

The College Journal.

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY.

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NO. 2.

LITERARY.

From the New Northwest.

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MRS. ELIZABETH W. ANDREW, DEAN OF THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY, BEFORE THE M. E. CONFERENCE AT EAST PORTLAND ON THE 19TH OF AUGUST, 1881.

I am impressed with the contrast of two utterances made by two women in real life, under the stress of the same great sorrow; for both were widowed within the same month. One was devoted to the "fashion of this world," and her eyes had been for years so dazzled by its glitter that she caught no glimpse of the shaded side of life till she was suddenly ushered into the cypress gloom by the open grave of her husband. The other was a thoughtful, intelligent woman, who held all her relations in life as most sacred, and above all was an earnest, spiritual Christian. The first uttered this wail of sorrow: "My hopes are all buried in the grave with my husband!" The second, with the light of holy purpose shining through tears in her earnest eyes, said: "My greatest desire in living is to be helpful to others." She had caught the secret of a more powerful alchemy than was ever dreamed of by the sages of old—that should surely and gloriously transmute her very griefs into joys and her losses into victory.

May I be permitted to use the brave utterance of that noble woman as the watchword of our undertaking known as the Woman's College? The women and friends who are carrying its burdens and planning its welfare would be "helpful" to the young women it is designed to benefit. How?

First, in helping to form the habits and manners that belong to true "gentlewomen." (I like that old-fashioned, expressive word far better than "ladies.")

These are the "sweet observances" which throw a charm about the life, however hedged in by poverty; that reveal the disguised princess in the plainest garb, and give her her own dominion. I well remember hearing one of our representative women speak of being entertained in a home where very few luxuries could possibly be afforded, but the taste and refinement of the hostess were shown in the vase of exquisite violets that adorned the home-made dressing table and breathed a fragrant welcome to the guest as she entered her room. Under this head we include the healthful care of the body, and all the habits that combine to make up a well-ordered life.

Second—In helping these young women to broad mental discipline and intelligence.

"Freedom and knowledge are the guides to every form of nobleness." Who can be narrow that once catches a glimpse of the infinite riches—the worlds of intelligence—that lie open to his seeking vision? We talk often of "the world;"

but what an empty name unless we mean by it "many in one"! For our universe is made up of a complex system, of circles within circles of interest, beauty and wisdom, and an introduction to the mysteries of each is like the entrance into a new world, complete within itself, and like gaining new and finer senses than those the student hitherto dreamed he possessed. You all know the familiar lines concerning the ignorant rustic—

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And nothing more."

But to the botanist and lover of nature this little blossom tells a wondrous story of its origin and family, of the alchemy of soil, sunshine and shower that has clothed it with perfection of form and exquisite coloring; yes, and to him who believes in the "Invisible," that image of grace and loveliness gives promise of unfading beauty that will satisfy the yearning that rises within him on its contemplation, and he cries with Wordsworth—

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

It is the same with any realm of art or science or truth of any kind. Said Dr. Marcy, of Evanston, to his students: "Once pass into the sanctuary of science, and the very rocks will talk to you." So also with the beautiful forms of statuary and the vivid representations of the speaking canvas—the expressions of genius throughout the ages—and the thrilling, searching harmony of music, that nearest approach to the pure language of spirit that we can hope to know this side of Heaven. Here are broad realms into which we would direct these young women, that they may gain treasures to enrich their own lives and to enjoy the rarest good of all—the blessedness of giving.

Third—We would help them to prize themselves; not riches, not culture, not any extraneous advantages, however great and however much to be desired and sought after, but *themselves*.

There is, we are told, a curious contrivance in the service of the English marine. The ropes in use in the royal navy, from the largest to the smallest, are so twisted that a red thread runs through them from end to end, which cannot be extracted without undoing the whole, and by which the smallest pieces may be recognized as belonging to the crown. So God sets his seal of individuality upon every soul sent out into the world, setting it apart from all others, and insuring to that soul upon its consenting allegiance a special and holy relation with Himself. And to him will He give to "eat of the hidden manna and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." How God guards this sacred individuality! Can you ever forget the moment when your consciousness revealed it to you? How vividly it is present to thought as I speak—the hush of a summer twilight in the country, and the soft cadence of my mother's voice as she sang an evening hymn and rocked my baby brother to sleep

in the quiet veranda, while I, a little child, lingered under the great forest trees where shadows gathered, pierced now and then by a red shaft of light. How can I tell by what subtle process my soul awoke and asserted itself? Yes, even in the lulling harmony of the voice I had known earliest in my brief life, in the presence of my mother, whose existence seemed most inextricably woven with my own, suddenly there came a flash, as if from the Throne of Eternal Truth, and I stood alone, nevermore to be wholly identified in thought and being with any other human soul, whispering to myself in awed accents, "This is I!" Then, quick as thought, came the question, "To whom, then, do I belong?" And my soul answered by the measure of its yearning toward Him whom I already knew as "Our Father who art in Heaven," and whom I instinctively realized would not leave His child desolate in the universe. We would teach these young women to treasure this personality with which God has clothed them as His peculiar sacred gift, bringing it up to the fullest perfection possible, that they may be ready for the happiest and holiest relations in life, or if debarred from these, fitted to remain alone, strong and serene, a source of sweetest refreshment and blessing to themselves and to others. A grand woman says: "What in the midst of the mighty drama of the world's history are girls and their blind visions? They are the yea or nay of that good for which men are enduring and fighting. In these delicate vessels is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affections." We all bear witness, with full hearts, to the preciousness of woman's fulfilled destiny as wife and mother. How much I owe to the benediction of a pure and loving mother I shall never be able to tell. But oh, friends, this happy fate does not come to all. And even if possessed for a time, the most hallowed relation is open to the invading step of Death and Loss as well as the most hateful bond. Does He who so loves us then suffer us to be the "fools" of loss? Nay; nay. In the empty desert, or through the fury of the tempest, or when we stand on the shore watching the hopeless wreck of our dearest wishes, through and in the midst of all and every experience, we hear the immutable, the infinitely tender voice, saying, "I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." Here again is the divine assertion of that sacred law of individuality—that bestowment from His own hand of a gift which cannot be taken from us, and a relationship with Himself that forbids the possibility of utter loss and loneliness, and instead brings satisfying fullness. But we are already within the limits of what was reserved to the last as being infinitely grander and higher than all else, and, being so, naturally includes and transcends all other culture, however noble, and naturally also must enter into the delineation of every personality that has reached its most perfect development.

Fourth—Beyond everything else, we would be helpful to these young women in finding and realizing for themselves the Spiritual Life—the Divine Culture.

Some one has said, "The heart is insatiable because it aspires after the infinite," and we trace this universal longing, this unwearied search, in every age, among all people. Many of you, doubtless, have pondered, in wonder, over these touching words of Sekesa, the Kaffir chief, who, as recorded by Sir John Lubbock in his "Progress of Civiliza-

tion," when the missionary brought him news of a Savior, thus addressed him:

Your tidings are what I want, and I was seeking before I knew you, as you shall hear and judge for yourself. Twelve years ago I went to feed my flocks. The weather was hazy; I sat down upon a rock and asked myself sorrowful questions; yes, sorrowful, because I was unable to answer them. "Who has touched the stars with his hands? On what pillars do they rest?" I asked myself. The waters are never weary; they know no other law than to flow without ceasing from morning till night, and from night till morning; but when do they stop, and who makes them flow thus? The clouds, also, come and go, and burst in water over the earth. Whence come they? Who sends them? The diviners certainly do not give us rain; for how could they do it, and why do I not see them with my own eyes when they go up to heaven to fetch it? I cannot see the wind, but what is it? Who brings it, makes it blow, and roar, and terrify us? Do I know how the corn sprouts? Yesterday there was not a blade in my field; to-day I returned to the field and found some. Who can have given to the earth the wisdom and power to produce it? Then I buried my face in both my hands.

Or think of the poor haggard Fakir, or religious ascetic, of whom we read in the early days of religious effort in India, forty-two years of age, who came to visit the missionary and told the story of his unsatisfied longing for God and attempts to find Him. From his childhood he had been anxious to find God. The books of native religion given him to read did not satisfy him; he wanted more. When eighteen years old, he became a Fakir. He built himself a hut, forsook all his friends, and gave himself up to the search. After some time he realized that he was coming no nearer and that "the world was within him" (to use his own expression). So he had a cave dug deep in the ground, and for two years he sat there, seeing neither sun nor moon, and never speaking a syllable to any human being. If food was set before him, he ate it; if not, he went without food. At the end of two years he came from his underground dwelling, broken in health, but no nearer God. Then for eighteen years more he lived in his hut in yearning, seeking contemplation, but a prisoner in the darkness and silence of unbroken ignorance. Finally came the missionary within his reach, who told him of Christ and of how He meets all the longings and wants of the immortal spirit. He cried out, "He is a Savior such as I want!" And the life-long bonds were broken; the prisoner was free. Or take that intensely sad picture of the monastic life led by the ascetics of Rome in the Egyptian desert, as described by Gibbon:

According to their faith and zeal, they might employ the day, which they passed in their cells, either in vocal or mental prayer. They assembled in the evening, and they were awakened in the night for the public worship of the monastery. The precise moment was determined by the stars, which are seldom clouded in the serene sky of Egypt, and a rustic horn or trumpet, the signal of devotion, twice interrupted the vast silence of the desert. Even sleep, the last refuge of the unhappy, was rigorously measured. The vacant hours of the monk heavily rolled along, without business or pleasure, and before the close of each day he had repeatedly accused the tedious progress of the sun. In this comfortless state, superstition still pursued and tormented her wretched votaries. The repose which they had sought in the cloister was disturbed by a tardy repentance, profane doubts and guilty desires; and while they considered each natural impulse as an unpardonable sin, they perpetually trembled on the edge of a flaming and bottomless abyss. Wretched state of Mysticism! which is no longer the free

and enlightened devotion of a living soul; but the entire and blind abandonment of self, of will, of being, in a barren contemplation of thought, in a prayer without utterance and almost without consciousness.

But even in these subtle and devious ways many of the brightest and most earnest minds have sought to find the Invisible One. Even St. Augustine, the most illustrious Latin Father of the Church, with all his varied gifts and vigorous mind, often consumed on mystical problems an amount of sagacity which would have sufficed for the most sublime conceptions. Neither is the time utterly gone by for error. Many still seek God in the spirit of penance and mysticism. Many still grope in the shadows of that suicidal belief that to deny every natural emotion, and to annihilate personality itself, is to please God. Many still cry, "Show us the Father!" and their ears are deaf to the clear loving voice that answers, "Have I been so long a time with you, and yet hast thou not known me? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." What words are comparable to His who teaches us to enter into this spiritual realm? "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." "He that hath the Son hath Life." Profoundly does the sacred poet strike the depths of the soul's need when he cries:

"Thy gifts, alas! will not suffice —
But give Thyself to me!"

And the reply comes, "I will dwell in them and walk in them." To know Jesus as the personal friend, the lover of the soul—by this "Way" do we enter into the realm of the spirit, where the promise is that we shall be guided into all truth, and the truth shall make us "free." Here the springs are unfailing, and the flowers never fade; the azure of the sky is cloudless, and the music has no despairing notes; for the sources of beauty and delight are found in Him who is infinite. Here time and space flee away and are lost in the "Eternal Now" of the Great I Am with whom a thousand years are as a day, who suspends the mountains in a balance, and "taketh up the isles as a very little thing." What could we so desire for these young women, and for all humanity, as the possession of the Spiritual Life? It is the saving of the soul—it is the inheritance of the earth and all eternity besides. Sheltered within the understanding heart of Christ, what rivers can overflow, what flames can kindle upon us with power to destroy? None; none. Hidden from "the strife of tongues," no fear of "evil tidings" "more than conquerors through Him that loved us." Here is garnered up the perfect blossoming of all pure associations and relations in life never to wither. You speak no farewells in this vital air, for the spirit knows no loss and no separation. That which so thrilled your soul with love for your friend, the earnest spirit, the pure play of intellect, the true affection, that smile of holy victory which your dear one left as his legacy while he whispered "Jesus" and left the shores of time—these are not lost! They are yours—everything true and spiritual is yours—now and forever. Hear the charter written in living light by the Father of our spirits: "For all things are yours; whether Paul or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

THE TYPO.

The typo!—a singular creature is he,
A bit of a wizard I take him to be,
A paradox ever, I stoutly assert,
And fancy the statement you can't controvert;
He "takes" a great deal, and he "proves" all he gets,
And he "sets" while he stands, and he stands while he "sets."

A magical power there is in his hand,
As swiftly the types marshal in at command;
The art of a painter he has to portray
The incidents many that make up to-day.
A wedding he pictures—"click, click," and 'tis there—
The glad, merry party, the just-wedded pair;
You see the young wife in her garments of white,
(You have gone to the wedding without an "invite,"
And fancy you hear the good wishes of friends,
And—the picture unwittingly ends,
For the typo paints all kinds of scenes in a breath.
He spelled you a marriage—the next is a death;
And low in the coffin you see a dear face
All silent and cold, that was full of rare grace;
A sorrowing circle that tenderly kiss
The lips whose sweet pressure they ever will miss;
And softly the tear-drops creep down o'er your lashes
As sadly you echo the "ashes to ashes."

"Click, click"—now he's spelling a railroad disaster,
And fast "click" the types, and still faster and faster,
And sorrow is seen in each one of their faces,
As quickly he ranges them into their places,
"A terrible slaughter," you shudder, then laugh
With hearty good will at the next paragraph:
A joke of three lines, or a dozen as brief,
Done up—a rich bundle of fun—in a sheaf.

Variety truly gives living its spice,
And typos can present it to you in a trice.
From gravest to gay, every mood of the mind
Is by them each hour completely defined;
One moment they laugh, and another they weep—
I fancy their sorrow is not over deep—
But be their expression whatever it may,
The will of the typo they only obey;
To all of his commands they respond with a "click,"
He rules with a stout little "rule" and a "stick!"
—C. B. Moores, '70, *Statesman*.

THAT BUCK SAW.

How inspiring it is for a boy just out of school at 3 P. M.—to come home with the honest intention of bringing his books and getting an apple—to slip out the back door, and just as his heels are flying over the back fence, to hear his "paternal" step to the door and yell, "You, John Henry! come saw your wood to get supper with." J. H. wishes they didn't have to get supper with wood. Thinks something of inventing a steam buzz saw to run with horse power, and hitching his beloved parent to it. He sulks back into the woodshed, "slides" out of his coat, "chucks" a stick on the "buck" and grasps the saw with a "death-like grip," but remembering something, he suddenly drops his saw and "makes" for his coat, takes half an apple out of his pocket, helps him-

self to a generous bite, then gets his saw and "wades" in. He gets to going like a "lightening rip saw," when a splinter gets caught "cross-ways" in the groove, which stops the saw more quickly than comfortably; nevertheless he goes on till his chin comes in sharp contact with the handles of the "irritator," which makes him bite off half his tongue and choke on the apple. By the time he manages to get his breath, he swears he will run off to the "plains" and become a "pirate." While he is trying to get rid of a couple of broken teeth, his father enters and smilingly tells him "that he wants him to try for the latin prize in the next contest."

P. S.—They think the boy will live. "18."

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WE would once more ask all the *alumni*, *alumnae*, undergraduates, friends and patrons of the University, to hand or send items of news concerning any of the old-time students and professors, or interesting events in the history of Willamette University. We should also be pleased to receive brief, pointed articles on education or letters describing persons and places of general interest. In brief, send us anything and everything that will help to make a first-class college paper. At present, there is such a demand for items of news, and especially for short, racy articles and good descriptive letters, that all will be more than repaid by cultivating their talents

in this direction. And no young man or woman should leave college without the ability to write up an interesting event or the description of a person or place in at least a creditable manner.

OWING to the hurry consequent upon the opening of the school year, and the publishing and mailing of the first number of the JOURNAL, it may be that some of our regular subscribers were overlooked. If so, we trust that number two may reach all, and we will send number one to all who may desire it. Several have complied with our request in number one, and have either renewed their subscription or ordered the JOURNAL discontinued. We thank them for their promptness and hope that *all* to whom number two may come will inform us immediately whether they desire the JOURNAL for the year or not. Some have sent us hearty words of good cheer, for which we are grateful and trust that all may find the JOURNAL a welcome visitor.

SOME weeks ago, on a beautiful Sabbath evening, we stood by the side of the newly made grave of Bishop E. O. Haven, recalled some of the pleasant occasions on which we had heard him preach or lecture, and vainly tried to approximate the value of such a life as his has been to our country at large. Here was a man who for many years was recognized by all as one of our leading educators, who had successfully served as President of three of our most rapidly developing and promising young universities, and had filled, for a brief period, the highest office in the power of his church to bestow upon him. A man who, by his evenly balanced temperament, unerring judgment, ripe scholarship and wonderful simplicity, won hosts of friends wherever he went. A man whom we had hoped might be spared to help on the good work of higher education on this coast as he had done on the Atlantic and in the great Mississippi valley. But such was not to be the case, and all we have left is the example and inspiration of his noble life, the memory of his last public words, and his treasured dust. As we stood by the side of his grave we could not help contrasting his life with that of our late lamented President Garfield. On this lower plane, where the eyes of man are dazzled by the surroundings of high office and their ears stunned by public applause, Garfield would

doubtless be judged to have been the more successful, and, perhaps, by far the more useful man. Up yonder, where the value of a human soul outweighs a world and God judges with impartial justice, who knows but what the life-long teacher may be deemed the more successful—may have done most for humanity. The one sleeps in the costly, safely guarded vault of a beautiful city cemetery; the other in a quiet, unadorned spot, surrounded by a few noble missionaries. Thousands upon thousands of admiring visitors will annually gaze upon the costly monument erected to the one, while the quiet stars and the grand old mountains, with now and then a lover of learning or humanity, will tenderly look upon the humble resting place of the other.

Thus we mused as we turned our steps homeward; but, as we mused, this thought came to our mind: Could not and would the thousands of young men and young women who, in other years have been students of the Bishop, and who are now filling important positions all over our land, each give at least \$1, which, with the amount to be raised by the Methodists of this coast, would erect a suitable monument to one of the noblest men and most successful educators of our day? Something within us answered, yes. A man so truly noble as he has been should have a fitting monument. One which, in coming years, when this grand country shall have its hundreds where it now has but tens of inhabitants, will show that education and true worth were appreciated in our day. Thinking thus we have written these lines, and would ask the college papers at Ann Arbor, Evanston and at Syracuse—what do you say to bringing this matter before the *alumni* and *alumnae*, and by their aid help to erect a monument worthy of the man who did so much for them and their *alma maters*.

LOCALS.

THE ART DEPARTMENT for this term has opened out nicely. There are at present thirteen pupils receiving instructions in the various departments of art. In the painting class, Misses Boise and Earhart have just finished a neat little Swiss scene, done in oil. The former is now painting a design on a light wood palette; the latter is working up

a study on a beautiful dark wood plaque, both of which promise to be equally as good a success as their Swiss landscape.

Miss Woodworth has just finished a beautiful group of water lillies, in India ink, on pale cream colored silk. The neatness of the execution of this design shows a degree of skill that is very creditable to the artist.

Miss Grace Adams has also completed a bunch of pond lillies, in India ink, on a neutral colored panel. It is a very pretty design, and is well done.

Miss Quivey, the teacher, has made several small oil drawings since her arrival, and is now working up various studies on satin, silk and other materials. Prominent among her late sketches in oil, is a small branch of an old oak tree, covered deeply with Oregon moss. She also sketched a view of Mt. Hood, on the thirteenth, which is pronounced good by all who see it. Her students generally are making rapid progress in drawing and painting. The studio is always open to visitors in the forenoons of the school week, and a cordial invitation is extended to all.

HAL.

WE clip the following from an Eastern paper, in regard to Miss A. R. Luse, our teacher of elocution:

“Miss Luse’s reading took place, as advertised, last Wednesday evening, and despite the storm she had a very good house. The fact of her having formerly taught here had much to do with securing so good an audience, but the solid satisfaction evinced by all present was due to the *real merit* of her entertainment. In fact, she is decidedly the best elocutionist who has ever read in our place. Entering fully into the spirit of all her selections, she gave them in an animated, pleasing and appropriate manner—easy, graceful and natural. Her utterance was clear, deliberate and distinct, and she was easily heard in the most distant parts of the hall. She was considered an excellent elocutionist before she went to Philadelphia, but she has improved greatly during her three years absence. She is now wholly competent to fill the chair of teacher of elocution in any college in the country. Among those whom we have heard—and we have heard some excellent readers before—she is without a peer, while rivalry is out of the question.”

MISS LUSE has about thirty pupils under her instruction at the University, and a class of eleven

in the East Salem High School. All are doing good work, and we are informed that she is succeeding well in teaching this useful art.

SALEM, Oct. 21, 1881.

In fulfillment of a promise made in the last number of the JOURNAL, I take pleasure in announcing the following prizes, with conditions of award: First: A prize of seven dollars will be equally divided between those of the First Year class of the Academy, who perform promptly every literary exercise assigned during the school year; provided, that not less than three of such exercises be public. Second: Two first prizes for excellence in declamation—one for ladies, and one for gentlemen—will be awarded; award to be determined by public contest, open to such members of the First Year class of the Academy as receive no demerits for misconduct during the last three terms of the school year. Parents and friends of the members of the Second Year class are invited to add whatever they desire to either of the prizes now announced. T. C. JORY.

MR. EDITOR:—In your last issue you wanted to know who that young man was who braved the dangers of the elocution class alone. I'll tell you; he is the young man who will brave anything honorable, no matter how difficult, for the sake of improvement.

Four students have entered the business course during the last semi-term, which makes nineteen in all, now belonging to it. In number the department is fuller than it was one year ago, and in quality the best it has ever been. Classes in Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, and other studies, will be formed next term, and it is expected that the department will be fuller than it has ever been before.

The familiar faces of Miss Julia Chamberlin, Miss M. J. Cosper, Miss T. B. Van Wagner, Miss M. E. Woodworth, and a few others, are missing at Chapel this term, though we understand that several of them are taking drawing, painting or music.

Rhetoricals are the order of the day, and many of the students are profiting by them.

"The melancholy days are come,
The lad has left his rural home;
The nimble ball is laid aside,
And all the pranks of Sophs. are plied."

The Conservatory of Music will open in good earnest next term. See notice elsewhere.

SCHOLARSHIP OF STUDENTS.

The following is a list of those who had the highest scholarship in their classes at the last examination, and also those who had the highest scholarship in recitations, during the last semi-term:

Analysis—Emma Crawford, Jennie Griffith, Alice Hartmus, 99; French—Grace Adams, 94; German—Lizzie McLench, 90; Latin Grammar—George Tenny, Cato Johns, Lizzie McLench, Alice Hartmus, Della Layman, 99; Cæsar—William Deweese, 100; Greek Grammar—Maggie Caples, 98; Anabasis—A. L. Clark, 99; Cicero—Leona Willis and William Deweese, 97; Natural Philosophy—John Peebles and Alice Hartmus, 86; Grammar—Aggie Earhart, 90; Geography—Aggie Earhart, 80; Reading and Spelling—Nettie Meredith, 89; History of Greece—Scott Jones, Edward Piper, 99; History of U. S.—George Tenny, 100; Rhetoric—Cora Prescott, 100; Practical Arithmetic (A)—Frank Meredith, Geo. Shepherd, 100; Practical Arithmetic (B)—Ottie Clark, Bessie Smith, Eugene England, 100; Higher Arithmetic—Della Layman, 100; Elementary Algebra—Fannie McClure, 97; Higher Algebra—Cora Prescott, 100; Higher Arithmetic—Della Layman, 91; Geometry—Henry Goddard, 100.

Those highest in daily recitation were: Anabasis—Marcus Walts, 96; Cæsar—Estelle Bond, 92; Rhetoric—Cora Prescott, 100; History of the U. S.—Ella Dearborn, 98; History of Greece—Maggie Caples, 100; Cicero—A. Clark, Marcus Walts, 99; Geography—Nettie Meredith, 90; Natural Philosophy—Percy Willis, 92; Orthography—Nettie Meredith, 84; Grammar—Nettie Meredith, 86; Practical Arithmetic (A)—Carrie Royal, Frank Meredith, George Shepherd, Clara Earhart, Nellie Boise, Margery Thompson, 90; Analysis—Alice Hartmus, 100; Practical Arithmetic (B)—Aggie Earhart, Minnie Breyman, Ottie Clark, Bessie Smith, Eugene England, 90; French—Grace Adams, 94; German—Lizzie McLench, 95; Latin Grammar—Lizzie McLench, 97; Greek Grammar—William Deweese, Leona Willis, 85; Elementary Algebra—Fannie McClure, 90, Higher Algebra—Cora Prescott, 100; Higher Arithmetic—Della Layman, 100; Geometry—Anna Parmenter and Henry Goddard, 100.

A course of lectures has been provided, to be delivered before the students and friends of the school, throughout most of the present school year. The men who are to deliver these lectures are among the ablest scholars and best speakers of the State. This year the students will enjoy rare instruction, and facilities for culture of which young men and women should feel proud. The following is the schedule of lecturers engaged:

Friday evening, October 28, in the chapel, Rev. H. K. Hines, editor of the *P. C. Advocate*, Portland, Oregon, will open the course, having for his subject, "The Ideal and Real in Life."

In November, Rev. R. W. Hill, A. M., of Salem, will lecture on the subject of "Glaciers."

In December, Rev. William Roberts, D. D., of Forest Grove, Oregon, will deliver the third in the course.

The last of January, Rev. J. N. Dennison, A. M., of Salem, will lecture on the subject of "Physical Culture."

The February lecture will be delivered by President Van Scoy.

James Browne, M. D., LL. D., of Portland, Oregon, will deliver a lecture on "Life, its Machinery and its Mystery," in March.

In addition to these lectures, Dr. Rowland gives two lectures a term on topics of Hygiene, before the entire school, and Mrs. Andrew, Dean of the Woman's College, lectures twice a term to the young ladies.

William J. Stabler, a musician of rare talent, will take charge of the Conservatory of Music the first of next term. Miss Piper, who has already begun the organization of the musical department, and has quite a large class in vocal and instrumental, will continue the work with Mr. Stabler. This gentleman comes to us with very high testimonials, from men in the very best Eastern Conservatories, from one of which he is a graduate. A regular course of music will be taught, and those deemed worthy will be graduated from this department and receive the honors of the Institution, as well as those who graduate from any other department of the University.

The medical students will soon have new and improved quarters, and we hope to have some interesting items from them in the next number of the JOURNAL.

A young man in the Higher Arithmetic class has recently patented a process for manufacturing paper by the wholesale, and begs leave to inform the public that he is ready to supply all demands for examinations. Country orders solicited.

Ardent student to Professor of Greek—"Was the march of Cyrus against the King the greatest thing he ever did?" Professor, abstractedly—"Yes, he got killed." Class wakes up.

The winter term will begin November 14, when a large number of new students are expected.

"Anger is a stormy *give it up*," wrote one of the business boys, while trying to complete the expression, "Anger is a stormy —."

The "paper manufacturer of the Higher Arithmetic class," desires to retaliate by asking Mr. —, how he came in possession of his *noir oeil*; whether he received it in a *rue combatere*, or by throwing apples on the College campus?

"I comes before *A* in the the alphabet," says one of the business boys; and he also insists that an acceptance is written on the back, and an indorsement on the face, of a promissory note or bill of exchange.

EDITOR COLLEGE JOURNAL.—Dear Sir: The poem published in this number of the COLLEGE JOURNAL, entitled "The Typo," was not written by C. B. Moores. It was once *quoted* by him in a short address. He can't write poetry, and hereafter he will take care not to quote any. Life is too short. If you will do him who did not write it, and the poet who did write it, the favor of inserting this explanation, he—the party of the first part—will endeavor to so conduct himself hereafter as to not again render himself liable to any such imputation. This favor is asked because all that part of your present number containing this poem was "struck off" before your mistake was discovered.

C. B. M.

CLIPPINGS.

"What is the meaning of the word tantalizing?" asked the teacher. "Please, marm," spoke up little Johnny Holcomb, "it means a circus procession passing the school house, and the scholars not allowed to look out."

It is confidently asserted by astronomers beyond a doubt, that the moon is not inhabited. We are glad of this. Glad all the way down. We have lived in constant dread of being some day thrown in contact with a traveled ass, who would say, "Ah, yes, very fine; but they do these things far better in the moon, you know." And just to think of going to jail for killing such a being as that!—*Ex.*

"Did you never," she said to him as they were walking home in the moonlight, "feel the wild desire, the unutterable longing, the yearning, the reaching after the unutterable?" And he said he felt that way most every day. He was trying his best to raise a moustache, but to save his life he couldn't.

If a boy gets on the wrong track, it shows that his father's switch has not had a fair chance.—
Ex.

WOMAN'S COLLEGE.

No more sickness now that the pears are all gone.

Kee struck for higher wages, and left, notwithstanding the fact that he thought the College a heap, bully good place.

A new platform, for the convenience of visitors who ride in vehicles, has recently been erected at the south entrance to the College grounds.

There have been two additions to the number of ladies at the College during the last semi-term, and three more are expected soon.

Miss Abrams and Miss McLench had the pleasure of entertaining their fathers, recently.

Miss Payton has also been favored by a visit from her brother, Dr. Payton, Jr.

Billy has his bangs braided and decorated with a blue ribbon. He is a general favorite with all the inmates of the College.

All the girls are doing good work, and everything seems to be moving on towards growth and success.

PERSONALS.

'63. Thomas H. Crawford, A. M., still superintends the public schools of Portland, which accounts for their being among the best in the United States.

'64. Mr. Syl. C. Simpson, attorney at law, with A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, made his friends at the Capitol a visit recently.

'70. Tilmon Ford, B. S., (Blessed Singleness) still meditates upon the law, and contemplates matrimony during his leisure moments.

'73. Ladru Royal, A. M., is a successful professor in Ashland College, Ashland, Oregon.

'73. Miss Teresa D. Holderness serves as teacher and organist occasionally, at the M. E. Sabbath School.

'75. Rev. S. A. Starr, B. D., writes us a very encouraging letter from Toledo, Oregon, and adds his name to our subscription list. He is one of the conference visitors, and we hope to meet him next June.

'76. Albert N. Moores seems happy, contented, and ready to wait upon you, at the headquarters of the Capital Lumbering Company.

'77. Mr. George A. Peebles was admitted to the bar at the last session of the Marion county Court, and will soon be a limb of the law, instead of plying the rod of the teacher.

'77. Miss Nellie Meacham was married to Capt. Troupe, at Portland, on the 18th inst., J. H. Acton, officiating. The JOURNAL sends congratulation.

'77. Mrs. Ada E. (May) Steiver finds time to leave the farm and visit her relatives and friends in Salem, occasionally.

'77. Miss Bertha Moores teaches during the week and helps superintend the M. E. S. S., Sundays.

'78. Mrs. M. E. (Strong) Kinney has returned from her wedding tour, and resumed her place in the choir of the M. E. Church.

'78. Mr. Eugene Willis is a successful clerk in one of our principal hardware stores.

'79. Mr. Hugh Harrison wrestles with law during the week, and teaches a young men's class in the M. E. S. S., Sundays.

'80. Mr. Robert Harrison is the efficient and gentlemanly secretary of the same school.

'69. George Comegys, B. S., was recently elected Speaker of the House, for W. T.

'77. Mrs. Q. A. Grubbe spent last week in visiting friends at the Capital, and Mr. Grubbe spent a day or two in the same delightful way.

Lieut. Fred. Schwatka has recently been assigned to a position on Gen. Miles' staff, at Vancouver, and has gone thither to report for duty.

Miss Maggie Fraser was in town last Saturday, looking hale and hearty, and, in her quiet way,

slipped a brand new silver dollar into our hands, for the JOURNAL. She was one of our very best students last year, and deserves the success she is enjoying.

'81. Miss Mattie E. Jory attends the M. E. Church and smiles upon her friends and old acquaintances, occasionally.

'81. Miss Belle Prescott teaches a class in the same church, and helps to make home happy, as usual.

'81. Prof. S. A. Randle is succeeding finely as Principal of La Creole Academy, Dallas, Oregon. See his ad. on the 15th page.

'84. Mr. A. Harrison, the gentlemanly editor of the JOURNAL, is engaged in agricultural pursuits at Jefferson, and sends us words of good cheer occasionally.

EXCHANGES.

The *Oregon Daily Statesman* comes to us with the name of R. P. Boise as business manager, W. L. Boise as local editor, and W. H. Odell as publisher. "In a three-fold cord there is strength," and while the *Statesman* has always been strong and vigorous for the right, we hope that its strength, size, usefulness and success may be largely increased by this triple alliance.

Day by day it talks away, and yet the *Talk* has much to say. Much that's grave and much that's gay; a world of news for little pay. And if you do not take the *Talk* and pay that little, you daily miss a treat.

The *Pacific Christian Advocate* each week brings us much valuable information as well as solid comfort. Just now it is publishing a series of letters from Rev. F. P. Tower, that are very interesting, as they are fresh from the mountains and the prairies.

The *Willamette Farmer* comes to us each week with a variety of news that is not only interesting but profitable. In fact the *Farmer* has so much reliable news that we frequently send it to persons in the Eastern States who are seriously thinking of making Oregon their home. Having been brought up a farmer, we shake hands heartily with the editor and congratulate him for his success in publishing such a valuable paper.

Of all the papers that reach us, no other one is read so thoroughly and with so much interest as *The Evanston Index*. It really seems like getting a letter from home, and we trust that in the *Sweet by and by* editor may come and spend a vacation with us amid some of the grandest scenery on this continent.

The New Northwest is not only neat in appearance, but is a special favorite with the ladies, consequently it must be as interesting and good as it is neat in appearance.

COLLEGE WORLD.

Cincinnati has a Hebrew College.

Pacific University has an attendance of 60 pupils.—*State Journal*.

There are 177 students attending the University at present.—*State Journal*.

There are now 108 Y. M. C. A. organizations in our colleges. Of these Illinois has ten.—*Ex.*

The University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, has cost the State since its foundation \$570,000.

Harvard takes the lead in bicycling. She has a club of eighty riders.—*Ex.*

No less than seven styles of class hats are worn at the University of Michigan.—*Ex.*

A prominent religious newspaper has recently advised college officers to compel every student to sign a total abstinence pledge for four years, at the time of entrance.—*Rambler*.

The appropriation for the library and art building of the University of California has been cut down from \$20,000, first to \$15,000, and last to \$10,000, by the legislature; whereat the *Berkeleyan* breaks forth in righteous indignation.—*Ex.*

Four students who were suspended from Purdue University, Indiana, for not complying with a new regulation requiring all students to pledge themselves not to be members of "Greek Letter" societies during their college course, have brought suit in the courts to test the authority of the Faculty to make such a regulation.—*Ex.*

Yale and Rochester were the first to adopt the new version of the New Testament.—*Ex.*

A poem of one hundred lines is required of each senior before graduating at Trinity.—*Ex.*

Oberlin has just cause to be proud of one of its former students, Elisha Gray, famous as one of the inventors of the telephone. He has donated \$50,000 to the institution, and has lately been secured as Professor of Dynamic Electricity.

Thomas Carlyle cared very little for honors, but in 1875 he accepted the degree of LL. D. from Harvard University. Among other prominent foreign literary men who have received honorary degrees are Whatley, Lyell, Henry, Holland, Hallam, Guizot, Baron Napier, J. S. Mill, and Martineau.—*Crimson*.

The Siberian University is becoming rapidly established. The Russian government, before the foundation-stone was laid, had expended \$365,000. A library of 35,000 volumes has already been collected.—*Ex*.

Tuition fees of various colleges vary as follows: Syracuse, \$60; Cornell, \$75; Bowdoin, \$75; Rochester, \$75; Brown, \$85; Dartmouth, \$80; Williams, \$90; Amherst, \$100; Yale, \$150; Harvard, \$150; Pennsylvania, \$150 to \$170; Ann Arbor, \$20.—*Ex*.

Dartmouth College receives 100 volumes from the library of the late James T. Fields, while Harvard is to preserve the manuscripts of his poems and books. The noted author and publisher received A. M. from Harvard, and LL. D. from Dartmouth.—*Ex*.

"Harvard has the best dressed men of any college; Yale the hardest workers; Princeton and Cornell the stoutest men; Columbia the greatest talkers; the University of Pennsylvania the most active men, and Trinity the best big boy-hoys."—*News*.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Read *all* our ads. There are several new ones in this number, and you will be sure to find something mentioned in them that you will want.

C. C. Morse & Co. have recently laid in a full stock of everything pertaining to art, and will be pleased to supply your wants in that line.

Mellis Bros. & Co. is one of the busiest firms in Portland. They have a fine stock of goods, which they are selling at the lowest prices. See their ad. on another page.

Now that the rainy season has set in and you need a good hat, don't forget to call on J. J. Dalrymple, as he can supply you with just the things you want.

During our eastern trip the past summer, we purchased a pair of tourist's glasses from L. Manassee, Madison street, Chicago, which, for their size, competent judges pronounce the best they have ever seen. Mr Manassee keeps a full stock of the very best optical instruments of all kinds, and retail dealers or persons desiring a single instrument, would do well to call upon or correspond with him before buying elsewhere.

The neat, finished and artistic appearance of the JOURNAL is due to the skill of E. M. Waite, whose ad. please see on another page.

It really does one good to step into the well stocked and neatly kept store of W. L. Wade, North Salem, and buy all needed articles from the gentlemanly proprietor.

When you go to Portland, don't forget to call on J. F. D. Wrinkle & Co., 221 First street, where you will find a fine assortment of staple and fancy dry goods, and gents' furnish-in goods at very reasonable rates.

Woods, the hatter, 143, First street, Portland, can supply you with all the latest and best styles of hats and caps at the lowest prices. Give him a call.

Should you wish to purchase some fine furniture, when in Portland, remember that you can find it at H. E. Edwards' 169 and 171 Second street.

Mining and insurance companies, surveyors and architects! We beg to inform you that we have just received the very latest improved instruments from Europe, especially adapted for photographing maps, drawings of machinery, shafts, buildings, etc., which we furnish at the lowest rates. Would be pleased to have you furnish us with an order. Respectfully, I. W. Taber, No. 8 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

We bought our carpets of J. M. Rosenberg & Co., and they are giving such good satisfaction that we would advise our friends to go and do likewise.

E. Meyer & Co. have a full stock of gents' furnishing goods, which they are selling at low rates. Give them a call.

Ladies desiring a fine fall or winter hat or, in short, any thing in the millinery line, should call at Wm. Millican's.

When you go to Portland, and wish a good square meal at reasonable rates, go to the St. Charles Restaurant.

When you want a tooth pulled or filled, or any other delightful dental operation performed, go to B. F. Swick, over the White Corner, formerly Breyman's store.

We have called at F. Parmenter & Co.'s several times and have always found them busy waiting on their customers. Cause why—they keep the best of everything in their line and let the public know it by liberal advertising.

Just so with Woods, the hatter, 143 First street, Portland. He keeps the latest and best styles, and is rushed with business.

All persons desiring to secure a first-class pen, the finest set of copies yet published or the latest and best system of shorthand, should call upon or address the editor of the JOURNAL.

All persons desiring to secure some fine conch shells, at very low rates, would do well to call upon or address Mr. E. C. Holden, Chenamus street, Astoria, Oregon.

Soon the long, cold, rainy days of winter will be here and you will need fire from early till late, so take time by the forelock and prepare for happiness and comfort by purchasing one of B. Strang's elegant parlor stoves and having it ready for use.

Now is the time to lay aside your summer shoes and get something more substantial for the damp winter months. But remember, when you make the change, that S. W. Church is the man you wish to see.

'Tis meet that all should buy their meat of F. M. Bewley, for he keeps the best of everything at the lowest rates.

When you have bought some of Bewley's choice meat, all you will need to gratify the most fastidious taste will be some of the Salem Flouring Mills' fine products, for which see their ad.

With the next number, the title of *Scribner's Monthly* becomes *The Century Magazine*. The first issue of the *Century Magazine* will have the general appearance of the old *Scribner*, but the page will be larger and without "rules," so that about fourteen pages of matter is added by the new arrangement. The publishers intend to emphasize the new series by a number (for November) of peculiar pictorial beauty and literary interest. One of the principal features of this number is the portrait of George Eliot, by Burton, which Mrs. Cross' family put forth through *The Century Magazine* as the authorized likeness of the great novelist. The portrait is accompanied by an account—also authorized—of her religious and philosophic beliefs, by Frederick W. H. Myers.

...
Literary Note.

The publishers of Rev. Dr. Robinson's "Spiritual Songs for the Sunday School," have just issued a little book containing only the hymns of that work and selling for one-half the money. It will be a most desirable supplement to the large book, greatly increasing its usefulness, and placing it within the reach of the largest mission schools. The new edition is prettily bound in flexible red cloth, and costs but 20 cents. The complete tune edition, bound in stiff boards, covered with red cloth, with red edges, costs 40 cents to schools in quantities. It is said that the sales of the latter work have mounted up into the scores of thousands since its issue a year ago.

(THE CENTURY COMPANY, New-York.)

...
A Portrait of Dr. Holland.

The Century Company, Publishers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY (to be known as "*The Century Magazine*" after October), will soon issue a portrait of Dr. J. G. Holland, which is said to be a remarkably fine likeness. It is the photograph of a life-size crayon-drawing of the head and shoulders, recently made by Wyatt Eaton, and will be about the size of the original picture.

It is to be offered in connection with the subscriptions to *The Century Magazine*.

**MILLINERY,
DRY-GOODS,
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FANCY GOODS.**

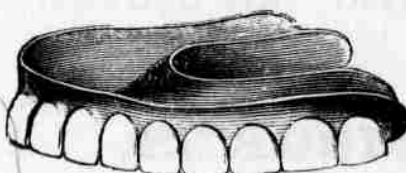
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HATS, RUBBER CLOTHING,

And other goods usually found in a General Merchandise Store.

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NEW YORK PRICES.

College Students Save Money!

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Goods at less than Portland Wholesale rates.

Send for illustrated Catalogue.

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Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
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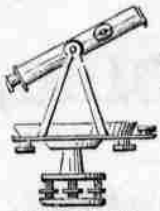
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EVERY person becomes an earnest friend of this Bed as soon as he has used it. The following testimonials from some of the best citizens of Salem, are the sentiments of every person who has purchased one of these Beds.

We have in use Edes and Durkee's Woven Wire Bed, and recommend it as being clean, light, durable and comfortable, and altogether the most desirable in use.

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Myself and wife jointly weigh 490 pounds, and for many years I have endeavored to find a bed that could be relied upon for durability. I have had in use the Edes & Durkee's Woven Wire Bed for some time, and can say that I consider them the easiest, cleanest and most durable and comfortable bed that we have ever had in the house.
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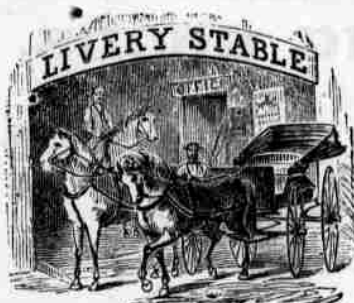
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Every Family ought to have a Religious Newspaper.

THE Pacific Christian Advocate, FOR 1881.

REV. H. K. HINES, EDITOR.

The Twenty-Seventh Year of Publication.

It will be greatly improved during the coming year. There will be a GENERAL NEWS Department, One of General Religious Intelligence; also, one for

HOME AND FARM;

A Selected Miscellany; one for the Religious Life, and also one for OUR LITTLE PEOPLE; a series of HISTORICAL ARTICLES relating to early Oregon Life, by the Editor and able Correspondents, with a wide range of editorial and contributed articles, and a

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The extent and character of the circulation of the PACIFIC CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, which has

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