

CAPE NOME MINES

Wonderful Accounts of Their Richness--Beach Diggings Easy to Reach.

IN UNITED STATES TERRITORY.

Cape Nome projects into Behring sea a little above the middle line of our Alaskan possessions in latitude 67 degrees.

PLENTY OF DUST AND NUGGETS. "This is a grand place. If you like to see gold dust and nuggets I say come to Cape Nome, for here are plenty of both.

MINING ON THE BEACH.

"Just think of it! The gold belt runs along the coast, and extends only six or seven miles into the mountains. The diggings on the beach are pretty good, too, and tents may be seen from Cape Nome to Cape Rodney, where hundreds of people are busy washing gold.

TWO LUCKY SWEDES.

"The Cape Nome gold fields were discovered by two Swedes, Lindenberg and Linblom, one of them a sailor who deserted the bark Alaska in Port Clarence last year when we were there with the Willard Ainsworth.

BOOM ONLY FAIRLY BEGUN.

"In my opinion the excitement at this time is nothing in comparison with what will follow next season. The boom that will spring up then will certainly cap the climax to anything yet in Alaska.

A COSMOPOLITAN COMMUNITY.

"Cape Nome is budding fast, too, and all kinds and classes of people are to be met there. Rugged miners mingle with patent-leathershod Willies, and the burg is rapidly assuming a metropolitan aspect.

OUR ASIATIC COMMERCE

John Barrett, ex-minister to Siam, addressed the Portland Chamber of Commerce Monday evening on the possibilities of the development of an immense Asiatic trade by this country.

Pacific Coast people are too well acquainted with Chinese methods of living, and their capabilities as

laborers, to be made believe that we can find an extensive commerce on that side of the Pacific ocean. The Chinaman will live and thrive on what is wasted by our people.

Our lawmakers wisely excluded this people from the benefits of our country and its citizenship. They were aware that in the struggle for existence the white man with homes, schools and a liberal government to support could not possibly compete with the hordes of laborers, no better than slaves, that China could pour into this country without even becoming aware of her loss.

THE MCKENZIE WAGON ROAD.

Albany Democrat: "Mr Culver, of Crook county, an Albany man many years ago, who recently came across the mountains by the McKenzie route, says that road is the worst in the United States, in fact is no road at all."

A DRUG STORE COLLEGE TOWN

The Forest Grove Hatchet charges the municipal authorities of that town with laxness regulating the liquor traffic. Forest Grove will not grant licenses to saloons, that could be subjected to strict accountability to the law, and the result is that drug stores do a thriving business.

The Hatchet wants to know "how three drug stores can find support in so small and so healthy a town?" It says meetings were held to discuss the evils of patent medicines and the wrongfulness of hop picking and other frivolities.

THE AUTUMN SOLSTICE.

Friday, September 22, is the autumnal equinox. The sun now being on the equinoctial, if its vertical rays could leave a line of golden light they would mark on the earth the circle of the equator.

It is autumn in the north temperate zone, and spring in the south temperate zone. The days and nights are equal over the whole earth, the sun rising at 6 a. m. and setting at 6 p. m., exactly in the east and west where the equinoctial line intersects the horizon.

According to current advice our Sultan of Sulu in the Philippines is an ardent civil service reformer. He never discharges a wife without cause.—Illinois State Register.

Albany Democrat: Prof Martindale is making arrangements for a course of popular lectures for the public schools during the winter, something that will be generally commended and should be liberally patronized.

He Had His Fall. A hotel chambermaid telling a joke on himself. He went to Chicago on business and was asked by a family in his speech to visit on a married daughter there. The pastor called and received a hospitable welcome. They urged him to come to dinner, but he had an engagement. Then they remarked, "Well, will you not eat a little luncheon?"

Madam, what must you think of me?" he exclaimed to the hostess. "But let me beg of you not to judge all Kentuckians by me. I am the sole stupid one in our state."

He Noticed the Likeness. A Parisian swell recently had a crayon picture of himself made, which he afterward pretended to find fault with.

After the dandy had left the painter added to the portrait a magnificent pair of eyes and exhibited it in the window, thus attested, by the gaze of the curious public.

Among ignorant people of English birth it is fully believed that a wife bought with money or goods is legally married if the purchaser leads her all the way home by a halter.

Mr. Baring Gould, the English antiquarian, tells of a village poet known to him who bought a wife for a half crown and led her 12 miles to his cottage.

The squire and the rector protested to the village poet that he was not legally wedded.

"Why, yes I be," he replied. "I'll take my Bible oath I never once took the halter off till she'd crossed the door-sill and the door was shut."

A LUNCH ON LORD KELVIN. A good story is related of Lord Kelvin's lecturing methods at the Glasgow university. As a professor of science he can use long words in such formidable array as would make a dictionary break its binding with horror.

Like to Be Kicked. Hall Caine confesses that he likes to be kicked, as long as the thing is done in public and makes him conspicuous oratorical.

A Cold Night in China. One of the facts that we ineffaceably cut into my memory during my first winter in Newchwang was the finding on one morning about New Year's time 35 masses of ice, each mass having been a living man at 10 o'clock the preceding night.

A Cute Lad. A young Irishman once went to a kind hearted old squire for a recommendation. An elaborate one was written and read to him. He took it with thanks, but did not read.

Sound Transmission. Water is a very good transmittor of sound. A scientist of the name of Calletta made some experiments on Lake Geneva, Switzerland, to demonstrate the power of sound to travel a long way in water.

A Triplet Coincidence. An almost incredible triple coincidence was noted in France a few years ago. In 1894 the deputy for the Ardennes was M. Ferry; for Loir et Cher, M. Brisson, and for the Vosges, M. Hugo.

Not Her Style. "The idea!" exclaimed the sensational actress as she beat an angry lister on the floor with her slipper.

Their Limitations. "Some of those postoffice people are very clever. They can read illegible writing and deliver letters when the address is worse than a Chinese puzzle."

The Hope of the Future. There is no other educational institution equal to a well regulated home.—Dallas News.

Not a Close Observer. "It seems almost incredible," said the railroad man, "but I saw a man the other day that couldn't give an intelligent description of his wife. He came to the office to get transportation for her, to which he was entitled, and under the present rules we must have a description of the person that is going to use the transportation."

On the margin of the ticket are places where the agent can punch out a very good description of the person that is entitled to use the ticket in his possession.

"I asked the man first how old his wife was. He could not tell within five years."

"Next I asked him how tall she was. The best I could ascertain was that she was not very tall, neither was she very short. I punched out the word 'medium' and let it go at that."

"Next I asked the man what the color of his wife's eyes was. He studied for a full half minute and said he he feared if he was sure whether they were light blue or gray."

"When it came to the color of the woman's hair, he was again in a quandary. He was not dead sure whether it was dark brown or black."

"The only thing this husband was sure of was that his wife was slim."—Duluth News.

Hook's Lordly Tip. It required such a man as Theodore Hook to cope successfully with the rapacity of the gentlemen of the hall, in contradistinction to the road, and on one occasion, at all events, he proved himself equal to the task.

It is related that once when dining out he, before the entertainment came off, provided himself with several bright farthings from the mint and that when proceeding after the festivities to his carriage he discovered several servants, including the cook awaiting him in the hall, he forthwith slipped a coin into the hand of the latter. The man glanced at it, noticed the size and bowed low in thanks, under the impression that he was a sovereign richer, while Theodore, dispensing largesse of a like nature to the other servants, went on his way rejoicing, nor did he cease doing so when, as he stepped into his carriage, one of the footmen, who had discovered the real value of the poubloire, ran out, saying, "Sir, I think you have made a mistake!"

"Not at all, my good man," replied the humorist, with a gracious wave of the hand. "I never give less. Coachman, drive on."

Then He Was Mad. A Scotch university professor, irritated to find that his students had got into the habit of placing their hats and canes on his desk instead of in the cloakroom, announced that the next article of the kind placed there would be destroyed. Some days later the professor was called for a moment from the classroom. A student slipped into his private room and emerged with the professor's hat, which he placed conspicuously on the desk, while his fellows grinned and trembled.

The professor, on returning, saw the hat, thought some rashly obstinate student had been delivered into his hands, and, taking out his knife, he cut the offending article to pieces, vainly attempting to conceal the smile of triumph that played about his countenance. He was in a very bad temper the next day.

Ice Explosions in Siberia. A recent Siberian traveler relates: "At Sadonsk in the intensely cold nights the silence was sometimes broken by a loud report as of a cannon. This was the bursting of one of the ice bubbles in the river, a phenomenon I had neither heard nor read of before. The streams coming down from the hills were frozen on the surface some six to nine inches thick. The water beneath flowed faster than it could escape, and the pressure, on the principal of a hydraulic press, became irresistible. First, the elasticity of the ice was seen by the rising of circular mounds from six to eight feet in diameter and from four to five feet high. The bursting point came at last with a report like an explosion. The water escaped, but soon froze again. I have seen scores of these ice hillocks in a few versts of the river."

A Bridge of Coffins. When the British forces were marching to Peking in 1860, after the capture of the Taku forts, one of the rivers became so swollen with the heavy rains that it was rendered almost impassable. While in this quandary a bright idea suddenly struck one of our officers. Being well aware that the Chinese generally order their coffins years in advance and keep them on the premises and also that they are perfectly airtight, he consulted with his brother officers, with the result that orders were given to search all the houses of the village and collect every coffin. With the aid of a few empty casks the soldiers constructed a pontoon bridge of coffins sufficiently strong to bear the artillery, and the river was thus passed in safety.

Where the Tail Went. Do you remember the story of Harry's and George's rabbits—how Harry's rabbit got out of its hutch and disappeared for a week and at last crept home without its tail to die and how, when Harry cried bitterly over his dead tailless rabbit, George tried to comfort him?

"Don't cry, Harry, dear; don't cry. It's only the body you see! The tail has gone to heaven."—"Memories and Fancies," by Lady Gordon.

Wenry's Friend. Weary Willie and his friend Froway, strolling along the seashore, stop before a sign reading: "Notice! Bathing is Dangerous. Quicksands."

Wenry Willie—Dere, Froway; dere's true public spirit for yer. Dat man's a true public educator. I don't know who dat feller Quicksands is, but he's got de right idea n't t'ings an ain't afraid to say so, an if he was here I'd take off me hat to him.—Leslie's Weekly.

Holdin' His Job. "I think the man who works at that place across the street is the most faithful and conscientious workman I ever saw. He never takes a holiday and always labors away till it's too dark to see any longer."

"Faithful workman? Great Scott! He's the proprietor of the shop!"—Chicago Tribune.

Ineligible. Filson—Are you going to take part in that guessing contest? Dilson—Oh, no; they'd rule me out as a professional.

Dilson—Professional? Filson—Yes; you know I am connected with the weather bureau.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

Here is one of Robert Crawford's stories about Uruguay: "Two men surprised a farmer and his wife in their little hut while it was broad daylight. The man was seized and bound, and the two villains proceeded to torture him to make him disclose the hiding place of his hoard. The wife begged and pleaded as the horrors increased, the man proving obstinate."

"Finally she said she would tell them where the treasure was if they would follow her. One of the two accordingly went over to the chest in the corner with her. She opened it, fumbling about inside of it for a moment until she found what she was looking for. In another moment the thief at her side was dead and his fellow covered by a large revolver in the hands of a small but eager woman of the people. He got away before she could quite make up her mind to shoot him too."

"Then the husband was released and the neighbors, some miles away, called in. Word was finally taken to the central police authority of the state; the officers came, viewed the dead thief—and identified him as their attorney general. It is not unlikely," Mr. Crawford adds, "that his accomplice was the judge of the criminal court."

A Miraculous Escape. It happened that in the last month of the reign of Charles I a certain ship chandler of London was foolish enough to buy himself over a barrel of gunpowder with a lighted candle in his hand. He paid the price of his folly. A spark fell into the gunpowder and the place was blown up.

The trouble was that the man who did the mischief was not the only one to perish. Fifty houses were wrecked, and the number of people who were killed was not known.

In one house among the 50 a mother had put her baby into its cradle to sleep before the explosion occurred. What became of the mother no one ever knew, but what became of the baby was very widely known.

The next morning there was found upon the leads of the Church of All Hallows a young child in a cradle, baby and cradle being entirely uninjured by the explosion that had lifted both to such a giddy height.

It was never learned who the child was, but she was adopted by a gentleman of the parish and grew to womanhood. She must surely all her life have had a peculiar interest in that church.—Sir Walter Besant's "London."

L A Read went to Portland today. H E Lounsbury returned to Portland this morning.

Hon H B Miller arrived home this morning from southern Oregon. Charles Hale and family have gone to their Fall Creek farm to spend a few days.

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Mrs S L Heslop and family have returned from their outing at Greenleaf.

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Riddle, Douglas county item: "The few days of warm weather have ripened the prunes so rapidly that the pickers were forced to quit picking. L Chapman sent one car to Montana and T N Segar of Eugene, three cars to the Eastern states."

MARRIAGE LICENSE.—County Clerk Lee this forenoon issued a marriage license to Frank Griffin and Ethel Burns.

Report of a smallpox scare at Springfield was brought to Eugene this morning, and the county official deemed it essential to speedily investigate the matter. Dr J W Harris was accordingly dispatched to that place to make a thorough examination. He reports the scare absolute unfounded, the disease with which some Springfield citizens are afflicted, being nothing but chickenpox.

Missionary Work.

The Young Peoples' Foreign Missionary Society of the M E church has just finished a very successful year's work. The society this year paid \$80 for mission, \$32 of which goes for the yearly support of a Bible woman. Monthly meetings have been held and these always prove very interesting. The evening of the meeting is partly taken up with a program consisting of missionary intelligence from different foreign fields, and with literary and musical selections. After the program a social hour is held.

During the past week the young ladies of the society fitted up a box of dolls, picture cards and other things to send to Singapore. These will be used, for the most part, for Christmas gifts for the children in the missionary schools. During the year very few public meetings have been held except in connection with the Ladies' Auxiliary.

The society was very fortunate in having with them this summer, Miss Blackmore, a returned missionary. She gave the society very many helpful hints and suggestions. She also presented it with an image of Buddha, which she had brought with her from India.

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