The omission is significant, and the inferences that democratic newspapers have deduced from the well known character of the man and his party—both of which are utterly regardless of all precedents, are just. If therefore, Grant should seem to be, three years hence, the strongest man in the party, he will again be nominated for the high office he now holds, but does not fill. We may rest assured that he and his office holders will try to make that appear as a fact, and the prediction of Frank Blair will be fulfilled.

NOT WORTH FOLLOWING.—The prosperous undertaker of a neighboring town is a shoe-maker by trade, and an acquaintance calling on him a few days since was surprised to find him seated at the bench and pegging away at his former business. "Hallo G——," said the visitor, "I thought you had left the care of soles for that of bodies." "So I had, so I had," said the care for sole and body, with an emphatic rap of his hammer and a shudder of a left eyelid. "But Dr. S——went to Europe last month, an' the berr'in business ain't wut' follerin' now."

Read, that you may be wise.

Protection for the Farmer.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

The ninth census affords us some very valuable statistical information upon which to base anti-tariff arguments. It is full of fertile suggestion as to the wrongs perpetrated upon all our people by the continuance of the protection system. Especially does it give the farmers courage in their present crusade for justice and equal opportunity of making the most they can out of their laborious industry. The tables of occupations, as exhibited in the census report, reveal that there are 12,505,923 persons engaged in all pursuits in the United States. Of these 5,922,471 are engaged in agriculture and 2,707,421 in manufactures. Of agriculturists 2,977,711 are classed as farmers, and are to be classed as the proprietary class, and the agricultural laborers number 2,885,996. That is to say, in other words, the farmers employ a fraction less than one hand each, in spite of the fact that the average of farms is 153 acres each.

The number of farms is 2,659,885, and the average horse power required to work each farm of that size would be nearly five, or, say 10,000,000 in all. The census shows that there are 9,590,056 horses, mules, and working oxen employed in agriculture. Six farmers and farm laborers, therefore, are all that are allowed to serve each ten-horse power employed in agriculture. Of the 2,707,421 engaged in manufactures, on the other hand, there are 2,053,996 who draw wages as laborers, while at least two thirds of the remaining 653,425, the entire proprietary class in manufactures, must be presumed to work with their own hands. Indeed, the census only returns 42,877 persons under the style of "manufacturers," the rest being chiefly bosses of small trades and establishments, who contribute their own labor to the sum of the gross product, without claiming deduction for their own share of wages. These 2,707,421 manufacturing persons only tend 2,349,142 horse-power, and that, too, as machinery, in a much more available shape than that of the farmers. Hence, it is beyond question that in point of exertion of mere brute force the farming class has to work at least twice as hard as the manufacturing class. How as to the rewards secured by their respective labors?

The farming class has a gross product of $2,447,598,658. Of this one-third goes to the keep and feed of the $1,525,276,457 worth of stock which the farmers must maintain, and to the repair of their $336,878,429 worth of machinery, while $310,286,285 are paid in wages. It hence follows that the 2,977,711 farmers of the country divide among themselves a profit of only about $400 per capita, with no allowance made for their own labor, which is more than half the total labor bestowed upon their farms. This, upon the capital invested in farms, stock, etc., ($11,134,958,747) is an interest of about 11½ per. cent. To make $400 a year on his farm and personal hard work, his stock, truckings, etc., the farmer is compelled to put down the wages of his laborers to a shamefully low rate. In fact the census certifies that the average pay per capita, including board, of the agricultural laborer, is only $107 per annum. This, however, is an understatement, since to go no further, the board of the laborer includes lodging also in nine cases out of ten, our house-rent, and some other priviliges, which increase the laborer's actual wages, but in the same measure diminish the farmer's actual profit.

The manufacturing class, on the other hand, has a gross profit of $4,232,325,442. From this is to be deducted the cost of materials used, valued at $2,488,427,242, and the $775,584,243 of wages paid, leaving $968,313,857 to be divided in the shape of profits among the 653,425 persons in manufactures who do not receive wages. This is a net profit of $1,466 per capita, or of over 45 per cent. upon the gross capital of $2,118,208,669 employed in manufactures. The manufacturer pays his employes an average annual wage of $330, or three times what the agriculturist is able to pay his laborer.

It is obvious enough from this statement that the farm hand is not well enough paid, and just as obvious that the employing farmer cannot afford to pay him; and it is a corollary of all this, that if there is any labor in the United States that needs protection by law, it is farm labor. Yet how stands the fact of protection, as at present systemized in this land of equality and freedom? The wretchedly inadequate wages of the poor farm laborer, and the grossly insufficient earnings of the employing farmer are doubly taxed, not for the uses of the country but for the benefit of a class. They are first taxed to cover the enhancement of values in consequence of a depreciated currency, and for which enhancement they have by no means received a corresponding increase of wages. They are then taxed an average of fifty per cent. in the price of almost every thing which they buy, in order that protection may be extended to the industries—not of the 2,053,996 persons who received wages from the manufactures; by any means, but only to the 653,425 persons assumed to comprise the proprietary class of manufacturers. The real recipients of all the benefits of this protection are stated by the census to number only 42,877 persons. Here, then, is a substantial grievance for the farmers and the farm laborers, that, being in such bad case, they should have to put their noses to the grindstone to promote any such objects as we have stated. It is a grievance, too, the remedy for which lies entirely within their control, not far to seek nor difficult to apply. So long as they support the party which is responsible for the iniquitous tariff, they must be content to keep their noses in close proximity to the traditional grind-stone; and so long as they waste their strength in disjointed effort or in making feints of attacks upon railways, leaving out of consideration the main enemy, the tariff, they cannot reasonably expect radical relief. The railway corporations are, in their present attitude, the common enemy of the people; but in our measures of defence against them, let us not forget the existence of other grievous monopolies created by the odious tariff system. The railway power must be brought within bounds and made to serve where it now tyrannizes; but the prohibitory tariff must be entirely overthrown, and every industry left to stand or fall on its own bottom.

A Word for the Granges.

President Welch of the Iowa State Agricultural College, one of the most efficient institutions in the whole country, and located in the State that has had more experience with Granges than any other, addressed the Patrons of Husbandry as follows:

Our bond of Union is the congeniality of like pursuits. The leading purpose of the farmers' college and farmers' grange though gained through different paths, are largely the same. The Grange seeks to aid the farmer by multiplying his means of intelligence, by giving him the mastry of all the better methods and processes of the farm, by quickening intensifying, and elevating all the better elements of his social life. The Grange would secure the farmer aginst the torpidity of solitude and the extortions of monopoly; would kindle in his breast a readier zeal and studier courage, would touch all the labors of his hands with a glow of enthusiasm; and in short, would do for him what skillfully organized effort has already done for every other great human industry on the round earth. All this the Grange aims to do by means which are the most immediate and direct. All this also the Farmer's College strives to do by another method; by giving a knowledge to such as will seek it, of all those practical sciences that underlie the processes of agriculture; by training and sending forth men who may become, as the years pass, the leaders in the grand movement which the Grange has inaugurated. It is in harmony with this noble purpose that the college, instead of draining the rural districts of their most promising youths and graduating them to swell the overcrowded ranks of law, or to wander in perpetual search of a vacant pulpit, sends back the farmer's son to the farm, so educated that he revitalizes all its operations and gives them a new and enduring interest. Such are the benign objects which these two great enterprises are organized to further. And, mark you, each seeks to accomplish its aim by *combined* effort—the college, on a closer and more concentrated plan; the Grange, on a wider and grander scale. And what effort of man or attainment of good, or the defense against evil has ever reached its final triumph, since the world began, without combined effort? Combination is, in fact, the great instrument of progress. Civilization would relapse into barbarism without it.

A Conductor to be Trusted.

Chicago Tribune Letter.

One day, before Cornelius Vanderbilt obtained possession of the Hudson River railroad, he was traveling, it is said, from here to Albany; and, considering himself a priviliged character, went into the baggage car to smoke. He had been enjoying his cigar but two or three minutes when the conductor came along, and informed him politely that he must not smoke there. Vanderbilt said that it wouldn't make any difference—that it was all right, etc.; but the conductor was of a different opinion declaring that it was contrary to the rules of the road.

"You don't know me," said the speaker. "My name is Vanderbilt; I am sometimes called Commodore. I generally do about as I please."

"I don't know, nor do I care who you are, Mr. Vanderbilt. I intend to obey the rules. If you were ten times a Commodore, I could not permit you to smoke here; and you must go elsewhere to finish your cigar."

The loyalty to duty displayed by the conductor pleased the ancient Cornelius, and he went out, though not before he had said to the conductor: "You are the right kind of a man for your place. You don't respect persons. I think of buying this road, and if I do you can stay on it as long as you like."

Vanderbilt did buy the road, and retained the conductor. He frequently remarked that that man could be trusted; that he was never mistaken in judging of character; and that he knew from the first that the conductor was sound.

The conductor stayed on the road for five years, and in that time, as the story goes, stole himself into a pecuniary independence.

So much for Vanderbilt's knowledge of character. Evidently the conductor knew Vanderbilt better than Vanderbilt knew the conductor.

The Salt Lake *Herald* states that a mysterious looking woman made her appearance at Provo recently, who answers the description of Katie, the "she devil" of the Bender family.

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