

A NEW GLACIAL FIELD.

What The Idaho Geologist Has Discov-ered in That State.

A SERIES OF GLACIAL LAKES.

The Richest Burial Casket Ever Seen on This Continent.

A GOLDEN ANGEL DECORATION.

Desperate Fighting Among Tabor's Family for the Filthy Lucre Left Behind.

BOISE CITY, Aug. 17.—J. Schemerorn, geologist and mineralogist, who is working in the interest of the exhibit at the worlds fair, writes under date of August 8th that he has discovered an immense glacial field in central Idaho, beneath which there is a series of glacial lakes. The field probably covers an area nearly as great, though not so thick, as the great glacial field of the Alps. The glaciers are located about 25 miles southeast of Shoup, amid a number of high peaks not down on the maps.

A Rich Mans Coffin.

DANBURY, Aug. 17.—The body of Russell Benedict, who died at Marienbad, Austria, July 25th, reached here yesterday, in what is probably the richest burial casket ever seen on this continent. The box is of solid silver and is elaborately embellished with gold. On the top is a gold crucifix two feet long. The casket is carried by means of eight gold handles, and is supported by six lions' legs, and festoons of gold flowers are draped around it. On each of the four corners is a golden angel six inches high. It is not known how much the casket cost. Mr. Benedict was a very wealthy man, who had lived many years in Austria. He was born in this city.

The Terrible Tabor's.

Hudson, Mich., Aug. 17.—Miss Jennie Tabor's arrest has caused one of the most startling sensations. Twenty dynamite cartridges were found in the top of the parlor organ at the Tabor homestead, three miles northwest of Hudson. There was trouble over the property among members of the family, and the suspicions of the younger brother being aroused, he instituted a search, which resulted in the discovery. The Tabor family, one of the best known and wealthiest in the state, a year ago consisted of Henry Tabor, his wife and three children, Josie, Jennie and Harry. Josie is now Mrs. J. H. Elmore and lives in Hudson. Jennie, although somewhat eccentric, has moved in the best society and has been much sought after. She was her father's favorite and it was generally understood that she would fare best in the division of his estate. Her mother was opposed to this, believing that all the children should be treated alike. A family quarrel ensued, which was suspended for a time, about a year ago, when the widow was adjudged insane and was sent to the asylum for dangerous insane criminals at Iona. The case will now get into the courts.

Weather Report.

PORTLAND, Aug. 17.—That part of yesterdays bulletin relating to Eastern Oregon says: During the week just closed the weather has been exceptionally propitious to all kinds of farm work. With the exception of a few scattered showers in Morrow and Gilliam counties the rainfall has been rather less than the average. The temperature has been quite high generally; the extremes ranging between 55 and 101 degrees. Generally speaking such crops as could be improved by favorable weather have shown a decided improvement. Wheat harvesting is progressing nicely. No change in the condition of the spring wheat is noted. In Grant county fall wheat is said to be yielding from 22 to 32 bushels per acre. Fall oats are heavy and well filled. The hay crop is being harvested rapidly; in portions of Sherman county it is the best crop in many years. In Sherman county grapes are plentiful.

Seasonable Advice.

Milton Eagle. Now is the time of year when everybody should be cautious in regard to fire. A small spark dropped in the right place in our town would do untold damage, and perhaps render many homeless. Rubbish should be cleaned up from back yards not only on account of being combustible but as a sanitary measure.

The Chinese pay their doctor only so long as he keeps them in health. They believe in preventing rather than curing disease. This is sound sense, and one of the strongest recommendations of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a medicine which not only cures diseases but prevents them.

Fresh stubble pasture at Sharps, on Three Mile.

Current Topics

The treasure lost with the old British ship Hussar, 200 years ago, south of Port Morris dock New York, has been located. The dredge brought up some of it last Saturday. The first piece was an English guinea of the time of George III. It was in a state of perfect preservation, and only a little blackened by the water. Half a dozen more were found, and then two gold buttons from the uniform of a British naval officer. The next plunge of the bucket brought up a quantity of copper coin worn very thin by the water. Then the bucket brought up two short bars tarnished and pitted by brine. On being scraped they proved to be of pure sterling silver. The treasure is supposed to amount to about \$4,800,000.

Next to the summer girl and the tennis girl it will soon become necessary to place the bicycle girl. The bicycle girl always has it her own way, and her own way, is ever straight ahead, down the middle of the boulevard.

Discussing the question of dushiness, an eastern contemporary desires to know "what makes a swell." The general verdict of an experienced public seems to be that cruel fate is responsible.

Buzzards Bay Poem.

New York Tribune. It is understood in the literary circles of Buzzard's bay that the failure of the yacht Fra Diavolo to touch at that point has inspired a local poet to the composition of a pathetic little ballad. We reproduce two of the verses of this poem, and hard indeed must be the heart of him or her who can read them without tears: I wandered by the seaside, I wandered sad and chill, I could not see the yacht come, Which carried David Hill; I had no heart for fishing, I could not write a word, But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard. He came not, oh, he came not, I watched the living day, Prepared to fond embrace him, And show him Buzzard Bay; I paced the beach in silence, I must have looked absurd— And the beating of my own heart— Was all the sound I heard.

Montana's Congressman.

Helena Independent. The Butte Inter-Mountain favors a public reception to the Hon. W. W. Dixon on his return to Montana. He certainly deserves it. On the question Montana is most interested in, the free coinage of silver, Mr. Dixon has been staunch and true. He never dodged nor paired with another free coinage man and killed two votes, in order to curry favor with eastern leaders of the party, and he made an honest endeavor to settle the mineral land controversy in the interest of the people. He has been in every respect a model representative and has won the esteem and gratitude of our people, regardless of party.

Washington's Mines.

West Coast Trade: The interest manifested in mining circles and by mining experts generally regarding the mines of Washington is very flattering, and the extensive and valuable exhibit which will be prepared for the world's fair will awaken the interest in our mining resources still more, and lead to development which will soon place Washington at the head of the column of mining states. With the improved machinery now being used and the completion of railroads to the various mining districts, this development will be more rapid than that of any previous country.

Beauties of Klamath.

Express. Aloph Sutro, the California millionaire who recently visited the scenic points of Klamath county, has told Dr. Harkness, president of the Academy of Sciences in San Francisco, about the beauties of this country and that scientific gentleman is organizing a party to visit the lake region this fall. Mr. Sutro has given the San Francisco Chronicle an article on the wonders of this section and the account will probably appear soon.

Not to be Wondered at.

Olympia Tribune. The house, river and harbor bill when passed up to the senate carried a total appropriation for Washington of \$99,000. The Washington senators asked for an increase of \$641,500; of this increase \$500,000 was asked for the Seattle canal. In the face of this record it is to be wondered that Seattle is hot for the re-election of its time-server or that a sharp revolt has been made by eastern Washington and the friends of an open river?

The Cooley Outlaws.

KINGWOOD, W. V., Aug. 18.—The excitement throughout Preston county over the depredations of the Cooley gang of Pennsylvania outlaws has not been equalled since the war. The people are everywhere arming themselves for protection and in the hope of capturing the outlaws. Yesterday the store of Merchant Elliott, at Bruceton, was raided by the gang in the boldest manner, and goods to the value of nearly \$1,000 carried off. A number of other like depredations are reported. The sheriff is out with a large-sized posse, and scores of citizens are standing guard on the roads or over stores, stocks and farms. If the outlaws are captured, the entire gang will be lynched or shot to death without mercy.

THE WINDSWEEP GOES

Prof. Woodward's Air Ship Makes a Successful Spin.

TESTING THE WINGS AND OARS.

Dangers of Arial Navigation Reaching

The Ultimate Point.

"NOW LET HER GO, GENTLEMEN"

A Memorable Event in The Art of Ballooning—Very Successful Trip Above California.

SAN DIEGO, Aug. 18.—Prof. Charles J. Woodward has returned from his first successful aerial voyage. He sailed from here at 8:20 a. m. Tuesday, in his airship Windswept. The balloon has a capacity of 2,000 feet of gas, but when the rise was made she contained only about 1,600 feet. The aeronaut took along provisions and water which in a case of emergency would have lasted him three days and nights, also six bags of sand ballast, two heavy blankets, and instruments for taking the temperature, elevation, etc. This trip as he said on leaving, was not to travel over any great space of ground in a certain direction, but simply to test the efficacy of the wings or cars that he contends will in some way solve the problem of navigation. The audience was composed of almost every unemployed person in San Diego, the house tops and other elevations being liberally patronized. First a young man was let up by a rope to establish the carrying capacity.

Woodward then stepped into his frail-appearing car and said, "Let her go gentlemen." The balloon arose very slowly until it had attained a height of about 2,000 feet, for ten or twelve minutes appeared to stand almost stationary. Up to this time Woodward had not touched the wings. All at once they were straightened out laterally, then perpendicularly lowered as far as they would go, and with a quick turn to a lateral position forced quickly up, catching the air and preceptibly causing the balloon to move downward. The movements were repeated until the airship had descended several hundred feet. The aeronaut now began experimenting on the proposition to force the balloon upward. It required only a few reverse moves to change the direction, and he was soon back to the original altitude. The wings were now allowed to rest. At 10 o'clock Dr. Powers, at the quarantine station in Sweetwater valley, telephoned that "the balloon is above me about 3,000 feet. The man is waving his hat and, occasionally working some kind of paddles." At 11:50 the balloon slowly descended to clear ground without a scratch, about 100 feet in front of the Bonita school house, in Sweetwater valley.

Despairs of National Help.

East Oregonian. The Dalles CHRONICLE has come to the conclusion, which the East Oregonian came to more than a year ago, that if anything is to be done at the Dalles in the way of opening the Columbia river "it must be done by the state of Oregon." That is truly the size of it. To look for help from the government is to expect the politicians to be honest and above trifling with the people, and that is impossible. The way to open the Columbia is for the state to do it, and Oregon is abundantly able to accomplish the work. The legislature meets next January. The people should be ready to demand of it fitting legislation for the purpose in hand, "an open river."

Imnaha River Takes the Cake.

Telegram. Judge J. C. Moreland returned from Union county this morning, where for the past ten days he has been whipping Imnaha river for the benefit of the speckled beauties. He caught a five-pounder, too, of the mountain variety, and after viscating the distinguished member brought it home with him. The trout measures 25 inches in length and weighs over four pounds. It was somewhat faded on arriving here and appeared to take but little interest in current events as it lay on T. Cupid Powell's desk this morning on exhibition. Judge Moreland says such fish are very hard to buy up, in Union county.

Catching Game With Steamboats.

Chelan Leader. On the down trip of the Ellensburg on Wednesday, a coyote was seen swimming the Columbia river. The steamer immediately gave chase and captured him alive. Pursuing deer, geese, goats and coyotes by steamer is getting to be a regular thing in this section.

Ayer's Ague Cure is an antidote for

malaria and all malarial diseases, whether generated by swamp or sewer. Neither quinine, arsenic, nor any other injurious drug enters into the composition of this remedy. Warranted to cure fever and ague.

A PARTY OF KNIGHTS.

Making a Long Trip from the Interior of the Continent, for a Dalles Steamboat Ride.

This morning Messrs. E. J. Carter and Geo. W. McElheny, of Columbus, Ga.; W. J. Price of Cleveland, Ohio; and John A. Winsale, of Brooklyn, N. Y., left the Dalles by steamer Regulator for Portland. They are just from the Knights Templar Conclave at Denver, and have crossed the balance of the continent almost purposely for the trip they are taking today.

One indication of the attention which the northwest is attracting through the east is given by the large number of tourists who yearly visit this section. For years eastern visitors were deterred by the difficulties to be overcome and the long roundabout journey necessary in reaching the northwest, and even after the completion of railroad lines affording direct communication with the east it was some time before the tide of travel turned in the least toward the west from its eastern direction. Now, however, sufficient time has elapsed to allow the glowing accounts of the many wonders and beauties to be seen in this section to take root in the minds of listeners, and while the summer travel to Europe and to points of interest in the east continues as of old a large proportion of tourists are attracted toward the newer and wilder lands on the Pacific shores.

These gentlemen have not the time at their disposal to take in Alaska. Enjoyable as that trip is, and as full of wonders even to a confirmed globe-trotter, it is not the only trip worth making in the northwest, nor does it comprise all the majestic and beautiful scenery. That along the Columbia river is rapidly attaining a world-wide reputation, surpassing in majesty and grandeur that of the St. Lawrence, Hudson or even the famous Rhine, and yielding the palm only to the Colorado, another western stream.

The Knight's conclave completed all work last Saturday evening. On Friday evening the triennial committee tendered an elegant banquet to the officers of the grand encampment. Over 350 knights were present. During the festivities Sir Knight T. McF. Patton, of Salem, presented Grand Master Gobin with a gavel made of Oregon oak, and in the center of it was the form of a Maltese cross. The oak was a solid block, taken from a tree just as it grew; and the cross formation was the work of nature. After having installed the newly elected officers, Grand Master McCurdy made the following additional appointments, which, with the officers elected, make up the full list of officers of the grand encampment: Sir Rev. Joseph McGrath, D. D. Illinois, prelate; William B. Mellich, Ohio, grand standard-bearer; Sir George C. Connor, Tennessee, grand sword bearer; Sir M. Oranod, Colorado, grand warden, Sir John A. Sloan, Missouri, grand captain of guard.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers does its work thoroughly, coloring a uniform brown or black, which, when dry, will neither rub, wash off, nor soil linen.

WEST CHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 18.—A report from Mamaroneck confirms the death of millionaire J. H. Bostwick. A fire broke out in his handsome stable at his summer residence on Oriental Point, shortly after midnight. It spread to the stables of Arnold and Constable, and both were destroyed, together with a number of valuable blood horses, entailing a loss of nearly \$100,000. When the fire was discovered Bostwick, who has been in poor health some time, ran out on the porch in great excitement and dropped dead from heart disease. It appears the dead man's coachman and footman were out boating and returned at night under the influence of liquor, and probably through careless handling of matches set the barns on fire. Both were burned to death.

Still the Villain is Pursued.

VIRALIA, Cal., Aug. 18.—What appeared to be well-authenticated information was received by Sheriff Kay to the effect that Evans, the train robber, had appeared at a house twelve miles east. Several parties furnished this information, and a posse immediately started in pursuit of the villain.

Waiting to be Reined.

John Day Sentinel. The men who think that a railroad is going to ruin this section are not quite all dead yet. Fortunately, there is a large majority who are willing to have the country that way. We are among the number and are eagerly awaiting the snort of the iron horse.

Cabinet photographs for \$1.50 to \$3.00

per dozen at Hunt's gallery on Court street, this week only.

Stock Holders Meeting.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Wasco Warehouse company will be held at the office of French & Co., The Dalles, Oregon, on Wednesday September 28th, 1892, at 3:30 p. m., for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before it. The Dalles, Oregon, Aug. 12th, 1892. G. J. FARLEY, Secretary Wasco Warehouse Co.

Begus Mummies.

In laying in your winter stock of mummies be careful to buy only the genuine.

The habit of making imitations of articles has extended even to the production of counterfeit back-number subjects of the defunct Pharaohs. Now, ordinarily when one buys a thing he wants it fresh; but this rule does not hold good in the mummy trade. The staler they are the better, from a commercial point of view.

The high price of authentic mummies in a good state of preservation has led to the practice of manufacturing them to order, and the man who contemplates the purchase of a dozen or so of these cheerful objects should see that he gets what is left of something which once walked and talked in Egypt 3,000 or 4,000 years ago.

The mummy trade has been very active of late. Ordinary Egyptian citizens who have had no further use for themselves for thirty or forty centuries can be bought for about fifty dollars at Cairo, but a better quality of individual—prince or a high priest, for instance—comes as high as \$500 or even more.

If you should find in a mummy for which you paid \$100, say, a lot of gold and jewelry worth about \$1,000, you can be confident that the thing is genuine. An Egyptologist named Mosconas once made a small fortune in the purchase of one mummy which had once contained a rich man's vital spark. The chest, which had been separated from the vital organs before embalming, had been filled again with gold and precious stones.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Explaining a Shower of Blood.

No phenomena of nature have excited more widespread consternation in ancient and even in comparatively modern times than the so called rains of blood, stones, fishes and reptiles.

The peoples of antiquity regarded such occurrences as dire warnings and portents, and at the present day their occasional happenings gives rise to much wonder and actual fear. Nevertheless, science has been able to ascertain the causes which produce these remarkable precipitations, which are accounted for by reasons entirely commonplace.

In 1670 a "rain of blood" fell at The Hague. The citizens got up in the morning and found that a shower of crimson fluid had fallen during the night. There was great excitement and the occurrence was looked upon as foretelling approaching war. One level headed physician got a little of the strange water from one of the canals and examined it under a microscope. He found that the fluid had not really a red color, but was simply filled with swarms of small crimson animalcules.

Further investigation showed these animalcules to be a species of water flea with branching horns. Presumably they were brought from a great distance by wind and deposited with the rain. However, notwithstanding this explanation, the Hollanders persisted in regarding this affair from a superstitious point of view, and many declared afterward that it was an omen giving warning of the desolation which was subsequently brought into the country with fire and sword by Louis XIV.—Washington Star.

The New Club Member.

I read conscientiously Sunday afternoon at the club the weekly rules and regulations laid down in the newspapers concerning the details of life, that I might regulate my behavior thereby; and I notice that "initials are not considered good form on note paper, nor even memoranda." This did not particularly interest me, as I have for years used a firm, plain and unruled paper—

though I do not delight in two sided letter writing, and the only notes I am punctilious in answering are dinner invitations and the good wishes of Miss Porphyry sent to me at the beginning of each world's year and mine own. But looking up and across the hall I saw young Spriggles busily engaged in the consumption of club paper and envelopes. Letters stood in high stacks upon the table. And I formulated this maxim: The newness of club membership is in direct proportion to the amount of daily correspondence. The clubbing parades the club stamp as the newly married man his wife. And I should regret this thrusting of such dangerous weapons as pen, ink and paper into the hands of the wise and the foolish, were it not that club paper had occasionally its uses; as when Thackeray wrote that delightful Roundabout in defense of Lord Clyde.—Boston Post.

The Kiss in History.

What a fleeting, intangible, evanescent and altogether delicious thing a kiss is! No savant can analyze it. The genius that fathoms star spaces cannot measure it; the science that weighs the fraction of an atom cannot determine its specific gravity. And yet what an important part it has played in history as well as in romance. It has been the reward of genius—for was not Voltaire publicly kissed in the stage box by the beautiful Duchess de Villars in compliance with the demands of an enthusiastic fit to thus reward the author of "Maropé?"

It has been the bribe of politics, for when Fox was contesting the hard won seat at Westminster the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire offered to kiss all who would vote for the great statesman. And the inspiration of patriotism, for did not the fair Lady Gordon turn recruiting sergeant when the ranks of the Scottish regiments had been depleted by Salamanca, and tempted the gallant lads by placing the recruiting shilling between her lips for all who would to take it with their own?—New York Sun.

Equine Aristocracy.

"That fellow is awfully stuck up," remarked the cob to the polo company, as he wagged his ears in the direction of the new tandem horse. "He refused to recognize me today in the park. He may be a society leader now, but I remember when his mother used to be driven by the grocer's son."—Harper's Bazar.

His Carried a Muff.

The other day a well dressed man sat in a Boulevard car going up town. The day was cold, the car was full and the usual discomforts of surface transit were turned on. The man mentioned was the observed of all observers. He carried a common black muff on his knee, his hands thrust in either end, and had a far away look in his eyes. The ladies exchanged amused glances. The gentleman regarded the muff with various degrees of wonder and contempt.

"Newest style," suggested one gentleman to another. "Yes; it's going to be a cold day tomorrow. When you see the pigs carrying straws" "That beats me!" came in a stage whisper from across the way. "Wonder if he wears comets," said another. "What is it, anyway?" "Sorry I forgot my muff." "I'll steal my wife's sealskin esquinette tonight."

"Poor fellow! Somebody ought to see him home safely." Amid these remarks the man with the muff sat quietly looking out of the window. He must have overheard some of them; he must have known that he was the object of universal curiosity and ridicule, but he gave no sign. It appeared, however, that he was only collecting himself for some final effort, for when he arose to leave the car at Seventy-second street he suddenly confronted his fellow passengers. "This is my wife's muff," he said bluntly. "She left it on the bargain counter. I had to go back and get it. I'm taking it home. If you see anything funny in that I'm blamed if I do."—New York Herald.

An Interesting Law Suit.

A law suit over a meteorite has stirred the usually tranquil life of Kirchberg, in Wurtemberg. Some time ago everybody there was startled one night by a loud report, and a ball of fire was seen to fall near the Bannecker sawmill. On the next day a stone weighing a ton was found among the logs by a laborer in the mill. News of the occurrence was published far and wide. Among the scores of pilgrims to the stone among the logs were wise men from Stuttgart and Tubingen, who believed that they had a rare specimen of celestial geological formations. Their competitive offers for the stone bred a quarrel between the laborer and the owner of the mill as to whether the finder of the stone or the owner of the land on which it fell could claim it rightfully.

Tubingen professors had it shipped to the university, after having agreed to pay \$500 for it if it proved to be a duly tested and accredited meteorite. The laborer thereupon enjoined the mill owner from receiving the money for the stone, and the mill owner got a lawyer, who is trying to raise the injunction. Meantime, the Tubingen professors have said that the stone has few attributes of a meteorite, and have refused to reship it; so laborer and mill owner are about to begin proceedings to compel them to return it, both maintaining that the university is trying to get the meteorite for nothing.

There are four lawyers in the case already and nothing has been decided, so the costs bid fair to exceed the value of a dozen meteorites.—New York Sun.

Something New in Canoe Racing.

In the last couple of seasons we have noted the growth of the war canoe, propelled by paddle entirely, and the sport had by a few races with them has created something of an interest in paddling races generally, which were giving away very extensively to the sailing events. There is now some talk of building enlarged war canoes, to hold from a dozen to thirty or so, and racing them. There are a few fairly large paddling canoes now in existence, but they have served heretofore on moonlight and other nights as mediums for the introduction of the gentler sex to the fascinations of the sport. These may be manned for racing, and, per contra, the ones contemplated for racing may, on occasion, be sacrificed to love and beauty. In either event, it looks as though the regattas of the summer would be made doubly interesting by these large canoe races, each boat with a crew of probably twelve to fifteen paddlers.—Harper's Weekly.

Swallowed an Oyster Shell.

The Rev. W. D. Shea made a narrow escape in Macon Wednesday night. He went to a restaurant for some oysters and swallowed a piece of shell, which very near cost him his life. The shell lodged in his throat, lacerating the membrane and causing hemorrhage and strangulation. The several present were attracted to the minister, who had gone into convulsions.

A physician was immediately dispatched for, but in the meantime the shell became dislodged and was thrown up during the convulsions. The shell was about the size of a quarter of a dollar, with sharp edges. After being relieved of the difficulty the Rev. Mr. Shea soon revived. His throat was considerably lacerated, and altogether the minister had a narrow escape.—Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun.

Felled by Dead Geese.

While a Hutchinson (Kan.) policeman was standing under an electric light the other night, he was startled by some object striking him a heavy blow on the head and then fall at his feet. As he stooped to examine the object he received a second blow, this time on the back. When he recovered sufficiently from his fright to gather himself together he found he had been struck by two wild geese that had been killed by striking the electric light wires.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Dug Up a Fortune.

While digging a foundation for a house in Wichita, Kan., recently, it is reported that \$35,000 in gold were excavated. The money is said to have been the fortune of the grandfather of the present owner of the ground, who is supposed to have hidden it.