

One copy one year, in advance, \$2 25
One copy six months, in advance, 1 25
One copy three months, in advance, 75

CLUB RATES:

Six copies one year, in advance, 12 50

LOVE'S DAY.
Midway the last of those dear months
That winter knows,
While yet the earth is hidden 'neath
The lingering snows,
And the north wind defiant still
His trumpet blows,
Is set a day of sweets
As summer rose.

MOLLY ST. LEGER.

A Valentine Story of Over One Hundred Years Ago.

It was a gray, gloomy day in late October, during the last week of their sojourn at the old family house on the Kennebec. This ancient house, built of Hallowell granite, was of the Elizabethan style of architecture, with castellated walls and a large square hall down into which you looked from the galleries on the second and third floors, and which opened upon a deep porch altogether delectable in its viney seclusion, so suggestive of tete-a-tetes, moonlight or daylight.

Grant's Pass, Josephine County, Oregon, Friday, April 3, 1885.

VOL. I. GRANT'S PASS, JOSEPHINE COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1885. NO. 1.

attic stairs and through the center of the attic, skirting the massive chimney, each one of which could almost have held in its interior a sea-side cottage. The attics were large and high, as the attics of such a house should be, but although tolerably well lighted, were rich in those deep, dark, shadowy corners, and recesses, whose gloomy suggestiveness made one's flesh creep.

friend of Abram's, who lived in what is now Joy street, in the neighborhood of the Thimble house, which he afterwards found in his nephew, John Hancock, 25, soon became familiarly acquainted with Dorothy, or Dolly Quincy, the wife of John Hancock, for whom Hunt was a partner in the firm which Dolly's father, Edmund Quincy, was senior member.

friend of Abram's, who lived in what is now Joy street, in the neighborhood of the Thimble house, which he afterwards found in his nephew, John Hancock, 25, soon became familiarly acquainted with Dorothy, or Dolly Quincy, the wife of John Hancock, for whom Hunt was a partner in the firm which Dolly's father, Edmund Quincy, was senior member.

friend of Abram's, who lived in what is now Joy street, in the neighborhood of the Thimble house, which he afterwards found in his nephew, John Hancock, 25, soon became familiarly acquainted with Dorothy, or Dolly Quincy, the wife of John Hancock, for whom Hunt was a partner in the firm which Dolly's father, Edmund Quincy, was senior member.

friend of Abram's, who lived in what is now Joy street, in the neighborhood of the Thimble house, which he afterwards found in his nephew, John Hancock, 25, soon became familiarly acquainted with Dorothy, or Dolly Quincy, the wife of John Hancock, for whom Hunt was a partner in the firm which Dolly's father, Edmund Quincy, was senior member.

friend of Abram's, who lived in what is now Joy street, in the neighborhood of the Thimble house, which he afterwards found in his nephew, John Hancock, 25, soon became familiarly acquainted with Dorothy, or Dolly Quincy, the wife of John Hancock, for whom Hunt was a partner in the firm which Dolly's father, Edmund Quincy, was senior member.

One square, first insertion, \$2 00
Each additional insertion, 1 00

Job Printing

of all descriptions done on short notice. Legal Blanks, Circulars, Business Cards, Billheads, Letterheads, etc., gotten up in good style at living prices.

CHOLERA.

The disease is best known in Europe under the names of cholera, epidemic morbus, Asiatic cholera, since the epidemic of 1817 to 1819, in which the English army, under the command of the Marquis of Hastings during a war against the natives, was rendered unfit for fighting and almost annihilated. But cholera had never visited Europe till the present century, when in 1817 it appeared in Russia and spread to Poland, where war was prevailing. Since that time, sometimes as frequent as sometimes at shorter intervals, cholera has appeared in Europe. The disease of cholera remained a local pestilence in India before it first began to migrate to other parts of the world, and it was not until the middle of the present century that it became more epidemic, and in 1817 it appeared in the Indian waters of the present century. By land also it spread to Persia, and in 1817 it appeared in Persia, through couriers and stage-coaches. It soon became clear that cholera, the specific cholera-germ, was in some way or other propagated along the paths of human intercourse, and it also became evident that unless the germ found a suitable soil within a certain time it did not flourish. Observers soon discovered that cholera was more prone to appear in certain regions and to affect certain localities, while it shunned others; and, again, that other regions were only visited at intervals of many years. It is also a fact that Asiatic cholera never yet appeared at a place which had not previously been in communication with a region where cholera prevailed; and, further, that the disease from an infected locality never yet passed on to another place if the journey lasted a certain time without interruption. The large intercourse between India and Europe, and particularly England, by means of ships which sailed round the Cape of Good Hope, had never succeeded in carrying cholera from India to England.—Dr. Max von Pettenkofer, in Popular Science Monthly.

SEA WATER.

How It May Be Artificially Prepared.
It was supposed for many years that there was some mystery in natural substances that made it impossible for man to reproduce them. Organic substance, it was supposed—that is, matter created by a living organism—could not be successfully reproduced. At this is proved to have been a mistaken notion. Urea, an animal product, was first synthesized in the laboratory of Liebig. Since then many other organic substances have been reproduced by chemists and physicists. It has been believed, for instance, that artificial silk could not be created, and the fact that salt-water fish died in the first imitations of salt water seemed to confirm this belief. But the scientists in Berlin have reproduced a salt-water that is actually superior to that of the ocean, and in which sea fish live and thrive better than in salt-water brought from the ocean. Like wine, this artificial water improves with age, while the ocean water deteriorates. In the Hamburg aquarium the water has not only been changed for fifteen years, and it is perfectly clear, odorless, and of the very best quality. All that is needed is to add something to make up for evaporation. The following is the recipe for making artificial sea-water: thirteen and one-quarter grams of pure hard water, forty-six and a half ounces of common salt, three and a half ounces of sulphate of magnesium, five and a quarter ounces of chloride of magnesium, and two ounces of sulphate of potassium. This mixture is allowed to stand for some time, when some live salt-water algae adhering to stones should be added. These algae multiply and grow quickly, and their function is to supply oxygen to the water. Some hard animals could then be put in, and as the algae multiply more tender ones could be added. Should the water become turbid, it should be filtered, and, to make sure of the supply of oxygen, an aeration apparatus can be used with advantage. The success in reproducing sea-water makes it possible for man to some time get the secret of the medicinal waters which now can be taken with advantage only in the localities where they are found.—Lancet's Monthly.

An Abyssinian Library.

The Abyssinian alphabet is of ancient origin, and each of its characters is a picture of an object. The labor required to print a book is therefore immense, and sometimes years are consumed in the preparation of a single volume. Mr. Cazen, an English scholar, visited an Abyssinian Monastery a few miles from Cairo, and was surprised to find therein one of the most unique of libraries. It consisted of some twenty-six feet by twenty, and a number of long wooden pegs projected from the walls, and on them hung about fifty Abyssinian books in manuscript. As the characters are made of wood, the monks were obliged to write on boards, and included in this case up with leather thongs. To this case was attached a strap for the convenience of carrying the volume over the shoulders, and by these straps the books were hung to the wooden pegs, three or four to a peg. The room thus fitted up also contained a number of long staves, for the monks to lean on at the time of prayer. It had the appearance of a guard-room, where the soldiers had hung their knapsacks and cartridge-boxes against the walls.—Lancet's Monthly.

It is no more of journalism to print everything than good art to print everything.—Cherwell's Union.

Meanwhile they were running up the

note from Abram, and this was fol-

lowed by another object brought by the same wagon carrier, so that Molly knew exactly the day and hour on which Abram started for America, and he, sitting the castle at a safe distance, saw a tiny black-knee flitting about in the turret window, and went on his way with high courage and hope in his heart.

"As soon as he was fairly at sea Molly was released from her imprisonment, and both her father and aunt had reason to congratulate themselves upon the excellent, the subduing effect of their course of discipline. Molly, who hitherto had apparently cared for little but the pleasure of the moment, rambling about on her pony, embroidering, playing the spinnet or reading, suddenly developed a remarkable taste for book-reading, like the Greek Penelope, she busied herself of mornings with the maid at her spinning and weaving. She learned the art of bread-making and of silversmithing, the best methods for the management of household and the raising of poultry, and, altogether, promised at last to mature into a thrifty, entirely respectable and proper St. Leger.

"No letters came from Abram. Those were not days of much letter writing, and further, the post was so slow that Molly through the post must have passed through her father's hands. But Molly had a brave heart and she had promised in her last note to Abram to go to him whenever he should send for her, and that was to be when he was fairly established in business and a proper escort could be had.

"Now, Aunt Pen," asked Beatrix, demurely, "do you consider that an altogether right and proper thing for our reverend ancesstess to promise?"

"Well," replied Aunt Pen, hesitating between her entire sympathy with Molly and her troublesome conviction that she ought to point the proper moral, "Molly must have done that or else given him up entirely. It was certain her father would never relent.

"Cook has the universally logical

"Oh, no; right here, with the beating of her feet on the floor, she is deliciously and deliciously stretching herself on a discarded rug, with her head on Ajax's shaggy sides. Marjory having sat down in a huge chair with spidery legs which instantly collapsed, lay back comfortably among the ruins while Aunt Pen began:

"It may as well be explained here that Fairview is richer in that species of wealth which pertains to attics, than most of even very old family mansions. For after the Boston Fire of 1871 many ancient relics were transported thither for safety, not only those belonging to Molly St. Leger's direct descendants, but also heirlooms of families into which those descendants had married.

"Molly's mother died when she was a baby, and she was brought up under the stern eye of her father, and her dowager Lady Dunbarton, as unbecomingly a Tory as her father, and unbending in her views on all social matters. Molly's earliest playmate was Abram Hunt, the fifth son of John Hunt, who held the nearest living and who, almost as poor as Anthony Trollope's Mr. Crawley, found great difficulty in providing for so many sons, and Abram was destined to trade.

"The rigid Lady Dunbarton made no objection to the childish intimacy between Molly and Abram, never dreaming that St. Leger could so far forget her rank as to form an attachment for any one in a lower station, and that Molly should fancy herself in love with a young man destined to trade, was a supposition fit to cause the St. Legers, who had hitherto slept peacefully in the churchyard precincts, to rise from the graves.

"But the fatal discovery was finally made and Molly was forthwith shut up in her turret chamber and ordered to forget Abram instantly. She was further informed that she could not leave her turret till Abram was fairly at sea on his way to Boston, in New England, whither his father had died to send him. Molly's own maid, Phoebe, was taken from her, lest Molly should win her by her blandishments to carry some message to Abram, and Lady Dunbarton herself took possession of the turret, and her rebellious niece, and a hard time she had of it.

"But love proverbially laughs at locksmiths and surveillance, and one day Molly's pet dove brought to her window, tucked under his snowy wings, a note from Abram, and this was fol-