

The Princess Louise.

Geo. W. Smalley, in his last London letter to the *Tribune*, writes as follows: A good deal has been said privately of late about the alleged reluctance of the Princess Louise to return to Canada. So long as talk of that sort was private only I preferred not to report it. Nothing could be less gracious than to represent a young wife as unwilling to rejoin her husband, and this is the construction which might easily be put upon her hesitation. But the matter has been made public by newspaper comment, so it only remains to say—at the risk of irritating our Canadian friends—that it is true the princess did not wish to go back, but not true that domestic reasons have anything to do with her aversion to the journey. What the princess dislikes is, to put it bluntly, the society of Ottawa; or rather, the want of society. She is passionately attached to England, and to London above all. She cares for literature, for art, for music and for conversation. She is herself one of the cleverest women in England, and one of the most cultivated. She haunts studios and concerts, and drawingrooms where good talk is to be had, to which she contributes her full share. Here she led a full and beautiful life. What is there in Ottawa to compare with it? If the estimable people of that excellent capital will but think of it for a moment, they have no reason to be angry because a young and brilliant woman prefers life in one of the most brilliant cities of the world to life in the chief city of—I was going to say a wilderness; and wilderness it is if you look only for those refinements and ornaments of existence which to women are more dear than more substantial merits.

There are stories floating about of passionate entreaties by the princess for liberty to remain in England, and stern refusals by her mother. To the queen, life has not perhaps much poetry left in it. She sees that the place of the princess is with her husband, and she is a woman capable of suppressing personal feelings relentlessly, and enforcing political duties upon her children in the most austere spirit of the sovereign. If the reports that make their way over here from Canada are to be credited, such loyalty as there is among the Canadians clings about the person of the Princess Louise rather than about her husband, the governor-general and viceroy. I hear of men and women following the princess in the streets and watching for her at the corners only to touch the hem of her robe. Is that true? I know, at any rate, that one eminent radical of the Dominion, who has no love to spare for royalty in any shape, said that they could deal easily enough with the viceroy, but that the princess was a power. The eminent radical did not wish her so to be a power. He would be better pleased if she had her will and lived here in London. I half guessed that he was himself not insensible to the charm and authority which the princess—because she is princess and because she is a woman—wields over the simple folk of the St. Lawrence provinces. But he believes that every year of her stay tightens the bond between the colony and the crown. And he does not wish to see it tightened, but loosened. If the princess knew that such feelings prevailed among her mother's Canadian subjects, it might almost reconcile her to what she now looks on as a banishment. For she is, after all, if her friends' testimony may be taken, a woman capable of loving something on a larger scale than pictures and music; a woman with much of royal nature and love of reigning which comes to her rightfully by birth; with unusual force of character and courage for great enterprises. If she once conceived the notion of playing a great part in America, it is possible

enough she might change what now seems the inevitable course of events in the Dominion of Canada, and keep it imperial long after the time when it now promises to become republican. —*Ed.*

—Wendell Phillips, in a letter to the *Boston Advertiser*, in reviewing Dr. James Freeman Clarke's defense of the propriety of joining a club where liquors are sold, thus deals with the "liberal" clergy of Boston:

"It is a singular fact that these liberal clergy, the outcome or what is called the best culture and most humane faith of the day—children of Tuckerman, Channing and Mann—are rarely or never seen or heard on a temperance platform. I have been for forty years familiar with all sorts of temperance conventions, meetings, and appearances before Legislatures, and I never have happened to meet any of our prominent liberal clergy, now living, at such gatherings; have never known of their taking part in any such effort, with the one honorable exception of Mr. Hale. Mr. Cook, on the contrary, is ridiculed and criticised by them as the outcome of a bigoted and narrow theology, outgrown, dead lumber, cumbering the ground. Yet his bugle note is heard across the continent in unmistakable tones on every topic that touches the welfare of man, and his hand is busy in almost every reform. Two-thirds of these tenants of B. pulpits never read temperance documents or attend our meetings. But when some outrage on public decency rouses them to its defense, they build up a straw opponent, gallantly scatter to the wind arguments no man ever used, and display a ridiculous, if it were not a disgraceful ignorance of social science, medical authorities, and the practical life of the age. Baptized by Buckminster, at the front of Brattle street, I have the right to brand these liberal pretenders as a disgrace to their predecessors and a pitiable sample of brilliant promises unfulfilled. Fashion in Boston imperiously orders the use and offer of wine. The city government is created and ruled by rum. Trade, wealth, the press and society defer to it. Blind habit fancies itself science, and parades as such in supporting it. The pulpit dabbling in all politics except what touches reform, and reading Shakespeare to idlers while some of the finest genius of the city is dropping into drunkards' graves, contents itself with insulting temperance men, and panders, like a cringing lackey, to the drinking fashions of the pew, both by precept and example, now and then trying to hide its degradation and throw dust in the world's eyes by some empty rhetoric about the awful evil of intemperance." —*Ed.*

The Antiquity of Glass.

The oldest specimen of pure glass bearing anything like a date, is a little molded lion's head, bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty, in the Slade collection at the British Museum. That is to say, at a period which may be moderately placed as more than 2,000 years B. C., glass was not only made, but made with a skill which shows that the art was nothing new. The invention of glazing pottery with a film or varnish of glass is so old, that among the fragments which bear inscriptions of the early Egyptian monarchs, are beads possibly of the first dynasty. Of later glass, there are numerous examples, such as the bead found at Thebes, which has the name of Queen Hatshep or Hashep, of the eighteenth dynasty. Of the same period are vases and goblets and many fragments. It cannot be doubted that the story prepared by Pliny, which assigns the credit of the invention to the Phoenicians, is so far true that these adventurous merchants brought specimens to other countries from Egypt. Dr. Schliemann found disks of glass in the excavations at

Mycenae, though Homer does not mention it as a substance known to him. That the modern art of the glass-blower was known long before, is certain, from representations among the pictures on the walls of a tomb at Bent Hassan, of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty; but a much older picture, which probably represented the same manufacture, is among the half-obliterated scenes in chamber of a tomb of Thy, at Shakkara, and dates from the time of the fifth dynasty a time so remote that it is not possible, in spite of assiduous researches of many Egyptologists, to give a date in years. —*Ed.*

Mrs. Perkins and the Bad Boy.

No boy but a very, very bad boy would purposely send an impertinent valentine to a lady like Mrs. Perkins. The one I wrote to Miss Haven had two doves on it, and said:

"I shall try to improve and become all that you wish, from your lovin' little friend George."

Mrs. Perkins got one which said:

"The roses are red,
The violets blue,
Pickles are sour,
And so are you."

Maybe Jack sent it, but, she said the riting was mine. She didn't care about the valentine; that was nothing. What she made a fuss about was this: Some boy has put a piece of meat on a large fish hook, and fed her large mallese cat, which she wouldn't care so much about, only he had gone fishing in her glass globe, and cut all her gold fish, which she could have stood, if he hadn't gone skating Sunday afternoon and skated into an air hole, so that he was breathless when they got him out and made such a mess with his wet close, she said her nerves were getting in a sad condishun. She was worn out. She really couldn't stand it—especially when the very next day, he blacked his face and hands with ink, got the kitchen broom, and tried to go up the sitting room chimney, and fell down and bumped his head, a bump as big as a goose egg, with she would have forgot an forgivn if he hadn't pinned a piece of paper on her back, on which was "This is the camel's back the last straw broke." But that was only fun, and she wouldn't mind it if she had not noticed that he had cut all the quere birds out of the dictionary, and made a long row of on the wall behind his bed, so he would have something to amuse him when waked up urly, with made him brake the professor's gold bowed spectacles, putting them on the owl in the library, so they tumbled off; besides getting a fruitful habit of coiffing exactly like the professor—only when he was sent to her room to study his geography better, and got her nite cap, and a nite gown, and put them on towser, making him howl so he ran away and dragged them all around the village. —*Selected.*

A writer in the *Boston Transcript* thus relates a tale of woe: The young lady came and tried to sell me a manuscript story. "My teacher likes it," she said, when I repeated our usual formula of no space, no money, no time, no anything to her. "Teacher an editor?" I inquired mildly. "No, indeed," was the answer. "she's a person of refinement and education."

—It was quaint old Thomas Fuller who said: "There are fools with little heads and there are fools with big heads; in the one case there is no room for so much wit, and in the other case there is no wit for so much room."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Flour,
Brand & Shorts

TO EXCHANGE FOR

WHEAT.

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Will also sell at the following low cash prices:

FLOUR, \$5.25 per barrel.

SHORTS, \$22.00 per ton.

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AFTER THE SEARCH OF YEARS and the inquiry of suffering thousands, we are at last able to announce a certain remedy for

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Neuralgic & Nervous Headache

Together with kindred complaints arising from COLDS, such as Stoppage of the Nasal Passages, Deafness, Dimness of Sight, &c., &c.

We know that no CATARRH, NEURALGIC and NERVOUS HEADACHE REMEDY can show such a record for success as ours can. And we challenge a comparison with the history of any and all Remedies extant.

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We have over TWENTY THOUSAND genuine Testimonials and Certificates on hand, and never have in a single instance received one word of complaint.

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6-10-11

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Mrs. N. J. Cook: I can most cheerfully recommend your Lung Balm to those suffering with Colds, Coughs, etc. It acts promptly, and should be in every family.

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Mrs. SUSAN MULKEY.

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Yours, &c.,

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\$1500 TO \$2000 A YEAR, or \$5 TO \$20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to \$2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars, and private terms free; samples worth \$5 also free; you can make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

A MAN LOST.

I have lost the address of a man by the name of John C. Deleameter, who is supposed to be somewhere in Oregon. Any one who will notify me of his address will be liberally rewarded.

C. J. WRIGHT,
Palouse, W. T.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Monmouth-Meat Market.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING bought A. G. Marshall's interest in the Butchering Business, is prepared to furnish meat to his old customers, and the public generally. Your patronage is solicited.

9-29-11

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The Vigor cleanses the scalp, cures and prevents the formation of dandruff; and, by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing properties, it heals most if not all of the humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp, keeping it cool, clean, and soft, under which conditions diseases of the scalp and hair are impossible.

As a Dressing for Ladies' Hair,

The Vigor is incomparable. It is colorless, contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil white cambric. It imparts an agreeable and lasting perfume, and as an article for the toilet it is economical and unsurpassed in its excellence.

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