

FREE TRADE IN LOUISIANA.

A Louisiana correspondent tells us that "some remarkably fine chickens have come home to roost this year." The free trade policy is now bearing fruit of the heaviest kind in Louisiana. Wages have been cut down from 30 to 40 per cent; sugar has sold at prices below the cost of production. No money can be obtained for the expenses incidental to the cultivation of the next crop. Sheriffs and marshals have been busy selling out plantations at unheard of prices.

A few cases in point are the Rosehill plantation of 1,200 acres, with a central factory which was erected during the last bounty year at a cost of over \$100,000 for the new machinery alone, the whole property, including mules and tools, being disposed of at a forced sale for \$15,000. Another plantation, the Marshfield, of two thousand acres, with its large crop, with mules, tools, sugar house, dwellings, laborers' houses and numerous other buildings, were all sacrificed on the altar of free trade for the sum of \$5,500. At recent sales by the United States marshal in New Orleans 108 farms and plantations have been sold, most of them improved homes, at prices ranging from \$30 to \$2 per acre, several 40-acre farms being sold for \$25.

Each day adds to the long record of ruin, and very many are now feeling the effect of what they themselves have helped to bring about. Surely this terrible state of affairs will arouse the people of Louisiana to shake off those fetters that have bound them to the party of free trade, which is directly responsible for all their woes.

THE GOOD OF BEING "PECULIAR"

It was commencement at one of the Southern Universities. The moon was shedding soft lovelight over everything without, while brilliant lights were gleaming within every residence in the village, which was crowded with the wisdom, youth and beauty of the South. Honored parents had seen their sons receive their diplomas that day, and step from the platform of student life to enter the arena of harder struggles for wealth and fame.

Bright eyes were beaming with tender light, and young hearts were throbbing anxiously in expectation of the same sweet story so often told, and the promised words which were to be exchanged on this auspicious occasion. A party of young girls who were true to recently made vows of conservation, and were not going to the ball room, were being pleasantly entertained with

"Converse familiar, sportive kind, Where heart meets heart, mind quickens mind. And thoughts and words were all at play. Like children on a holiday."

In the midst of their mirth, the genius of the graduating class entered the room, exclaiming, "I have come to beg you young ladies, who are too holy to attend the ball, to be kind enough to entertain me while my girl is getting on her paraphernalia for the ball room." Detecting a look of disapproval on the faces of his good friends, he said apologetically: "I know you think my good father's son is a bad boy; but there will be many other sons and daughters of ministers at the dance to-night who are members of the church, while I make no pretensions of being religious. But I am going to be good, after a while. I have all of my father's theological books, and you will hear me preach too some day." Then came the investitures so often hurled at the inconsistencies of church-members by outsiders, who are glad to plead them as an excuse for their own misconduct, and he said: "I have never seen any real religion among young ladies in society, with one single exception. Just go with me to the ball room to-night, and if you can see any difference between the saints and sinners, you will be smarter than I have ever been. They all flirt alike, dress alike, or rather (begging your pardon, young ladies), they all undress. If there is such a thing as religion among young ladies, Miss S. B.—has it." Changing the subject abruptly, he was his entertaining self for a few minutes, then bowed himself out, little thinking of the sadly changed circumstances under which they should meet again.

A few moments later, Miss S. B.—came in, exclaiming: "Oh, girls! I have come to see if you can reassure me. I feel so badly. Twenty girls went out from our house to the ball this evening—many of them older and better Christians than I am—and I fear they think me righteous overmuch because I could not go with them."

"Why not?" was asked in surprise, as she was the most popular young lady in the village, and danced beautifully. She hesitated a moment, then answered: "I love to dance—have loved it all my life; but, when I was confirmed, and became a communicant in the church, which does not prohibit dancing, I determined to enjoy what I considered an innocent amusement as long as I could do so, and return to my private devotions and Bible reading with the same pleasure I had felt in them for some time. I attended one ball, and have never danced since."

When the brilliant graduate's remarks were repeated, her eyes filled with tears, as she said very earnestly: "I am so thankful I came over here. And if by giving up dancing I can convince any one of the reality and truer joys of religion, I will gladly be called 'peculiar' hereafter."

Her beautiful christian life was a

constant recommendation of the religion she professed, and more than one thoughtful student was saved through her christian influence. Several others spoke of her having been the only person outside of their homes who had ever said a word to them about their souls, and having done so in such a gentle manner that they could neither be vexed nor forget her earnest pleadings.

After a few happy years of usefulness, she was stricken down by a violent disease, and the Master's call to come up higher found her ready to depart and be with Jesus.

By a sad course of dissipation the brilliant student disappointed the bright promise of his early youth, laid the heart-broken mother into an untimely grave and estranged the friends who would gladly have lent a helping hand to raise him from shame and disgrace. Only once after his graduation I met him, a blotted, disheveled, and scarcely a recognizable trace of the attractive young man. He, too, finished his course early, leaving to the few friends who clung to him to the last only the forlorn hope of a death-bed conversion.

If the dear young girls could but realize their power to influence their associates, surely more of them would dare to be "peculiar," as did S. B.—, and thereby be the means of doing much good by leading their friends to a higher, nobler life.

A CUSTOMS DEFICIT.

Eli Perkins was in Portland a few weeks ago. Eli is a protectionist and generally gets there when he takes his pen in hand. The following is a letter written to the New York Sun, and is fair reading:

"This morning I called on Collector Black at the Portland custom-house, a most delightful and frank gentleman. When I asked him if the office was doing a good business he said: 'Well, we are systematizing on our books, and that keeps us pretty busy; but, with the new tariff, there has been a great falling off in receipts. You see, salt has come free now, and we used to collect \$20,000 a year on that alone.'"

"Has free salt made salt cheaper in Oregon?" I asked.

"No; it's the same price here. Free salt seems to have raised the price in other places. Foreign exporters seemed to have paid the old tariff in order to get in and compete with our domestic salt. American salt has been about as cheap as sand for years."

Then I asked a civil service clerk what else had reduced the receipts. Our civil service custom-house men occupy positions won by merit, and they are sure to retain their positions, so they are generally fearless and candid.

"What else?" repeated the civil service clerk. "Why, we used to take in big sums on Welsh tin. But this year no vessels have come with Welsh tin. One ship, the Cupula, left Liverpool loaded with tin, but she got to floundering in the sea. She came in water-soaked, with much of her load spoiled, but in the meantime our canners have supplied themselves with American tin. If she unloads here now, it will be a Welsh Botany bay, and the last Welsh tin that will ever come to Portland."

"What were the customs receipts here in 1892?" I asked the book-keeper.

"In January," he said, turning the leaves of the ledger, "they were \$51,615; February, \$48,869; April, \$49,095; June, \$52,823."

"And in 1894, under the Wilson bill?"

"We collected in January \$19,181; February, \$13,505; March, \$8,906; May, \$9,042; June, \$9,857."

"So the government got about \$600,000 in 1892 under the McKinley bill, and about \$120,000 in 1894 under the Wilson bill?"

"Yes, those are about the figures."

When I asked Joseph G. Megler, the big Washington and Oregon salmon cannery, about the tin supply for the canners this year, he said:

"We got tired waiting for the Cupula and other English ships, and ordered American tin from Indiana."

"What did you pay for it?" I asked.

"Just \$4.85 a box, and we never got it for less than \$6.50 from Wales. I don't think any more Welsh tin will ever come to Oregon, for we've made contracts for American tin for next year at \$4. That knocks out England."

I give the simple facts in this letter and let the reader write his own editorial on them. I am afraid that we will have a deficit from customs next year that will run us in debt more than \$150,000,000. The boys in the custom-houses look serious.

OVER THE STATE.

Bay City, Tillamook county, refuse to incorporate last week.

John Stewart is preparing to ship from Eugene city, fifteen carloads of 1 and 2-year-old steers to Montana.

The residents of Dufur indulged in a coyote round-up the other day, in which fifteen of the varmints bit the dust.

Roseburg's marshal has been put out of office by the city council for turning in bills for killing dogs he had traded and sold.

The Gervais Star boasts of sending from its station this spring 50 carloads of potatoes. The fact really is one of self-gratulation.

Experienced paper-men contemplate investing \$150,000 in a paper mill at Green Bay, Lin county. They will use hemlock for pulp.

H. B. Miller, a congressional aspirant, will remove to Eugene, and has paved his way for the move by presenting Professor Condon a case of Manzanetta wine.

With butter at 12½ cents per pound, flour, \$2.40 per barrel; eggs, 8 and 10 cents per dozen, and beef 7 and 10 cents per pound, Oregon ought to be the ideal home of the poor man.

A lot of free-milling ore from H. Matern's mine, the Ophir, is being run through the Ashland quartz mill this week, as a test. Mr. Matern has a tunnel in some 170 feet on this property.

By a law of congress passed in 1894, squatters on "unsurveyed lands" may deposit money with the surveyor-general and have the lands surveyed. This deposit after a time becomes a payment on the land.

The Southern Pacific Company is relaying its track through Clackamas county with 62-pound steel rails. A force of 45 men is doing the work. The company is working for speed. Fifty miles an hour is hinted.

Three Tillamook boys were arrested last week for exploding dynamite shells in the river to kill fish. A lack of familiarity with the laws dynamics, on the part of the examining magistrate, let the boys escape.

The run of fish at Astoria continues good and the pack for April is several thousand cases ahead of the corresponding month of last year, probably owing to the river being lower and the water warmer than it was last spring.

A freight train went through a bridge as it emerged from tunnel No. 1, on the O. P. road, on Monday of last week. The conductor and one brakeman were killed. The bridge was old and had been condemned by the commission. The road is in litigation and it is difficult to get proper repairs made. This accident will probably hasten the courts.

Perhaps the most robust man for his years in all Oregon is Uncle Billy Dixon, of Corvallis. He was 85 years of age last February, and this spring he himself cut ten wagon loads of stove wood, slashed an acre of brush, and grubbed another half-acre of ground, on which he is now growing a thrifty crop of potatoes, having prepared the ground and planted the potatoes with his own hands.

The Indian agent at the Siletz has received official notice from the Indian department at Washington stating that the department had recognized the action of the county court in appointing justice of the peace and creating road districts at the Siletz, and authorizing the agent to abolish the Indian courts, as these Indians are now citizens. The Indians have all been allotted their lands, and there remains to be opened to settlers 84,000 acres.

One day this week Will Raleigh went down the Yamhill, fishing. Just around the bend from where he was angling, he heard a flock of wild geese chattering in the duck language. Reeling out about one hundred feet of line, he baited his fly with a big fish worm and allowed it to float around the bend. A jerk at the line told him that his rise had succeeded. By slowly reeling in the line each time, and repeating the scheme, Mr. Raleigh captured thirty-four ducks, all as fat as butter. The last duck becoming lonely swam around the bend to investigate, and from his ambush in the willows William knocked it over with a rock, but unfortunately it drifted down stream and was lost. Besides the ducks, Mr. Raleigh caught a nice mess of fish—Sherridan Sun. That last sentence truly stamps the above statement—"Baby."

The value of descriptions of criminals sent out by officers is illustrated by the following story, by the East Oregonian: "A man has been widely sought by officers for stealing a team, buggy and harness at Walla Walla. He finally turned up at Ukiah and put up at a lodging house. During the evening, some parties there received the news that the Walla Walla thief was being pursued and was thought to be in the neighborhood of Ukiah or Albion. The Walla Walla thief was one of the company who were discussing the matter and a gentleman produced a description of the hunted man. The description was very carefully gone through, and was mentally applied to every stranger who had been in that locality for a week past. Although the man who was wanted was in the room in person, no one connected him with the fellow described, and he took part in the discussion with great interest. When bedtime came, he went to the barn to sleep and during the night stole two horses and a saddle."

A chalk mine has been found in Umatilla county and specimens are on exhibition in Pendleton. A chalk ledge is not very valuable except at inland markets, where it is protected by expensive freight rates.

A citizen of the Grand Rond, Polk county, married in January, presented his certificate to the county clerk in Dallas last week and asked to have the names in the instrument "scratched out."

William Fitzpatrick, aged 60 years, a substantial citizen of Tillamook county, was thrown from his wagon, when his team stampeded, and died in a few hours after the accident.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a trial bottle, free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life pills free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing at the Hillsboro Pharmacy.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

John Greenfield et ux to Ferdinand Metcalfe 30 acres sec 23 1 & 2 1 & 3 1 & 4 1 & 5 1 & 6 1 & 7 1 & 8 1 & 9 1 & 10 1 & 11 1 & 12 1 & 13 1 & 14 1 & 15 1 & 16 1 & 17 1 & 18 1 & 19 1 & 20 1 & 21 1 & 22 1 & 23 1 & 24 1 & 25 1 & 26 1 & 27 1 & 28 1 & 29 1 & 30 1 & 31 1 & 32 1 & 33 1 & 34 1 & 35 1 & 36 1 & 37 1 & 38 1 & 39 1 & 40 1 & 41 1 & 42 1 & 43 1 & 44 1 & 45 1 & 46 1 & 47 1 & 48 1 & 49 1 & 50 1 & 51 1 & 52 1 & 53 1 & 54 1 & 55 1 & 56 1 & 57 1 & 58 1 & 59 1 & 60 1 & 61 1 & 62 1 & 63 1 & 64 1 & 65 1 & 66 1 & 67 1 & 68 1 & 69 1 & 70 1 & 71 1 & 72 1 & 73 1 & 74 1 & 75 1 & 76 1 & 77 1 & 78 1 & 79 1 & 80 1 & 81 1 & 82 1 & 83 1 & 84 1 & 85 1 & 86 1 & 87 1 & 88 1 & 89 1 & 90 1 & 91 1 & 92 1 & 93 1 & 94 1 & 95 1 & 96 1 & 97 1 & 98 1 & 99 1 & 100 1 & 101 1 & 102 1 & 103 1 & 104 1 & 105 1 & 106 1 & 107 1 & 108 1 & 109 1 & 110 1 & 111 1 & 112 1 & 113 1 & 114 1 & 115 1 & 116 1 & 117 1 & 118 1 & 119 1 & 120 1 & 121 1 & 122 1 & 123 1 & 124 1 & 125 1 & 126 1 & 127 1 & 128 1 & 129 1 & 130 1 & 131 1 & 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