

THE APPROPRIATION BILL

COMPLETED BY HOUSE COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE

Provision Made for a New Wing and for Fire Protection at the State Penitentiary.

The house, in committee of the whole, yesterday went through the general and two special appropriation bills, and, after amending them in several instances, reported the bills to the house, where the report was adopted.

Table listing various appropriation items such as 'For salary of governor', 'For salary of private secretary', 'For additional clerical aid', etc., with corresponding dollar amounts.

Main table of appropriation items including 'For pay of four nightwatchmen', 'For new wing, dining room and fire protection at state penitentiary', 'For relief of state horticultural society', etc.

est. \$15. H. H. Kruse, representative, 40 days, \$125; mileage, \$12.50; interest, \$17.11. H. B. No. 32. For attorney's fee to John H. Hall, employed by the secretary of state in the case of the state of Oregon vs. Multnomah county, being ten per cent of the amount collected by him and turned into the state treasury.

OLD TIME DOCUMENTS.

LETTERS OF A BABYLONIAN KING OF DATE ABOUT 2300 B. C.—BUILDER OF THE EMPIRE.

These Letters Probably Belong to the Abrahamic Period—Are Certainly the Oldest Specimens of Writing That Are Now Known to Be in Existence.

Under the auspices of the British museum, Mr. King of the department of Oriental antiquities, had collected a series of ancient documents which have been published under the title of 'The Letters and Inscriptions of Hammurabi, King of Babylon, About B. C. 2300.' A few years ago the dark hidings of the past yielded up the bodies of the greatest of the Egyptian Pharaohs, and in February of this year some more of these August rulers of the Nile land were recovered at Thebes.

Among the inscriptions found at Tel-Sifr are a number of letters, forty-six of which are written by Hammurabi to the petty ruler of the city of Larsa. These letters, then, carry us back more than seven centuries in the history and antiquity of letter writing. The importance of this discovery now developed by Leonard King is very great as they come as contemporary and confirmatory records of this most important period in Oriental history.

be done in such a way as not to display weakness and thus the king's orders are as follows: 'To Sin-Iddia speaks thus Khammurabi (the king): The goddess of Elam which are intrusted to thee, the troops under the command of Inukh-Samar will bring safety to thee; with the troops that are in thy hands attack the people (Elamites), and the goddesses to their shrines let them go in safety. It is evident that force had to be employed to restore the divinities to their shrines. The military genius of this ancient king is well shown in these letters. In one he writes that certain men who were sent guards of the great gate had not gone to their posts. 'Send,' he says, and let them bring these men to them and place a guard over them, and send them to Babylon.' In another letter he writes: 'For the troops of Ingur Bel and under the command of Rimmanirisi. Sent teams, let them be brought, and a march make. Let them arrive in two days.'—London Standard.

"PLANT WINTER APPLES."

H. B. Miller, the well-known politician of Southern Oregon, who has been spending a few days in Portland, congratulates himself on having twenty-five acres of seven-year-old winter apple trees on his Rogue river farm. He cleared \$100 an acre from his '88 crop, and his advice to all fruitgrowers is, "Plant winter apples." He has been an enthusiast in winter apples for the last ten years, and thinks that time has borne him out all right in his good opinion of them.

WHAT EAGAN SAID TO MILES.

We've been readin' here in Mu-Jville about the battle over beef. With results that one pore fellow he has kinder come to grief. It all happened down at Dawson's—that's our loafin' place at night! Dawson deals in hay and dry goods—and has wet goods, too, all right! 'Jim' McDuff and Hiram Higgins got to talkin' putty loud.

For a moment there was silence—silence deep and still as death—Everybody stood there watchin', half afraid to draw their breath. Jim McDuff says swellin' gradual—rezipin', slow at first.

Well the battle's done and over, and the combatants arise, Hiram is the proud possessor of a pair of mourning eyes.

"You're a liar, sir," says Jim slowly, "was that what you meant for me?" "Yes," says Hiram; "then," says Jimmy, "I have been too quick, I mean! Thought you meant that other language marked 'Don't publish by the press!' Well, the laugh's on me," says Jimmy. Hiram meant the most poltost thing that Eagan said to Miles!"

"EVERY INCH A MAN."

He went up the pathway singing; I saw the woman's eyes Grow bright with a wordless welcome. As sunshine warms the skies. "Back again, sweetheart mother!" He cried and bent to kiss The loving face that was lifted For what some mothers miss.

DEWEY WERE HIS NAME.

He come an' raised his flag aboard the ship. An' mentioned how that Dewey were his name. He didn't have no great amount o' lip, But wot he said he meant it, jist the same. He put us thro' manoeuvres short an' long. An' kep' us at sub-caliber, between. Until we come to anchor at Hong Kong. An' our orders for the Philippines.

Then this 'ere Dewey struck a pow'ful gait. An' mentioned how that somethin' had ter drop. He kep' the colliers workin' soon an' late. An' every blessed Jackie on the hop; An' w'en 'e got 'is bunkers check-a-block. W'y, then he up an' filled his magazines. An' tol' 'em w'en they asked him wot 'e clock. "A little game o' Spanish Philippines!"

An' w'en all's done, he up an' goes to sea. The other ships a-trellin' in his rear; An' w'en he sights them islands on his lee. He signals out fer every ship to clear. We done it with a ringin' cheer. Fer why, we'd kind o' learned to like his style. The which were sich he made it to appear.

He knowed wot he were doin' all the while. He kep' us on an' off till close o' day. An' then he kind o' squared around h' chin. An' wig-wagged out, "Their ships is in the bay." They won't come out, so I'm a-goin' in. He knowed the odds agin him in the game. He knowed the bay were mined fer Uncle Sam.

He likewise knowed that Dewey were his name. An' bein' sich he didn't care a damn. So on we went, a creepin' thro' the night. Not knowin' whereabouts that we were at. With every barker stripped in trim fer fight. An' every blessed Jackie standin' pat. An' w'en the mornin' broke, w'y, there we lay. Lined up, each crew a-standin' to its gun. Right in the middle o' Manila bay— Old Glory gleamin' pretty in the sun.

There weren't no time ter talk about it then. Fer Spain cut loose her iron in a shower. An' powder monkeys turned to fightin' men. An' fightin' men to devils, in an hour. 'Twere just one awful crashin', tearin' roar. That seemed like it were busin' o' yer brain. Along with shrieks of Yankee shells that bore. A message labelled, "Don't forget the Maine!"

Lor' bless us, but it were a proper sight. Them ships an' forts a-splittin' shot an' shell. An' Dewey, lookin' pleasant an' perlit. Requeenin' from the bridge to 'give 'em hell.' An' w'en he gits the order to retire, An' waits until the smudge has blowed away. Their ships as wasn't sinkin' was afire. An' Uncle Sam were master of the bay.

I hear there's some as says it weren't no fight. As does their fightin' home an' in a chair. 'If we'd been there,' they says, "we'd done it right!" Well, mebbe so—God knows that they was there. It weren't our fault the Spiards couldn't aim. Our ships was there to hit, as well they know. But, bless their hearts! we'd licked 'em. Jist the same. If they'd had gunners picked from all that grows.

So, mates, these words is all I've got to say. I says 'em, an' I means 'em, every one. They ain't no other man alive, today, Would tried to do wot Dewey tried an' done. We know it, us as sweat behind his guns. They know it, them as writes the scroll of fame. An' w'en they tells o' heroes to our sons, W'y, mates, they'll head the list with Dewey's name.

AN ENVELOPE THAT IS SAFE.

At last an envelope has been invented which, it seems, cannot be tampered with once it has been sealed. There has been no end of trouble on account of letters being opened and their contents removed. It has been acknowledged by the postal authorities that there is no way in which the ordinary envelope, sealed in the usual manner, may be secured against ingress by others than the person to whom it is addressed. A little steaming will loosen the flap, and the contents can be tampered with and the envelope resealed without discovery. The new invention is the work of a Mr. Seligman, who recently secured a patent on it. The device is very simple, and the marvel is that it was not put in use long ago. In appearance the new envelope is similar to those now in use, with the exception that a tag is attached to the upper flap by a perforated line. This is placed in a slit in the lower flap, when the envelope is closed together. Steam or any other sort of tampering breaks the perforated line, and the tag, hanging loose, advertises the fact that the letter has been opened.

FAME'S PATHWAY.

Senator Hear is known as one of the best livers in the senate and as such enjoys the most exalted respect of all waiters in the senate restaurant.