

Weekly Statesman. Published Every Saturday, by Wm. H. Newell, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICE, STATESMAN BUILDING, THIRD STREET, NEAR MAIN.

Walla Walla Statesman.

VOL XV.—NO. 28. WALLA WALLA, W. T., SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1876. \$4 00 PER YEAR.

Weekly Statesman. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. Has the Largest Circulation, and, with one exception, is THE OLDEST PAPER IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

General Business Cards. F. W. ABBERTON, Proprietor of the Walla Walla Foundry and Planing Mill. Also a Boarding and Day School for Girls. Also a Boarding and Day School for Boys. Also a Boarding and Day School for Children.

HOLMES' DRUG STORE. Is the place to buy your DRUGS, PAINTS, GLASS, OILS, &c. Goods Warranted Pure! Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to.

JOHN B. LEWIS, Stationery, Books, Pocket Cutlery, Fishing Tackle, Etc. Postoffice Building, Main Street, Walla Walla, W. T.

THE DAYTON Woolen Manufacturing Co. For Sale at Walla Walla and Dayton a superior article of Blankets, Casimires, Broadcloths, Flannels, and Yarns.

To Farmers and Merchants! No Combination! The Highest Cash Price Paid for GOOD CLEAN WHEAT! Standard Mills.

Practical Painter. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, GLASS, TURPENTINE, GUMS, PUTTY, GOLD LEAF, BRUSHES, &c.

Watchmaker and Jeweler. Established in Walla Walla, 1852. IS PREPARED TO DO ALL WORK in his line of business, and from his long experience over 20 years in Watchmaking, he is confident of giving satisfaction.

DOOLEY & KIRKMAN, PROPRIETORS OF THE PIONEER MARKET. Main Street, Walla Walla. WILL KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND THE very choicest cuts of BEEF, PORK, LARD, MUTTON, VEAL, BACON, SAUSAGES.

IRON AND STEEL. HENRY & SADDLERY MATERIAL, HITCHING AND GARDENING TOOLS, AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY, PLOWS, &c.

General Merchandise. Hardware, Exchange, Hosiery, Etc. JOHN E. BINGHAM, M. D. (U. S. ARMY.) PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

THOMAS QUINN. Saddles, Bridles, Harness, &c. Also a Boarding and Day School for Children.

F. VETTER. Tailor. Tailor Tailor Tailor. Also a Boarding and Day School for Children.

POETICAL SELECTIONS. THE SPARROWS MAY DAY. Said Mr. Sparrow to his wife, One morning in the early spring;

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER. THE SITUATION FROM A REPUBLICAN STANDPOINT. WASHINGTON, D. C., May 31, 1876. EDITOR STATESMAN:—The light between the friends of the rival republican candidates is all the brighter, because they honestly believe that the man who gets the Cincinnati nomination, whoever he may be, will be elected beyond all peradventure.

THE COMMODORE'S PROPERTY. Vanderbilt's Vast Railroad Interests and How He Got Them. The disappointment felt by the public in the will of each of the great capitalists who have lately died leads to great curiosity concerning that of the third who is still living.

ENGLAND IN TURKEY. In European councils it is indispensible necessary that Turkey should stand by some other strength than her own. No Ottoman "statesman" ever thinks for himself in his consideration of what course it is proper to take in the complications of European politics.

THE CUCUMBER'S RETURN. We pause from the weary monotony of politics to note with glad recognition the return of the cooling cucumber—a fruit which merits a more frequent place in song and history than has been vouchsafed it.

MY HEART IS THINE. When spring's first violet on the gale Her tender perfume flings;

MEXICAN LEADERS. A touching episode of the insurrection on the Rio Grande. An episode worthy of recording occurred Sunday afternoon, the 19th of March.

THE NEGRO CAME FROM. It has always been a mooted question where and how the black originated. In one of the Targuian mentions is made of men being created black, white and red.

THE PLASTERER LIVING. A PLASTERER living in an up-town tenement got very mad, the other day, when, after having a lively breeze with his wife, he heard his next door neighbor pound on the wall and tell him now was a good time to put on a "scratching coat."

THE RIGOROUS ENFORCEMENT OF SANITARY LAWS. In London is again illustrated by only two deaths from small-pox being recorded in the week before last out of a population of three millions.

THE NEGRO CAME FROM. It has always been a mooted question where and how the black originated. In one of the Targuian mentions is made of men being created black, white and red.

THE PLASTERER LIVING. A PLASTERER living in an up-town tenement got very mad, the other day, when, after having a lively breeze with his wife, he heard his next door neighbor pound on the wall and tell him now was a good time to put on a "scratching coat."

THE RIGOROUS ENFORCEMENT OF SANITARY LAWS. In London is again illustrated by only two deaths from small-pox being recorded in the week before last out of a population of three millions.

THE NEGRO CAME FROM. It has always been a mooted question where and how the black originated. In one of the Targuian mentions is made of men being created black, white and red.

THE PLASTERER LIVING. A PLASTERER living in an up-town tenement got very mad, the other day, when, after having a lively breeze with his wife, he heard his next door neighbor pound on the wall and tell him now was a good time to put on a "scratching coat."

THE RIGOROUS ENFORCEMENT OF SANITARY LAWS. In London is again illustrated by only two deaths from small-pox being recorded in the week before last out of a population of three millions.

THE NEGRO CAME FROM. It has always been a mooted question where and how the black originated. In one of the Targuian mentions is made of men being created black, white and red.

THE PLASTERER LIVING. A PLASTERER living in an up-town tenement got very mad, the other day, when, after having a lively breeze with his wife, he heard his next door neighbor pound on the wall and tell him now was a good time to put on a "scratching coat."

THE RIGOROUS ENFORCEMENT OF SANITARY LAWS. In London is again illustrated by only two deaths from small-pox being recorded in the week before last out of a population of three millions.

THE NEGRO CAME FROM. It has always been a mooted question where and how the black originated. In one of the Targuian mentions is made of men being created black, white and red.

THE PLASTERER LIVING. A PLASTERER living in an up-town tenement got very mad, the other day, when, after having a lively breeze with his wife, he heard his next door neighbor pound on the wall and tell him now was a good time to put on a "scratching coat."

THE RIGOROUS ENFORCEMENT OF SANITARY LAWS. In London is again illustrated by only two deaths from small-pox being recorded in the week before last out of a population of three millions.

THE NEGRO CAME FROM. It has always been a mooted question where and how the black originated. In one of the Targuian mentions is made of men being created black, white and red.

THE NEGRO CAME FROM. It has always been a mooted question where and how the black originated. In one of the Targuian mentions is made of men being created black, white and red.

THE PLASTERER LIVING. A PLASTERER living in an up-town tenement got very mad, the other day, when, after having a lively breeze with his wife, he heard his next door neighbor pound on the wall and tell him now was a good time to put on a "scratching coat."

THE RIGOROUS ENFORCEMENT OF SANITARY LAWS. In London is again illustrated by only two deaths from small-pox being recorded in the week before last out of a population of three millions.

THE NEGRO CAME FROM. It has always been a mooted question where and how the black originated. In one of the Targuian mentions is made of men being created black, white and red.

THE PLASTERER LIVING. A PLASTERER living in an up-town tenement got very mad, the other day, when, after having a lively breeze with his wife, he heard his next door neighbor pound on the wall and tell him now was a good time to put on a "scratching coat."

THE RIGOROUS ENFORCEMENT OF SANITARY LAWS. In London is again illustrated by only two deaths from small-pox being recorded in the week before last out of a population of three millions.

THE NEGRO CAME FROM. It has always been a mooted question where and how the black originated. In one of the Targuian mentions is made of men being created black, white and red.

THE PLASTERER LIVING. A PLASTERER living in an up-town tenement got very mad, the other day, when, after having a lively breeze with his wife, he heard his next door neighbor pound on the wall and tell him now was a good time to put on a "scratching coat."

THE RIGOROUS ENFORCEMENT OF SANITARY LAWS. In London is again illustrated by only two deaths from small-pox being recorded in the week before last out of a population of three millions.

THE NEGRO CAME FROM. It has always been a mooted question where and how the black originated. In one of the Targuian mentions is made of men being created black, white and red.

THE PLASTERER LIVING. A PLASTERER living in an up-town tenement got very mad, the other day, when, after having a lively breeze with his wife, he heard his next door neighbor pound on the wall and tell him now was a good time to put on a "scratching coat."

THE RIGOROUS ENFORCEMENT OF SANITARY LAWS. In London is again illustrated by only two deaths from small-pox being recorded in the week before last out of a population of three millions.

THE NEGRO CAME FROM. It has always been a mooted question where and how the black originated. In one of the Targuian mentions is made of men being created black, white and red.

THE NEGRO CAME FROM. It has always been a mooted question where and how the black originated. In one of the Targuian mentions is made of men being created black, white and red.

THE PLASTERER LIVING. A PLASTERER living in an up-town tenement got very mad, the other day, when, after having a lively breeze with his wife, he heard his next door neighbor pound on the wall and tell him now was a good time to put on a "scratching coat."

THE RIGOROUS ENFORCEMENT OF SANITARY LAWS. In London is again illustrated by only two deaths from small-pox being recorded in the week before last out of a population of three millions.

THE NEGRO CAME FROM. It has always been a mooted question where and how the black originated. In one of the Targuian mentions is made of men being created black, white and red.

THE PLASTERER LIVING. A PLASTERER living in an up-town tenement got very mad, the other day, when, after having a lively breeze with his wife, he heard his next door neighbor pound on the wall and tell him now was a good time to put on a "scratching coat."

THE RIGOROUS ENFORCEMENT OF SANITARY LAWS. In London is again illustrated by only two deaths from small-pox being recorded in the week before last out of a population of three millions.

THE NEGRO CAME FROM. It has always been a mooted question where and how the black originated. In one of the Targuian mentions is made of men being created black, white and red.

THE PLASTERER LIVING. A PLASTERER living in an up-town tenement got very mad, the other day, when, after having a lively breeze with his wife, he heard his next door neighbor pound on the wall and tell him now was a good time to put on a "scratching coat."

THE RIGOROUS ENFORCEMENT OF SANITARY LAWS. In London is again illustrated by only two deaths from small-pox being recorded in the week before last out of a population of three millions.

THE NEGRO CAME FROM. It has always been a mooted question where and how the black originated. In one of the Targuian mentions is made of men being created black, white and red.

THE PLASTERER LIVING. A PLASTERER living in an up-town tenement got very mad, the other day, when, after having a lively breeze with his wife, he heard his next door neighbor pound on the wall and tell him now was a good time to put on a "scratching coat."

THE RIGOROUS ENFORCEMENT OF SANITARY LAWS. In London is again illustrated by only two deaths from small-pox being recorded in the week before last out of a population of three millions.

THE NEGRO CAME FROM. It has always been a mooted question where and how the black originated. In one of the Targuian mentions is made of men being created black, white and red.

A MODEL FIRE DEPARTMENT.—It was in a certain suburban town which shall be nameless. The Chief Engineer of the fire department in a neighboring town came over upon a visit to the chief of another department, whose name is Jacobs, and it struck Jacobs that to show the visitor how very efficient Jacobs' fire department is. So Jacobs got an old tar barrel and set it upon the roof of his stable, and touched it off with a match. When it began to burn prettily freely he gave the signal for the alarm, remarking at the same time to the visitor: "You'll see that fire put out in about four seconds by the boys." They waited four seconds for the boys, but they didn't come. They waited fifteen minutes, and still nobody came. Jacobs was furious, and as the barrel was burning very near to the roof, he sent a boy round to the nearest engine-house to ascertain what was the matter. When the boy came back he said the firemen were all out at a picnic excepting the members of the Washty Hose, who had gone over the river to fight a couple of roosters. By this time the roof of the barn was on fire, and Jacobs was pretty near crazy. The visitor wanted to telegraph home for his department, but Jacobs alleged that he'd let the eternal earth burn to charcoal before he'd consent to such a thing. Then he sent a man on a fast horse to bring the boys in from that picnic, and by the time they reached the engine houses the stable was in a-ahs, and Peter's stable next door had begun to burn. So when the engine arrived, Jacobs directed them to play upon that, and then they got to work; but after pumping for awhile without getting any water, Jacobs was just about losing his senses, when Mr. McAllister came up and mentioned that the Supervisors had let all the water out of the reservoir so as to clean it. Then Jacobs set down to fix himself, and to try to decide whether to commit suicide or to leave the country. And the visitor went home with the idea that he hadn't much to learn from Jacobs about extinguishing fires.

LIARS ARE NUMEROUS; they are found everywhere, and they lie on all sorts of subjects in all sorts of ways. You do not need to light a candle when you begin the search for one. The Psalmist said, in haste, "All men are liars;" and a Scotch parson thought he might have said it in the utmost deliberation. For, at bottom, a lie is found in all sinning, and are not all men sinners? Happily a great deal of the lying is self-destructive, and a lot more is balanced by other lying. There is no region where one may say, "Here, at last, I am beyond the reach of lies;" and there is no subject upon which one may be sure that all men tell the truth. Liars mean to deceive. That a thing is not true as stated counts for nothing. We are all "poor creatures," and it is prettily well in shooting at the truth. A great deal of harmful untruth cannot be laid on a personal conscience. It grows out of ignorance, loquacity, big-headedness, and imperfect hearing or seeing. Very few men can be trusted to see or hear a complex occasion—a battle, for instance—and report what occurred. Do not blame people too harshly for false reports; they grew. A liar is a deceiver. He states the thing as it is not; and he does it in malice. Lying is the sword of evil purpose. Nothing else cuts so deep or kills so many as this sword called a lie. Liars are foolish. The folly is varied and complex. A liar's possible work and his actual work are fortunately far apart. A cool liar, holding himself in balance, lying occasionally, lying judiciously, would ravage society like a pestilence. But a liar cannot hold his tongue. He lies too much. He blunts the edge of his sword by hacking at everything. Presently only greater fools than he believe him. Hacking folks does him less good than he thinks. Even the pleasure of it is as problematical as that of getting drunk; the results of it are seldom up to his expectations, and usually one hundred per cent. below them. Still deeper folly is shown in the tendency of things to get right side up even though scores of liars are holding them wrong side up. Lying is a business that does not stay down. The inverted truth flops over while our liar is busy on another falsehood. The truth pays better and is safer even in a world full of lies. Liars put out their own eyes. A man who lives in darkness loses the power to endure the light, and one who continually looks upon distorted objects loses all sense of harmony. So a liar gets as blind as a bat to the real truth. He is all contorted and doubled over himself, and his possible manliness, decency and spirituality are killed by self-inversion. He cannot grow with his head in a dust heap or be shaped with his body twisted and battered in throwing and catching moral boomerangs. Liars are a wasteful nuisance. They block up every road to truth; they double the work of honest men. They do worse things; but their obstructive work is the most annoying. It is a constant torture for truth seekers to have to anticipate the liar, hide from the liar, set his lies aside, and answer his follies with discretion. The world would go twice as fast if the liar did not keep down his wicked brakes. Divide a man's working life into four periods, and three of the four are lost in contest with liars; in a world without lies one-fourth would turn out as much work as the whole does now. Liars are wicked. The Bible gives them a precedence among sinners as the progeny of the devil; and all human wisdom has confirmed this sentence and added many more special dishonors. But it is strange that kinds of lying get favor. Graceful lies, lies that assist our plans, lie that favor our theories—who has not given them hospitality? What shall be done with the liar? The good Book tells us what will come of him at last, but what shall we do with him here on earth? The best proceeding is to get him soundly convicted and then soundly converted. Nothing short of that will cure him. His nature, whatever you may think of your own, is corrupt, prone to evil and that continually. We can think of nothing short of a new birth that will make a man out of a liar. "But converted men lie," one will say. Well, they need converting over again. Nothing so surely unmask a hypocrite as the discovery that a professing Christian tells lies.—N. Y. Metho dist.

LIARS ARE NUMEROUS; they are found everywhere, and they lie on all sorts of subjects in all sorts of ways. You do not need to light a candle when you begin the search for one. The Psalmist said, in haste, "All men are liars;" and a Scotch parson thought he might have said it in the utmost deliberation. For, at bottom, a lie is found in all sinning, and are not all men sinners? Happily a great deal of the lying is self-destructive, and a lot more is balanced by other lying. There is no region where one may say, "Here, at last, I am beyond the reach of lies;" and there is no subject upon which one may be sure that all men tell the truth. Liars mean to deceive. That a thing is not true as stated counts for nothing. We are all "poor creatures," and it is prettily well in shooting at the truth. A great deal of harmful untruth cannot be laid on a personal conscience. It grows out of ignorance, loquacity, big-headedness, and imperfect hearing or seeing. Very few men can be trusted to see or hear a complex occasion—a battle, for instance—and report what occurred. Do not blame people too harshly for false reports; they grew. A liar is a deceiver. He states the thing as it is not; and he does it in malice. Lying is the sword of evil purpose. Nothing else cuts so deep or kills so many as this sword called a lie. Liars are foolish. The folly is varied and complex. A liar's possible work and his actual work are fortunately far apart. A cool liar, holding himself in balance, lying occasionally, lying judiciously, would ravage society like a pestilence. But a liar cannot hold his tongue. He lies too much. He blunts the edge of his sword by hacking at everything. Presently only greater fools than he believe him. Hacking folks does him less good than he thinks. Even the pleasure of it is as problematical as that of getting drunk; the results of it are seldom up to his expectations, and usually one hundred per cent. below them. Still deeper folly is shown in the tendency of things to get right side up even though scores of liars are holding them wrong side up. Lying is a business that does not stay down. The inverted truth flops over while our liar is busy on another falsehood. The truth pays better and is safer even in a world full of lies. Liars put out their own eyes. A man who lives in darkness loses the power to endure the light, and one who continually looks upon distorted objects loses all sense of harmony. So a liar gets as blind as a bat to the real truth. He is all contorted and doubled over himself, and his possible manliness, decency and spirituality are killed by self-inversion. He cannot grow with his head in a dust heap or be shaped with his body twisted and battered in throwing and catching moral boomerangs. Liars are a wasteful nuisance. They block up every road to truth; they double the work of honest men. They do worse things; but their obstructive work is the most annoying. It is a constant torture for truth seekers to have to anticipate the liar, hide from the liar, set his lies aside, and answer his follies with discretion. The world would go twice as fast if the liar did not keep down his wicked brakes. Divide a man's working life into four periods, and three of the four are lost in contest with liars; in a world without lies one-fourth would turn out as much work as the whole does now. Liars are wicked. The Bible gives them a precedence among sinners as the progeny of the devil; and all human wisdom has confirmed this sentence and added many more special dishonors. But it is strange that kinds of lying get favor. Graceful lies, lies that assist our plans, lie that favor our theories—who has not given them hospitality? What shall be done with the liar? The good Book tells us what will come of him at last, but what shall we do with him here on earth? The best proceeding is to get him soundly convicted and then soundly converted. Nothing short of that will cure him. His nature, whatever you may think of your own, is corrupt, prone to evil and that continually. We can think of nothing short of a new birth that will make a man out of a liar. "But converted men lie," one will say. Well, they need converting over again. Nothing so surely unmask a hypocrite as the discovery that a professing Christian tells lies.—N. Y. Metho dist.

LIARS ARE NUMEROUS; they are found everywhere, and they lie on all sorts of subjects in all sorts of ways. You do not need to light a candle when you begin the search for one. The Psalmist said, in haste, "All men are liars;" and a Scotch parson thought he might have said it in the utmost deliberation. For, at bottom, a lie is found in all sinning, and are not all men sinners? Happily a great deal of the lying is self-destructive, and a lot more is balanced by other lying. There is no region where one may say, "Here, at last, I am beyond the reach of lies;" and there is no subject upon which one may be sure that all men tell the truth. Liars mean to deceive. That a thing is not true as stated counts for nothing. We are all "poor creatures," and it is prettily well in shooting at the truth. A great deal of harmful untruth cannot be laid on a personal conscience. It grows out of ignorance, loquacity, big-headedness, and imperfect hearing or seeing. Very few men can be trusted to see or hear a complex occasion—a battle, for instance—and report what occurred. Do not blame people too harshly for false reports; they grew. A liar is a deceiver. He states the thing as it is not; and he does it in malice. Lying is the sword of evil purpose. Nothing else cuts so deep or kills so many as this sword called a lie. Liars are foolish. The folly is varied and complex. A liar's possible work and his actual work are fortunately far apart. A cool liar, holding himself in balance, lying occasionally, lying judiciously, would ravage society like a pestilence. But a liar cannot hold his tongue. He lies too much. He blunts the edge of his sword by hacking at everything. Presently only greater fools than he believe him. Hacking folks does him less good than he thinks. Even the pleasure of it is as problematical as that of getting drunk; the results of it are seldom up to his expectations, and usually one hundred per cent. below them. Still deeper folly is shown in the tendency of things to get right side up even though scores of liars are holding them wrong side up. Lying is a business that does not stay down. The inverted truth flops over while our liar is busy on another falsehood. The truth pays better and is safer even in a world full of lies. Liars put out their own eyes. A man who lives in darkness loses the power to endure the light, and one who continually looks upon distorted objects loses all sense of harmony. So a liar gets as blind as a bat to the real truth. He is all contorted and doubled over himself, and his possible manliness, decency and spirituality are killed by self-inversion. He cannot grow with his head in a dust heap or be shaped with his body twisted and battered in throwing and catching moral boomerangs. Liars are a wasteful nuisance. They block up every road to truth; they double the work of honest men. They do worse things; but their obstructive work is the most annoying. It is a constant torture for truth seekers to have to anticipate the liar, hide from the liar, set his lies aside, and answer his follies with discretion. The world would go twice as fast if the liar did not keep down his wicked brakes. Divide a man's working life into four periods, and three of the four are lost in contest with liars; in a world without lies one-fourth would turn out as much work as the whole does now. Liars are wicked. The Bible gives them a precedence among sinners as the progeny of the devil; and all human wisdom has confirmed this sentence and added many more special dishonors. But it is strange that kinds of lying get favor. Graceful lies, lies that assist our plans, lie that favor our theories—who has not given them hospitality? What shall be done with the liar? The good Book tells us what will come of him at last, but what shall we do with him here on earth? The best proceeding is to get him soundly convicted and then soundly converted. Nothing short of that will cure him. His nature, whatever you may think of your own, is corrupt, prone to evil and that continually. We can think of nothing short of a new birth that will make a man out of a liar. "But converted men lie," one will say. Well, they need converting over again. Nothing so surely unmask a hypocrite as the discovery that a professing Christian tells lies.—N. Y. Metho dist.

LIARS ARE NUMEROUS; they are found everywhere, and they lie on all sorts of subjects in all sorts of ways. You do not need to light a candle when you begin the search for one. The Psalmist said, in haste, "All men are liars;" and a Scotch parson thought he might have said it in the utmost deliberation. For, at bottom, a lie is found in all sinning, and are not all men sinners? Happily a great deal of the lying is self-destructive, and a lot more is balanced by other lying. There is no region where one may say, "Here, at last, I am beyond the reach of lies;" and there is no subject upon which one may be sure that all men tell the truth. Liars mean to deceive. That a thing is not true as stated counts for nothing. We are all "poor creatures," and it is prettily well in shooting at the truth. A great deal of harmful untruth cannot be laid on a personal conscience. It grows out of ignorance, loquacity, big-headedness, and imperfect hearing or seeing. Very few men can be trusted to see or hear a complex occasion—a battle, for instance—and report what occurred. Do not blame people too harshly for false reports; they grew. A liar is a deceiver. He states the thing as it is not; and he does it in malice. Lying is the sword of evil purpose. Nothing else cuts so deep or kills so many as this sword called a lie. Liars are foolish. The folly is varied and complex. A liar's possible work and his actual work are fortunately far apart. A cool liar, holding himself in balance, lying occasionally, lying judiciously, would ravage society like a pestilence. But a liar cannot hold his tongue. He lies too much. He blunts the edge of his sword by hacking at everything. Presently only greater fools than he believe him. Hacking folks does him less good than he thinks. Even the pleasure of it is as problematical as that of getting drunk; the results of it are seldom up to his expectations, and usually one hundred per cent. below them. Still deeper folly is shown in the tendency of things to get right side up even though scores of liars are holding them wrong side up. Lying is a business that does not stay down. The inverted truth flops over while our liar is busy on another falsehood. The truth pays better and is safer even in a world full of lies. Liars put out their own eyes. A man who lives in darkness loses the power to endure the light, and one who continually looks upon distorted objects loses all sense of harmony. So a liar gets as blind as a bat to the real truth. He is all contorted and doubled over himself, and his possible manliness, decency and spirituality are killed by self-inversion. He cannot grow with his head in a dust heap or be shaped with his body twisted and battered in throwing and catching moral boomerangs. Liars are a wasteful nuisance. They block up every road to truth; they double the work of honest men. They do worse things; but their obstructive work is the most annoying. It is a constant torture for truth seekers to have to anticipate the liar, hide from the liar, set his lies aside, and answer his follies with discretion. The world would go twice as fast if the liar did not keep down his wicked brakes. Divide a man's working life into four periods, and three of the four are lost in contest with liars; in a world without lies one-fourth would turn out as much work as the whole does now. Liars are wicked. The Bible gives them a precedence among sinners as the progeny of the devil; and all human wisdom has confirmed this sentence and added many more special dishonors. But it is strange that kinds of lying get favor. Graceful lies, lies that assist our plans, lie that favor our theories—who has not given them hospitality? What shall be done with the liar? The good Book tells us what will come of him at last, but what shall we do with him here on earth? The best proceeding is to get him soundly convicted and then soundly converted. Nothing short of that will cure him. His nature, whatever you may think of your own, is corrupt, prone to evil and that continually. We can think of nothing short of a new birth that will make a man out of a liar. "But converted men lie," one will say. Well, they need converting over again. Nothing so surely unmask a hypocrite as the discovery that a professing Christian tells lies.—N. Y. Metho dist.

LIARS ARE NUMEROUS; they are found everywhere, and they lie on all sorts of subjects in all sorts of ways. You do not need to light a candle when you begin the search for one. The Psalmist said, in haste, "All men are liars;" and a Scotch parson thought he might have said it in the utmost deliberation. For, at bottom, a lie is found in all sinning, and are not all men sinners? Happily a great deal of the lying is self-destructive, and a lot more is balanced by other lying. There is no region where one may say, "Here, at last, I am beyond the reach of lies;" and there is no subject upon which one may be sure that all men tell the truth. Liars mean to deceive. That a thing is not true as stated counts for nothing. We are all "poor creatures," and it is prettily well in shooting at the truth. A great deal of harmful untruth cannot be laid on a personal conscience. It grows out of ignorance, loquacity, big-headedness, and imperfect hearing or seeing. Very few men can be trusted to see or hear a complex occasion—a battle, for instance—and report what occurred. Do not blame people too harshly for false reports; they grew. A liar is a deceiver. He states the thing as it is not; and he does it in malice. Lying is the sword of evil purpose. Nothing else cuts so deep or kills so many as this sword called a lie. Liars are foolish. The folly is varied and complex. A liar's possible work and his actual work are fortunately far apart. A cool liar, holding himself in balance, lying occasionally, lying judiciously, would ravage society like a pestilence. But a liar cannot hold his tongue. He lies too much. He blunts the edge of his sword by hacking at everything. Presently only greater fools than he believe him. Hacking folks does him less good than he thinks. Even the pleasure of it is as problematical as that of getting drunk; the results of it are seldom up to his expectations, and usually one hundred per cent. below them. Still deeper folly is shown in the tendency of things to get right side up even though scores of liars are holding them wrong side up. Lying is a business that does not stay down. The inverted truth flops over while our liar is busy on another falsehood. The truth pays better and is safer even in a world full of lies. Liars put out their own eyes. A man who lives in darkness loses the power to endure the light, and one who continually looks upon distorted objects loses all sense of harmony. So a liar gets as blind as a bat to the real truth. He is all contorted and doubled over himself, and his possible manliness, decency and spirituality are killed by self-inversion. He cannot grow with his head in a dust heap or be shaped with his body twisted and battered in throwing and catching moral boomerangs. Liars are a wasteful nuisance. They block up every road to truth; they double the work of honest men. They do worse things; but their obstructive work is the most annoying. It is a constant torture for truth seekers to have to anticipate the liar, hide from the liar, set his lies aside, and answer his follies with discretion. The world would go twice as fast if the liar did not keep down his wicked brakes. Divide a man's working life into four periods, and three of the four are lost in contest with liars; in a world without lies one-fourth would turn out as much work as the whole does now. Liars are wicked. The Bible gives them a precedence among sinners as the progeny of the devil; and all human wisdom has confirmed this sentence and added many more special dishonors. But it is strange that kinds of lying get favor. Graceful lies, lies that assist our plans, lie that favor our theories—who has not given them hospitality? What shall be done with the liar? The good Book tells us what will come of him at last, but what shall we do with him here on earth? The best proceeding is to get him soundly convicted and then soundly converted. Nothing short of that will cure him. His nature, whatever you may think of your own, is corrupt, prone to evil and that continually. We can think of nothing short of a new birth that will make a man out of a liar. "But converted men lie," one will say. Well, they need converting over again. Nothing so surely unmask a hypocrite as the discovery that a professing Christian tells lies.—N. Y. Metho dist.

PREHISTORIC SURVIVAL.

Dr. Arthur Mitchell, an eminent British antiquary, has been delivering in Edinburgh a course of lectures on the question, "Do we possess the means of determining scientifically the age of the earth?" In them he has described some archaic customs, with which he had come in contact in the remote districts of Scotland. In Fethlar, for instance, his finding a boy carrying a "whorl" out of soapstone led to the discovery that the primitive mode of spinning by a spindle weighed with a stone whorl was still the only method in use in the island, although in certain parts of the mainland and of Shetland, and quite within hail of Fethlar, there remained no knowledge among the people either of the existence or use of the spindle or whorl. At Daviot, in Inverness-shire, he found a woman spinning with a spindle weighted with a potatoe instead of a whorl. This most primitive form of the earliest of the industrial arts was thus at this day holding its ground among a people who had been spinning for generations by means of the most complex machinery. The art in its rudest state existed side by side with the same art in its greatest perfection, and both were practiced by people the same in capacity and, from some points of view, the same in culture. On the other hand, there were districts where the use of the whorl had become extinct for a generation or two, and in these districts, though only this short period had elapsed since it was the commonest of all common implements in their households, the people now regard stone whorls with a superstitious veneration, and had not the remotest idea of their true character and use. It did not require more than a century for this.

Dr. Mitchell was led to the knowledge of the existence in the Lewis of another of the primitive arts in its primitive form by finding a stone-breaker sitting in a ditch on the road side eating his dinner out of what seemed a sepulchral urn. On closer inspection the vessel proved to be a specimen of the hand-made pottery which was found to be in general use on the west coast of the island. It was made by women from clay without any special preparation, shaped entirely by the hand, buried in an open peat fire, and its porosity was corrected by a bowlful of milk being poured over it when still red-hot. Neither the rudest pottery of the Stone Age nor of modern savage life was ruder than this. Yet the house in which the woman lived whose pottery were he saw manufactured, though built with unquarried and untempered stones, contained cotton from Manchester, cutlery from Sheffield, pottery from Staffordshire, tea from China, and sugar from the West Indies. She was shrewd and intelligent, well-versed in ecclesiastical and poor law questions. Yet a digging on the site of her hut some centuries after would show nothing of all this, except the pottery of her own rude manufacture, and a few fragments of the Staffordshire ware, which might be accounted for by an early and late occupation of the hut by successive peoples at long intervals and in different stages of civilization. The inferences he deduced from these and other facts of a similar nature which he had observed were:—(1) That the very rudest known form of an art may exist in a nation with the highest; (2) that it would be wrong to conclude from this that the nation must be composed partly of savages and partly of civilized people; and (3) that persons capable of receiving the highest culture might practice an art which belonged to the most paleolithic men.

LIARS ARE NUMEROUS; they are found everywhere, and they lie on all sorts of subjects in all sorts of ways. You do not need to light a candle when you begin the search for one. The Psalmist said, in haste, "All men are liars;" and a Scotch parson thought he might have said it in the utmost deliberation. For, at bottom, a lie is found in all sinning, and are not all men sinners? Happily a great deal of the lying is self-destructive, and a lot more is balanced by other lying. There is no region where one may say, "Here, at last, I am beyond the reach of lies;" and there is no subject upon which one may be sure that all men tell the truth. Liars mean to deceive. That a thing is not true as stated counts for nothing. We are all "poor creatures," and it is prettily well in shooting at the truth. A great deal of harmful untruth cannot be laid on a personal conscience. It grows out of ignorance, loquacity, big-headedness, and imperfect hearing or seeing. Very few men can be trusted to see or hear a complex occasion—a battle, for instance—and report what occurred. Do not blame people too harshly for false reports; they grew. A liar is a deceiver. He states the thing as it is not; and he does it in malice. Lying is the sword of evil purpose. Nothing else cuts so deep or kills so many as this sword called a lie. Liars are foolish. The folly is varied and complex. A liar's possible work and his actual work are fortunately far apart. A cool liar, holding himself in balance, lying occasionally, lying judiciously, would ravage society like a pestilence. But a liar cannot hold his tongue. He lies too much. He blunts the edge of his sword by hacking at everything. Presently only greater fools than he believe him. Hacking folks does him less good than he thinks. Even the pleasure of it is as problematical as that of getting drunk; the results of it are seldom up to his expectations, and usually one hundred per cent. below them. Still deeper folly is shown in the tendency of things to get right side up even though scores of liars are holding them wrong side up. Lying is a business that does not stay down. The inverted truth flops over while our liar is busy on another falsehood. The truth pays better and is safer even in a world full of lies. Liars put out their own eyes. A man who lives in darkness loses the power to endure the light, and one who continually looks upon distorted objects loses all sense of harmony. So a liar gets as blind as a bat to the real truth. He is all contorted and doubled over himself, and his possible manliness, decency and spirituality are killed by self-inversion. He cannot grow with his head in a dust heap or be shaped with his body twisted and battered in throwing and catching moral boomerangs. Liars are a wasteful nuisance. They block up every road to truth; they double the work of honest men. They do worse things; but their obstructive work is the most annoying. It is a constant torture for truth seekers to have to anticipate the liar, hide from the liar, set his lies aside, and answer his follies with discretion. The world would go twice as fast if the liar did not keep down his wicked brakes. Divide a man's working life into four periods, and three of the four are lost in contest with liars; in a world without lies one-fourth would turn out as much work as the whole does now. Liars are wicked. The Bible gives them a precedence among sinners as the progeny of the devil; and all human wisdom has confirmed this sentence and added many more special dishonors. But it is strange that kinds of lying get favor. Graceful lies, lies that assist our plans, lie that favor our theories—who has not given them hospitality? What shall be done with the liar? The good Book tells us what will come of him at last, but what shall we do with him here on earth? The best proceeding is to get him soundly convicted and then soundly converted. Nothing short of that will cure him. His nature, whatever you may think of your own, is corrupt, prone to evil and that continually. We can think of nothing short of a new birth that will make a man out of a liar. "But converted men lie," one will say. Well, they need converting over again. Nothing so surely unmask a hypocrite as the discovery that a professing Christian tells lies.—N. Y. Metho dist.

LIARS ARE NUMEROUS; they are found everywhere, and they lie on all sorts of subjects in all sorts of ways. You do not need to light a candle when you begin the search for one. The Psalmist said, in haste, "All men are liars;" and a Scotch parson thought he might have said it in the utmost deliberation. For, at bottom, a lie is found in all sinning, and are not all men sinners? Happily a great deal of the lying is self-destructive, and a lot more is balanced by other lying. There is no region where one may say, "Here, at last, I am beyond the reach of lies;" and there is no subject upon which one may be sure that all men tell the truth. Liars mean to deceive. That a thing is not true as stated counts for nothing. We are all "poor creatures," and it is prettily well in shooting at the truth. A great deal of harmful untruth cannot be laid on a personal conscience. It grows out of ignorance, loquacity, big-headedness, and imperfect hearing or seeing. Very few men can be trusted to see or hear a complex occasion—a battle, for instance—and report what occurred. Do not blame people too harshly for false reports; they grew. A liar is a deceiver. He states the thing as it is not; and he does it in malice. Lying is the sword of evil purpose. Nothing else cuts so deep or kills so many as this sword called a lie. Liars are foolish. The folly is varied and complex. A liar's possible work and his actual work are fortunately far apart. A cool liar, holding himself in balance, lying occasionally, lying judiciously, would ravage society like a pestilence. But a liar cannot hold his tongue. He lies too much. He blunts the edge of his sword by hacking at everything. Presently only greater fools than he believe him. Hacking folks does him less good than he thinks. Even the pleasure of it is as problematical as that of getting drunk; the results of it are seldom up to his expectations, and usually one hundred per cent. below them. Still deeper folly is shown in the tendency of things to get right side up even though scores of liars are holding them wrong side up. Lying is a business that does not stay down. The inverted truth flops over while our liar is busy on another falsehood. The truth pays better and is safer even in a world full of lies. Liars put out their own eyes. A man who lives in darkness loses the power to endure the light, and one who continually looks upon distorted objects loses all sense of harmony. So a liar gets as blind as a bat to the real truth. He is all contorted and doubled over himself, and his possible manliness, decency and spirituality are killed by self-inversion. He cannot grow with his head in a dust heap or be shaped with his body twisted and battered in throwing and catching moral boomerangs. Liars are a wasteful nuisance. They block up every road to truth; they double the work of honest men. They do worse things; but their obstructive work is the most annoying. It is a constant torture for truth seekers to have to anticipate the liar, hide from the liar, set his lies aside, and answer his follies with discretion. The world would go twice as fast if the liar did not keep down his wicked brakes. Divide a man's working life into four periods, and three of the four are lost in contest with liars; in a world without lies one-fourth would turn out as much work as the whole does now. Liars are wicked. The Bible gives them a precedence among sinners as the progeny of the devil; and all human wisdom has confirmed this sentence and added many more special dishonors. But it is strange that kinds of lying get favor. Graceful lies, lies that assist our plans, lie that favor our theories—who has not given them hospitality? What shall be done with the liar? The good Book tells us what will come of him at last, but what shall we do with him here on earth? The best proceeding is to get him soundly convicted and then soundly converted. Nothing short of that will cure him. His nature, whatever you may think of your own, is corrupt, prone to evil and that continually. We can think of nothing short of a new birth that will make a man out of a liar. "But converted men lie," one will say. Well, they need converting over again. Nothing so surely unmask a hypocrite as the discovery that a professing Christian tells lies.—N. Y. Metho dist.

LIARS ARE NUMEROUS; they are found everywhere, and they lie on all sorts of subjects in all sorts of ways. You do not need to light a candle when you begin the search for one. The Psalmist said, in haste, "All men are liars;" and a Scotch parson thought he might have said it in the utmost deliberation. For, at bottom, a lie is found in all sinning, and are not all men sinners? Happily a great deal of the lying is self-destructive, and a lot more is balanced by other lying. There is no region where one may say, "Here, at last, I am beyond the reach of lies;" and there is no subject upon which one may be sure that all men tell the truth. Liars mean to deceive. That a thing is not true as stated counts for nothing. We are all "poor creatures," and it is prettily well in shooting at the truth. A great deal of harmful untruth cannot be laid on a personal conscience. It grows out of ignorance, loquacity, big-headedness, and imperfect hearing or seeing. Very few men can be trusted to see or hear a complex occasion—a battle, for instance—and report what occurred. Do not blame people too harshly for false reports; they grew. A liar is a deceiver. He states the thing as it is not; and he does it in malice. Lying is the sword of evil purpose. Nothing else cuts so deep or kills so many as this sword called a lie. Liars are foolish. The folly is varied and complex. A liar's possible work and his actual work are fortunately far apart. A cool liar, holding himself in balance, lying occasionally, lying judiciously, would ravage society like a pestilence. But a liar cannot hold his tongue. He lies too much. He blunts the edge of his sword by hacking at everything. Presently only greater fools than he believe him. Hacking folks does him less good than he thinks. Even the pleasure of it is as problematical as that of getting drunk; the results of it are seldom up to his expectations, and usually one hundred per cent. below them. Still deeper folly is shown in the tendency of things to get right side up even though scores of liars are holding them wrong side up. Lying is a business that does not stay down. The inverted truth flops over while our liar is busy on another falsehood. The truth pays better and is safer even in a world full of lies. Liars put out their own eyes. A man who lives in darkness loses the power to endure the light, and one who continually looks upon distorted objects loses all sense of harmony. So a liar gets as blind as a bat to the real truth. He is all contorted and doubled over himself, and his possible manliness, decency and spirituality are killed by self-inversion. He cannot grow with his head in a dust heap or be shaped with his body twisted and battered in throwing and catching moral boomerangs. Liars are a wasteful nuisance. They block up every road to truth; they double the work of honest men. They do worse things; but their obstructive work is the most annoying. It is a constant torture for truth seekers to have to anticipate the liar, hide from the liar, set his lies aside, and answer his follies with discretion. The world would go twice as fast if the liar did not keep down his wicked brakes. Divide a man's working life into four periods, and three of the four are lost in contest with liars; in a world without lies one-fourth would turn out as much work as the whole does now. Liars are wicked. The Bible gives them a precedence among sinners as the progeny of the devil; and all human wisdom has confirmed this sentence and added many more special dishonors. But it is strange that kinds of lying get favor. Graceful lies, lies that assist our plans, lie that favor our theories—who has not given them hospitality? What shall be done with the liar? The good Book tells us what will come of him at last, but what shall we do with him here on earth? The best proceeding is to get him soundly convicted and then soundly converted. Nothing short of that will cure him. His nature, whatever you may think of your own, is corrupt, prone to evil and that continually. We can think of nothing short of a new birth that will make a man out of a liar. "But converted men lie," one will say. Well, they need converting over again. Nothing so surely unmask a hypocrite as the discovery that a professing Christian tells lies.—N. Y. Metho dist.

LIARS ARE NUMEROUS; they are found everywhere, and they lie on all sorts of subjects in all sorts of ways. You do not need to light a candle when you begin the search for one. The Psalmist said, in haste, "All men are liars;" and a Scotch parson thought he might have said it in the utmost deliberation. For, at bottom, a lie is found in all sinning, and are not all men sinners? Happily a great deal of the lying is self-destructive, and a lot more is balanced by other lying. There is no region where one may say, "Here, at last, I am beyond the reach of lies;" and there is no subject upon which one may be sure that all men tell the truth. Liars mean to deceive. That a thing is not true as stated counts for nothing. We are all "poor creatures," and it is prettily well in shooting at the truth. A great deal of harmful untruth cannot be laid on a personal conscience. It grows out of ignorance, loquacity, big-headedness, and imperfect hearing or seeing. Very few men can be trusted to see or hear a complex occasion—a battle, for instance—and report what occurred. Do not blame people too harshly for false reports; they grew. A liar is a deceiver. He states the thing as it is not; and he does it in malice. Lying is the sword of evil purpose. Nothing else cuts so deep or kills so many as this sword called a lie. Liars are foolish. The folly is varied and complex. A liar's possible work and his actual work are fortunately far apart. A cool liar, holding himself in balance, lying occasionally, lying judiciously, would ravage society like a pestilence. But a liar cannot hold his tongue. He lies too much. He blunts the edge of his sword by hacking at everything. Presently only greater fools than he believe him. Hacking folks does him less good than he thinks. Even the pleasure of it is as problematical as that of getting drunk; the results of it are seldom up to his expectations, and usually one hundred per cent. below them. Still deeper folly is shown in the tendency of things to get right side up even though scores of liars are holding them wrong side up. Lying is a business that does not stay down. The inverted truth flops over while our liar is busy on another falsehood. The truth pays better and is safer even in a world full of lies. Liars put out their own eyes. A man who lives in darkness loses the power to endure the light, and one who continually looks upon distorted objects loses all sense of harmony. So a liar gets as blind as a bat to the real truth. He is all contorted and doubled over himself, and his possible manliness, decency and spirituality are killed by self-inversion. He cannot grow with his head in a dust heap or be shaped with his body twisted and battered in throwing and catching moral boomerangs. Liars are a wasteful nuisance. They block up every road to truth; they double the work of honest men. They do worse things; but their obstructive work is the most annoying. It is a constant torture for truth seekers to have to anticipate the liar, hide from the liar, set his lies aside, and answer his follies with discretion. The world would go twice as fast if the liar did not keep down his wicked brakes. Divide a man's working life into four periods, and three of the four are lost in contest with liars; in a world without lies one-fourth would turn out as much work as the whole does now. Liars are wicked. The Bible gives them a precedence among sinners as the progeny of the devil; and all human wisdom has confirmed this sentence and added many more special dishonors. But it is strange that kinds of lying get favor. Graceful lies, lies that assist our plans, lie that favor our theories—who has not given them hospitality? What shall be done with the liar? The good Book tells us what will come of him at last, but what shall we do with him here on earth? The best proceeding is to get him soundly convicted and then soundly converted. Nothing short of that will cure him. His nature, whatever you may think of your own, is corrupt, prone to evil and that continually. We can think of nothing short of a new birth that will make a man out of a liar. "But converted men lie," one will say. Well, they need converting over again. Nothing so surely unmask a hypocrite as the discovery that a professing Christian tells lies.—N. Y. Metho dist.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That in pursuance of a decree of foreclosure, order of sale and judgment issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Walla Walla City, for the county of Walla Walla and Territory of Washington, in the certain action brought by the said J. H. LASSITER, Plaintiff, against WILLIAM L. HOLLOM, DENNIS WILARD and SARAH A. WILARD, Defendants, which said decree, order of sale and judgment was rendered in said action on the 9th day of May, 1876, in favor of said Plaintiff, and against said Defendants, in and to the effect following, to-wit: That the sum of \$298 22-10 in gold coin, with interest thereon from said date until paid at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month in gold coin, and 250 attorney's fees in said action, and the further sum of \$20 00, Plaintiff's costs and disbursements in said action. Now, therefore, by virtue of said decree of foreclosure, order of sale and judgment, said interest and attorney's fees, said costs and all increased costs, I will on MONDAY, the 19th day of June, 1876, at the Court House door, in the city of Walla Walla, county of Walla Walla, and Territory of Washington, public auction to the highest bidder for cash, in gold coin, the mortgaged premises in said decree, order of sale and judgment mentioned and described as follows: To-wit: The southeast quarter of section 24, township 7, north of range 35 east, containing 160 acres; also, the southeast half of the southeast quarter of section 25, township 7, north of range 35 east, containing 80 acres; also, the southeast quarter of section 26, and the north half of the southeast quarter of section 24, in township 7, north of range 35 east, containing 240 acres; lying and being in the County of Walla Walla, and Territory of Washington, together with all the improvements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging, or so much thereof as will be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest, attorney's fees and all costs.

Given under my hand this 20th day of May, 1876. GEORGE F. THOMAS, Sheriff of Walla Walla County.

J. H. LASSITER, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SHERIFF'S SALE BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION ISSUED BY THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIRST JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY, holding terms at Walla Walla City, for the county of Walla Walla and Territory of Washington, in the certain action brought by the said WILLIAM L. HOLLOM, DENNIS WILARD and SARAH A. WILARD, Defendants, against J. H. LASSITER, Plaintiff, which said decree, order of sale and judgment was rendered in said action on the 9th day of May, 1876, in favor of said Plaintiff, and against said Defendants, in and to the effect following, to-wit: That the sum of \$298 22-10 in gold coin, with interest thereon from said date until paid at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month in gold coin, and 250 attorney's fees in said action, and the further sum of \$20 00, Plaintiff's costs and disbursements in said action. Now, therefore, by virtue of said decree of foreclosure, order of sale and judgment, said interest and attorney's fees, said costs and all increased costs, I will on MONDAY, the 19th day of June, 1876, at the Court House door, in the city of Walla Walla, county of Walla Walla, and Territory of Washington, public auction to the highest bidder for cash, in gold coin, the mortgaged premises in said decree, order of sale and judgment mentioned and described as follows: To-wit: The southeast quarter of section 24, township 7, north of range 35 east, containing 160 acres; also, the southeast half of the southeast quarter of section 25, township 7, north of range 35 east, containing 80 acres; also, the southeast quarter of section 26, and the north half of the southeast quarter of section 24, in township 7, north of range 35 east, containing 240 acres; lying and being in the County of Walla Walla, and Territory of Washington, together with all the improvements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging, or so much thereof as will be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest, attorney's fees and all costs.

Given under my hand this 20th day of May, 1876. GEORGE F. THOMAS, Sheriff of Walla Walla County.

J. H. LASSITER, Plaintiff's Attorney.

ENTERPRISE LODGE NO. 2, I. O. O. F., meets in Good Templar Hall, every TUESDAY, at 8 o'clock. No. 113, 1/2 block. Beads in good standing are invited to attend.

AS ARGUMENT FOR MARRIAGE.—

ing to the education of the girls of the present day and the supposed expense of keeping a family, young men remain single until they have required sufficient means to enter into the matrimonial state, and like the sinner determining on reform, go on and on until too old to seek a mate. Powers, an eminent sculptor, on being questioned as to why he married when he possessed such limited means, replied: "Family and poverty have done more to support me than I have to support them; they have compelled me to make exertions that I hardly thought myself capable of; and often when on the eve of despairing, they have forced me like a coward in a corner, to fight like a hero, not for myself, but for my wife and little ones." And Powers was right, for a wife to direct a man toward a proper ambition and general economy, is like a timely succor at sea, to save him from destruction on a perilous voyage. Let a young man of steady habits and possessed of the means of self support, marry the girl he likes whenever he has sufficient to commence house-keeping, but before he makes his selection, let him know the mother of his bride and ascertain how she has raised her daughter, if to be at home in the kitchen as well as in the parlor, if as handy at the needle as the piano, he can safely marry under the conviction that he will have a wife that will help him along the uncertain pathway of life. We don't often moralize on such subjects and should not on this occasion did we not see so many forlorn old bachelors in our every day rambles through this town.

DISTROYING THE CATERpillARS.—Don't let the caterpillars live in your orchard. Their