

KEEP THE BALL ROLLING.

Again we must urge upon our patrons the necessity of renewing their subscriptions. A number of friends have renewed during the week, and the solicitude of many more has been awakened.

PREPARING TO "BOLT."

The Oregonian is preparing to bolt. We have always contended that to bolt, for good and sufficient reasons, was the right of an American citizen.

It will also be remembered that the dailies of this city recently, and prior to the roundabout reception of the above remarkable piece of news, published an official notice from His Honor the Mayor, stating that the \$12,000 had been received and appropriated, and the city was not in need of further aid.

Who authorized His Honor to take upon himself such a responsibility? What has become of that hundred thousand? Who got it? The National Bank? If not, how are the people to know it did not?

INDIGNANT SUFFERERS.

The masses of the people, whom our over-wise and over-nice authorities have denied the necessary relief to enable them to replace the burnt sidewalks, while passing ordinances compelling them to be rebuilt at the expense of those who have lost the only means by which they could render their lots available, are beginning to talk seriously of taking their own case into their own hands.

A lady visited us the other day whose history is only one of many that we are storing up for future use. This lady owned a house and lot which she rented for twenty-five dollars per month, her only available income.

all. The Bulletin of this city shows very forcibly that if the Committee were even consulted by the Mayor it was done slyly and not at an official meeting, when reporters were present.

We are indebted to the Bulletin for the following, copied from the Alta of August 26th:

The Executive Committee of Portland, to consider the necessities of the citizens, who suffered by the late fire, have concluded that the money raised in Portland will be sufficient for all immediate wants, and they have instructed the Mayor to return, with thanks, all money contributed from other cities.

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Again, a recent telegram from the East further astonishes our city as follows:

New York, September 1.—The Mayor of Portland, Oregon, has been notified from a correspondent that the story of the fire and disaster telegraphed were somewhat exaggerated, and that the \$100,000 contributed by citizens would be sufficient to supply all the actual needs, and that he declines to draw on the \$120,000 collected in San Francisco.

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The dissatisfaction in the burnt district, and, per consequence, all over the city, is fearful. Indignation meetings, tar and feathers and rail rides are the common talk among men who with tears in their eyes or anger in their hearts, stalk homeless and penniless among the blackened ruins, not knowing what to do.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

Few people stop to think, in the exigencies of their business, which, under our system of commerce, seem to render the payment of interest necessary, of the rapid increase arising from such interest.

POLYGAMY.

The Woman's Exponent of Salt Lake City and the Balance of Chicago are enjoying a refreshing controversy upon polygamy. Our Salt Lake friend, being a member of the holy order of Latter Day Saints, imagines that she would be very proud to acknowledge herself as Mrs. 2d, 3d or 12th.

Wallace B. Groome, in a recent lecture on the "Currency Needs of Commerce," gives the following startling facts and figures relative to the growth of National wealth as compared with the aggregation of individualized capital:

time upon so small a sum as that named for the outfit of the discoverer. In Hildreth's "History of the United States," it is stated that Manhattan Island—after years called New Amsterdam, now the city of New York—was bought by the Dutch from the Indians for sixty dollars, or twenty-four dollars (\$24), and this only about two hundred and fifty years ago.

Again, if a man at the age of twenty-five should commence business with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, and could by any possibility add thereto interest at our legal rate of 7 per cent, the accumulation would exceed the present market value of all the real estate of the city and county of New York.

Table with columns: AGE, CAPITAL, and corresponding values. Shows exponential growth of capital over time.

Now, the growth of National Wealth is only about 7 per cent per annum, with the exception of those who have placed it much higher through comparing the old with the new, which have been greatly increased, instead of taking as the basis of their calculations their own money.

Leaving National finances for the present, let us come down to more comprehensive facts, or those which will more readily adapt themselves to individual ideas. First among these we may mention usury, or exorbitant rates of interest.

WHO EDITS THE "BULLETIN"?

This query has become as common upon the streets as was that other one a few years ago of "who edits the NEW NORTHWEST?"

APPOINTMENTS.

Ferdinand Herchfeld has been appointed Postmaster at Looking-glass, Douglas county; Walter Fremont, Rye Valley, Baker county; and Miss Emeline Betcher, Summit, Benton county.

There are many post offices in the country which will not defray the expenses of a Nasby or support a Bascom. Such offices cannot be sustained by the unobjectionable sex, who, being voters, can command better pay than American women or Chinamen.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Salem friend, M. J. R., takes us to task for having published Professor Underwood's letter to Rev. Mr. Driver in the following style: "No good can come of stirring up strife in any such manner."

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lutions' always come to men? Our friend will, we hope, excuse us for the following suggestion; at least, if she does not now, she will see the day when she will at least remember it: When her husband of a few weeks or months shall get a new religious streak upon him, and shall want to laugh in the arms of Mrs. 2d, let her get a "revelation," and say to him that she is getting a new spasm of piety, and let her tell him firmly, "All right. What is good for man is good for woman. I've resolved to take another husband. The vows of God are upon me. I must obey the divine behest."

We expect this to shock her now. It would doubtless shock us were we in her position, but let her mark the prophecy. There will speedily come a day when these thoughts will come home to her soul like a thunder-cloud of swelling and indignant grief.

Henry, Halsey, asks: "What are neap tides?" If you had consulted your dictionary you would have found that neap tides are simply low tides, occurring in the middle of the second and fourth quarters of the moon.

LETTER FROM LAFAYETTE.

My Dear Mrs. Dunaway—The latest sensations in this vicinity have been those of variety, to say the least. First, we had the Adventists among us, who held forth night after night upon "Soul Sleeping," and the literal resurrection of the righteous, and final destruction of the wicked.

YOUR TRULY GOES TO THE OPERA.

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THE PORTLAND ACADEMY AND FEMALE SEMINARY.

Professor Fowler says that women, being naturally more spiritual than men, are much more susceptible of spirit influences than men. After I heard Mrs. Chamberlain, I was half inclined to agree with him.

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It strikes me that the time has come when the Churches must accept the fact of spirit communion as taught in the Bible, or the people will gradually drift away from them.

BOARDING SCHOOL GIRL.

If you marry without the knowledge and consent of your parents you will deserve to be miserable as long as you live. If he is a

thorough gentleman he will scorn to take you as his wife until he has consulted your father and mother. If they will not then consent, ask him to wait until they learn so much good of him that they can urge no reasonable objection. A girl of seventeen is a very poor judge of a matrimonial offer that might not suit at twenty. Don't be rash. Wait a year and then write us again.

J. C. Y.: Your poetry is not good. The spelling is imperfect, the rhyme bad and rhythm horrible. Evidently poetry is not your forte. Yet if you really possess the divine afflatus, this criticism will only increase your ambition. Send us a prose article. Pegasus is a difficult charger for experienced riders to mount and handle gracefully.

Mrs. H. S. H., McHenry, Ills.: We have none of the extremes of heat and cold so common with you. Thunder storms are seldom known in the Willamette Valley, although we think they occur more frequently than formerly.

M. O. B., Seattle: Your letters are always welcome and refreshing. Will see if we can find the MSS. In removing our office was completely overhauled, and searching for papers is like hunting a needle in a hay-stack.

Inquirer: If a vacancy should occur in the Senate while the Legislature is in session, a new election would be constitutional, but otherwise, the duty of appointing his successor would devolve upon the Governor.

M. L. C., Lafayette: \$6 50 currency received and credit given. The lady who thinks "her paper will read better when it is paid for" is one after our own heart.

W. W. B.: Many thanks for your excellent letter; shall have occasion to use it to good advantage.

E. C. H., Olympia: \$3 00 currency received. Gave you credit for \$2 65 coin.

INSANE ASYLUM.

INSANE ASYLUM, (don't be afraid.) East Portland, Aug. 31, 1873. Mrs. Dunaway—I have the honor of addressing you a few lines, if you please and also enclosing a poem of one hundred lines, which you have the privilege of publishing if you choose, though I shall not charge you \$100 (dollars) for the same.

I have addressed you several times, and I do not know whether you will like "Wheat" or not, but I have failed to get a response from you yet. I begin to think you must carry some rather heavy skeletons about you, and must be as afraid of a Lunatic Asylum as I am of offending a woman, but considering how happy you came off in your Kalamazoo and Hillsboro addresses, and how successfully you floated your banner of free and independent rights to the breeze again I have made up my mind that you have considerable of that western genius called "pluck," and if I, in consideration of all your "virtues," not to say "abilities," had anything against you, I would "pluck" it out of my heart!

as Shakespeare says, and it should live "unmixed with baser matter." It strikes me that you are a little sectarian in your sex, though you did puff Stephen Maybell and Brick Pomeroy, and I hope you won't forget the "Wheat." You will not only find a cosmogony of the Universe in it, but you will find something which stands for the individual and will please your sex which it gives to and gets all the laurels from.

I think a combined, diplomatic body of women to work on the editors and divines of the land would be a good idea, and I think you will have the halcyon in half of the States by the "Centennial" and—poor Susan—so mote it be.

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The Portland Academy and Female Seminary—how I wish they'd drop that word "female," which is used as though the students might be cats or cows—has again assembled its learning and fun, its piety and dignity, its assiduity and idleness, and Yours Truly, partly to please herself and partly to spite the reporters, again goes forth from her studios at eventide and invades the reportorial domain.

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The crowd came in slowly. And such toilets! The bonnets loomed up like haystacks. Great roses with trailing vines hanging at haphazard among faces and tulle and fuff and feathers and nonsense, perched themselves atop

of the haystacks and hid the view of all in front of them.

Men with hair parted in the middle, who twirled dainty ratons and simpered soft nothings to their smiling sweethearts, could look over each other's heads in rows, but women had to wear their haystacks in the hall because, because—it was the fashion, you know.

Patrons of a concert are always ready to demand their money's worth; so everything, good, bad and indifferent, is followed by an encore.

Mr. Frank Gilder makes the piano give forth human sounds. Were Yours Truly on the lookout for a husband she'd fancy him, only musicians, as a class, are said to be a worthless set, and she couldn't live on melody alone.

Mr. Wilkie calls on "Maud" to "come into the garden" in a rapturous strain of entreaty that makes you wish your name was Maud and that you had a garden to go to. Of course he is encoored, for the audience has no notion of being cheated, and all the while you are fairly dying to see Madam Anna Bishop.

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