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HORRORS OF SIBERIA.

Siberia is a shameful blot upon the fair fame of modern Russia, and is as nearly a hell upon earth as any place practically can be. And from here the home of inalienable rights and liberties should go out to the world at large the contempt and reproach merited by a czar and a court who tolerate, and even command, the perpetration of barbarities, whose recital chills the blood and creates amazement and horror that such things should be in the nineteenth century.

Two cases in point: A well-known English writer recently visited the mines where political convicts are immured. Midway in a dingy subterranean passage he saw a haggard and emaciated man lying on his back, naked save a dirty cloth around his loins, and plying a pick. He was on the point of speaking to him, when the guide interfered, sternly suppressing all attempts at conversation. Later, however, he found an opportunity to exchange a word with the prisoner, who said, in response to various questions: I am Count

exiled for life, to this terrible place. We convicts work as you see us for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four; have five minutes allowed for meals consisting of a piece of black bread and a cup of water; are never permitted to exchange a word with any one; are punished mercilessly for the knout for the slightest infraction of orders, and in all respects are treated with the most shocking insolence and cruelty. The intention I firmly believe, is to kill us off as soon as possible. Life here is a terror—sunless and hopeless. My crime (?) was a jesting, perhaps contemptuous, allusion to the internal policy of the czar."

Another convict, exiled for life on account of an alleged connection with a secret society of nihilists at Moscow, turned his back toward Mr. —, and pointed to such bruises, scars, welts and running sores, the results of frequent knoutings, as could have sickened even the cruellest slave-driver of the olden days, the application of the dreaded knout having, at various times, even laid bare the bones of his hips and shoulders.

"The poor creatures Roussakoff, Sophie Perofsky, Michailoff and Jeliboff while being driven to the gallows on the Simonoffsky square were enveloped in heavy coarse gowns, which hid them almost from view. And also their sleeves were tied to their wrists, so that not the slightest portion of their arms could protrude. In spite of the roll of drums; of the clanking of horses' hoofs against the stones; of the dull thud of infantry battalions on the march, in spite of all this our five martyrs strapped to the tumbrils which were leading them to death, had strength to cry out and tell them of the tortures they had undergone. All the noise which filled the air could not drown that cry. It was heard by other nihilists who were unknown to the crowd of lookers on. These men now determined to acquire the bodies of their executed friends at all hazards. They waited until the execution was over and then followed the funeral procession, if it may be so called, to the vacant lot in the outskirts of the city, where the interment took place. It was dark before the last soldier left the improvised graveyard, and then our brethren set to work. By the light of a tallow candle they dug and dug and dug, until the first corpse was unearthed. It was Roussakoff—the face was black and the eyes protruded—just the appearance of a man who had been strangled to death and not really hanged. And, indeed what is the czar's system of hanging but strangulation? But that was nothing. They bared his breast and back, and a terrible sight met their gaze. Deep, long furrows were dug in the flesh, and on inspection large lumps of sealing wax were found to be imbedded in them. Just under the right shoulder bone something silvery reflected the light of the candle, and when my friends looked nearer they discovered that a piece of molten tin had burnt itself an inch deep into his body. As to his arms they had been completely skinned."

Is it then, strange that conspiracies should exist in a country where such atrocities are of daily occurrence? Is it strange that throughout all grades of people—noblemen and merchant, writer and mechanic, peasant and maid, servantmen are desperate creatures, ready and eager to slay their inquisitorial and relentless oppressor?

But the end is not yet. The political horizon is ablaze with lightnings, and the warning thunder heralds the coming storm. The bastille fell at last, and the people willed that royal blood should wash out royal iniquities. So shall Siberia fall ere long, and fall, too, the useless scourges known as czar and noble.—N. Y. News.

Any More Like Him.

One of the lumber dealers in Michigan has for the past three years been supplying a dealer in Albany. For the first year everything went well, but at length the Albany man began to complain. He found a shortage of culls in every carload sent him, and demanded discount therefor, and this spring it was impossible to please him. No matter how carefully lumber and shingles were culled and billed there, he was sure to write back that they were not up to the standard.

A few weeks ago a car-load of "star" shingles were sent him. The "star" shingles beat anything made in the country, and they know it in Albany as well as in Michigan, but as soon as the car arrived the shingles were hardly "clear butts," and he could not unload the car until assured of a discount of twenty-five cents a thousand. The Michigan dealer had suffered long, but the end was nigh. He had inspected ever bunch of shingles on the car, and he made up his mind to go to Albany and inspect them over again. The dealer had never seen him, and the Wolverine walked into his office as a would-be-purchaser of some extra fine shingles.

"I've got exactly what you want," promptly replied the Albanian. "I've got a car-load of Michigan 'stars' out here which lay over any shingles you ever saw."

"Are they all perfect?"
"Every one of them."
"No culls in the center of the bunches?"
"I'll eat every cull you find. I got them from a Michigan dealer who is as straight as the ten commandments, and he has never sent me a stick of second-class stuff. Come and see 'em."

The Wolverine quietly pulled out his business card and laid it on the desk. The dealer took it up, read the name and sat down on a stool with a queer feeling in his knees. There was an awful silence as they glared at each other, and it was a full minute before the victim slowly extended his hand and hoarsely whispered:

"Did you ever see a man make such an infernal ass of himself? Shake."—Ez.

Mount Ranier.

Our last Puget Sound day was made memorable by the sight of a sunrise on Mount Ranier. At a quarter before four o'clock the distant south horizon of Tacoma was shut out by walls of rose-colored clouds. These presently opened, floated off, and disclosed Mount Ranier, its eastern slope rose red, its western pale blue. One white cloud lingered at the summit, blowing like a pennant, to the west; the rose red changed to gold—gold which seemed molten, as it streamed slowly down the mountain side; then it changed back to rose red again, as the sky grew yellower and yellower; next, three oval barges of gold swam out in the east, as if the sun were coming by sea; the forest lines were as black

as night; the stretches of water, first silvery, then gray, then crossed with golden bars; then the sky turned to opaline lavender, the woods went blue, the water blazed out red; a great column of light shot across from shore to shore; and the sun rose. On the instant, the whole mountain turned white again, calm and impassive, as though it had no share in the pageantry of the last half hour.

The Indian name of mount Ranier was Tacoma; meaning, according to some, "snow mountain," according to others, "heart food," or "breast food." One catches a glimpse through the clumsy English phrase of a subtly beautiful idea, and a sentiment worthy of the mountain and of the reverential Indian nature. It is a shame to abandon the name. Retaining it for the town is a small atonement for stealing it from the mountain. There seems a perverse injustice in substituting the names of wandering foreigners, however worthy, and however enterprising in discovery, for the old names born of love, and inspired by poetry we know not how many centuries ago; names sacred, moreover, as the only monuments which, soon, will be left of a race that has died at our hands.—Atlantic Monthly.

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Is not a "cure all," it is a blood-purifier and tonic. Impurity of the blood poisons the system, deranges the circulation, and thus induces many disorders, known by different names to distinguish them according to effects, but being really branches or phases of that great generic disorder, **Impurity of Blood**. Such as *Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Nervous Disorders, Headache, Backache, General Weakness, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Pile, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Skin Disorders, Pimples, Ulcers, Swellings, &c.* **King of the Blood** prevents and cures these by attacking the cause, impurity of the blood. Chemists and physicians agree in calling it "the most genuine and efficient preparation for the purpose." Sold by Druggists, \$1 per bottle. See testimonials, directions, &c., in pamphlet, "Treatise on Diseases of the Blood," wrapped around each bottle. D. RANSOM, SON & Co., Props. Buffalo, N. Y.

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BOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
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Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

A Tucson dispatch says: Four white men were killed on the 21st inst., in Clark's coal camp on Huachuca mountains, by Apache Indians, and on the following day a Frenchman and three Mexicans were killed eight miles further north, in the Whetstone mountains, making eight known to have been killed up to this time.

"How did you come to break off your engagement with Miss Snowball?" asked Uncle Mose of Andy Perkins, an Austin dandy. "In de first place, Uncle Mose, she wasn't berry young and she didn't have no money, and jawed like de debil, and secondly, she wouldn't hab me and went and married anudder niggah, so I tuk de advice ob my frens and jes dropped her."

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

St. Louis, January 9, 1882.
Very esteemed sirs:
The praise your Liver Pills have called forth here is wonderful. After taking one and a half boxes of your genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, I have entirely recovered from my four years' suffering. All who know me wonder how I, who, for so many years, had no appetite, and could not sleep for backache, stitch in my side, and general stomach complaints, could have recovered.
An old lady in our city, who has suffered for many years from kidney disease, and the doctors had given her up, took two of your Pills, and got more relief than she has from all the doctors. Yours truly,
J. VON DER BERG.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar-coated. Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression: McLANE'S Liver Pill.
The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signature of C. McLANE and Fleming Bros. on the wrapper. Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLANE, spelled differently, but of same pronunciation.
If your storekeeper does not have the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, send us 25 cents, and we will send you a box by mail, and a set of our advertising cards.

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Rapidly Increasing Business
Compels an Enlargement
of Our Premises.

A full line of choice
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POTRERO COMPRESSED YEAST.
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Hay, Oats, & Straw.
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Wood Delivered to Order.
Draping, Teaming and Express Business.
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Day or Night.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE undersigned has this day been appointed by the Honorable county court, of the State of Oregon, county of Clatsop, administrator of the Estate of John Gustaf Fransen, deceased, and who was generally known by the name of Frank Brown. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, with proper vouchers duly verified, to me at the office of Union Packing Company, at Astoria, Clatsop County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice. All persons indebted to said estate will call and settle the same with me at once.

F. F. JOHNSON,
Administrator.

Astoria, February 27th, 1883.

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BLACKSMITH

SHOP

AND

Boiler Shop

All kinds of

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—AND—

STEAMBOAT WORK

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CANNERY DIES,

FOOT OF LAFAYETTE STREET.

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Gold and Silver Watches and Chain

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SALT.

Tin Plate, Black Tin, Caustic Soda,

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