

SET IN A SILVER SEA.

[FOR THE RECORD-UNION.]

A ROMANCE BY B. L. FARJEON.

AUTHOR OF "BLADE O' GRASS," "BREAD AND CHEESE AND KISSES," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "KING OF NO-LAND," "THE BELLS OF PENNAVEN," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARGARET CONTINUES HER STORY.
"As well as I could judge, we must have slept for two or three hours when I was suddenly awakened by a knocking outside our room. I sat up in bed, and, listening, heard someone tapping at the door. For a little while I did not speak, but the tapping grew louder and the person outside began to shake the door to rouse me. Then I asked who was there, and was answered in a woman's voice, which I recognized as that of an elderly servant, a kind of housekeeper as I supposed, who had attended to us and brought us our meals the day before.

"What do you want?" I asked.
"Let me in, cried the woman; 'let me in immediately.'
"Clarice was asleep. I rose, and throwing the large cloak over me, went to the door. But as I was about to turn the key a suspicion of I knew not what entered my mind. I had no time to follow out the current of my suspicion; the door was shaken with greater violence.

"For heaven's sake!" I cried, "cease that noise. What is it you want?"
"I must speak to you at once."
"Are you alone?"
"Yes. Who should be with me, do you think?"
"I reflected a moment. There was no reason to suppose that the woman was an enemy. Her proceedings were open enough. What had I to fear from her? I opened the door, and she entered. I had hitherto taken no particular notice of her, but now I observed her more closely, being enabled to do so by the aid of the light which she held in her hand, and I recognized instantly that she was a woman it would not be safe to trust.

"This is a strange time of the night to call me," I said; "what is the meaning of it?"
"You are inclined to be saucy, mistress," she said, insolently.
"I interrupted her. 'You said you must speak to me at once. What have you to say to me?'
"What I was bidden to say," she replied, maliciously playing with my anxiety.
"Bidden by whom?"
"By your master." She paused in the expectation of my speaking, but I said nothing, and waited for her to proceed.

"Yes, by your master—and the other gentlemen."
"Who are the other gentlemen?"
"The gentlemen who are with him, and who paid for your performance to-night. You are to come down at once with me, you and your sister."
"What are you about to do?" I said, standing before her to prevent her from going to the bed. "I will not have my sister disturbed."
"You are a grand miss! You'll not have this and you'll not have that! Be sensible—there's no time to lose. Dress yourselves, the pair of you. It will be worse for you if you make a bother about it."

"Why should we get up in the middle of the night? What are we called upon to do?"
"My dear," said the woman, and her tone of confident familiarity made me shudder. "Gentlemen get curious notions in their heads sometimes, and it is not always safe to cross them. They want you to dance and sing for them."
"At this hour?" I exclaimed in indignation. "Indeed, I shall do no such thing."
"You speak with an air, mistress. Your master said you would most likely refuse."

"He was right for once. I do refuse."
"And he bade me tell you," continued the woman, "that if you did not obey his orders, he should come and fetch you himself."
"If he dare!"
"I think he will dare mistress. He is not a man I should care to anger, and in his present temper I'll not answer for what may happen if you are foolish and obstinate."
"I do not need your advice. I shall not go."
"Shall I tell him?"
"Yes; and say there is no law that can compel us to work for him in the middle of the night."

"The woman laughed. 'There is rich man's law and poor man's law. Call your sister, and do as you are bid.'
"I shall not allow my sister to be awakened," I said, resolutely. "You have my answer."
"Think twice, mistress."
"You have my answer. Go, or I will put you out."
"You are a determined creature," said the woman, "young as you are; but you are not strong enough. If I were as far as you and that chick there, I should be glad at the opportunity of pleasing two fine gentlemen. One of them is worth while winning. Tut, tut, mistress! Don't look black at me, and don't try to make yourself out better than you are. Girls like yourself are not over particular—"

"Leave the room!" I cried, passionately. Her insults almost passed me, and there must have been that in my face which must have frightened her, for she disappeared swiftly, without speaking another word.
"The moment she was gone I closed the door upon her, with the intention of locking it, but the key was gone! I searched for it on the floor; it was not there. Could the woman have taken it, in accordance with instructions given to her by our master, or had she done so out of malice?"

"I listened. All was silent, and I was in the dark. At such a time darkness was my enemy, light my friend. I was certain that my master would come immediately he received my message, and as certain that the woman would convey it to him in a manner as little favorable to myself as possible. I groped my way to the table, upon which I had left a candle and matches before we went to bed. The candle was there, but no matches; they had also been taken, and I had no means of obtaining a light. I was in despair.

"At first I thought of going boldly into the passage and calling for assistance, but I relinquished the design, not seeing how it would help us. My experiences had not been of such a nature as to encourage me to place faith in strangers. We were in a strange hotel, knowing no person, known to none. In the event of one chivalrously inclined appearing, how should I word my appeal to him? We were undoubtedly servants, and violence had not been offered to us. I had absolutely nothing to say that would insure sympathy. Then there was the danger of leaving Clarice. No, I had no option but to wait for events. One safeguard was still left to me; I could barricade the door.

"There was, however, only the small table in the room available for the purpose. The washstand was a fixture, and to move the bed was beyond my strength. That design had also to be abandoned.
"The conversation between me and the woman had been carried on in a low tone, and had not aroused Clarice. Feeling how necessary it was that I should be prepared for action, I determined to keep awake, and I began hurriedly to dress myself. I was much distressed at the discovery that the only clothes to my hand were the fine garments in which we had given our performance. Before I was fully attired the woman returned. She opened the door without ceremony, and her boldness convinced me that she had taken the key.

"Your master has sent me back," she said triumphantly. "I told you how it would be. He will be here presently. Ah! I see you have grown sensible; you are dressing yourself."
"Why did you steal the key from the door?" I asked.
"Fair words if you please, mistress," she retorted. "I am no thief; ask your questions elsewhere. It might have been to your advantage to be civil to me."
"I made an effort to soften her."
"Will you not help us?" I implored.
"Cannot you see that we are friendless and unprotected? We will show our gratitude."

"How much have you got?" she said, bending forward eagerly, and I heard the clinking of money in her hand.
"I have no money," I replied sadly, "not the smallest coin; and I could not help adding bitterly, 'I would buy you if I could.'"
"I am to be bought," she said; "when you are my age you will be of my mind. There is only one true friend—money."
"The voice of my master outside struck terror into me."
"Margaret!" he called, huskily.
"Well?" I answered.
"Are you getting ready?"
"No," I found courage to reply, although my heart was sinking within me.
"So do as at once," he said, and I judged from his tone that he was making a violent effort to suppress his passion, "unless you wish me to come in and drag you out. I will do it, (and here he swore a dreadful oath) if you utter another obstinate word."

"I was compelled to confess to myself that obedience would be perhaps the wisest course."
"Tell me what is required of us?"
"Two gentlemen, friends of mine—but that is no recommendation—say, then, two gentlemen with whom I am in company, and who were in the theater to-night, have expressed a desire to see Clarice dance again, and, of course, to hear you sing again. I have consented—it is money in my pocket, and my honor is pledged. I will give you time to dress—I am thoughtful, you see. In half an hour I shall expect you and Clarice below; the woman will show you the way. Are you still rebellious? Be careful!"
"We will come," I said, "if no harm is intended us."
"You are a fool! No harm is intended. Answer instantly. You will come?"
"The door moved, obedient to his hand, and I knew that further opposition would bring him into the room."
"We will come," I said.
"I thought I should tame you," said he, in a brutal tone. "If you thwart me again you will live to rue it!"

"He hurried away, and as I listened to his retreating footsteps it seemed to me that he was as anxious to be gone as I was to be rid of him. I turned to the woman; she was gazing at me with a look of spiteful triumph on her face.
"If it is thus," I said, "that women assist women, it is better to trust to men."
"You are a simpleton," she answered, "but you have spoken the truth. Women are not to be trusted."
"We can get ready without your assistance," I said, and I bade her quit the room.
"She glanced around to assure herself that there was no chance of our escaping, and said, as she lighted my candle: 'I shall wait outside for you.'"
"I nodded, and waited till she closed the door behind her. Then I stepped softly to the bedside.

"I had been so successful in controlling my agitation that but little noise had been made. Clarice was a deep sleeper, as I had been before our master's conduct had aroused my suspicions; since that time the slightest sound had been sufficient to rouse me."
"I knelt, and took my sister's hand in mine; her fingers fondly returned my loving pressure. She was in a peaceful sleep, and her curls hung loosely about her child-like face. No angel in heaven could present a more beautiful appearance."
"Clarice!" I called.
"She opened her eyes, and smiled at me."
"Ah, Marguerite! I was dreaming. It is not morning yet!"
"No, my darling. What were you dreaming of?"
"Heaven, I think. We were free, Marguerite, our own masters, and men were kind to us. Will it ever be?"
"Yes, dear, I said; 'wait till your prince appears. Perhaps you dream of him.'"

"I don't know," she replied, with a blush. "Why did you wake me? You are dressed! Has anything happened?"
"Nothing to be alarmed at, dear. We are to go down and perform. Our master insists upon it."
"That's part of my dream, Marguerite, only our master was not present. We performed of our own free will before the gentlemen who were in the theater last night."
"Two who were there, Clarice, will not be denied the pleasure of seeing you again, and our master has consented. You will not speak to them, nor shall they to you, if I can prevent it. All we have to do is our duty. There is nothing to fear. No harm can befall you while I am by your side."

"Docile and obedient in this as in all things, she submitted to be dressed, although she was scarcely awake; and when we were ready she walked with me from the room, with her arm around my waist, and her head resting on my shoulder. How fair and lovely she looked as I supported her, in a half dream, down the dark staircase to the saloon where our master and his master (for he did not receive me; he was but a servant to these fine gentlemen) were waiting for us! The woman preceded us, and we met not a soul on the way. Never shall I forget that time. The silence, the dim soft light, the ghostly echo of our footsteps, inspired me with a superstitious dread of impending evil which I vainly tried to shake off. It appeared to me as if every representation of the human form we left behind us was following our steps with watchful eyes; the statues in bronze and marble, the paintings on the walls and ceilings, seemed to be imbued with mysterious life.

"In there, mistress," said the woman, and, pushing us into a room, the door of which was partly open, she departed.
"It was a large saloon, the chief part of it in shadow. At one end, where lights were burning, sat our master, playing cards with a gentleman, and, if his flushed face and excited manner were an index to feeling, playing for higher stakes than he could afford to lose. The gentleman was cool, unconcerned, and smiling, as was another, his friend, who was lolling back in his chair, idly watching the game.
"Curse the luck!" from our master.
"With all my heart. Curse it!" from the gentleman whose luck had been cursed.
"Ah, here are our divinites!" from the gentleman who was watching the game.
"These exclamations fell simultaneously upon my ears as we entered. Clarice did not observe what was passing around us; her eyes were quite closed, and, fearing that in a moment she would be fast asleep, I tightened my clasp upon her.

"Clarice," I whispered, "rouse yourself. We have work to do; you must not sleep."
"She opened her eyes languidly, and closed them again with a charming smile.
"I cannot keep them open," she murmured; "I shall be ready to dance when you want me. Let me dream."
"Some words which I did not catch passed between our master and the gentleman.
"She can dance in shadow," said the gentleman who was not playing. "It will form a finer picture. The value of art is not in what it exhibits, but in what it suggests."
"Nevertheless, he came close to us with a three-branched candelabra containing lighted candles in his hand.
"Young ladies," he said in a courteous tone, "we could not rest until we had a further exhibition of your grace and skill. You will perform for us?"
"We have no option," I replied with spirit; "our wills are not our own."
"We should be loth to compel you to do what is disagreeable to yourselves," he said softly. "Our friend, the manager (by which I understood him to refer to our master), informed us that you would be delighted at the opportunity."

"Your friend, the manager," I said hotly, with the intention of exposing the falsehood, and as I hoped to our advantage, for I could not doubt that the speaker was a gentleman; but I was prevented by an angry exclamation from our master, who, dashing a pack of cards to the ground in a fury, cried:
"The devil's in the cards to-night!"
"His adversary smiled superciliously, and I divined that he was playing with our master in more ways than one.
"All this time the gentleman who held the candelabra was gazing earnestly upon Clarice's face, which was lying exposed upon my shoulder.
"Rest awhile," he said, with a light touch upon my arm, he encouraged me to sit upon a couch by which I was standing. Light as his touch was, and gently as I obeyed it, the motion disturbed Clarice, who opened her eyes; they met those of the gentleman, and some magnetic power in his eyes prevented her from relapsing into her almost unconscious state. For a few moments they gazed at each other in silence, and then he moved suddenly away, and Clarice closed her eyes again with a happy sigh, and nestled in my arms.

"I can give only an imperfect account of the conversation that now took place between the men. The gentleman was for allowing us to rest; our master would not have it so.
"It is a debt of honor," he said, with a swagger. "You asked me at what rate I valued the services of the girls. I told you fifty pieces. You stalked the money, and now..."
"But if I am willing to forego the claim?... Not reasonable, perhaps... I am to blame... So late an hour... Clarice is almost asleep."
"Then, from our master, with an oath: 'I pay my debt. They shall sing and dance!... Another fifty pieces to let them off! Not double fifty... They are mine, my slaves! I bought and paid for them... The luck is against me; it will turn it. You will give me my revenge?'"
"To the last drop of your blood," said the imperious player; and added, looking at his friend, "Let the girls dance; it will do them no harm."
"Do you hear?" cried our master to us. "Dance and sing—command you! If the cards trick me, you shall not!"
"Sound!"

"The exclamation was uttered in so low a tone by the gentleman who had interceded for us, and who now again approached us, that it was scarcely likely our master heard it; and if he did, no doubt he thought it wise policy not to resent it.
"There is no help for us," said the gentleman to me; "you will dance for us." "True, there is no help for us," I answered bitterly; "and if I do not thank you for your intended kindness it is because I am by nature ungrateful. Go to your friends; you are not needed here."
"He says you are his slaves—by what right?"
"I do not know; the law has decided it. I doubt whether Clarice will live to

see the end of her term of slavery. It does not matter to me; I am strong, and can bear anything. The kind enough to leave me; I do not care to be the cause of our being here at this hour."
"He left me without reply, and rejoined the gamblers."
"When I had forced myself to calmness I commenced my favorite song, and Clarice glided from my arms and moved among the shadows, like one in a dream. It could scarcely be called dancing, but her movements were full of grace, and she inspired me with a fear similar to that I experienced on the first night of her recovery from her illness. I was not the only person in the room who experienced the feeling, for I heard a gentleman say:
"I believe Clarice is a spirit, and she will presently melt into thin air. Is not that what the poet says? Our revels now are ended! Friend manager, that part treat us on the New Haven Railway, having stepped off at the wrong place, and was instantly killed. Greatly as he had been gratified at his pecuniary receipts, he never ceased to regret that he had not had a better deal of suffering among stockholders, prospered beyond all expectation. Jarrett and Palmer had not believed that it could be kept on the stage, at most, over two months. It ran near two years; and managers made almost \$100,000 each, and Barras for his royalty at Niblo's and throughout the R-public received, it is said, up to his death, some years later, not far from \$200,000."
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Has, I observe by the real estate transactions of the week, purchased a house and lot in Forty-second street, just east of Fifth avenue, for \$63,000. Dana is one of the few practical journalists who have made money, and he has made it mainly as proprietor, not as editor. When he formed a company to buy the Ripley, at H. Beach, twelve years ago, for \$175,000, and issued the new Sun, he probably was not worth, all told, more than \$30,000. Since then, by judicious management, by buying stock in the papers, and by growing rich watching his interests, he has grown rich, having, I am informed, from salary, dividends and other sources an annual income of about \$70,000. His long connection with the Tribune has been a financial advantage to him. All his property he has derived from the Sun except what he received—a very considerable amount—in the way of royalty, from editing in conjunction with George Ripley, the first and latest editions of the "New American Cyclopaedia." Dana was as well qualified for his part in that important work as Ripley was for his; the two formed an excellent partnership. Each of them has, I am told, received from D. Appleton & Co. more than \$100,000, and will receive much more, as the last edition is selling far better than the first. The American Cyclopaedia is so superior to anything we have had thus far that its popularity is easily accounted for. It is indispensable to a library, great or small. Probably no men could be found on the continent better adapted to editing such a work than Ripley and Dana—Ripley for his accurate scholarship; Dana for knowledge, decision and acquaintance with the world of affairs.

THE DEATH OF JAMES LENOX.
Although he had been most of his life a recluse, calls forth the kindest expressions of regard for his memory. Hardly anybody in this great city had ever seen him, but everybody knew him by name and esteemed him for his benevolent acts. He had given about \$2,000,000 in public benefactions, much of it having gone toward founding the Lenox Library—a noble monument in his honor. How different he appears from many millionaires who have preceded him. Cornelius Vanderbilt died with no more than \$100,000,000, and here, and left not a cent outside of his family. William B. Astor died worth \$50,000,000 or \$60,000,000, forgetting that all of his vast estate had come from this city, and leaving no evidence of his greatness here, and left not a cent outside of his family. Alexander T. Stewart heaped up a fortune of \$50,000,000 by selling dry goods, and clutched it all with an avaricious clutch when he was going out of the world. So William C. Cullen, who was Robert Goetz; so Peter Goetz; each and all bartering with riches. They were hard, mercenary, selfish, ungrateful. They lived without esteem, and died without regret. But James Lenox benefited his country, and while he lived, and was so modest and sensitive that he would never refer to what he had done, and would never allow his deeds to be mentioned in his presence. There is a deal of difference in men, especially in millionaires.

"HARPER'S MONTHLY."
Has in the current number, for the first time during its existence of thirty years, attached to all the articles the name of the authors, who will undoubtedly like this new feature. The magazine began without publishing names at all, and for good reason—almost the entire contents being borrowed from English sources. It soon had original contributions, and increased them as it went on. Some names were printed; others were not. In the latter case names were not, always feeling aggrieved. This using or non-using of names, just what happened, was a constant source of complaint from writers, and the publishers have at last removed the cause. The fact probably is that the Harpers did not wish to print names which would not help their Monthly. By advertising unknown or comparatively unknown authors, they might advance prices in the literary market, which was not to their interest.

VARIEITIES.
The Arion Masquerade, at the Madison Square Garden, this evening, will draw a prodigious crowd—probably 25,000 persons. Our German fellow-citizens are a thirsty race. It is expected that they will drink 500 kegs of beer, and about 35,000 bottles of wine, during the night. The Arion will, in all likelihood, exceed any previous masquerade in numbers, hilarity and powers of imbibition.
Thurston Weed had, as I surmised in my last letter, his pocket-book with contents returned. Such a tribute—the homage of a thief to an honest man on account of his reputation for benevolence—is a compliment to humanity.
A number of prominent women in society here are forming a co-operative association to protect themselves from the exorbitant prices charged by modistes, milliners and the like for articles of feminine apparel. The association is modeled on one in London, which has proved prosperous. The shares here are to be \$25 each, and the company is not to go into operation until the entire capital—\$100,000—has been gathered.

Lillian Taylor, only child of the late Bayard Taylor, and still in her teens, is now a teacher in Anna C. Brackett's excellent school for young ladies in this city. Miss Taylor is highly accomplished; she speaks and writes correctly and fluently four or five languages. Bayard Taylor was supposed to be very comfortably off; but, like most authors, he was really working and not to speak of.
W. S. Gilbert, in assailing Augustus Daly for an assumed name of "Charity," has made a mistake both by his manner and his sweeping charge. Daly, in his reply, showing that he had paid him for the piece in the past, and had advertised it, as arranged by himself, puts Gilbert in an awkward position. Gilbert is a clever play-wright, but his temper and lack of control are, to say the least, unfortunate. They seem to deserve their unenviable reputation.
Ben O. B. Frothingham, who hates cold, and who went to Italy this winter to be comfortable, writes home that he has been nearly frozen. The season has been much more severe in southern Europe than here. Winter in this city has been almost normal.

One of our great goldsmiths has recently been sending to Japan a kind of enameled work which the Japanese once did, but which has become with them a lost art. What won't America achieve after a while?
The meaning of that political banquet by ex-Senator Dorsey to ex-Senator Jones at Delmonico's, the other evening, is still a mystery. It meant something, but what? This is the question everybody is asking.

CHAMBERT.

THE WEATHER UP NORTH—FEARS OF CONFLAGRATIONS.
Political Matters—Portland Gossip—A Good-Sized Railroad Boom—The Agricultural Outlook.
PORTLAND, February 25, 1880.
For two weeks past we have had miserable weather—a combination of fog and rain, storm and snows, that quite belied my cheerful description of the opening of the month. Now again the sunshine makes weak headway against the snows that linger with the shadows and cling to the northern slopes. It is comfortable to see the sun's brightness again, even if it is not warm enough to give a spring feeling to the air. The present winter has been rather an uncomfortable one, and if March shall keep up the evil reputation it has earned, we may look for a great deal of suffering among stockholders. The impression prevails that many orchards have been much injured by the severe frost of December. It seems that there was one fearful night in which the mercury went down to 8° below zero, sinking at the rate of 2° an hour until 5 o'clock in the morning. This was observed by a gentleman who took half-hourly observations of his three thermometers, while he kept up fires to save valuable plants in his green-house. The cold spell was preceded by warmish weather for December, and there probably was more sap in the trees than suited the situation. In my last I undertook to say that fruit trees are never destitute of sap at this season, and the idea was shipwrecked by a typographical substitution of the word *not* for *never*. It seems probable that many valuable plum, peach and cherry trees are killed or injured, and fruit-buds damaged, to the injury of the coming fruit crop.

Many farmers who live in the timber regions of this part of the Willamette have serious fears that immense losses will occur the coming season by the spread of forest fires through the fir regions where the storm did so much damage. If the down timber gets on fire while the dry foliage clings to the limbs, the result must be fierce conflagrations and wide-spread devastation. This is the serious threat that looks the farmers in the face. If the woods take fire, what can those living near by do to save themselves?

RECENT INVESTIGATION GOES FAR TO SHOW THAT OREGON REPUBLICANS ARE FRIENDLY TO BIAINE AS THEIR PRESIDENTIAL PREFERENCE. The recent meeting of the State Central Committee is said to have shown almost a solid feeling for Baine. Of course, through the towns, where these lists are made, the Baine has more decided force than through the country and among the people, but then, at the present time, it may be safe to conclude that Baine is the Oregon preference, and no doubt the matter will be managed that the vote of Oregon will be cast for him whatever may happen. We have a general election in June for county officers, members of the Legislature and Congressmen, not for State officers, who hold over for a couple of years longer. There being no Senator to elect next session of the Legislature, there will not be much work done the coming year. The members of the House, but when Senators are to be elected, and hold over to 1882, there will be lively work, though that will not apply to this county or Marion, as the Senators of these counties are now clearing up their interest centers on who shall be candidates for Congress. The Democrats cannot be considered as owning the State on a strict party poll, but they hold a strong card in the present Congressmen.

JOHN WHITEAKER, who has been Governor of Oregon, Speaker of the House, President of the Senate, and while able to drink his glass and play his hand with "the boys," still has a reputation for good sense and common honesty that is the best of people respect. He is not a greenbacker. He told me himself that he opposed the extra session and the fact that were so disastrous to his party, and he boldly avowed that Thurman was "a fossil." He knows nothing but Democracy—and yet, being a granger and plain farmer, with common sense and many doubtful votes. It will be wisdom for his party to renominate him, for he has more strength than any man they can select. The Republicans have several men already talked of. Hon. George W. Malory, who was elected to Congress in 1868 and served two years, is now United States District Attorney for Oregon. He will probably be named in Convention. J. E. Watson, though comparatively a young man, is Judge of the Second Judicial District, a good lawyer, handsome and agreeable, and will probably be willing to receive the Congressional nomination. M. C. George, is also a young man—certainly not an old man—was a Senator from this county some years ago, is a lawyer in good practice, and has rather a nice reputation; is probably above the average of a good man in all respects. W. H. Odell, now editing the Salem Statesman, is talked of. He was once Surveyor General, and has long been known in connection with Republican politics. Dr. Watts, of Yamhill, the Editor who was Postmaster, and so was the cause of the Cronin difficulty, is now Receiver of the Land Office at Oregon City, and is always a candidate for Congress, or Governor of the United States Senator, and may have some votes in Convention. It looks probable that among them the choice would be between Judge Watson and M. C. George, who are both well known, and will make a good canvass; but my advice to the party would be to select a man to run against John Whitaker from the people; if they do not, but take the best lawyer in Oregon, they need not doubt the victory won until the votes are all counted.

EX-SENATOR MITCHELL. This gentleman has not spent much time in Oregon since his official term expired, and is now in Washington, finding, no doubt, plenty to do, and perhaps especially interested in the half-million dollars Ben. Holiday expects to get as damage sustained on the overland mail route from Francisco. The present aspect of the case looks favorable for Ben. Mr. Mitchell will probably remain a quiet but attentive spectator during the coming campaign, as he may not be here until after Congress adjourns, but he will probably be on hand to lend a voice in the Presidential contest, and from that time on will take care of his Senatorial aspirations, for he intends to succeed Grover in 1884. He is a shrewd and knows how to make friends and how to make them work, and will be hard to beat.

POSTLAND AFFAIRS. A strong attempt was lately made to pass ordinances that would restrain the appearance of vice, at least, and give the community more protection against vicious influences, but it has ended in failure. The Oregonian is engaged in a constant war against the higher branches of education taught in the public schools. It approves of the three R's—reading, riting, and rithmatic—and don't want the world to become too accomplished at public expense. This has had a fresh stirring in the newspapers the past week, and while there are many who think instruction is carried further than is necessary, the majority of the tax-payers here will always favor the continuance of the high school, and most people think that the Oregonian wastes its logic, part of which is well enough, but detests itself by the dictatorial spirit in which it is uttered. It simply aggravates people to insist on continuance of the higher branches.

THE RAILROAD BOOM. It is claimed that property here is ad-

vancing in price—that there is quite a boom, in fact, and perhaps there is, for this region has a good future. The great boom seems to be in connection with railroads. The North Pacific is already pushing operations with vigor, and General Sprague assures me they will build 200 miles eastward from the junction of Snake river and the Columbia this season. Also, the Villard Company is making every preparation to build more roads than we can name in a moment. All looks well for the upper Columbia region, for the construction of at least 400 miles of railroad will scatter lots of money about there and require the entire surplus labor that can be furnished. The last boom, that was the formation of narrow-gauge company that has already purchased for \$120,000 the road built on the west side of the Willamette valley, commonly known as the Dayton and Sheridan route or, literally, I think, called the Willamette Valley Railroad. This corporation has Eastern or foreign backing, and has in contemplation the construction of a road along the west side of the river, from Portland to Dayton, and a branch to the north, near Dayton, to cross the Willamette, pass over the rich French prairie and Waldo hills, and skirt the foothills of the Cascades all the way to Springfield, to the head of the Willamette valley, and ultimately cross the Cascades to make a connection with the Central Pacific. Such is the programme, and as it is accompanied by a shipment of 1,000 tons of iron to reach here in May, it at least looks very much like business. As the Oregon and California Railroad Company also intends to extend its west side rails from Corvallis to Junction, it will be seen that the Pacific Northwest has a good-size d rail road of its own.

BULLYHOOP. Some Account of a Mining District and a Criticism of Mine Management. J. P. W. Davis, of Igo, Shasta county, writes to the RECORD-UNION concerning the Bullyhoop mining district, prefacing his notes with the statement that too often parties interested in private enterprises, and others having personal ends to subsolve, seem to be benefited through the columns of the public press, when, in reality, the public has no interest whatever in the matter. Knowing this, he says he has been careful not to trespass upon the feelings and rights of individuals, but to furnish public interest requires, believing that in all matters wherein a county is more or less affected by the management of any local enterprise the public have a right to know the reason why such and such a thing is a success or a failure. In a mineral section like this the importance of a well-developed mining district is considerable toward the growth and prosperity of the counties immediately adjacent thereto. He continues as follows:
"The Bullyhoop mining district, as a district, was discovered on November 1, 1873, and the first location made in the district was made by the Davis brothers, on the following spring a party of prospectors from Trinity county discovered and located what proved to be the lower vein of the district, the Bullyhoop and Occidental lodes, and immediately upon the heels of this the Underhill, Davis, North Pole and Rattle-snake lodes were discovered. And during that year, 1874, about forty different quartz veins or deposits were found and considerably prospected. These were the steps that characterized the discovery and location of the Mount Bullyhoop mining district. There never was a prospect in California a better showing for an exciting mining field than the surface showing in this district in 1874-5-6. But a few mistakes were made in the beginning and many since, the effect of which has been continued to keep capitalists out of the district, and in consequence of which the district has received a backset that will take a long time for the management to remedy. In a geographical point of view it is as admirably located for successful prospecting and working as any mineral field I have seen, unless I except Treasure Hill, White Pine county, Nevada, which has a higher altitude, with precipitous mountains and abundance of wood and water. Its location is near the dividing line between Shasta and Trinity counties, and the water-shed emptying into Trinity river. The veins are found in a tale and hornblende formation, bordering pretty closely to the granite, with a northerly and southerly course and southeasterly dip. The veins, which are generally large and regular, carry gold as a predominating metal, with very little refractory ingredients, so far as developments have been made. Between sixty and seventy-five million dollars have been extracted by the most tiresome and primitive methods. And in this connection it is a great drawback to both Shasta and Trinity counties that an enterprising mining capitalist is not operating in Bullyhoop mining district.

Unfortunately for the district the Bullyhoop and Occidental mines had too many men located in them. And, unfortunately for them and others, they manifested in early years of its prosperity a very selfish disposition, and did all they could to retard prospecting in other mines when there was a disposition on the part of moneyed men to take hold and develop the district. The injury they tried to inflict upon other parties they have, and are now, reaping themselves. This was their second blunder; the first was the asking and refusing to give capitalists a chance to do what could realize more than five times the amount of what their surface showing was worth. The third great blunder was going too fast, going in debt, and incurring the cost of the consent or sanction of a minority interest, and finally litigation, in order to freeze out certain shareholders. The result of all which has been to retard work in said district, disgusting capitalists and engendering turmoil and dislike among one another. The two mines named are referred to because they were the keys to the district; upon their development depended the general welfare of the district. Had they been properly managed, forty or sixty stamms, running by steam power, would have been in motion now in that district, and as a consequence many hundred men would now be employed who are now idle, of employment, and Shasta and Trinity counties would be reaping a mutual benefit. The people here think that it would have been better not to have incorporated the mine, but to have gone ahead in a fair and friendly manner, on a safe and economical base, extracting the ore and working it as best could be done in close proximity to the mine, instead of paying the ore between six and seven miles of road to be worked by machinery that cannot consume four hundred pounds of rock in twelve hours. Our people feel an interest in the district, as we do in all similar enterprises, and we sincerely hope the management and profit by experience and go to work in an equitable manner and work and prospect the mine to greater depths in some tangible and rational way.

A former President of a New England college, after getting a seat in a horse-car, noticed one of the Freshmen of his college curled up in front of him, and exhibiting obvious signs of vicious exhalation. A close inspection revealed the fact that the state of inebriety was not hastily put on (like a hat), but had been worn closely (like an under-shirt) for several days. For a few moments the President approved the undergraduate with an expression of mingled commiseration and disgust, and finally he exclaimed, "Been on a drunk!" The half-conscious student rallied his straying senses, did "his best" which was well enough, but he, somewhat unexpectedly ejaculated, "So—hic—have—I!"

The author of "Ginx's Baby" has a new work in press which he calls "Ben Chassee the Mottó." It is a sequel to his "Blow on the Queen's Head."