

dicular wall which overlooks the level valley of hundreds of acres below. This window is nearly a foot wide and about three feet in height. No doubt many deer, buffalo or other animals have been killed on the flat below by Indians, who shot through this opening.

The oldest white settlers tell of the remnants of a once large Indian village on the grounds where the town of Cliffs is built, and some of the oldest Indians tell of their "ancotta" fathers living here many years ago when the first white man (supposed to be the Lewis and Clark expedition) drifted down the Columbia River and stopped at this Indian village several days. The finding of many Indian curios, such as stone axes, mortars, pestles, battle-axes, flint arrow points, etc., give further evidence of a tribe once occupying these grounds. Some of the best curios in the Stewart collection that was on exhibition at the Lewis and Clark Fair in Portland were found on these grounds. Some splendid specimens have been found since.

A. C. Butt has a mortar picked up last summer that is perfectly carved, having for an outside border many of the various carvings found on totem poles, and W. P. Rauch has what is said by many to be the best specimen of an Indian pestle. It is nearly 20 inches long, of black stone, carved as perfectly as a lathe could make it, and a perfect animal head with protruding eyes and a collar around its neck. It gives evidence of having been used hundreds of years, and is still unbroken.

BEING GOOD.

A charity worker of New York said the other day about Miss Gladys Vanderbilt: "When this good and charming girl

goes to Hungary I know of certain hospital wards where she will be missed."

He paused and smiled.

"But let me tell you," he said, "of an incident that befell Miss Vanderbilt last year."

"There was a children's hospital that she visited regularly, taking fruit and flowers to the little patients, and in a certain ward a boy was pointed out to her as a bad customer.

"O, he is incorrigible," sighed the nurse.

"Miss Vanderbilt talked a little while with the little chap, and when she arose to go said:

"See here; I heard bad reports about you. Now I want you to promise me to be good. If you are good for a whole week I will give you a dollar when I come again next Thursday.

"The boy promised to try to be good. This promise, though, he did not keep. On her next visit, Miss Vanderbilt going to his cot said:

"I shall not ask the nurse how you have behaved this last week. I want you to tell me yourself. Now, what do you think—do you deserve that dollar I promise you or not?"

"The boy regarded Miss Vanderbilt with a troubled frown. Then he said in a low voice:

"Gimme a nickel."—NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

We are pained to announce the death of Ebenezer Phillips, of Harris, California. The death occurred on Friday evening, July 9th. The boy was a bright little fellow and had endeared himself to his schoolmates. He was eleven years of age. His father, Mr. E. Phillips, is here and at his request the remains were interred in the local cemetery on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.