

The Grant County News.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING AT
CANYON CITY, OREGON.
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TELEGRAPHIC.

A Tragic Affair.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 21.—Edwin C. Mix, Jr., aged thirty-two, was killed today by the three Derance brothers, Ferdinand, Armand and Henry, aged twenty-five, twenty and eighteen, respectively. The Derances were imprisoned. They declare that Mix had flirted with their young sister. Although warned, he had not desisted, but continued to follow the young lady. Mix, with his brother, Franklin Mix, went to the residence of the Derances to explain the matter, both unarmed. They failed, however, to convince the Derances, and when leaving were followed to the street, where two of the brothers opened fire upon Edwin C. Mix. He attempted to flee, but was shot down, when Henry, the youngest of the Derance brothers, ran up and stabbed him several times with a dirk. Mix leaves a wife and widowed mother. His brother Franklin, who was present at the killing, was on the 12th inst., married to a daughter of the late Gen. H. L. Hayes. The Derances are the sons of the late Dr. Henry Derance, one of the prominent physicians of this city.

Fearn Wins.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Aug. 21.—Boynton and Fearn began a swimming match today, the former to swim two and a half miles and the latter two miles. The sea is heavy.

LATER—Captain Boynton was defeated in his swimming match with George Fearn. Fearn won by a long distance.

Disaster in San Francisco Bay.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 21.—The scow schooner Energetic, 17 tons, Captain O. H. Kordes, was capsized between Angel and Goat Islands in 6 fathoms of water. The captain was drowned. The vessel is kept up, and in line of river travel. The seamen were saved.

Death of Mrs. Chas. Kean.

LONDON, Aug. 21.—The celebrated actress, Mrs. Chas. Kean (Ellen Tree), who retired from the stage on the death of her husband, is dead.

The Humbled Sioux.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—The dispatch which was received at the war department from Gen. Miles, relative to the surrender of Sioux Indians, was read in the cabinet, but excited no unusual comment. The general expression of opinion, however, so far as it went, being in favor of carrying out the policy already adopted in dealing with these unruly Indians.

The Chicago Conclave.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—The following officers of Knights Templar were appointed to-day: Sir Rev. Clinton Lock, of Illinois, V. E. G. Pre.; Sir H. P. Graves, of California, V. E. G. Sir B.; Sir H. B. Stoddard, of Texas, V. E. G. Sir B.; Sir J. B. Boyden, of New Jersey, V. E. G. W.; Sir S. E. Sheldon, of Kansas, V. E. G. C. G. The decision to hold the next triennial conclave in San Francisco was reached without much dissent. St. Louis, Cincinnati and New York were candidates for the honor, but when the report of the committee on location was made, the only objection was made by a New York knight, who moved to substitute New York for San Francisco. This being promptly voted down, the report was accepted with special unanimity, making San Francisco the place for the next conclave.

It is stated that the Californians made two propositions to the knights. The first was that California commanderies would make such arrangements that round trip tickets should cost every knight not over \$20. The second proposition was that the Californians would pay all the fares between Omaha and San Francisco, both coming and going. It is stated by the coast delegation that no positive agreement has been made, but the arrangements will be private and satisfactory to all parties. Col. W. Harney, of San Francisco, says that the chief difficulty was to combat a growing inclination to make Washington City the headquarters and meeting for all future conclaves. That the California people were able to overcome this plan was creditable alike to their diplomatic skill and generosity. One gentleman alone is said to have agreed to raise a million dollars in California if the conclave would hold its session in San Francisco. The Kentucky commanderies in acknowledgment of the profuse hospitality of the knights from San Francisco during their stay here, presented them with a silver cask of choice old bourbon whisky.

The Brown and Johnson Case Paralleled.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21.—Max Sevilger, a collector, while walking along First avenue this evening, near Forty-ninth street, was seized upon by two men, one of whom seized his arms and the other rifled his pocket-book and seized his watch and chain. They then threw him into a gutter and fled. Sevilger, who was uninjured, gave chase, when one of the thieves discharged a revolver at him. The ball missed the object intended and buried itself in the neck of Otto Schwenger, 18 years old, a butcher boy. The young man was taken to the hospital, where his injury was pronounced fatal. The thieves escaped.

Weaver's Movements.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 20.—Gen. G. B. Weaver arrived here this evening from Arkansas, where he made ten speeches. He will speak at Terra Haute tomorrow, and go thence to Washington, where he will consult with members of the national committee. He will go to Boston, where he will speak, and then stump the entire state of Maine. After that he will return to the south, going as far as Texas.

Prize Fight Stopped by Police.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—Thos. Holmes and Patrick Deman, pugilists, of South Brooklyn, were arrested this morning while engaged in a prize fight at Woodside, L. I. Twenty-eight rounds had been fought in an hour and both men were terribly punished. Their eyes were nearly closed and their faces almost swollen out of shape.

Pacific Coast Postal Changes.

WASHINGTON, August 23.—Postal changes: Discontinued—Silver Wells, Wasco county, Oregon. Postmasters appointed—Mrs. Clara Alingham, Pine, Linn county, Oregon; Wm. M. Urquhart, Chehalis, Lewis county, Washington Territory.

A Horrible Charge.

LOWELL, Mass., Aug. 23.—People ten miles distant on the Mismigun river, were horrified to find yesterday morning that twin children of John Farley had been drowned in a tub of water during the night. The father and mother were arrested. The children were only a month old. The parents are very poor, and Farley is given to drink. They both deny the crime, but Farley says that he believes that his wife drowned the babies. They have three other children.

Grant Going Home.

DENVER, Aug. 23.—Gen. Grant and party, after visiting the principal cities and points of interest in this state, left for the east via the Denver Pacific today. He will proceed direct to Galena.

Mexican Affairs.

CITY OF MEXICO, Aug. 14.—Gonzales has an absolute majority in congress, and has nothing to do but declare the result. It is expected that Governor Cadera will pronounce against the result upon the ground of fraud. He is governor of Zacatecas, and has a well armed and organized body of state troops. The government is watching him with considerable forces at San Luis and other convenient points, with Gen. Gonzales in command.

President Diaz gave a dinner to Minister Morgan. All foreign ministers and consuls, with their wives, attended; also cabinet ministers.

The American companies seeking railway concessions are the Southern Pacific, C. P. Huntington at its head, the Mexican Construction, headed by Gen. Palmer and Jay Gould, and the Boston.

Miss Neilson's Will.

LONDON, Aug. 23.—The greater part of Miss Neilson's property, valued at £40,000 sterling, is left by will to Rear Admiral Henry Carr Glyn, C. B. Edward Compton receives a legacy of £1000.

The London Wool Market.

LONDON, Aug. 23.—At to-day's wool sales the spirit was fully sustained and rates were firm. Merino was rather against buyers. Sixty-four hundred bales were sold, comprising Port Phillip, New Zealand, Sydney and Cape in about equal portions.

Moody and Sankey to be Invited to the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 21.—The ministerial union at a meeting to-day resolved to invite Moody and Sankey to visit California.

Chief O'uray at the Point of Death.

LOS PINOS AGENCY, Aug. 20.—Indian runners from the southern Ute agency, arrived this morning and report Chief O'uray dangerously ill and not expected to live. They came with a message from O'uray to the agency physician here, Dr. Tracy, in whom he has the utmost confidence, requesting him to come immediately. The doctor and his escort left immediately. The Indians will furnish relays of horses, and intend making the distance, 130 miles, in 15 hours. O'uray went to that point to assist the commission in prevailing upon the Utes to sign the treaty. If O'uray dies the treaty will not be signed by the White river and southern Utes.

A Good Kicker.

On one of the excursion steamboats running from Boston a young man made himself objectionably familiar to a lady whom he supposed to be alone. For a little while the lady tolerated his attentions and he was deluded into the idea that he had made a conquest. But his inward sense of victory was of short duration. She was only waiting for her husband to come. On his arrival she signaled him to inform him of what was going on. He calmly surveyed the situation for a few moments, then made up his mind what to do. Being a somewhat muscular shoe dealer, wearing a No. 11 boot, he quietly slipped in behind the unsuspecting youth and administered to him a powerful kick. This sent the youth bodily upwards to the roof of the cabin in which the ceremony took place and brought his forehead in contact with a piece of timber. The young man had never before dreamed of having such a high forehead. When he descended it was amid the mirth of his fellows and with a conspicuous wound which he will probably wear for life. This fellow has no recourse against the large-footed man who had damaged him. He was playing the fool and deserved the punishment he got. Kicking is not exactly sanctioned by law, yet under the circumstances in which the Bostonian husband found himself nobody would say that it was illegal. The mark on the young gallant's brow will be a jagged, irregular, hieroglyphical-looking sort of a thing, which, being interpreted, will read: "Served this fellow right."

A gentleman the other day saw his little daughter dipping her doll's dress into a tin cup, and inquired: "What are you doing, my daughter?" "I'm coloring my dolls dress red!" "What with?" "With beer." "What put such a foolish notion into your head, child? You can't color red with beer." "Yes, I can, pa; because ma said it was beer that colored your nose so red."

Suicides in Paris.

The last eight days have been prolific of horrors, among which murder and suicides are most conspicuous. The suicidally inclined have been more than usually ingenious—even for Parisians. In the first place we have the tragic story of a corset-maker in the Rue Geneta. The monotony of artificial corsets weighed heavily upon his brain. Whalebones appeared to him of vanities and stay laces as vexations of the spirit. He therefore purchased a fire-cracker of formidable dimensions, and with an amount of coolness worthy a better cause placed it in his mouth and endeavored to blow his head off. But he only succeeded in depriving himself of a portion of his skull, and he now lies in the Hotel Dieu, reflecting on his probable return to trade in the detested corsets. On Friday last a woman, also weary of life, mounted into the gallery which encircles the interior of the cupola in the Pantheon, and from this dizzy height plunged head foremost down among the worshipping fore and aft. A woman kneeling near where the poor creature fell and died was severely bruised. On the same day a painter and gilder, after a discussion with his wife in their domicile on the Quai Jemmapes, lost his temper, because he could not bring her to his way of thinking concerning their money matters, and left her, saying, "I am going to take a bath." He ran and plunged into the canal St. Martin, and striking his head against a projecting beam on one of the locks, speedily found that death which he seemed to desire so earnestly. But the cares of these unfortunate people do not present such interest to the student of pathology as that of Emile Dumoustier, who on Friday killed a sub-brigadier of police, named Roxin, in the Rue Montmartre, near the corner of the Rue Aboukir, one of the most crowded sections of the commercial quarters of Paris. Dumoustier, when first remarked on the day in question, was walking wildly and fro, swinging his arms and muttering menaces between his teeth. He was in rags and covered with dirt, and his feet were bare. Roxin, the police agent, came up to him and was about to order him to move on when Dumoustier sprang upon him and buried a long knife in his breast. The unfortunate agent tried to draw his sword, but staggered back and died shortly afterwards. The knife of the assassin had pierced the ribbon of the military medal with which Roxin was decorated. Dumoustier was arrested after some resistance. He gave no reason for his crime except that he wished to kill a policeman; he had a vengeance to execute. He is a ragpicker, and a *Parisien de laquilles*. The miserable man appears to be brutalized by a long and constant use of strong drink, and will probably be declared irresponsible. He was a hideous and repulsive object when taken to the depot, after his struggle with the officers who arrested him. It is curious to note that the reactionist journals with their usual ingenuity, endeavor to prove that the Republic is responsible for Dumoustier's conduct in creating the festival, at the close of which he signaled himself by so terrible and unprovoked a deed. The funeral of the unfortunate agent of police on Monday at the Eglise Saint Eustache was celebrated with much ceremony in the presence of a large attendance. A young man who appears to have occupied a respectable social position was found hanging to a tree in the Bois de Boulogne on Thursday. On the grass at the foot of the tree lay a letter, stating that since the lady whom he loved had died, life had no further charms for him, and he had determined to rejoin her in the spirit world.—*Parisian*.

How ENGLISH WOMEN DRESS.—It cannot be denied that an Englishwoman is the most peculiarly dressed woman of the civilized world. One does not need to come, as I did, with only two days' interim between the Paris salon, where actresses and grandes dames exhibit daily their extravagant toilets, to the London Academy, where British fashion holds carnival, to see this and note the extraordinary difference between the reigning styles of the two capitals. In Paris an Englishwoman is recognized in the twinkling of an eye, as far away as she can be seen, by her radical and essential difference in dress, not only from the Parisienne, but by reason of her thorough unlikeness, in that respect, to the woman of all other nations. A fertile source of amusement to Parisiennes is the extraordinary confused and formless bunch of drapery that an Englishwoman wears in the region of her heels, and that her peculiarly rolling and energetic gait—so different from the walk of Continental ladies—causes toss and wobble behind her in the most ungraceful and eccentric manner.—[Cor. Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE HUMAN FIGURE.—The proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the feet, whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good, and deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks make all their statues from this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

Doctors, cheer up! The peach crop is not a failure.

Sagacious Horses.

Street car horses have apparently a very monotonous sort of life. One day is so much like another, that like the human animal under the same conditions, it would seem that the faculties would become deadened, and the slightest evidence of intelligence impossible. There is not much stimulus to mental activity in a life of plodding on a street car track, and yet instances are known where horses have taken a lively interest in the road, the methods of carrying on the business, and especially that portion of it which involves their time and labor. They have thought it all out and have actually been able to tell the number of trips assigned for their day's labor, and when it ends. When a horse is able to tell how much work is required of him each day, and when his day ends the achievement passes beyond the range of mere animal instinct and attains the plane of reason and intelligence. Horse car drivers tell marvelous stories of the intelligence displayed by the animals under their charge. A driver on one of the Fourteenth street cars is strongly of the opinion that horses know how to count. If this rather unusual statement is questioned: "Well, if they don't, how are you going to explain this?" and then he goes on to say that each car makes nineteen trips per day. There are four horses used, three making five trips and one four trips. At the end of each trip the car is driven into the stables and then turned upon the turning table. After the car is turned the horses are changed, if it is the proper time, before the car starts back on the trip. At the end of the fifth trip, if for any reason it is necessary to send the car back, it is almost impossible to get the horse out of the stable. He holds back, resists, and it requires the united exertions of several men before the animal can be induced to move. The horse has kept a strict count of the trips, and knows that he has finished his day's work and ought to go to his stall. The same thing occurs if the attempt is made to make the horse that has only four trips take an additional one.

With the drivers and stablemen, who frequently witness such exhibitions, there is a firm belief in the mathematical ability of horses. The street car men also tell an interesting yarn about the hill horse that works on the hill between New York avenue and H street. His time for stopping work is very irregular, and he is sometimes taken to the stables with one car and sometimes with another. But the horse knows perfectly well when it is the intention to take him to the stable, and when he comes to the top of the hill, instead of stopping he starts on a run. If the time for his going home was at all regular this singular intelligence might be explained, but whether it is early or late, the horse knows when he is going home. Until that time he plods along steadily, and has never been known to make a mistake. One of the drivers explains it by the fact that the boy who has the horse in charge usually sits on the dash board, with feet on the outside, while going up hill. But when the boy is going all the way to the stables he gets all the way in from the front platform. The horse sees that the boy has drawn his legs in, instead of dangling them on the outside, and, by the inductive process of reasoning, he concludes that it is time to go home. He accordingly goes. Another horse always shies when he passes a certain corner after dark, because some four or five years ago he was frightened at that place.—*Washington Post*.

Beet Sugar Culture.

A number of experiments have been made in this country from time to time in raising beet-root sugar, but generally on a small scale, and without any commercial success. There seems to be no reason why we cannot make any quantity of sugar of this kind, and it is not unlikely that we shall yet make it as well and as abundantly as they do in France. The sugar got from beets is similar to that from cane; but it contains much less saccharine matter, the proportion between the two being usually as 10 to 18. About the middle of the last century, Marggraf, a Berlin apothecary, called attention to the sugar contained in the beet; but Achard, the Prussian chemist, was the first person really successful in extracting it. But as only two or three per cent. of sugar could be obtained, the process did not pay, until Napoleon I. raised the price and introduced improved methods. After the downfall of the Emperor protective duties kept the manufacture alive in France. When manufacturers were enabled to get five pounds of sugar from 100 pounds of beet, the industry revived—this was about 1829—in France and Belgium, and extended as far as Russia. It is now largely imported from the Continent, and is mixed by refiners with cane sugar, without which the best loaf sugar cannot be produced. The imports into Great Britain from the Continent in 1875 amounted to 249,000 tons. In France the increase has been so rapid that in 1872-3 the product reached 418,000 tons. It is estimated that there are now in all countries some 1500 beet-sugar factories. A good yield is 20 tons of root per acre, and one ton of sugar from 12 tons of root. The civil war interrupted our manufacturing (began in 1862), which now promises to be revived. Experiments of a very promising kind have been making in Maine, and in California the business is carried on with encouraging success.

"You see," said a lively old Aberdeen bachelor, on being advised to get married, "you see, I can't do it, because I could not marry a woman I didn't respect, and it would be impossible for me to respect a woman that would consent to marry me."

Genoese Boatmen.

When we went to Tivoli last week we returned in a special train with several hundred Genoese *canottieri*, who were invited to Rome for a boat race by the society here. They had been to the cascades, the baths and the Temple of Sybil, but I overheard a young woman telling them, "Oh! you have seen nothing if you have not seen the Villa d'Este, but it is impossible to see all in one day." The poor fellows, who were worn out with the fatigue of climbing the hills, looked rather crestfallen at this, but many of them had brought away large pieces of the petrified leaves and twigs found near the waterfall.

These Genoese, though no doubt strong and lithe boat rowers, are not types of manly beauty. They are positively ugly, and formed a striking contrast to the Apollo-like forms of the Romans in the regatta on the Tiber. This regatta was organized for the benefit of the marine hospital for children, and was, as usual, on Sunday afternoon. The border of the river was covered with people, who manifested great enthusiasm, and a prize was awarded to the successful canoe by the Minister of Marine. The king and the aristocracy and the diplomatists and many lovely ladies were there, and, notwithstanding the beauty of the Romans I am afraid that the ugly Genoese won the race. From my green terrace, near the Tiber, I heard but did not see the regatta. The music of the bands, the booming of the cannon and the shouts of the people came floating up in the air and mingled with the shrieks of the swallows that circled above the flocks. The demonstrations of friendliness between the Genoese and Romans on this occasion were remarkable. They dined each other, and they made speeches in praise of each other, and never tired of shouting from the windows and cars, "Viva Genova!" or "Viva Rome!" Even the harvesters on the Campagna, reaping in long lines in the hot June sun, stopped their work a moment as their train passed to give them a friendly shout. This is a good sign, and it is well for Italy that the days when one city made war upon another, and gated the chains that protected its gates and hung them up in their own public places, have gone by. The watch-word now is brotherly-love. Liberty, union, equality, industry, putting money away for rainy days, draining and cultivating waste lands, planting forests and binding the poor emigrant to his native soil—these are the ideals of Italy. The Genoese are among the first to follow this programme, in which lies all of Italy's future greatness.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

The Wooden Hat.

Somewhere about the year 1780 a traveling millwright, footsore with the broadest Northern Doric accent, stopped at Soho, at the engine factory of Boulton & Watt, and asked for work. His aspect was little better than one of beggary and poor looks, and Boulton had bidden him God speed to some other shop, when, as he was turning away sorrowfully, Boulton suddenly called him back. "What kind of a hat's you've on your head, me mon?" "It's just timber, sir." "Timber, me mon; let's look at it. Where did you get it?" "I just turned it in the lathie."

"But it's oval, mon, and the lathie turns things round."

"A weel! I just gar'd the lathie gang another gait, to please me. I'd a lang journey afore me, and I thoct to have a hat to keep out water, and I hadna' muckle siller to spare, and I made me ane."

By his inborn mechanism the man had invented an oval hat and made his hat, and the hat made his fortune. Boulton was not the man to lose so valuable a help, thus the after famous William Murdoch—the originator of locomotives and lighting by gas—took suit and service under Boulton & Watt, and 1784 made the first vehicle impelled by steam in England, and with the very hands and brain-cunning that had produced the "timber hat."—*American Mechanist*.

The Dollar Mark.

There are a number of theories for the origin of the dollar mark. One is, that it is a combination of the U. S., the initials for the United States; another, that it is a modification of the figure 8, the dollar being formerly called "a piece of eight," and designated by the character 8-8. The third theory is that it is a combination of H. S., the mark of a Roman unit: while the fourth is that it is a combination of P. and S., from the Spanish *peso duro*, which signifies "hard dollar." In Spanish accounts, *peso* is contracted by writing the S. over the P. and placing it after the sum. The last theory of the origin of the sign is offered by the editor of the London *Whitehall Review*, who recently propounded the question at a dinner party in that city, at which the American Consul was present. As no one could tell, the editor gave the following explanation: "It is taken from the Spanish dollar, and the sign is to be found of course in the associations of the Spanish dollar. We littered the table with books in the course of our researches, but I proved my point in the end. On the reverse of the Spanish dollar is a representation of the Pillar of Hercules, and round each pillar is a scroll, with the inscription, 'Plus ultra.' This device, in the course of time, has degenerated into the sign which stands at present for American, as well as Spanish dollars. The scroll around the pillars, I take it, represent the two serpents sent by Juno to destroy Hercules in his cradle."