

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

The West Side hears encouraging reports of the movement to endow the Baptist College at McMinnville, and the Board intends to erect a \$10,000 building on the ground as soon as possible.

The Olympia papers say that the recent movement of Good Templars in Olympia to prevent the total issuance of licenses to keep a saloon, has resulted in augmenting the number of saloons in that place who pay nothing whatever.

A brass howitzer, twelve pounder, consigned to the Vancouver arsenal, was accidentally deposited in the river from the Hayward the other morning, at the Government wharf at that place. One hundred dollars is offered for its recovery.

We learn from the Vancouver Register that the Land Office at that place has received instructions from Washington that hereafter in all cases of commutations of homestead entries, Agricultural College scrip may be taken in payment. Hereafter such scrip was only available in entries under the pre-emption law.

Schwabacher Bros. & Co., of Seattle, have made arrangements for erecting a brick building for their business which will cost them when completed (lot included) \$38,000. It will be the largest and finest store in the Territory.

A mysterious murder has come to light at Maple Bay. Some days ago Mr. John French, a farmer who is working a land claim about one mile from Maple Bay, left his farm and came to Victoria in the *St. James Douglas*, leaving his place in charge of an old man by the name of James Simpson. Simpson was seen down to Sunday. On Monday he did not make his appearance, and one of the neighbors, having occasion to go to the cabin, pushed open the door and found the old man lying dead. A bullet-hole in his breast and other circumstances showed that he had been foully dealt with. Nothing had been stolen. An inquest was held by Mr. Morely, Justice of the Peace, and a verdict of "murdered by some person or persons unknown" was rendered.

The roads are horrible in the region about Portland.

Thomas Caben, aged seven, had a foot crushed beneath a carriage wheel on Saturday, in Portland.

Mrs. Mary Murrer, on an Eastward bound train, while the train was still in motion, fell from the platform of an emigrant car at Yoans, Nevada, on the 16th, and was instantly killed.

Robert Pollock, a brakeman in the employ of the Virginia & Truckee Railroad Company, while passing from one car to another while the train was passing through the tunnel above Silver City switch, Nevada, fell through between two cars and was instantly killed.

From the Corvallis Gazette: George Mercer, last week, surveyed a twenty acre reservation for the Light-house on Cape Foulweather point. Work on the Light-house will be vigorously prosecuted in a short time.

The overturning of a carriage near San Francisco on the 17th, resulted in the killing of an infant, which was in its mother's arms.

An effigy of St. Patrick on a pole in San Francisco on the 17th, stirred up Irish "blud." They wanted to find the man that did it, but didn't.

During a fire in San Francisco on the evening of the 17th in which a building was consumed, Mr. J. Johnson fell dead on the sidewalk from heart disease.

Angora goats in Klickitat valley have wintered well.

Marion county has over \$12,000 for schools this year.

Benton county has 1,950 school children. Number of school districts, 54.

It takes \$500 a year to obtain license to retail spirits at Kalama, and it must be paid in advance for the entire year.

Henry G. Jones, the pioneer merchant of Novato, Marin county, Cal., was found dead, on the 16th, in a water trough by the roadside—supposed to have been murdered.

Horse stealing is very prevalent in Los Angeles, Cal.

The Columbia river is slowly falling.

Two or three weeks ago a Eugene paper stated that a tree had fallen on a citizen of Lane county and killed him. A few days ago, however, the citizen appeared in town and emphatically denied the statement. But there is still much doubt about it, as his neighbors say they never know when to believe him.

"Ye local" of the Portland *Bulletin* seems to be put together in parts like an automaton or a jointed snake. He says he has ordered a pair of dancing gaiters, and all the girls may consider themselves engaged to dance with him at the first set. He thinks there is enough of him to go round.

The school mistress arrested in Portland on a charge of assault and battery, for correcting a pupil, was discharged from custody.

The Oregon & California Railroad is said to be doing an immense amount of freight carrying at this time.

Salem ladies are making flower-beds.

The citizens of the Dalles are amusing themselves in killing cayotes.

A man named Merchant has been adjudged guilty of libel in Marion county.

The sum of ten thousand dollars is to be appropriated to further immigration at Victoria.

The last steamer took \$93,422 54 from Victoria.

The colored men of Victoria have petitioned to be allowed to serve on juries.

A hybrid, the off-spring of a cat and a dog, is an attraction at the Oriental saloon in Victoria.

"A Chicago sufferer" was caught selling liquor in Victoria without a license. He begged to be suffered to leave the country, and was allowed three days to do so.

General Crook is after the Apaches in Arizona.

County seat removal agitations are in vogue all over California.

A California paper says, Mendocino county has been visited with a "storm of intensity and duration."

George Engstrom happened to be standing under a falling tree at Cuffey's Cove, Cal., recently, and the funeral was necessarily sparsely attended.

William Sublette was shot by John Bachman at Red Bluff, Cal., a short time since. Cause—whisky.

George Hiatt, of Imber Cove, Cal., was recently killed by his son accidentally. He let a maul which he held in his hand fall on his father's head.

A petition is being circulated in Salem for the pardon of Morris Graves, recently sentenced to two years imprisonment in the Penitentiary for forgery.

George Mercer, Esq., who has just returned from a surveying trip to Yaquina Bay, informs the Corvallis *Gazette* that McIllogh's Hill, at the point where the trail crosses, is 900 feet above Corvallis; and the top is 300 feet higher. It is the highest peak in this part of the Coast range, except Mary's Peak.

Height of summit above Yaquina river, 550 feet. The Elk City hill, this side of Elk City, is 600 feet above Yaquina river. These are approximate estimates, being taken with a pocket barometer. Elevations on the Little Elk route would have been taken had not the instrument met with an accident.

A Victoria paper says: A Light-house is to be erected on Entrance Island, near Nanaimo, immediately. Another Light-house is to be erected next Summer near the entrance to Burnard Inlet.

Cowlitz county has fixed the yearly license of liquor saloons at \$500.

Kalama, W. T., has sixteen arrivals and departures of mails weekly.

W. F. Ryan, of Skookum Chuck, in Lewis county, W. T., is about to inaugurate an immigration scheme for colored families to come from the States and California.

A Portland journal asserts that there are professional bondsmen in that place.

The Salem *Statesman* reports itself as about to pass into other hands. It is reported that Capt. Crandall, formerly of the *Oregonian*, will be the new editor.

From the *Statesman*: The question as to who is the actual, practical Governor of our State enters forcibly into events occasionally. For instance, when indictments are being urged against the present State officers, the question as to which Governor to indict is difficult to answer. Governor Grover is *ex-officio*, and Gov. Miller is *de facto*. The "Original Jacobs" was as uncertain a commodity as the Oregon Governorship.

From the West Side: Contrary to all expectation, the winter has done no damage to growing wheat of any consequence. Some were killed by alternate freezing in January, and made young wheat look black for a day or two, but it all recovered with the exception of what little was in wet streaks of land—such as undrained swales. All wheat now looks as well as we ever remember to have seen it at this time of the year.

William Harmon, State Deputy G.W.C.T. of the Order of Good Templars, as also State Lecturer, is now making a tour of Marion county, delivering temperance lectures and organizing Lodges.

A prisoner named Dolan while being taken from San Francisco to Nevada City, asked permission of the Deputy Sheriff, in whose care he was, to go to the water-closet, but instead of doing so jumped from the cars, and had both of his legs cut off below the knees.

The will of Capt. Barker, who died recently at San Francisco, gave \$25,000 to the Protestant Orphan Asylum of that city—a real God-send to the institution.

A young lady, neatly dressed, was found seated on a step of a house in San Francisco on the 16th in a stupor. She was supposed to have been drugged and outraged.

A man named Trincanos was accidentally shot by a companion at San Jose, Cal., on the 17th. Severe.

A boy named Christian, at San Jose, Cal., while exhibiting a newly purchased pistol to his companion, carelessly fired it, the ball striking the boy in the mouth, knocking out two teeth, wounding the tongue, and lodging in the neck.

A fine surveying barge is being built to order in San Francisco for the Mexican Government.

Isaac S. Belcher has been appointed to the vacancy upon the Supreme Bench of California, caused by the death of Justice Sprague.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company has awarded the contract for putting in the docks at Duluth to C. C. and E. G. Smith, of La Crosse, Wisconsin. This work will take 20,000 piles and over 12,000,000 feet of timber, besides an immense amount of iron and stone, and cannot be completed in less than two years.

Over four thousand persons were in the St. Patrick's procession at San Francisco on the 18th.

The rainfall at Roseburg since the first of November has been 24.69 inches.

The son of Wm. M. Barr, of Roseburg, while playing with a cap prepared to discharge giant powder, exploded it in his hands, destroying the larger portion of his right thumb and fearfully mangle the other, as well as both fore fingers, says the *Platender*.

Salem has thirteen saloons.

A frisky dray horse, in Portland, tumbled himself, dray and driver down a bank fifteen feet high the other day, without injury to either of the trio.

The citizens in the back portions of Portland are planting shade trees.

Several daring burglaries have been committed in Portland this week, though not much of value has been stolen.

It is reported that the Wisconsin detective has reached his home in safety.

Crops are reported as looking well about Portland.

Lumber in Washington county is very scarce. Farmers are busy plowing.

A parcel of bedding and a set of harness were stolen a day or two ago from a man's wagon on Gale's creek in Washington county. The Sheriff is after him.

Elwood Evans and A. S. Abernethy have been appointed Commissioners on the part of Washington Territory to the Centennial Celebration at Philadelphia.

The *Oregonian* speaks commendably of some little fellows, wearing badges, who brought up the rear of the procession, on the 18th, assigned to the Father Matthew Total Abstinence Society. They cannot begin to abstain too young.

A bell weighing 1,111 pounds has been presented by Asa Harker to the Congregational church of Portland, and has been received.

Wheat is 90 cents per bushel in Salem.

A Roseburg merchant recently received in trade a fifty dollar counterfeit greenback. Keep your eyes peeled, merchants.

Maurice Graves has been sentenced by the Salem Court to two years in the Penitentiary, for forgery. The *Mercury* learns that a petition is being circulated to procure his pardon.

Three of the boys who disturbed a worshipping congregation in Salem not long since, and assaulted the Janitor, have been fined \$8 each.

The cook of the Mansion House, Salem, under the inspiration of "tangle-foot," turned himself loose; and when an officer attempted to arrest him, he resisted, the effort causing him to slip an fall upon the walk, breaking his arm, says the *Mercury*.

Last week Gov. Grover pardoned two Indians from the Penitentiary.

The cold weather during the winter is said to have killed off all or nearly all the bees in Walla Walla valley.

A Portland reporter walked nine miles not long since to find a man who looked like a sheep thief. Wonder if he did not look into a glass.

Vagrants are becoming numerous in Portland, says the *Bulletin*.

A convict by the name of Shepherd, from Union county for stealing, died at the Penitentiary last week. Also an Indian sent for a similar offense.

A terrible scene has taken place at a monastery in Palermo, Italy. A young nun had been attached to her father confessor. Thither she was secretly conveyed and gave birth to a child. The child was disposed of and the mother cruelly treated. Several monks determined on destroying her during the temporary absence of her paramour. They put a cord around her neck and dragged her along the floor till she was strangled. Her screams attracted the attention of some Greek sailors, who affected an entrance into the monastery, when three of the holy fathers paid the penalty of their crime. One received a death wound by a sword, another was shot through the lungs, and a third received several wounds in the head, from which he has since died.

CURE FOR HEART DISEASE.—Mr. E. O. Trueblood, of Chiswickville, gives the following recipe as a cure for heart disease, dropsy of the heart or limbs. He has seen it tried in many cases, some very severe ones, and in no instance did it fail to effect an entire cure. Take one ounce of the root of bitter sweet, pour over it a pint of boiling water, and let it steep about fifteen minutes. Sweeten or not, as will suit the taste. Dose: Three table spoonfuls three times a day.

An old traveler tells a pretty tough story about being lost in the woods with his dog, where he could find nothing to eat, and had to cut off the dog's tail, which he boiled for himself, and afterwards gave the dog the bone.

AGRICULTURAL.

COWS LEAKING THEIR MILK.—We have seen it prevented by placing an India-rubber ring around the teat after milking. Another remedy, common to some dairymen, is to milk such cows three times a day, until the muscle of the teat gain sufficient strength to hold milk from morning till evening. Another very successful and simple way is to apply a small quantity of collodion to the end of the teat immediately after milking. It may be had at the druggist's.

Not a great while ago, we noticed a young fellow worried because a staple came out of a barn door. He had driven wood into the old hole, plugged it, as people say, but wood and staple came out. Studying a moment, he threw away the wooden plug, and rammed tightly in some narrow strips of cork. He then drove in the staple, which has never drawn out since. An idea like this is almost worth a patent, and yet any one may be educated to apply similar good sense in common emergencies.

SHEEP TICKS.—If the lambs are badly infested with ticks they will be stunted in their growth, reduced in flesh, and seriously weakened at a critical time when they need to be in the best condition. If the lambs have been already dipped it would be well to inspect them closely, and with a small pair of scissors nip every tick that may have escaped destruction; that is, if they are only a few in number. If it should be found that they are still numerous, another dipping should be administered immediately, as it would not be a safe operation during cold weather. We repeat the directions for making the dip given some time ago, viz.: Five pounds of cheap plug tobacco, broken up and boiled in two pailfuls of water, with thirty gallons added, will make a dip sufficient for 100 lambs or 50 sheep. After dipping keep dry for a day or two. If the fowls are permitted access to the sheep-yards they will eagerly search for the ticks and pick them out of the wool, but we would rather trust to the more effectual process of dipping.

HOW TO FASTEN COWS.—Stanchions should be abolished as a cruelty to animals. Cows and oxen, thus fastened, have no opportunity of relieving themselves from their close, cramped position. A much more comfortable and safe fastening is the ring-and-chain cattle-tie. The ring slides up and down a post, firmly founded in the floor of the stable, and let into the beam or joist above. The chain is fastened around the animal's neck, by passing a small cross-bar through a ring; and by passing it through two or three of the rings it is impossible that the chain can come unfastened. A spring snap hook may be used in addition, which will add another perfect fastening, if desired. With this fastening, a cow can lie down in a natural position, and, while sleeping, can turn her head over toward her shoulder, as she will almost always do. The writer has used them for many years for cows, oxen and bulls, without any accident, and with great satisfaction. Made of steel, they are light, cheap, secure and comfortable.

The Man With Three Arms.

Williamsport (Penn.) Gazette and Bulletin.

Among the passengers on the train bound south last evening was a man born and raised in Oswego, N. Y. His name is William Jacobs. He prides himself on three well developed arms and hands, the member extraordinary having grown above the right shoulder-blade. It hangs suspended down the back, and can be raised and lowered at will. In length it is shorter than the arms proper, but possesses extraordinary muscle, which he displays whenever occasion demands it. No person passing through a railroad car or passing him upon the street would observe any deformity; but after becoming cognizant of this singular case, would perceive a peculiar rig of the coat. He states that he has often been questioned as to why he does not place himself upon exhibition, or become one of Mr. Barnum's permanent attractions. His invariable reply is, that he is averse to public exhibition. His father being a wealthy farmer, he has always preferred to remain at home, and was the most active and profitable of farmer's help. He would assist in loading hay and at the same time hold securely the horses' reins. On several occasions he came near breaking this unusual member by sudden falls, and at one time suffered the pangs of a full-sized felon upon the gallows. On one occasion when about 17, the village boys thought they would have a little fun at "three arms" expense, and commenced a system of blackguardism, followed by a bold attack upon his person. Forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and drawing off his loose garments he went at them in true pugilistic style; arm number three performing its duty nobly and apparently outwitting numbers one and two. At the end of the skirmish six prostrate villagers told what a fierce opponent they had met. "Three arms" gained a notoriety, and never afterwards was persecuted on account of his deformity. At the outbreak of the rebellion he joined a New York regiment, and so distinguished himself by bravery, that he was finally promoted captain, and ranked as the best drilled officer in the regiment to which he was attached. At the close of the war he returned to the farm, and has since remained there. He is now en route for the south, to visit a sister somewhere in South Carolina. It may be a query with some how he could use his arm with the proper clothing upon his body. All his garments intended for laboring suits, was so made as to open upon the back, and closed by buttoning the same as a child's apron. He is truly a wonder. Being a man of fine conversational powers, an interview with him is especially agreeable, and he relates many pleasing anecdotes of himself with great relish.

It is said that the Woman's Rights agitation in Massachusetts has reduced the price of side-saddles to fifty cents. The other kind is now the fashion.

A Holding Worry.

One winter evening a country storekeeper in the Green Mountain State was about closing up for the night, and while standing in the show outside, putting up the window shutters, saw through the glass a lounging fellow within, grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon and a very few moments found the Green Mountain storekeeper indulging his appetite for sin to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of torture, for which he would have gained a premium from the old Inquisition.

"I say, Seth," said the storekeeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hand over his shoulders and stamping the snow off his feet.

Seth laid his hand on the door, his hat on his head, and the roll of butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon now on such a cold night as this a little something warm would not hurt a fellow."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of something warm sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation was soon acted by the storekeeper taking Seth by the shoulders and plunging him in a seat close to the stove, where he was so generous in by the boxes and barrels, that while the grocer stood before him, there was no possibility of getting out. Right in this very place, sure enough the storekeeper sat down.

"Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the grocer. He opened the stove door, and stalked in as many sticks as the place would admit.

"Without it you'll freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and he jumped up declaring he *would* go.

"Not till you have something warm, Seth. Come, I've a story to tell you," and Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"Oh! it's so hot here," said the petty thief, attempting to rise.

"Sit down—don't be in such a hurry," retorted the other, pushing him back into his chair.

"But I've got the cows to fodder, and the wood to split, and I must be going," said the persecuted chap.

"But you mustn't fear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Sit down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool; you seem to be a little flighty," said the roguish grocer, with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made the hair stand erect upon his head, had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter. "Seth, I will give you a toast, now, and you can butter it yourself," said the grocer, with an air of such consummate simplicity, that poor Seth belied himself unsuspected. "Here's a Christmas goose, well roasted, eh? I tell you it's the greatest eating in creation. And Seth, don't you never use hog's fat, or common cooking butter to taste it with; come, take your butter—I mean Seth, take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to smoke, as well as melt, and his mouth was hermatically sealed up, as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the fun-loving grocer kept stuffing wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat upright, with his back against the counter, and his knees touching the red hot furnace before.

"Cold night, this," said the grocer. "Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you were warm. Why don't you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away."

"No," exclaimed poor Seth, at last. "No, I must go, let me out: I ain't well, let me go!"

A greasy catarrh was now pouring down the poor man's face and neck, and seeping into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good-night, Seth," said the humorous Vermont, "if you will go;" and added, as he darted out of the door, "I reckon the fun I have had out of you is worth nine pence, so I shan't charge you for that pound of butter in your hat."

A philosopher has said: "He who is impassionate and lusty is generally honest. It is your cold, dissembling hypocrite you should beware of. There's no deception in a bull dog. It is only the cat that sneaks up and bites you when your back's turned."

A minister in Indiana became mixed up in land speculations, and announced to his congregation that his text would be found in "St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, Section Four, Range Three West."

DARWINISM.—Monkeys are scarce in Michigan. A soldier in Detroit kept one for a pet, who usually sat on the counter.

A countryman came in one day, the proprietor being in the back room. The countryman seeing a saddle that suited him, asked the price.

Monkey said nothing.

Customer said: "I'll give you twenty dollars for it," laying down the money, which the monkey shoved into the drawer.

The man then took the saddle, but monkey mounted him, tore his hair, scratched his face, and the frightened countryman screamed for his life.

Proprietor rushed in and wanted to know what the fuss was.

"Fuss!" said the customer. "Fuss!" "I bought a saddle from your son sitting there, and when I went to take it, he wouldn't let me have it!"

The saddler apologized for the monkey, but assured him that there was no relation.