

NEW DIAMOND FIELDS

Tiffany Reports Favorably Upon Specimens From Idaho.

AN INLAND EMPIRE RESOURCE.

Added to the Long List of Rich Treasures now Existing.

ARE REGULAR KIMBERLY STONES.

Personnel of the Party now on the Ground for Further Definite Prospecting.

A Boise City dispatch says that Chas. Vandorn, who is interested in the diamond discovery on Snake river, tells the following story in regard to the discovery and his connection with it: In the 30s he was at Kimberly, South Africa, and became acquainted with diamond mining. About six years ago, after coming to Boise, a prospector showed him a stone, which he pronounced to be a Kimberly diamond. When the man told him that he picked it up on Snake river he ridiculed the idea. Subsequently he made an investigation, and found that there was a formation there similar to that at Kimberly. He had H. Bratnoben, the widely-known mining man, look into it, and that gentleman advised him to have the ground prospected.

He then took Mr. Waters, who was running a ferry in the vicinity, into his confidence, and the latter has been quietly prospecting the country, having recently found the gems. One or more of those stones was sent to Tiffany & Co., who made a favorable report. Vandorn states that he will soon have one of the stones that is being cut. The party who has gone to the fields is composed of Engineer Wellington and an assistant, three employees of Vandorn, who are to take up additional ground, L. W. Wellan, an expert from New York and a Mr. Casserouff and Mr. Bullfinch, experts from Baltimore. What it will amount to only time can tell. It should be stated that fields are in that part of the state which shows such great evidences of volcanic action, being on the border of the famous lava flow which stretches in a cheerless desert for hundreds of miles across the country.

Progress in Mexico.

For the fourth time Porfirio Diaz has been inaugurated as President of Mexico. His first term was from 1876 to 1880. Since 1884 he has been continually in office. In many respects he has shown himself to be an enlightened and progressive ruler. In the matter of railroads, telegraphs and telephones, banking facilities and other modern improvements, there has been a remarkable development. The separation of state and church continues to be enforced. Popular education makes headway, but slowly. The population of Mexico is about eleven millions. Of late somewhat more has been attempted in order to rescue the laboring people from their degraded condition. The Indians constitute about one-third of the population, and lead a life of their own, mingling but not mixing with the other races. Mexican Romanism, not having the enlightenment and stimulus that would come to them from powerful Evangelical churches in contact with their own, is mostly what it is in the other Spanish-Republic countries, largely a miserable parody on what a Christian church should be. A more needy, if a more hopeful field, for the mission of a pure Christianity hardly exists.

"The Greatest Farce."

"The greatest piece of detective work in the history of Oregon," is likely to prove the greatest farce. The Oregonian Thiel-Sullivan combination, who are trying to establish the fact that a lot of sheep herders and cowboys of Gilliam county are the "terrible desperadoes" who robbed the Roslyn bank, are, if our information is correct; likely to be the butt of ridicule of two states. The "sixty-four of the bravest men that ever marched out of Portland," and who surrounded one cow boy, and marched him to Roslyn, are probably upon the wrong track. Hale, who has been identified as the one who held the pistol at Cashier Abernathy's head, was at Wm. Hendrix place in Gilliam county, on the day after the robbery, having come from Fossil that day; he was in Fossil and purchased goods of Steiwer & Co., on the day of the robbery, and it is said the alibi of the other men who have been "positively identified," can and will be clearly established by men whose word is unquestioned.

Pretty Good.

Oregonian. The Dalles, Baker City, La Grande, Pendleton and Union are the commercial centers of five counties, which represent a gross valuation of over \$22,000,000, and have a population of over 75,000. This is a good showing for a country that two weeks ago was described by a state official as a land chiefly devoted to sagebrush and bunchgrass.

A WOMAN AND A DEER

A REMARKABLE CAPTURE ON PINE RIVER IN MICHIGAN.

Mrs. John Towle, of Strongsville, Has Had a Really Thrilling Experience in Her Life—This Story Shows That She Not Only Has Nerve but Strength.

One of the best known characters to the lumbermen and sportsmen of upper Michigan is Mrs. John Towle, of Strongsville, a small deserted village on the Pine river, twelve miles below Rudyard, a station on the Soo railway thirty miles from here. Her home and name have become famous to the woodsmen and lumbermen on account of Mrs. Towle keeping a boarding house, where the woodsmen engaged on the drive in the spring have always stopped for their meals, it being the only house on Pine river for a distance of ten miles on each side of Strongsville.

Mrs. Towle came to this country from Aalborg, Denmark, twenty years ago, and first settled down in Newport, Vt. She was called to attend her present husband, who was confined with a broken shoulder, after the doctors had given him up. She mended him in such good shape that Mr. Towle decided that she was the woman of his destiny, whereupon they were married and started for the wild upper peninsula of Michigan to make their home and fortune. Taking a homestead near the banks of the Pine river, Mrs. Towle has occasion to come to this city once about every two months with the produce of the farm and dairy. In the winter she can drive in, but in the summer there is no other way but to take a boat and row up the Pine river twelve miles to Rudyard station, where she can take the train for this point.

It is with one of those trips that this narrative has to deal. Mrs. Towle had left home with a boatload of produce as usual, and came to town with good success. On her return trip she was leisurely rowing home down the Pine river, with its high and very thick wooded banks in some places, and sloping, moss covered banks in others. She had not gone far when she heard a rustling sound above her.

"OUT OF THE PEYING PAN," ETC.

On looking up she perceived a large deer standing on the edge of the precipice about fifty feet up, screaming, with a wolf hanging on its front quarter. The deer immediately jumped for the river, landing close to the shore, but the wolf still held its grip. It might be noted here that deer attacked by wolves in this country will always make for the nearest river, as wolves will not go into the water unless they have a hold on their prey. The deer had no sooner left the ground to jump when two more wolves jumped down after him, followed by ten more. One of the wolves managed to secure a grip on the deer's hind quarters and took a chunk out of the size of a saucer.

The deer, now thoroughly frightened and excited, on seeing Mrs. Towle in the boat started for the boat. The water not being very high it managed to get its fore feet into the craft, with the two wolves still hanging on. Mrs. Towle, although half scared to death, did not lose her presence of mind, but seizing her paddle struck the two wolves such blows on their heads that they released their hold and took to the shore, while the boat continued to drift down the river with the current. The wolves seeing this gave up hope and returned into the woods.

Mrs. Towle, now that the wolves were gone, found about enough of the sportsman left in her to have a desire to secure the deer. She raised her paddle and struck it a blow between the horns, which was not a very light one, by the way, as Mrs. Towle has always been used to the harder working side of life and is of strong physique. The blow stunned the deer for a few moments, and Mrs. Towle, thinking it was dead, started her craft for shore to place the deer in position to row the boat home with him.

MR. TOWLE FINDS THE DEER.

When she reached the shore and was about swinging the deer around by the tail the deer came to and started up the high bank, with Mrs. Towle hanging on to its tail. The deer succeeded in getting about half way up the bank when the skin on its tail, which Mrs. Towle was hanging on to, gave way and precipitated Mrs. Towle down the bank head foremost.

The deer by this time had become so weak from the loss of blood from the wolves' attack that it slipped and fell down the bank, landing on Mrs. Towle. She, thinking the wolves were after it again, nearly went into hysterics. The deer, however, on striking terra firma never moved again, and Mrs. Towle proceeded to lead him in her craft and get home. She got him aboard, and after capsizing a couple of times reached her small dock, made of logs, in safety. Her home is three miles back in the woods from the river bank. She was obliged to leave the deer on the bank all night, it now being dusk.

In the morning, when Mr. Towle, her husband, went down for the deer with his pony and jumper, he was surprised to find a bear there munching away at the deer. The bear on seeing the man started for the woods. Bears will only show fight in the spring. Mr. Towle got the deer safely home, and it would be difficult to find a more interesting story to listen to than that of Mrs. Towle, sitting in her log cabin in front of the old log fire, telling her story in broken English of how she captured the deer.—Sault Ste. Marie Cor. St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Want Pay for Alleged Services.

An old man named Taylor from Chicago has asked several congresses for \$10,000 in payment for having suggested to President Lincoln the idea of issuing greenbacks. Colonel de Armas has made repeated demands for \$20,000, which he considers is due him for showing General Grant how to capture the town of Paducah, Ky.—Washington Letter.

EVANS AND SONTAG.

Detectives Are Scattered all Over The Mountains in Disguise.

LOOKING FOR THEIR WINTER CAMP.

A Stock Raiser Had an Exciting Adventure With The Robbers.

THEY TOOK A SHOT AT HIM.

Sontag Still Carries His Arm in a Sling And Both Had Gunny Sacks Wrapped Around Their Feet.

FRESNO, Cal., Dec. 9.—A report has reached here, by way of Lemoore, that Evans and Sontag have been seen in White Deer valley. Detectives are scattered all over the mountains in disguise, and several of them visited White Deer valley, a secluded region lying several miles back of Sampson's flat. Very few persons live in that locality, it being merely a stock range. It was suspected that Evans and Sontag had a winter camp among the hills somewhere near this place, and an effort was made to trace it to him. Among those owning cattle in that region is Edwin Dooley, who had an exciting adventure with the train robbers. Some sportsmen among whom was Rev. Ledford, of Lemoore, were hunting in the White Deer valley, and left their horses with Dooley who turned them into the pasture with his own animals. One of the horses escaped and Dooley was searching for it. While following a trail a short distance from the house, he heard a shot and felt a bullet whistle past him. He turned around and, looking up, saw Sontag and Evans standing not more than 30 yards away. They accosted him in a harsh manner and asked him what he was doing there, and whether or not he was taking care of pack horses belonging to the detectives. Dooley assured the bandits that he had nothing at all to do with the detectives, but in the meantime they put a convenient tree between the bandits and himself, as he was fearful lest the next time their aim might prove more accurate. He said that Sontag still carried his arm in a sling, due to the wound received in a fight with a posse at Young's cabin, and both men had their feet wrapped up in gunny sacks presumably to prevent their making tracks.

A Remarkable Chapter.

The fate of nearly all the prominent actors in the Cronin murder, to which the latest addition is the death of Martin Burke at Joliet last week forms a remarkable chapter. Pat O'Sullivan, one of Burke's fellow-prisoners, died in prison last May. About a month before John Beggs died. As senior guardian of camp 20, of the Clan-na-Gael, he was prominently identified with the case. Dr. Lewis, the dentist, who was working on Dr. Cronin's teeth at the time of the murder, has recently died of consumption. Edward Spelman, a wealthy brewer of Peoria, who testified in the case as a prominent member of the Clan-na-Gael, was killed about a year ago by a fall from a ladder.

Tom Desmond, of San Francisco, another member of the Clan-na-Gael, is permanently crippled from a fall one night while on his way to a meeting of camp 20. Michael Gannon, a witness in the case, popularly supposed to have had much knowledge of the trouble leading up to the murder, died recently of pneumonia. Frank Shea, another important witness, went the same way. Peter McGeehan, who was accosted on the street about a week before the fatal night by Cronin himself, and accused of being a party to the plot to murder him, secured work in the south side rolling mill and met a horrible death one day by falling into a pit. Robert Gibbons, who was an alibi witness for Burke, got into a quarrel two years ago with police Captain Schuetler, who was active in running down the Cronin conspirators, and as a result, of a threatening movement on Gibbons' part Schuetler shot him and was exonerated by the coroner's jury. In addition, several other deaths have occurred among the "an-i-Cronin gang," some of them natural and some violent.

Swallowed a Cork.

The Ashland Tidings of the 9th gives the account as follows of a distressing thing that happened to a little child in that city. "A little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anson Jacobs, three years old, had a serious time last Sunday with a cork that fell into his throat while the child lay upon its back playing with a perfume bottle in which the stopper belonged. The cork had a metal cap, bell shaped, surmounted by a tubular top of the same metal. When the cork fell or was drawn into the windpipe, the child coughed violently, and the cork was forced up, metal end first, into the head into the passage leading to the nose, where it was wedged tight, out of sight. It caused the child great pain, and Dr. Parson was appealed to for relief. Assisted by Dr. Songer, who etherized the patient, the doctor succeeded in dislodging and removing the obstruction, after much difficulty.

The late Mrs. Frederick Burr Davis, of New York was a dear friend of mine in the long long ago days. The name and ward of Matthew L. Davis, the intimate associate and biographer of Burr she had a store of anecdotes of men who figured prominently in national affairs seventy or eighty years since, but this one—which I shall repeat as nearly as possible in her own words—interested me most of all.

"I was a schoolgirl of fourteen, spending a short vacation at Uncle Matthew's house in the city when one day I heard him calling to me from the hall below and went to the head of the stairs. 'Come down, he said. There is a gentleman here who wishes to see you.' I hesitated, held back by some undefinable fear. Again he said 'Come down, and in such tones that I dared not disobey. He led me into the parlor and there on the sofa sat an old man whom I had never before seen. Very old he looked, dressed in the costume of the last century with his snow white hair drawn back and tied in a cue behind. But his eyes—they were not old. Large dark and deep, they flashed with all the fire of youth. I never saw such eyes in man or woman. They fascinated while they frightened me.

"My uncle led me forward and said: 'Colonel Burr, this is the child of whom I spoke. I need not tell you whose name she bears. The old man rose, took my hand in his and held me out at arm's length and looked at me—looked at me with those eyes which seemed to see into my very soul. Only a moment, but the moment was an hour. Then he dropped my hands and exclaimed in a voice trembling with emotion: 'Take her away Matthew take her away! I cannot bear it!' I saw him only once afterward, it was on Broadway and I tried to slip by him unperceived. But when I turned to look back he was standing still, following me with those wonderful, wonderful eyes. 'They haunt me still, and will, I know, while memory lasts.'—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Maccanay as a Host.

Maccanay was a pattern host. On his own account, it is true, he was no epicure and his nephew tells us that at any time he would have been amply satisfied with a dinner such as is served at a decent seaside lodging house. This was a sad moral defect, but happily his conscientious views of the obligations of hospitality prevented his guests from suffering by it. He generally selected by a half-conscious preference dishes of established character and traditional fame. His Doveswing friends he treated to a fillet of veal, "which he maintained to be the recognized Sunday dinner in good old Nonconformist families." On Michaelmas day he would have been wretched had no goose smoked on the board. At Christmas he never forgot the old historic turkey.

If he was entertaining a couple of schoolboys who could construe the fourth satire of Juvenal, he would reward them for their proficiency with a dish of mollet that might have passed muster on the table of an augur or an emperor's freedman. With regard to the contents of his cellar, Maccanay prided himself on being able to say good luck to be sure, and if he were taken to task for his extravagance he would reply in the words used by another of his favorite characters in fiction, that there was a great deal of good eating and drinking in £700 a year if people knew how to manage it. All the Year Round.

The Seniors in War.

One marked difference divided the generals of Frederick William III from those of Napoleon. The Duke of Brunswick was seventy-one years old, Prince Lichtenlobe sixty and among subordinate commanders were men of sixty-eight seventy and seventy-four. Lefebvre the oldest French general, was barely fifty-one, Augereau forty-eight, Bernadotte forty-two, Napoleon, Ney, Soult and Launes thirty-seven. Murat only thirty-five. Excepting for the intervention in Holland in 1797 and the Duke of Brunswick's ill starred invasion of Champagne in 1792 the Prussian army like that of Great Britain in 1854 had suffered from a long peace. One of the results in each case being a certain disbelief in young commanders. Von der Decken, writing in 1798 under the title "Is it necessary that we should only have young generals?" decided the question in the negative and in the British army in 1792 an officer of the same age as that of Napoleon or Murat at Jena may find his energies confined to the command of a company whatever his capacity.—Edinburgh Review.

Claims Before Congress.

Immediately after every change of administration claims which were disallowed by the outgoing power pour in by thousands, to be considered and rejected again. Applicants imagine, evidently, that what one party will not grant the other may grant. Their persistence in many cases is astonishing. One citizen, who has not the shadow of a right to back him up, has written more than 1,000 letters to the treasury respecting his demand, and has expended more money in postage than the value of the claim. He has addressed his communications on the subject to every public official in Washington, from the president down, and even to the Chinese and other foreign ministers—Washington Letter.

Went to Church Once.

A Maine woman who had an irreligious husband kept driving at him until she finally got him to go to church. Now mark how she was rewarded. Instead of following the service he looked at the congregation and noticed how much more handsomely the other women were dressed than his wife. This fact pricked him to the heart as no words of the minister could, and the next day he gave his wife \$500 and told her to go and buy some clothes. Need we enlarge on the moral of the story? We think not.—New York Times.

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