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The Oregon Weekly Statesman.

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Jan28tf

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LIBERTY STREET, SALEM.
PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS, AND ACCURATE Detail Drawings furnished for all descriptions of buildings and superintendence strictly attended to. mar25

HOTELS.

Commercial Hotel.
Salem, : : : Oregon.
I am still keeping this House, and I am determined that no hotel shall furnish a better table than I do.
☞ FREE COACH TO THE HOUSE ☜
Wesley Graves,
Sept 14 Proprietor

Chemeketa House,
SALEM, OREGON.
This new and elegant Hotel, supplied with every modern convenience, is now open for the reception of guests.
Fine Carriage to and from the Cars.
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May1tf.

NOTICE!
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES
AT THE
St. Charles Hotel.
Portland, - - Oregon.
—o—
From the first day of August the price of Board and Rooms will be reduced to the following rates:
Transient, room and board per day $3 00
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Permanent, single room and board per week ..... $10 and upward
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This being the only first-class Hotel in the city—being built of brick, with Bar and Billiard Rooms on the premises, Table and attendance unsurpassed on the coast, and all the modern improvements—the subscriber trusts, with the above combination of advantages, to meet with a proportionate share of patronage from the citizens of Portland and the traveling public
JOHN J. JACOBS,
aug9 Proprietor.

Misrepresentation.

"Use breeds a habit in a man," saith Shakespear, and the habit it has bred in Democratic editors is misrepresentation—which is a very mild and good mannered word for it—of all Republicans and especially of this Republican Administration. One of the most popular of these falsehoods was repeated in the *Herald* a few days since, charging that the collectors of Internal Revenue are defaulters to the government to the amount of twenty millions of dollars. The story has grown steadily from sixty millions down to twenty and the last February report of the Secretary of the Treasury is quoted as proof that these revenue collectors have stolen twenty millions of dollars.

Now, as to the facts in the case, the Secretary of the Treasury published the amounts of assessments charged against the different collection districts, and to explain that item we remind our readers that there are Revenue Assessors, who first assess the amounts due government, just as there are county assessors who assess taxes for the State and counties here in Oregon. The duty of the collectors is to collect the taxes so assessed, just as the Sheriff in each county of Oregon collects the taxes that are assessed in this State. The twenty millions charged as not having been collected by Revenue Collectors correspond with the delinquent taxes which our sheriffs find it impossible to collect. And it is a little remarkable that in collecting one thousand five hundred millions of internal revenue there has only been a delinquent list of twenty millions, or one dollar in seventy-five.

Now, the actual defalcation of collectors is placed at $2,750,000, or about that, and a great portion of that occurred under Johnson's administration and was by men who are and were Democrats. But we will be generous in our figures, and assume that that amount of defalcation has occurred in the course of the last nine years. It should not have happened; but defalcations do continually happen in both public and private life, and they are not the exclusive fault of either party. It appears, then, that in nine years past the Government has been defrauded of twenty cents out of each one hundred dollars; or that out of every five dollars collected one cent has been stolen. The thieves ought to be caught and punished; but, as the world goes, has the stealing been so practically enormous as these horror stricken Democrats try to make their readers believe?

Misrepresentation is the present staple of Democratic argument. The *Herald* knew it was misrepresenting when it charged twenty millions as the amount Republican officials have stolen, and it purposed to injure its opponents by its untruthfulness, which does not at all comport with the highly devotional tone of some of its earlier editorials.

New York city has set an example of stealing which words can't do justice to, and figures fail to express, so *Harper's Weekly* has gone to making pictures of it. Let the *Herald* subscribe for *Harper's Weekly* then, and every time it wants to misrepresent Republican rule let it take a look at the awful caricatures the New York Ring has occasioned, and that should prove a moral lesson which may save the editor the penitential trip back to "Old Pike," of which sister Duniway talks so feelingly—or rather, so unfeelingly.

No Significance.

Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise, perhaps, and for all that the Executive Organ in this city is concerned, the Democrats who look to it for information are not likely ever to find out that there has been an election in California this fall. A gentleman of veracity informs us that he took yesterday's issue up and went up and down its columns carefully examining to find out where the California election came in, and it came in nowhere. The Organist of the Executive says the California election "possesses no significance," and he devoted his valuable space to some jargon about the Ku Klux bill instead. We met one of its subscribers a day or so ago, and *he* knew it already, and said it served them right and would be just so here next spring. The New Departure, he said, did it, for he said the most of them were like him and didn't want any Republican principles mixed into their politics, and when they did they know where to get a genuine article.

One Gone—A Warning to the Other.

By the defeat of H. H. Haight one of the most pestilent demagogues that ever disgusted the sensible portion of the population of the Pacific States is finally put out of the way. He and Governor Grover of this State are a matched pair. Both of them are cold-blooded, proud and aristocratic in all their instincts and feelings; but with calculating insincerity they professed great love for the "laboring masses" in order to get votes, though they have not, and never had one sympathetic emotion for the devotees of labor. They have gone over their respective States bawling about the Chinese and plying the very lowest arts of the low demagogue, they have appealed to the proletaires to accept *them* as their champions, vote *them* into power, rebuke the "Radical oppressors of labor," and inaugurate the labors' millenium. In dignity and morality the efforts of these two Governors on this subject have not been a single degree above the harangues of Jack Cade, of whom alone they are worthy to be lineal political descendents and successors. In one respect Jack Cade was less culpable and less disgusting than they, for he was an illiterate clown of whom the like might be expected, while they are men who know better but are willing to stoop to this low business in the hope of obtaining political advancement. California has disposed of one of these demagogues; Oregon will do likewise with the other. Grover seems to have taken his low tricks from Haight, and to have looked to him as counsellor and guide. That prop is gone, and Grover will be compelled to fall back wholly on Bill Watkinds.—*Oregonian.*

SENSIBLE CONCLUSION.—Charles the Fifth after his abdication amused himself in his retirement at St. Juste, by attempting to make a number of watches go exactly together. Being constantly foiled in his attempt, he exclaimed, "What a fool have I been to neglect my own concerns, and to waste my whole life in a vain attempt to make all men think alike on matters of religion, when I can not even make a few watches keep time together."

Signs of the Times.

The election in California gives as much encouragement to the Republicans of the United States, now, as there was the opposite offered in 1867, when Haight was elected Governor of that State. He has run his career for four years; he claimed that he was especially the people's champion against monopoly; he stood forth as a once Republican and therefore as an appropriate representative of the New Departure theory, which was the main plank in the party platform. The result shows how the honest voters appreciate the shams of Democracy and how certainly and fully the people will sustain the principles of the Republican party when they are honestly put forth and are represented by men the people can honor and confide in. In 1867 the Republican party of California was managed by corrupt men and the people refused their confidence and their vote. In that year it was the Republicans who stayed away from the polls who elected Haight, and this year it is those same men who have elected Booth.

In every respect the present campaign has been fairly and honorably conducted. Each party has put forth its best men and whatever principles Democracy had it has made the most of. Haight is a demagogue and they have thrown him aside. The acts of Democracy in power have not satisfied the voters and taxpayers and they have pronounced a louder verdict against them than any one expected, for the highest expectations of Republicans there did not equal the result.

California sends three Republican representatives to Congress and has a Republican Legislature elect, which will choose a Senator to succeed Cornelius Cole. All this is grandly satisfactory and we need not doubt that our own State will in due time follow the example so nobly set.

The signs of the times are *all* satisfactory, and from Maine, where Democracy expected to at least make gains, we learn that after a very animated election, in which a remarkably full vote was cast, the Republican majority stands several thousand greater than before.

North Carolina has gone strongly Republican; very unexpectedly so too, as the vote shows that a large number of white men have been added to the Republicans of the Old North State.

Kentucky has lessed the Democratic majority in that State, showing that white men are becoming Republicans there, and this will encourage others and increase the chances for our party there in the future.

Montana has been long and strong Democratic, but that Territory is to be represented hereafter by a Republican delegate.

Where are the Democratic gains? Echo answers, where? and the voice of the people heard at the polls, wherever an election is held, answers, "nowhere."

Democracy has, indeed, taken "a new departure." It has "let go all holds" and started down hill with greater force than ever, and where it will bring up nobody knows, and, fortunately, nobody cares.

Wanted, A Counsellor.

Last Fall, when Grover mustered backbone enough to veto the Portland subsidy bill, he took H. H. Haight, of California, into his confidence, and the two Governors chuckled together over their own performances. From that time to this our Governor has stiffened up considerably, under the idea, probably, that "H. H. H." was as good a medicine as it is said to be, for it has had a great run in its day. The question is, what will our Governor do, now that his specific has lost its virtue and is no longer a popular nostrum? There is no telling, but something must be done for him, and done quickly. We could recommend a careful perusal of Booth's campaign speeches, but then we fear he would say of them as his party journals say of the late California election, that they "possess no significance."

"A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse," and what Grover wants and must have, now that his counsellor Haight is played out, is a bosom friend to nod or wink at him occasionally in the nick of time.

Millerite Ascension.

She Wanted to be an Angel.

The Simpsons in Haddonfield, New Jersey, belong to the Millerites; and a short time ago a conviction seized upon the mind of Mrs. Simpson that there would be an ascension upon a certain day just previous to the destruction of the world. So, when the day arrived, Mr. Simpson, his wife and his mother-in-law dressed themselves up in sheets and nightgowns and things, and proceeded to mount to the roof of the smokehouse—a position which Mr. Simpson had selected because it seemed to be a place from which a first-rate start could be made. When Simpson and his wife had reached the roof, Simpson's mother-in-law was seen coming from the house, fixed off in her gum shoes, and carrying with her her umbrella and a dozen teaspoons and an alaba teapot, which were given to her when she was married. When Simpson saw this, he called to her to throw away those worldly goods, and to climb up without such vile dress. But old Mrs. Jones grasped her umbrella firmly with her hand, put her foot down in her gum shoe, clasped her albata teapot to her bosom, and said that, as it was her only treasure, she would take it along at all hazards; and, as the weather would probably be damp on the way up, she wasn't going to abandon her gum shoes and umbrella, merely to oblige such a fool as Simpson. So she made a bolt up the ladder, and reached the summit just as Simpson tried to throw the ladder down. She seized him by the leg. To save himself, he caught hold of Mrs. Simpson's ascension robe; the mother-in-law fell, and the whole party came down from that smokehouse roof in a manner which proved that the attraction of gravitation possessed unusual strength in that particular locality. The assension has not taken place yet, and Mr. Simpton told the doctor confidentially that when the fracture of his leg healed he would start off somewhere, and fix things so that he could go up by himself—for it was perfectly absurd for any man to try to soar into the regions of celestial bliss in the company of a wretched old woman who wanted to be an angel, and yet had no more sense than to imagine that beings of that kind could with propiety fly around with umbrellas, gum shoes and battered albata teapots.

It is a queer woman who asks no questions, but the woman who does is the querist.

Tammany in Trouble.

The forty thieves of New York City, and especially the four principle members of the Ring, are in a good deal of trouble. Connolly, the Controller, has been asked by the Mayor to resign, but he does'nt resign worth a cent, and they did'nt have any idea he would. Strange, too, just when he is about to show his accounts and explain the operation of the city finances, there is a burglary committed upon his safe, and a lot of vouchers are found missing, or rather are missing and cannot be found. A short while since the Democratic papers of our own State were busy denying that Tammany officials had done anything dishonest. That was the cue from the *N. Y. World*, but since then a great part of the Democratic press of New York has commenced denouncing them as rascals, and the *Citizen*, edited by Roosevelt, a Democratic member of Congress, from New York City, has made more serious charges against Boss Tweed and his partners in theivery, than even the Republican papers have uttered.

The Albany (N. Y.) *Evening Times*, an able paper and independent in politics, declares that Democracy has lost by defending Tammany so long and cannot regain character by denouncing it so late in the day. It has passed into an absolute conviction with all honest men, that the Tammany rule of New York has exceeded in swindling and dishonesty, any record ever made by man. Boss Tweed & Co. have attained the bad pre-eminence of being the grandest rascals that ever were known in history.

Tammany is in trouble, but it is determined to brave it out and Mayor Hall coolly announced his determination to run again, fully confident, no doubt, that having the mob purchased and at command the Ring Rascals can laugh at developements and rule and steal and steal and rule as long as they choose. They do not seem to be afraid of killing the goose that lays such golden eggs and are simply acting up to the time honored Democratic precept "when you have a good thing press it."

Perhaps the greatest joke of the season is Mayor Hall's demand that Connolly shall resign. Why don't he set him the example?

The Underwood-Rogers Discussion.

EUGENE CITY, Sept. 13th, 1871

EDITOR STATESMAN:—Permit me to say a word in reply to Prof. Roger's communication under the head of "Lectures vs. Debates."

His statement that he has accepted my challenge seems to me most disingenuous. He has done no such thing. Declining to meet me in discussion, he has simply proposed to "alternate with me in giving lectures." The reason that I did not accede to this proposition is already known to your readers. The Professor says "no man would go to hear one side that would not wish to hear the other." A large experience in giving lectures, and holding discussions with the clergy, enable me to know that the statement is incorrect. I must, therefore, insist on an arrangement that will insure the certainty of my having the same audience that my christian opponent addresses. I will accept Prof. Rogers' proposition on condition that he agrees to a lecture by us both, on the same evening, and in the same hall, and that each give opening lectures the same number of evenings. My engagements in Oregon and California now oblige me to limit the discussion, or course of lectures, to six evenings.

Discussions are not undignified nor unwise, as the Professor declares, except when the debaters are lacking in sincerity, courtesy and acquaintance with the subject discussed. I have had the honor of meeting, in debate, a large number of clergymen, including several who have held positions in Universities, in the East, quite as high and important as that which Prof. Rogers holds in the Willamette University. I never hear any intimation that these discussions were lacking in true dignity and I am sure they were well received by the public.

Of Prof. Rogers' worthiness as an opponent; of his entire competency as a representative of Christianity, the position which he holds is sufficient evidence.

That the people of this coast will consider his proposition a fair acceptance of my challenge I do not believe. I have heard large numbers of christians, and even clergymen, express dissatisfaction with the course which he has pursued.

The statement that I "must in honor accede" to the proposition which he saw fit to make, as a sort of substitute for an acceptance of my invitation for a debate, must have been made inconsiderately. He is at liberty to decline accepting my challenge, I am equally at liberty to decline accepting his proposition without violating any principle of honor.

Respectfully yours,
B. F. UNDERWOOD.

CENTRALIZATION AND AN EMPIRE.—The *Herald* may as well dry up about "centralization and an Empire," for if its long winded harangues mean anything they mean that the people of California have voted with distressing emphasis for "centralization and an Empire." As this dreaded horror is coming so near home to him, it may be as well for him to start back to the beloved land of Pike, as the *New Northwest* advises, before the people of Oregon go into the "centralization and an Empire" business next Spring, which they will certainly do in a way that will astonish a new beginner.

The destructive force of a grasshopper visitation is indicated in a note from a settler in Dakota who writes from Fort Berthold, July 26: "Everything was growing finely on the farm until this morning, when at about 11 o'clock the grasshoppers arrived, and have very nearly cleaned us out. Our gardens are entirely ruined. From the oats we save enough straw for the horses, but everything in the gardens and in the fields of the Indians is totally consumed. The whole work of the season was destroyed in less than eight hours, over a country of 300 acres. I do not know how we shall get through the Winter, as cold weather begins the first of October, and lasts six months. Buffalo are very scarce, and other game is not very plenty."

All are not hunters that blow the horn.

Written for the STATESMAN.

CHANSONS.

BY MINNIE MYRTLE.

Now, tell your minstrel to come, my love,
And bring his flute in tune,
And while the twilight is hanging above,
To play me "Bonnie Daun,"
The "brae of Bonnie Daun;"
Play with the thrill of a sorrowful air,
Like the throb of a sluggish lagoon.

The twilight hush of a Long Ago
Felt the thrill of a flute in tune,
And it waved the silence to and fro
To the ripple of "Bonnie Daun;"
He played for me "Bonnie Daun,"
And his grave is now in the burning sands
By a dreamless and voiceless lagoon.

Why did I smile when the silence was stained
With the sorrowful tears of a flute,
When my heart, like a charmed bird, was chained,
And the voice of my soul was mute,
When the Angel of Death dropped her cadency down
On the strings of his heart for a lute?

* * * * * * *

The Night has opened her minstrelsies,
And the stars peal over the sea—
I would you would sing a song to me, please,
Of the "grave of Eulalie;"
The song of "Eulalie;"
Sing in a loving and cheerful voice
As tho' you were singing for me.

Out of sound of the wild sea song,
Away from the sound of the sea,
In the blackness of Night we rode along,
And *he* sang for me "Eulalie."
Now, one is dead and one is false,
And both are dead to me.

Together we rode through the dark, old wood,
His voice and his heart were near,
Our steeds they plunged in the solitude,
But my heart felt never a fear—
Never a pulse of fear,
Tho' I heard the rush of a river's flood,
And the way was uncertain and drear.

But why did I weep as I rode along,
When my heart was so free from care,
And he sang for me, and me only his song,
Of "Eulalie," dead and fair,
With a cheering and love-like air?
Why did I weep as we rode along?
Riding—I cared not where.

The grave is a lonely place to hold
All of my precious *to be*,
But a sadder place is a heart that is cold—
A heart that is false to me.
False and fickle is he.
So out of the stainful dusk of the grave,
The hues of a Promise I see.

SALEM, Oregon, Sept. 8, 1871.

Where are the girls now who can play, and where are the clothes in which they can enjoy play without fear and trembling? Think of trying to wade through a book, and of enjoying the delicious sensation of water running over bare feet and around bare ankles, when at every step one must ask, "Sue, does the lower flounces touch the water? Will the overskirt get splashed? Is the pannier too low, and are the ends of the sash tucked up?" Think of trying to climb a cherry tree, and enjoying the feat and the fruit, when every limb threatens your chignon and frizzled "top-knot," or of jumping from a beam into the hay-mow, when your nether limbs are laced in high gaiters and bound in tight bands—one would drop down straight and inelastic as a mummy! It is unwise generosity in American children to give these sports to the Irish and German, reserving for themselves croquet and picnics, at which elaborate toilets can be displayed and studied etiquette observed. These are for ladies, for if a child is left to act out childhood, it will no more choose a play that is bounded by limits or rules than would a lamb or squirrel.—*Woman's Journal.*

WATER WORKS OF ROME.—In old Rome there were nine aqueducts to supply the city with water, and the amount furnished for each inhabitant could hardly be less than three hundred gallons for each person daily, or more than six times as much as is supplied to each person in London at the present time. One of their aqueducts was fifty-four miles long, and one forty-two miles long. No modern city ever had such perfect arrangements for baths and perfect cleanness as Rome. The Roman sewers for carrying off the filth of the city were also more perfect. The main one, cloaca maxima, had a series of small channels flowing into it from all parts of the city, and rendering her drainage most complete.

A gentleman who employs a coolie as a domestic servant finds that the paganism of the Chinaman is his greatest fault. The other morning the family, including the coolie, were gathering into the sitting room for prayers. When the exercises were over, it was ascertained that the coolie had been worshiping an old fashioned brass andiron in the fireplace. He mistook it for an idol, and had offered it two dead rats. He spent four hours a day in front of that andiron saying his catechism, and the impression throughout the neighborhood is that if anything can be done with a brass andiron in the way of securing the Chinese idea of a felicitous hereafter, that persistent coolie will do it.

Many a discouraged mother folds her tired hands at night, and feels as if she had after all done nothing, although she has not spent an idle moment since she rose. Is it nothing that your little helpless children have had some one to come to with all their childish griefs and joys? Is it nothing that your husband feels safe when he is away to his business, because your careful hand directs everything at home? Is it nothing that when his business is over, that he has the blessed refuge at home, which you have that day done your best to brighten and refine? Oh, weary and faithful mother, you little know your power when you say, "I have done nothing." There is a book in which a fairer record than this is written over against your name.

A New York wholesale grocer, who has become rich in his business, has lately made the following revelation. He says his rule always was, when he sold a bill of goods on credit to immediately subscribe for the local paper of his debtor. So long as his customer advertised liberally and vigorously, he rested easy, but as soon as he began to contract his advertising space, he took the fact as an evidence that there was trouble ahead, and he invariably went for his debt. "For," said he, "the man who feels too poor to make his business known is too poor to do business."

REMEDY FOR POISON OAK.—Here are two recipes for poison from vines or oak that will not fail to effect a cure: the first is—Make a solution of sugar of lead and wash occasionally. This is prescribed by the physicians of the Western States for the worst form of this skin disorder. But the best domestic cure is, to wash the eruption with juice of bean leaves if they can be obtained. This is a certain and speedy cure.

The wonderful business activity of Chicago infuses itself even in the little folks. A lady there the other day sentenced a little four-year old boy to an hour's solitary confinement, and as she was about to shut the door on him he remarked, "You are making me waste my time."

The City and County.

From Wednesday's Daily.

WOMAN BEATING.—A few days since Walter Lerwell was arrested and brought before Squire Ringo, of French Prairie, charged with inhumanly beating and abusing two of his own sisters. It seems that his father lay sick at the house of his son-in-law, Harpoole, and medicine had been left for him to take. In the night his son Walter came, and insisted on giving the sick man medicine at a time when the doctor's prescription did not order it, and when his sister, Mrs. Harpoole, resisted, he struck and choked her unmercifully and when another, unmarried sister remonstrated, he repeated the outrage upon her. His wife also remonstrated and he threatened to beat her also. He gave bonds to appear next Saturday. Mrs. Harpoole is severely injured. Young Lerwell is in the habit of drinking too much liquor and is generally a hard case, so we are informed.

THE RUSTIC.—The first issue of this little paper found its way to our office yesterday. It is published at Empire City, Oregon, by the Rustic Publishing Company. Who composes this company, we know not, but we do know that the editor, whoever he may be, is a lively fellow, a spicy writer and will succeed if he has half a show. We welcome the little *Rustic;* long may it wave, and may its shadow never grow less.

SAW IT.—A little girl of Wm. Tucker's, living towards Silverton, the other day practiced successfully throwing into the air a wooden dart, watching it as it came down, which it did, one time, hitting her in the nose and splitting that member so that she had two of them, until the wound was sewed up. That little girl learned that "what goes up must come down."

SOUTH SALEM.—This thriving part of the city is determined to do its share of business. Mr. Riggs is busy making and repairing machinery. The saw mill of Moores & Miller is hard pressed to satisfy the increasing demand for lumber; their grist mill is also doing a good business. They offer $1 10 for wheat.

RECONSTRUCTION.—The Commercial Hotel is being repaired in certain ways that are calculated to add to its advantages. Water will be introduced and the rear buildings will have more room, as ground is being purchased in that direction.

TRANSFERRED TO-DAY.—Messrs. A. A. McCully, T. McF. Patton and perhaps others of the P. T. Co., went below yesterday morning to transfer the property of that corporation to the late purchasers.

OPENED.—Carl Bosco has opened the Montgomery Photograph Gallery, as advertised, and the show case outside contains specimens of this art that attract much attention.

WHEAT.—The price of wheat is on the upward tendency, but we cannot give precise figures this morning. They will soon find out how much they can afford to pay and then we will make the fact public.

NEW AD.—We refer our readers to the advertisement of Royal & Smith, which appears in this morning's issue. The "Jersey Tie" is a new style of shoe manufactured in Portland, and is just the thing for Salem. Call and see them.

John Downing informs us that the farmers of the Waldo Hills are all done harvesting, and are now employed in transporting their grain to market and plowing their fields for another crop.

AT THE DEPOT.—Business at the depot for a few days past, has been quite lively. All freight now passes over the road in consequence of the river boats being hauled off for repairs.

PUBLIC SQUARE.—We wonder what has become of the man who was mowing the dry grass that stands on this plat of ground? We think its appearance would be very much improved if it were all cut and removed.

HOW IT IS.—Our friend Bob Hawley has sold out his interest in the Salem Dray & Hack Co. to H. M. Thatcher, so we hear, which accounts for H. M. being seen handling the ribbons on that fine carriage yesterday.

RISE IN WHEAT.—Yesterday the enterprising firm of Davenport & Wolfard, at the Fair Grounds, were paying out $1 10 per bushel for wheat, and crowds of wagons were there discharging. Several car loads went down from there yesterday.

AVERAGE.—David Newsom tells us the wheat threshing will be about over in this county this week, and he states that the crop for Marion county, will average twenty bushels per acre.

STOVES.—Mr. Fenner, of Independence, has lately sold his stock of Stoves to Messrs. Anderson & Brown of this city. They were delivered yesterday.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.—The following are the arrivals at the Commercial Hotel for Sept. 12th: J H Perkins, L J Gesking, New Hampshire; Wm Grosphiker, Jacksonville; S J Looney, Knight's Landing; J Rowland, Portland; Wm Milson, Dallas; J Callison, W Hammond, M Litchstein, Pleasant Hill; Chas Wilson, Salem; Whitney and wife, Denny and wife, Mrs Brownson, Aumsville; N Brason, Iowa.

The following are the arrivals at the Chemeketa House for Sept. 12th: J N Dolph, Hon A H Brown, H Y Thompson and wife, W H Porter, B R Myers, H Boyd, Portland; O J Carr, J J Imbre, M Rhawl, Salem; N L Butler, J L Collins, Dallas; E C Bradshaw, Lafayette; H H Bigelow, F R Burnett and wife, Miss M A Hogg, Thos K Cree, San Francisco; Lewis Pruett and wife, Baltimore; Chas Barber, Yreka; Francis McConanghy, Etna, Cal.; Chas Parker, Lowell, Mass.

Hon. A. H. Brown, of Baker county, having been down to Portland to lay in a full stock of goods, came up to Salem last evening. Mr. Brown is one of the cleverest gentlemen of the Democratic school, and was an influential Senator—one who holds over. He is one of the kind they ought to keep for seed.

DIED.—At Harrisburg, Linn county, Saturday, Sept. 9th, 1871, Mrs. Mary McCully, aged 84 years. Deceased was the mother of David and A. A. McCully, of this city. She also leaves four other children, all of whom are living, the oldest 59 years of age, and the youngest 43. All were present at her death, except Dr. J. W. McCully, who was sick at the time.

DIED.—In Hog-'em, Baker county, on the 5th inst., after a brief illness, William T. Atkinson, aged about 40 years.

PRAYER MEETING.—The students of Willamette University hold their prayer meetings on Tuesday evening of each week.

HAY.—Those having a surplus of this article on hand, can get rid of it very quickly by hauling it to town; what is better, they can return home with the cash in their pockets.

MILK RANCH.—Our heavy friend, Sheldon, has purchased the milk ranch of A. H. Breyman, and is now sole proprietor of the milk trade, in which he is so deservedly popular.

A WONDERFUL CURE
Of Granular and Ulcerated Sore Eyes.

[From the Oregonian.]

EDITOR OREGONIAN—Sir: I desire, through the columns of your paper, to call the attention of those who, like myself, have suffered, or may be suffering, from diseases of the eye, to the successful treatment of Dr. Aborn. For a year past I have been compelled to give up my wagon shop on account of a severe affection of the eyes, coupled, towards the last, with neuralgia in the head. While suffering severe pains from neuralgia, my eyes would frequently run blood; my sight was so nearly gone, that I had to be led about by a boy.

Having for months been under the care of respectable physicians, who, however, failed to help me, I was, while despairing of a cure, induced to try Dr. Aborn. Although I have been but two weeks under his treatment, I have so far recovered as to be able to travel easily without assistance—the large ulcer, which threatened the loss of my left eye, has been entirely removed, and I am happy, to be enabled to say I am now, by Dr. Aborn's treatment, restored to nearly perfect sight, without suffering the least pain while under his care. And I consider it a duty I owe to Dr. Aborn to make this grateful statement, and recommend those who are unfortunately similarly afflicted, not to hesitate to apply for relief to that skillful and successful practitioner.
W. L. COLEMAN.

September 6th, 1871.

State of Oregon, } S. S.
County of Multnomah,
I, W. L. Coleman, being first duly sworn, say that the foregoing statements are true.
W. L. COLEMAN.
Subscribed and sworn before me, this 6th day of September, A. D. 1871.
J. G. CHAPMAN,
Notary Public, Oregon.

I take pleasure in testifying to the above statements, having seen the patient mentioned led by a boy, for some time previous to applying for relief to Dr. Aborn, and entirely unable to walk without the boy's aid. To my great astonishment, four days after, I saw the patient walk down stairs and out of the front door, without any assistance whatever.

JNO. J. JACOBS,
Proprietor St. Charles Hotel.
Portland, Ogn., Sept. 6th, 1871.

From Thursday's Daily.

BOARD OF SCHOOL LAND COMMISSIONERS.—This Board, consisting of Gov. Grover, Secretary Chadwick and State Treasurer Fleischner, met on Tuesday morning for the purpose of disposing of a large amount of business, which has accumulated for a few months past. The case of Benjamin Sloss vs. S. M. Lyon, involving a conflict of the rights of these parties, was decided on Wednesday. The Board held that an appraisement must in all cases accompany the application for the land. In this case there was no appraisement accompanying the application of Mr. Sloss, and the application of Mr. Lyons being perfect in this particular, having with it an appraisement, the Board awarded the right to the Law to Mr. Lyons. On Wednesday the case of John Igo vs. John Barton and A. P. Colwell, involving the settlement of Igo upon 320 acres of land in Benton county, was decided in favor of Igo, after agreement. The Board is still in session, at the Senate Chamber, State Department.

STRANGE, IF TRUE.—We learn from one of our correspondents that Rev. Jos. Thompson—colored man—while walking on the sidewalk, a few days ago in Salem, was stopped by a boy of 16 years who ordered him to "fork over" his money; but as the money did'nt "fork" itself over the boy concluded to "go through" him, which he did. All this is said to have occurred in broad daylight. We wonder who saw this little transaction; it is news to us, and will probably be new to our readers. Our correspondent also states that Rev. Thompson is a stranger here, and is not sure that he has friends to aid him in bringing this "boy" to justice. If the boy had succeeded in finding any money, this clerical gentleman could get the benefit of our sympathy by proving the above statement. We are inclined to be a little skeptical.

OCCULIST.—Dr. Charles Wilson, of California, is temporarily residing in this city. This gentleman has made the study of the eye a specialty, and has been eminently successful in this practice for many years. His office is in the Commercial Hotel where he can be found when not visiting patients. He is so thoroughly master of his business that he is safe in stating that pay will not be required, for treatment, only in case where permanent benefit is given. Those with afflicted eyes should not fail to call on him.

AGRICULTURAL WORKS.—If you wish to obtain some idea of what Salem proposes to do in this line, just call and see the foundation of the immense structure which Mr. Myers is having reared. Not for many years has Salem shown such sure signs of growth and prosperity as now. The part of the foundation now under way is 60 feet wide by 167 long; a very small part of what the whole will be when completed.

MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY.—All will please remember that this champion of Woman Suffrage lectures, at the Opera House, this evening. This question seems to be one of growing importance, and every one should avail themselves of this opportunity of hearing it ably defended.

IN JAIL.—A young man, from Independence, came to town yesterday and unfortunately imbibed too freely. Marshal Fisher gave him lodgings, over night, in the City Jail. He will doubtless visit the Recorder in due time to make amends for his wrong doings.

BOOK EASEL.—This is something entirely new; a rack for holding a book in its place while in use. Every book-keeper, student and copyist should not be without one. Stratton & Waller have just received a large lot of them.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.—The following are the arrivals at the Chemeketa House, for September 13th: Orrin Hazard, wife and two children, Miss Fall, Ill.; R H Tyson, H McCarty, Dallas; J M Foster, W M Pilling, J S Burdon, Albany; H J Stephenson, Thos. Hisloss, Theod Burmester, O B Gibson, and wife, Portland; W L Wadkins, Josephine Wadkins, Baker City; D L Munsell, Astoria; G H Hall, H W Grant, J Hopkins, San Francisco.

The following are the arrivals at the Commercial Hotel, for September 13th: W B Perkins, Mons De Clute, D Henry, Portland; H Hanson, East Portland; I Grause and wife, Thos Bell, wife and three children, Ind.; H L Tyson, Wm Mitchell, Dallas; W Rice, La Grande; E Swiner, Scio; D M Porter, Boise City; R Wiley, R S Fraker, Geo Tillotson, Dallas; E L Mitzel, Ohio; E Vineyard, N A Girking, D Kirkpatric Corvallis.

DANGEROUS.—Laying of water mains frequently causes trenches to be left uncovered during the night. As the nights now are quite dark, it would be well for teamsters to be on the lookout; an accident of this kind happened the other evening; the result was a horse came near getting killed.

NEW STORE.—McAlpin & Dodge are building a store house at Junction City. The lumber they use is furnished by the Capital Mills of this place, and is transported by rail.

NEW DOCK.—The Ferry Boat Co. are building a new dock. A matter of convenience in high water.

PENITENTIARY.—Mr. Rhodes, Superintendent of the building, informs us that the brick work will be done in about a month.

STILL RISING.—Wheat is now selling, in town, at $1 20.

From Friday's Daily.

THE LECTURE LAST NIGHT.—