

TRAMPS FIGHT.

One Badly Injured—Four of the Gang Captured.

Daily OREGONIAN, August 6. Last night about midnight word reached Sheriff Noland that a tramp had been killed by his fellows on the bank of the river near town. He immediately procured assistance and started to find the body. On the bank of the river opposite Midgely's planing mill he found a man lying unconscious but not dead. His head was badly bruised and cut, apparently with stones and a knife. The officers brought the man to the city in a wagon and Dr. T. W. Harris attended the wounded man but it was not until this morning that he regained consciousness. The officers also brought the tramp who gave the alarm and who claims he is the injured man's partner. He tells the following story: They, the injured man and himself, had joined each other at Oregon City, and traveled this far together, camping night before last in the brush on the river bank at the point mentioned. Yesterday while they were spending the time peacefully four others came from town down into the brush where they were. This gang brought along a keg of beer and the six proceeded to indulge in the same freely. Late in the afternoon the drunken revelry developed into a fight. The last gang outnumbering the others two to one, naturally came out best in the melee. Stones and knives must have been used freely if one should judge from the appearance of the man most seriously injured. The narrator stated that after this man had been beaten until he became unconscious, the two were left alone. He brought water from the river and attempted to revive his companion and failing in this he supposed that life was extinct and started to give the alarm. When he was hearing the flouring mills he came upon the gang who seized him and threw him off the bridge into the race just below the mill. He managed to reach the bank some distance below and again proceeded to give the alarm as above stated. The doctor thinks the wounds of the injured man are not serious. The officers have caught two supposed members of the gang who committed the outrage and now have them in custody also. One was found at the depot and resisted, but a tap from the butt of Sheriff Noland's 44-calibre pistol reconciled him. The other was found in the brush, near the scene of yesterday's fracas by Deputy Crozer early this morning.

On last Sunday morning the neighbors were shocked by the sad intelligence that Ansel Hyland, who lives directly across the river from this place, had been drowned while in bathing in Fall creek with several companions. Mr. Hyland was a most estimable young man and useful citizen and his relatives have our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement. The funeral services were attended by an immense concourse of people. The accident is only the sadder that it is a repetition of the same accident to another of the family several years ago. Chas. McFarland and family of Junction, and Albert McFarland of Elkton attended their brother, Ansel Hyland's, funeral. Geo. Eccles of Mohawk is visiting with his brother. This season seems to be an exceptionally good one for rattlesnakes as several of the scaly monsters have been killed. In a letter from Ed. Chandler to his wife he says he expects to be accompanied on his return by his father, who comes for a permanent location and is already negotiating with J. R. Carter for the purchase of his hop ranch. A buckster wagon and vender is doing this valley on Mondays, but we hardly think his trade will justify many returns.

HOP OUTLOOK ENCOURAGING.

Portland Daily Telegram: Offers are now being made of 15 to 18 cents on hops and it is expected that the price will go higher. "Yes," remarked Richard Jeffs, president of the Seattle Hopgrowers' Association, who has recently been in the city, "the outlook is excellent with us and we expect to get two or three cents more on our hops. The crop is short in England and Germany and that means that we will get several millions of foreign money yet. Lice have appeared to some extent but spraying keeps them from doing much damage. It is interesting to see the difference in labor offered this year. Last season in our association we employed 1000 Indians, and paid them an average of \$1 per box. This season we have numerous applications from white men in the cities. To them we will give the preference, particularly to those having families. As for the average, that remains about the same in King and Pierce counties, but in Yakima it is greatly increased. The only trouble is the lack of money to move the crop, but we shall wait and hope."

Man Killed.

HILLSBORO, Aug. 6.—News has just reached here of the accidental death of Martin King, a young man employed at hauling logs to the pond of the Manning mill, on the west fork of Dairy creek, last Friday. He had just rolled off one log and stood watching it splash in the pond, when another one, larger than the first, came rolling from the truck and caught him at the left hip, crushing his hip and smashing both legs. The accident occurred about 4 o'clock, and he died after intense suffering about 9. The funeral took place Sunday at the Wilkes cemetery and was largely attended by a host of friends. Deceased was a single man, having no relatives in this state but Martin Manning, the owner of the mill, who is an uncle.

More Chinese Frauds.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 3.—A telegram from Chicago announces that out of the 65 Chinese landed on world's fair certificates, as they are called, but 80 are in that world's fair at Chicago today, and there is no telling when the 80 Chinese located in that city will scatter out and go where they please. Six months ago Chun Pak Kwai, a San Francisco Chinaman and Chou Ball, his partner in China arranged to bring the Chinese to this port. They brought them over and custom officers now say that no less than \$300 each or the sum of \$150,000 was paid by the people landed by Kwai.

Hillsboro Notes.

HILLSBORO, Aug. 7.—James Lee was examined before Justice Knight Saturday on a charge of rape alleged to have been committed on his 15-year-old daughter-in-law, Caroline Zeigler. It appearing that it was only a family row, Lee was dismissed and the costs assessed against the private prosecutor, William D. Zeigler. Washington county has furnished two subjects for the insane asylum within the past week.

Dexter Items.

News source. A. L. Roney, the Goshen merchant, spent a couple of days this week recasting from business cares.

Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Beckwith of Eugene spent Sunday with Mrs. B's grandmother, Mrs. Matthews.

The Free Methodists are engaged in a grand camping at this place, a number of families being encamped on the ground, and although they have labored long and loud no special good has been done.

Miss Mary Thompson of Eugene and Miss Dinton of Camp creek visited at the residence of D. S. Hunsaker last week.

T. Howard received a few days' ago the news of the death of his father, Uncle William, at his home near Pendleton.

Mrs. Cecilia Humphrey is lying seriously ill at the home of her father, J. M. Parker.

Mr. Servener has returned from his Eastern Oregon trip.

The busy rattle of self-binders is heard on every hand as the farmers are gathering in their harvest, and before many days it will be displaced by the hum of the thrasher.

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REGULAR.

The Chicago pork speculators ran pork that was worth \$13 a barrel to \$19. Then the bottom of their deal fell out because the ready money could not be commanded, and somebody got hurt.

There seems to be a general tendency among Oregon newspapers to cut down expenses by reducing the size or otherwise. The papers of this state with few exceptions have been run with little profit, and have been far in advance of the field in which they operate.

The state of Oregon suffers from the financial stringency. There are over half a million dollars due the state for taxes, most of which is from Multnomah county. Public improvements for which the last legislature provided will go over till next year.

The monometalists claim that silver should not be recognized because it has depreciated. They do not take into account the fact that adverse legislation caused the depreciation. A parallel could be found in the case of one man robbing another, then abusing him because he could not pay a debt.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company is substantially fencing its right of way through Oregon. It is a measure of economy for the railroad company and the surprise is that the work was so long delayed. The danger of wrecking trains will be greatly reduced and better time can be made by keeping stock off the track.

That there is no certain lease on life is shown by the sudden death of two young men in Lane county only the other day. Both under twenty-four years of age, apparently in the full enjoyment of health, met their death suddenly, one by drowning, the other being found dead where he slept. Youth is not more exempt than decrepit and tottering age.

The Salem Independent, populist, makes the following "alarming" statement: "People who have the idea that banks and bank officials are antagonistic to the public interests are narrow-minded. They are men dependent upon the whole people. The people's interests are their interests. As a rule there are no clearer-headed more straightforward men of business than the bankers of the country."

The Colorado governor was mild when he wanted to wade in blood only to his horse's bridle. Mrs. Porter, of Kansas, raises the governor clear out and takes the pot by demanding free silver or blood up to her ears.

Bourke Cochran was the only man who could command the undivided attention of the Chicago convention, and he was opposed to Cleveland. Now he will lead the administration forces in congress in their effort to repeal the Sherman act.

President Cleveland recommends the repeal of the silver purchasing clause of the Sherman act without recommending any further course of action in regard to silver. It is not probable from present indications that an unconditional repeal of the act will be made by congress. A compromise may be looked for.

A shipment of fruit from Oregon to Chicago has brought a good price. The fruit industry in this state is yet in its infancy, but a few years will witness a wonderful change. New orchards are constantly being planted and orchard work is being done in an intelligent manner. Car load lots will soon be the rule instead of the exception.

Better roads will increase the market value of all farms lying in the neighborhood where the improvement is made, and indirectly increase the values of farming lands at a distance. They will increase the carrying power of wagons, economize the drawing power of horses, and thus render fewer horses necessary, save harness, wagons, help, and numerous incidental expenses which had roads entail.

Inquiry at the treasury elicits the information that the government has on hand 130,000,000 ounces of fine silver, costing \$118,000,000. The coining value of the bullion on hand is about \$167,000,000. If this is coined, the government would realize a profit of about \$48,000,000, against which silver certificates could be issued. It would take, however, it is stated, with the present coinage capacity of the United States, about five years to convert this bullion into silver dollars. Silver certificates, by law, could only be issued on profits as coined.

The New York World publishes a detailed statement of the condition of the several savings banks in that city and Brooklyn, which is a startling revelation. The amount due depositors in the 26 savings banks in New York city aggregates \$324,211,949, while the cash on hand is only \$4,502,526. In Brooklyn it is worse than that. In the 13 savings banks of Brooklyn the total amount due depositors was \$100,976,132, with only \$1,439,137 cash on hand. Is it a wonder that time notices were given to depositors, or that depositors manifested a lack of confidence in the New York and Brooklyn banks?

Governor Penneyer is about right on the silver question. He gives the following as his views: "The people of Oregon favor the repeal of the Sherman law because it treats silver as a commodity. Silver, which is, equally with gold, a recognized money metal of the constitution, should be treated the same as gold, by having like privileges of coinage and by being made a full legal tender. The power to coin money was conferred upon congress, and that power carried with it an imperative obligation to coin both gold and silver on equal terms and to make both full legal-tender money. The states would never have surrendered to congress the important prerogative of coining money if they had ever supposed that it would have pursued the policy of the last twenty years. Oregon is almost a unit in favor of a return to the policy of our fathers, which coined both gold and silver and made both a full legal tender."

Geo. E. Bloomer, treasurer of Jackson county, is missing. He is thought to be a defaulter for several thousand dollars. He has been seen by Ben Raymond, K. K. Kubli, Chas. Nickell and Jerry Suman.

PROGRESSIVE LOVE.

I remember fair Florence, my very first love, And all that I did for her was true, every word, but my love was as swift as the wings of a dove. And she loved me to the distance I heard The sweet voice of dear Florence—she was best of them all. And I keep her kiss memory fresh in my heart. But the roses of summer soon fade in the fall, As the night follows day, so we meet but to part. Then Emma and Isabelle, Mary and Mame, Each in turn were loved lightly, and Agnes and May. My song every summer would bear a new name. And then came a season of sadness for me, A season in which I tried hard to forget The marvelous musical voice of Marie. And the faraway, oceanic eyes of Lactia. 'Twas as the gay cadence of birds with the same I played to the hearts of the maidens I knew. My song every season would have a new name. And others would fade from my mind like the dew. Now I look at the past as 'twere all in a mist, For my bosom's own queen is enthroned on my knee. I remember one name, one name in the list, As I gaze in the beautiful eyes of Marie. —CY WARMAN in New York Sun.

A VILLAGE KISS.

Jacqueline was a young country girl, who was 16 years old last apple harvest, and was a veritable model of sincerity. Every one who knew her loved her. Her skin was as white as the field daisy and as brilliant as the corn poppy. On market days Jacqueline mounted her donkey, laden with fresh vegetables, and the appetizing products of her mother's kitchen garden, and went to sell them in Blois. When she appeared in the square, every one welcomed her. Her eyes were so innocent, her voice so engaging that every one was attracted by her. Her carrots seemed better than her neighbors', her potatoes had the least scab upon them, and her crisp lettuce or cress from the brook, looking as fresh as herself, were quickly bought and at the highest price. I ought not to forget to tell you that Jacqueline had no lovers. At the village festival she made the old dance till she named her the daughter of miracles. Protected by the purity of her thoughts, she kept the young men at such a distance that they dared not even so much as press her finger tips in sign of friendship. Jacqueline had a friend in Blois who was going to marry one of the village boys. Suzanne was her name, and she was two years older than Jacqueline. She was pretty, but coquettish; attractive, but capricious. She had made her lover miserable by her changing and fanciful moods. One day Jacqueline was about to set out for the village, when Blaisot, the lover of Suzanne, approached her and said: "I suppose you will soon see my affianced." "In an hour and a quarter from now," answered the courteous fruit seller. "And you will speak to her?" "As I am speaking to you." "Oh, how happy you will be!" "What prevents you from going and having the same happiness?" "She is gentle and kind to me sometimes, and then she is cold and haughty, and I can do nothing to please her." "Bah! my friend, you are too good to be worried like this. If I were in your place, I would have no fear—no more fear than of the lame wolf, of which we are often told, but which we never see." "While waiting, will you do me a kindness, Mlle. Jacqueline?" "What is it?" "Take a commission for Miss Suzanne." "With much pleasure, M. Blaisot. Is it something to give her?" "It is indeed," said Blaisot, rubbing his hands to give himself courage. "And it is heavy to carry?" "Light as a feather." "Then I will take it," said the imprudent messenger. Quick as a flash Blaisot leaned down and kissed the pure white forehead of Jacqueline. "What are you doing?" cried the astonished girl. "I have given you a commission." "That kiss?" "It is for Suzanne. You will carry it free of charge and not leave it to be called for. You know the address," and he disappeared, laughing, around a turn in the road. It appeared as if the kiss of Blaisot were heavier than he said, for Jacqueline remained pensive and serious all the way to Blois, and her donkey even seemed to share her melancholy. On her arrival at Blois she took care not to break her promise and ran quickly to Suzanne's house. "I have a commission for you!" she said. "Ah! an embroidered bonnet—some fresh nuts—a rosary blessed by the priest?" "It is none of these things." "Oh, hurry and tell me." "It is a kiss from your betrothed." "Oh, from him! He is no longer my betrothed." "Ah, well, take the kiss all the same, even if you are having another quarrel! What, you refuse?" "Absolutely." "You will not leave it upon my hands?" "You need not feel it a burden." "But I do not wish to keep a kiss that does not belong to me." "That is your own affair. You should not load yourself with such merchandise. It may cost you a good deal before you are through." Jacqueline returned to the village in a state of great perplexity. It seemed as if the kiss were visible upon her forehead like the thumb of a specter. The thought she carried in her heart was, "I will never see him again." She was not all alone in her perplexity, for she had called her mother, and she had made a plan to say something about it to her father, but she had not time to do so.

will drop Suzanne like a weight that is too heavy." "But your kiss—what shall I do with it?" "Whatever you wish." "Ah! well, if I had known"— "But! you will please return it to me!"

The charming girl advanced, then quickly recoiled. The remedy was worse than the disease—the restitution more difficult than the deposit.

"That cannot be," she said. "It is only our husbands that we kiss." "Ah!" broke forth Blaisot, "there are coronets which crown heads not nearly as pretty as yours. I have never seen such pretty feet in any shoes, and you have a form and eyes to make a harvest dance when his day's work is done." And in his turn he began to sigh.

Meanwhile the pretty girl had reflected. She must avoid gossip. She accordingly ran to the house of the good priest to ask his advice. He was not at home, but Bertha, his housekeeper, received her.

"And this is all that troubles you?" said she when she had heard Jacqueline's story.

"And is it not enough?" "Console yourself. There is near here a deposit of kisses, which contains plenty of room. Since I came to live with the priest more than a hundred thousand kisses have been put there."

"Truly?" exclaimed Jacqueline, overwhelmed.

"Yes, and there is still room for you to deposit yours." She conducted the young girl to the altar of the Virgin.

There Jacqueline freed herself from her load. She felt herself lighter by many pounds after she had deposited the kiss upon the cold stones of the altar.

Two days after this she met Suzanne in the market clothed in gay apparel. "See here, little one!" she cried mockingly. "I have reflected. Blaisot has a hundred acres of ground and a good mill. You may give me that kiss now."

"Oh, dear!" answered Jacqueline. "I can't walk round the world with other folk's goods. I no longer have it."

"Where is it, then?" "Upon the first step of the altar of the Virgin Mary."

"That's good. It is not lost. I will go and get it the very first time I visit the hamlet."

But it was Suzanne who was snared this time, for that very evening Blaisot came to Jacqueline's mother's house in his Sunday clothes.

"Mademoiselle, I must have my kiss." "It is in the chapel. Go get it there." "That one does not belong to me. I gave you something to carry. You must either execute your commission or return the kiss to me. That is wholly just. I leave it to your mother."

"What should she have done with it?" asked her mother. "Jacqueline can kiss only her husband, and she is still too poor to find one."

"I will give her all that I have," said Blaisot.

"You!" exclaimed the two astonished women.

"Of course, when I give commissions, I pay for them. I will add to it my land and my name. Will you accept them, beautiful messenger, and be my wife?"

Jacqueline, overwhelmed, nearly fell into her basket of salad.

When, several days afterward, Suzanne went to seek the kiss, the priest made her acquainted with what was going on. Shaking his white head and smiling, he said:

"You will never find it again." "Somebody has taken it?" asked the coquette.

"No, but Blaisot and Jacqueline were married this morning. They kissed together the holy stone. The three kisses are now blended in a pious and chaste love. You can never recognize now, my dear, the one that was destined for you." —Translated From the French For Romance.

Etiquette of Letters of Introduction.

In the giving of letters of introduction permission should first be granted even in the case of intimate friends, as the introduction of a person whom you do not know thoroughly and well is attended with danger in many cases, and more particularly when the presentation is made by letter, as the written words always appear to carry more weight with them than the spoken ones, and the recipient of such an epistle feels in duty bound to show the newly introduced every courtesy that lies either in his or her power. Many unpleasant happenings have resulted from unthinking good heartedness that prompted the letter without inducing a careful study of the one to whom it was given.

Many letters of introduction are presented in person, but the more elegant way is to send them by messenger or post, accompanied by the card of the person conferring the introduction and your own with your address on it. A visit should be made within a week after the arrival of the letter by the person receiving it if the acquaintance is desired —Philadelphia Times.

Smashed Idols.

What years and years of labor will men not go through in order to gain the esteem of their fellow man! Yet how uncertain the reward. A thousand successes, a single mistake, and all is lost. It is said now that if Admiral Tryon had lived he might have been shot for his great blunder. Only those who die or retire at the right moment can hope to retain what they have earned of fame. Perhaps the cause of this smashing of idols for a first step is that, feeling ourselves called as a people to the kind, we take a contempt of the heroes that shows the lack of respect for the deity to knock the gods down on our own level. Certain it is that many a man has become a martyr to his own glory in the eyes of the world. We are not all alike, and some of us will say all had better be content to be as we are, and make a virtue of our own mediocrity. —Jameson's.