

**A PERILOUS VOYAGE.**

**A YOUNG WESTERN HUNTER'S THRILLING EXPERIENCE.**

Caught by a "Water Witch" and Carried Down Stream, Now Sinking, Now Rising, Until at Last a Friendly Root Interfered to Rescue Him from Death.

"I had an encounter with a 'water witch' when I was in Utah," remarked one of a party of young men who were seated round a small table the other evening (no matter where), telling tales of adventure by land and sea. In response to the general demand the speaker told this story:

"In the month of July, a few years ago, I camped with a party from Salt Lake City on the banks of the Provo river. The Provo, as we used to say at school, rises amid the snow clad peaks of the Wasatch mountains, flows south, and empties into Utah lake. The track of a deer discovered one morning within the borders of the camp caused some excitement among us.

"The next day Mr. F. and I shouldered our guns and went out to shoot the invader. We crossed the river by a bridge a few miles below camp and climbed a bold mountain wall. At the end of a long tramp I found myself on the opposite bank of the river about half a mile above our camp. I was alone, having separated from my companion early in the hunt. I was in a disgusted frame of mind. I had started the deer, had an excellent shot and a touch of buck fever, although the deer was a doe, and had missed.

"The way I had come looked long and hard, and I resolved to ford the river. At the time it was at full bank, deep and swift. I crossed one arm of the stream to a large island without difficulty, the water not coming above my knees. From this island the other branch of the river looked more uncertain. The water was certainly waist deep and the current was swift. I noticed that at the lower end of the island, where the two currents joined again, the water foamed up three or four feet high, as if breaking over a rock. On each bank there was a dense growth of willow bushes, with long drooping stems which reached out over the river, some of the tips touching the water.

**A TERRIBLE VOYAGE.**  
"Though no hunter I am a good swimmer, and have always been accustomed to the water from boyhood. The thought of any personal danger in crossing a stream not more than twenty yards wide never entered my mind. I thought I might possibly drop the gun, and was quite certain to ruin a box of cartridges I carried in my pocket. These considerations alone made me give my attention to the lay of the land and the course of the currents.

"I entered the water and advanced toward the opposite bank, holding the gun in one hand and high. It was deeper than I thought, the water coming quite up to my shoulders. I was about to reach for one of the bending willow stems when I made a misstep and was swept off my feet, the current carrying me swiftly to the center of the foaming water at the end of the island, where I went to the bottom like lead. I came up far enough to see daylight shining through the water when I went to the bottom again. I still had the gun. As I came up the second time I began to spin around like a top.

"Then I realized that I was in trouble. I dropped the gun, and with the aid of both arms brought my head above water and clear of the whirlpool. I was gasping for breath when I got to the air, but I had not taken in any water, and although much exhausted from the pounding I had received by the fierce current I was congratulating myself on my escape when, floating easy with both arms free, I felt myself slowly but surely going under again.

"Then something like terror seized me. I thought my last moments of life had come. Luckily there came with this thought the resolve of a desperate man to die by inches and to cling to life until the last gasp. There was a great impulse at first to cry out for help. I could hear the 'clip' of a Mormon farmer's hay-rake in the field on the other side of the river and his chirp to his horse. But I knew in that awful moment that the call for help was only to waste the breath I had resolved to husband.

**THE WATER WITCH.**  
"I felt my strength going as you can feel a pair of reins slip through your hands. Every few feet, slowly but surely, I would go under. Then, by desperate exertions with my arms, I would bring my nose and mouth above the water again. The river swept me under a bunch of those long, graceful willow branches, but again I was steady enough not to catch hold of them. I knew that to do so would be to waste my efforts for life in vain. They were slippery, they were small, and would not hold me.

"At such a time one's thoughts travel faster than light. I have heard it said that drowning is an easy death to die. It did not present that phase to me. In going 100 yards, in spite of every effort on my part, I went under several times, but never to the bottom.

"As I was shot along out of reach of the willows I saw an old log lying half on the bank and half in the water. My hopes rose again and I thought I should certainly save myself there. As I came to it I went under again and the current swept me up against it full length. I tried to grasp it, but it was slimy and I could not hold to it, and I pushed myself free from it. The current made a bend around a little point there, and as I rounded it not six feet before me a willow root as thick as my wrist elbowed out over the water directly in my path and I caught it with both hands.

"I doubt if even then I could have drawn myself out, I was so nearly swept up, but as my legs straightened out before the force of the current my feet struck against another root. I caught my wind in a few minutes and then crawled up on the bank. I was safe out of the embrace of the 'water witch.'"

**A Romantic Story from Austria.**

It is believed that influenza is answerable for both deaths—those of the Archduke Henry and his beloved consort—which, as announced, are the subject of widespread grief in Vienna. The archduke knew nothing of the death of his wife. The archduke's only child, Baroness Roineria of Waldeck, who had been deprived of both parents in such a tragic manner, says that they had a presentiment of their fate. The baroness' grief is heartrending. She is being consoled by the Duchess of Alencon, sister of the Empress Elizabeth.

The tragedy is intensified by the romantic history of the union of the archduke and the opera singer by the sacrifices the archduke had to make and by the exemplary happiness of the pair during the twenty-three years of their married life. They were idolized throughout the Tyrol, and in Vienna the tall, strong figure of the archduke, with his long white beard and blue eyes, was a familiar object. He made the acquaintance at Graz of the prima donna of the theater in that town in the drawing rooms of the Styrian nobility. He privately engaged himself to her just before he had to leave for Italy to fight for his country, and the girl in his absence was offered bribes to release him, but resolutely refused.

At last the pair were married in the private chapel of the archduke's palace at Bozen. Large black flags floated from the four corners of the Vienna Rathhaus as a mark of sympathy. Both bodies lay in state in the archduke's private chapel till Wednesday night. They were then conveyed to Bozen for interment in one grave beneath the chapel in the archducal palace, according to the wishes of the archduke. The Vienna papers express unanimous regret at the sad occurrence.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

**The Fever of Gain.**

One of the brightest and busiest newspapers in this teeming town stands on the north side of Park place, just off Broadway, every afternoon and evening except Sundays. He is an Italian, and apparently not more than twelve or thirteen years old. During the year that he has been selling papers in that particular locality he has built up a trade that keeps him busy nearly all of the time. He is seldom heard to ask a passer by to buy a paper. A very large proportion of the men who take papers from him are his regular customers. His keen eye discerns them half a block away. He knows what papers they want and has them ready as the customer passes.

Most of the customers also have the exact price of the papers ready to drop into the boy's hand, and it is seldom that a word passes between the lad and his regular customers. One of the boy's regular customers observed on Friday evening that the little fellow had no overcoat and questioned him about it. "No, I am never cold," said the newsboy, his teeth chattering meanwhile. "But you look half frozen," persisted the customer. "You earn money enough to dress warmly and you must take care of your health."

**A Ghost at the Window.**

A curious story is told in New Albany. On the night of Dec. 2 Mrs. Sophia Scharf, wife of Anton Scharf, died at her home in East Fifth and Spring streets, and the funeral took place several days after. The next Saturday, it is alleged, Mrs. Frank Zoeller, a daughter-in-law of the dead woman, residing on East Eighth and Sycamore streets, was surprised to observe a perfect representation of the head of her mother-in-law at the window of her house. The apparition was afterward seen by Mrs. Peter Weinman, Fritz Weinman, two daughters of Officer Dennis Gleason and several others.

After the second visit a perfect picture of the deceased was left on the window pane. Several persons, it is claimed, attempted to rub it off, but the picture remained until Saturday evening, when Joseph Scharf, a son of the dead woman, who had just arrived from the far west, having been called to his mother's funeral, passed his handkerchief over it, when it disappeared. The case is exciting considerable comment in that part of the city in which it occurred.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

**Hydrophobia from a Snowball.**

A strange case has come to light near Cairo, Pa. Howard Davis, aged eight years, has for some time past exhibited signs of hydrophobia. He has been in bed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, who had taken him from the Fairmont home, and was barking and snapping like a dog. At times it was all those present could do to keep the boy in bed. The boy had been bitten in the hand by a dog in 1885, while he was in the family of Ezra Moore.

The present trouble is not thought to be hydrophobia by the attending physician. He says it undoubtedly resulted from a snowball, which hit the boy a hard blow above the heart. The marks of the blow were visible. The little fellow is resting easy at present.—*Cairo Repository.*

**A Rock.**

One of the biggest rocks ever moved in the course of railroad construction in this country was recently excavated on the line of the Mexican Southern by Colonel Lamar. The giant boulder was 120 feet in height and measured 1,000 cubic meters. Six dynamite cartridges were placed under the rock after the men had excavated as much earth as possible, and were fired one after another. At the sixth explosion the big fellow rolled over out of the way.—*Lower California.*

**Had Been Through Fairs Before.**

The queerest deliverance from a pulpit recently reported was that of the Bath clergyman who exhorted his fair hearers not to get in a quarrel over the church fair they were getting up.—*Lewiston Journal.*

**HOW TO TRAIN MICE.**

**SOME SECRETS OF THE METHOD EMPLOYED BY AN EXPERT.**

**Inexhaustible Patience Is Required First of All—Judicious Feeding Must Be Observed—Then One Must Worry the Little Creatures.**

Ferdinand Senn knows more about raising white mice probably than any other man in this country, and Thomas Moody knows more about training them. Before an explanation of how they are trained, Mr. Senn took a cunning little mouse, white as snow, from his coat pocket and put it on his shoulder. The mouse looked around for a moment, then ran across Mr. Senn's back and sat down contentedly on the other shoulder. Before setting it at liberty he held the mouse loosely in his left hand and stroked its head and back with his right.

"Do they never bite you?" Mr. Moody answered for him, for Mr. Moody does the training: "Never, if they are properly handled. When a boy picks up a white mouse he is very likely to squeeze him tight to keep him safe; then the mouse turns around and bites. But take them up so gently—without squeezing them at all, and they do not think of biting. See here."

He took the mouse from Mr. Senn's hand, held its tail between his forefinger and thumb and held it above his head. "They do not mind that at all," he went on. "They are what we call prehensile—they can support their weight by the tail. When this fellow runs down a smooth stick you will see him coil his tail around it for a brake. But if I should squeeze his tail a little too hard, or accidentally press my sharp nails against it, he would twist around and bite me."

**HUNGER AND WORRY.**

"What do you feed them on—cheese?" "Hardly," he replied. "No food is so good for them as oats—just dry oats. Some breeders bring them up on bread and milk, but that is not as good as oats. On oats they keep cleaner and do better. The dry oats, of course, makes them thirsty, and then you can give them a little bread and milk, squeezed out pretty dry. But it is well to have them thirsty sometimes, when you are training them—and hungry, too, for that matter."

"Do you mean to say that you starve them into tricks or drive them to it by thirst?"

"Not so bad as that," he answered. "But if a mouse is hungry and he is to walk over a string bridge and he sees some oats on the other side he will go quicker. There are two great secrets about making them do as you wish. The first is patience. A boy can soon learn to train a white mouse nearly as well as I can if he has the patience. But the boy generally tires of it in ten minutes where I keep it up for two hours—or half a day, if necessary. I worry them into it."

"That's the other secret," he went on. "Worry 'em! Suppose you want a mouse to climb a stick, pick up a little flag. You take the mouse when he's hungry to begin with; you tie a grain or two of oats to the flagstaff and you put the mouse at the foot of the stick. He won't go up, of course. Well, when he turns around to run away you set him back again with his nose to the stick. If he runs away fifty times set him back fifty-one times. That worries him. Boost him up a little; give him a start. You may even have a little twig and switch him, but gently. He soon sees what you want and up he goes. When he finds the oats he is satisfied and comes down to eat them. Next time he will do it without half the trouble, and after a while he will run up and get the flag whenever you put him at the foot of the stick."

**KEEP AT IT.**

Teach the mouse a principle, you understand; not merely a trick. The principle in this case is taking something up in his mouth. In a short time he will take up anything you wish, whether it is a flagstaff or a little toy pail—anything he can lift.

"Now, there's walking the tight rope," he continued. "That looks hard, but it is easy enough. You must have the string fastened to the floor at both ends, say four feet apart, and about a foot from each end you brace it up with a stick a foot or so long—just long enough to tighten the string. Use big twine at first, for that is easier; gradually you can make it smaller, till the mouse will walk a druggist's string. They have sharp claws and a great grip in their feet. You take the mouse when he is hungry and thirsty and put some oats and bread and milk at one end of the bridge. At the other end you put the mouse. He will try to run across the floor to the food, but bring him back. Start him a little up the inclined plane. He is smart and he soon learns that the only way to get that food is to cross the bridge. Then he crosses, and it is no trouble to him. Worry him into it. You must not let the mouse tire you out—you must tire the mouse out."—*New York Sun.*

**Makes War on Oysters.**

Did you ever hear of a man who was a victim of the oyster habit? The writer was in an uptown cafe the other evening, when a gray haired, full chested, big framed man came in and ordered Blue Point oysters. He ate a dozen, ordered another dozen, then a third dozen, hesitated, as if in doubt, paid his check and went out. Three dozen oysters right down made one's eyes open, but the waiter said: "Oh, that's nothing. He comes in here every night for raw oysters. Sometimes he eats three dozen, sometimes four dozen. He's what I call an oyster eater. I don't believe he eats anything else."—*New York Tribune.*

**Accounted For.**

She—I wonder why the hair of professional musicians so often stands on end. He—Easily accounted for. His hair is trying to get away from the commotion going on under the surface.

**OF GENERAL INTEREST.**

The sugar crop of the island of Cuba is 827,000 tons this year.

There are thirteen miles of bookshelves in the British Museum.

Only one couple in 11,500 live to celebrate their diamond wedding.

A gold coin loses five per cent. of its value in sixteen years of constant use.

Twenty-five hundred women in the United States possess medical diplomas.

The annual war of the ocean on the Cape Cod coast amounts to about eight feet.

The use of gas for illuminating libraries is found to destroy the leather bindings of books.

In India the Army Temperance Association has 141 branches, with over 12,000 members.

It has been found by actual measurement that the pouch of a pelican will hold six gallons of water.

St. Paul's cathedral will hold 26,000 people and St. Peter's in Rome has accommodations for 54,000.

J. L. Sullivan is writing a book. It is to be a history of his life and will contain a treatise on prize-fighting.

One million nine hundred and twenty-five thousand one hundred and thirty pilgrims visited the holy coat at Treves.

Bullfights are still the popular amusement in Venezuela. Nearly every city has its ring and its coterie of bullfighters.

The annual amount of sawed lumber of this country, if put upon a train of cars would constitute a train 25,000 miles long.

The constitution of the United States has been published in New York in the Hebrew language, with explanatory notes in Hebrew.

Although Horace Greeley died nineteen years ago letters to his address are still received every now and then at the New York Tribune office.

A Washington state judge yesterday decided that there is no law against a being a liar in Washington. This will go down in history with the decision from an Oregon judge that there is no law against being a fool in Oregon.—*Astorian.*

The New York World has polled the legislature of that state on presidential preferences with the following result: Democrats, Hill 53; Cleveland 4; non-committal 26; Flower 1. Republicans, Blaine 50; Harrison 6; non-committal 17; Depew 1.

It's a pretty hard outlook in Prineville for the man who is broke. The saloon men have all said he shall not drink, and Poindexter's restaurant has said he shall not eat. It looks like getting down pretty nearly to a cash basis.—*Ochoco Review.*

The south is in the saddle. The ex-Confederates in congress refuse to allow the use of a naval vessel to carry food to starving Russia because Russia came to aid Uncle Sam and prevented British privateers from helping the Confederacy. The war is over but it is not forgotten.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Professor Spencer Baird once said that as a fish has no maturity there is nothing to prevent it from living indefinitely and growing continually. He cited in proof a pike in Russia whose age is known to date back to the fifteenth century. In the royal aquarium at St. Petersburg there are hundreds of fish that were put in over 150 years ago.

**DISMISSED THE CASE.**

**A Pointer for Police Judge Osborn.**

It happened in Oregon some time ago. There wasn't a preacher in the place, and when an exceedingly raw young man and woman desired to get married the services of the police judge were called in. He had never had any experience in that branch of his authority, but with true western enterprise he agreed to tackle the job and the culprits were brought before him.

"Stand up," he said, as they seated themselves, and they stood up.

"Come forward to the bar of justice," he continued with a pompous effort, and they came.

"Guilty or not guilty?" he asked as they stood before him holding hands.

"Guilty, your honor," responded the groom.

"Is this your first offense?"

"It is, your honor, so help me."

"Well, there's nothing to do but impose a life sentence on both of you and assess the groom for the costs."

"How much, your honor?" asked the groom, going down into his pockets.

"Ten dollars."

The groom handed it over.

"Case is dismissed," announced the judge, and the innocent young things marched out of the room as radiant as a June morning when the sunlight kisses the roses until they blush again.

A few years ago Miss Cora Belle Fellows, a teacher among the Sioux Indians, made a sensation by marrying a young chief named Chaska. The match was talked about so much that a museum manager paid the couple \$10,000 to exhibit themselves. Now she is suing for divorce, alleging that her husband gets drunk and ill-treats her. But that is not all. Her father, who was a Washington official of some prominence, felt so badly about his daughter's action that he took to drink and was recently killed on a grade crossing in South Dakota. Many think his death was intentional. Probably by this time Mrs. Fellows-Chaska has made up her mind that it doesn't do to be a heroine of a romance of the Roman order.

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