The Paper for the Stockman, Merchant and Miner.

THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

The Paper for the Farm, the Workshop and the Home.

Volume XIII. *CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1891.* *Number 32.*

SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR GRANT COUNTY.

J. E. Frick, Plaintiff,
vs.
John Carroy, Mary Carroy, Joseph Kewins, J. H. Blakley, Ed C. Allen, J. L. Sperry, W. J. Furnish, Wm. Bullock, J. Durkheimer, Frank Courselle, The First National Bank of Heppner, Oregon, S. S. Denning and C. S. Dustin, Assignee, Defendants.

To Wm. Bullock and Frank Courselle, of the above named defendants:

In the name of the State of Oregon:

You and each of you are hereby notified and required to be and appear at Canyon City, Oregon, in the above court and cause on or before the 9th day of November, 1891, that being the first day of the next regular term of the above court, then and there to answer the complaint of the above named Plaintiff filed in the above court and cause, and unless you do so appear and answer said complaint, the plaintiff, for want thereof, will apply to said court for the relief prayed for in his said complaint, to wit: For a decree in favor of the Plaintiff and against the defendant John Carroy for Seven Thousand Six Hundred Ninety-eight and fifty one hundredths dollars ($7698.50) and interest thereon at ten per cent. per annum from October 22, 1889, balance due upon a promissory note for Ten Thousand ($10,000.00) dollars dated September 14, 1889, due 30 days after date, drawing ten per cent interest annually, with provision for reasonable attorneys fee in case of suit, given by said John Carroy to said plaintiff, and Eight Hundred ($800) dollars attorneys fee, besides the costs and disbursements of this suit; for a decree foreclosing that certain mortgage, dated September 14, 1889, and executed by the defendants John and Mary Carroy to the plaintiff to secure the above described note, upon the following described property situated in Grant county, Oregon: The S½ of the NW¼ and W½ of NE¼, Sec. 19, in Tp 11 S of R 30 E W M; the E½ of the SW¼ of Sec. 26, and the E½ of the NW¼ of Sec. 35, Tp 11 S of R 29 E W M; the S½ of the SE¼, the NW¼ of the SE¼ and the NE¼ of the SW¼ of Sec. 27, in Tp 11 S of R 29 E, and the W½ of the SW¼ of Sec. 26, and the W½ of the NW¼ of Sec. 35, and the N½ of Sec. 34, all in Tp 11 S of R 29 E, the NE¼ of the NW¼ of Sec. 36 in Tp 8 S of R 30 E, the S½ of the S½ of Sec. 8 in Tp 11 S of R 30 E, the NE¼ of the NW¼ and NW¼ of the NE¼ of Sec. 26 and the E½ of the SW¼ of Sec. 23 in Tp 9 S of R 28 E, the W½ of the NE¼ and the W½ of the SE¼ of Sec 25 in Tp 9 S of R 25 E, the NE¼ of Sec 2 in Tp 11 S of R 29 E, the NW¼ of the SW¼, the S½ of the NW¼ and the NW¼ of Sec 26 in Tp 9 S of R 28 E, the NW¼ of Sec 2 in Tp 11 S of R 29 E, the E½ of Sec 36 in Tp 9 S of R 29 E, the SW¼ and the S½ of the NW¼ and the SW¼ of the NE¼ and the NW¼ of the SE¼ of Sec 16 in Tp 9 S of R 29 E, the W½ of the NW¼, the S½ of the NW¼, the S½ of the NE¼, the N½ of the SW¼ and the NW¼ of the SE¼ of Sec 36 in Tp 8 S of R 30 E, the N½ of the NW¼ and the SW¼ of the NE¼ and the NW¼ of the SE¼ of Sec 36 in Tp 8 S of R 30 E, and that said lands or so much thereof as may be necessary, be ordered sold to satisfy the above amounts, and for a decree that the alleged claim, interest, and lien, of you and each of you and of all and each of the defendants be foreclosed and forever barred from any claim to, interest in, lien upon, or equity of redemption to, said land or any part thereof; and further that the plaintiff have execution against the defendant John Carroy for any deficiency after applying the proceeds of such sale to the payment of said several amounts, and for such further relief as may be equitable.

Service upon you and each of you is made by publication of this summons in the GRANT COUNTY NEWS for six weeks, by order of the Hon. M. D. Clifford, Judge of the above court, and said order is of date September 19, 1891.

FRANKLIN P. MAYS,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Prunes 3 gallons for $1, bartlet pears 3 gallons for $1, Lady Washington plums 10 cents a gallon, green gage plums 10 cents a gallon, and the gage plum at 10 cents a gallon, cooking or eating apples $1 per sawdust sack, also good fall and winter apples, at Mrs. Phillips' garden, Canyon City, Oregon. *

THE NEW LEADVILLE MINES.

Messrs. John Gagen, J. H. Robbins, J. A. Howard and other Pendleton business men interested in the Galena Hill Mining & Milling Company are feeling jubilant over the late reports from New Leadville.

Encouraging news was first received by letter from President Larmour and secretary Folsom, and is confirmed by Superintendent Downs, who arrived last night, per cayuse express, from the galena mine.

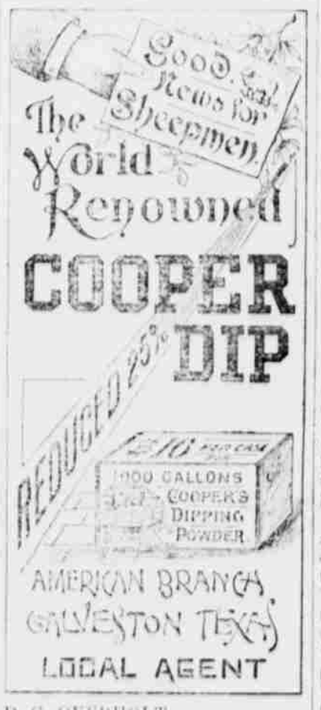
The company's property, the Vultura, is no longer a prospect but a mine, Major downs stated. While the ledge at first widened, as work progressed what is termed a "horse" in mining parlance was encountered which confined the vein to narrow limits, and somewhat discouraged the men employed at the mine. Below this was a sort of a "capping" of red, cinder-like substance. When this was removed a nearly solid body of galena eight feet in width was uncovered at a depth of forty-five feet from the surface and the walls, which it is believed have assumed their natural form and are clearly defined, are widening at an angle of about forty-five degrees. There is now no question that the hill contains an immense body of galena ore, and that a true fissure vein has been discovered. Huge chunks of the mineral, some weighing 200 pounds, are being taken from the mine. The news of the strike will be received with interest everywhere as much attention has been attracted to Camp Leadville by reason of the value of the galena for treating the rebellious ores of Eastern Oregon mines. The company stock has advanced materially in value on account of the report, and holders are not anxious to sell.

Much work has been done on the Vultura and the dump now contains at least fifty tons of ore, some of which will be brought to Pendleton in wagons. Two shifts are busy night and day sinking the shaft, seven men being employed in all.

Camp Leadville contains about twenty-eight miners, who are developing the Pride of Oregon, Puzzler, Fishhawk, Little Maud and Foreman & Hendryx claims. Larmour & Folsom have taken out about fourteen tons of galena ore from the Pride of Oregon, an extension of the Vultura. W. M. Turner will build a house at the camp and work during the winter on the Comstock.

The fact that at a point 400 feet up the hill from the Vultura shaft the ledge has been uncovered for some distance and is found to be twelve feet in width, well defined walls, shows the extent of the galena deposit. There are locations on the main ledge for a distance of fifteen thousand feet.

Prof Keen returned last week from a tour through Morrow and Grant counties. He reports excellent crops and stock in the pink of condition all along the line. Mr. Keen visited the Fox valley mines, and is convinced that they contain fabulous wealth. He didn't pile a claim because every likely foot is already taken up. Sooner or later Grant is destined to rank in the van of Oregon counties.—Fossil Journal.



D. G. OVERHOLT,
& SELS BROS
CANYON CITY,

Proprietors, WM. COOPER & NEPHEWS, Galveston.

FRUIT EVAPORATION.

All fruit growers, and more especially of the apple, know that much of their fruit is unfit for market, being either wormy, speckled, scabby, knotty, or small. Now all this fruit can be utilized by the evaporator, and placed upon the market at remunerative prices. It is not necessary to have a large establishment to accomplish this result. There are dryers with their capacities ranging from one to two bushels of green apples per day up to thousands.

The work can be done just as well and as cheaply on a ten bushel machine as in any of the large factories, and my experience has been that they are the least expensive. Often it will pay to evaporate the whole crop. I have often realized more for culls than for the shipping fruit.

One hand can run a ten bushel drier, with twenty-five cents' worth of fuel, and make fifty pounds of white fruit per day, which, at ten cents per pound, about the average price, would net four dollars and seventy five cents, making nearly fifty cents a bushel including the day's work, and at this year's prices, would be over seventy cents, and if the waste is dried, almost a dollar.

Again, one important point thus gained is culling out your shipping fruit, making it grade fancy, and thereby obtain the highest market price for it.

Market only the best, evaporate the rest. Thus you would avoid the breaking down of the markets for the green fruit. This is always done by inferior stock being run on the market, and never by good choice fruit. We can at nearly all times, see apples quoted on the market at 75 cents to $1.25 per barrel. These represent loss to the grower. All of this kind should never go on the market, but in the evaporator.

The world is your market for evaporated fruit; you have nearly four barrels of apples in a fifty pound box that can be shipped just as safely to Alaska, China or India as to St. Louis, and you need be in no hurry to market it. Next spring is as good as this fall, and often better prices are obtained.

When properly packed, and with proper storage, it can be kept for years as fresh and sweet as when first prepared, except a little loss in color, but even this may be overcome by cold storage.

If prices are as low as they were two years ago, when it was worth only from four to six cents a pound, and the waste and chop less than one cent, it can safely be kept over until there is a shortage like the present, when fifteen cents can be obtained for the white fruit, and four to five cents for chop and waste. The chop is apples sliced just as they are without any paring or coring, and dried; in this the small and kindly apples that cannot be pared are used. The work is done quite rapidly with a machine made for the purpose. Forty or fifty bushels can be sliced in an hour by two hands.

One bushel of apples will make ten pounds of chop, which is worth four cents a pound.

The waste is the skins, cores, and trimmings from white fruit, which needs no other preparation only to put it in the evaporator, dry it and pack it in sacks or barrels ready for shipment. It is used for making jellies, and usually brings about one-half cent more than the chop. Most of the chop is, I understand, shipped to Europe and there manufactured into fine wines and sent back to this country, and sold at from one to five dollars a bottle. The price is, therefore, greatly influenced and governed by the grape crop in the old country. Many thousands of tons are manufactured each year. Everything can be used nothing wasted.

A delegate said: "I think still more can be done than the gentleman says. I evaporated some 1,400 pounds of fruit, which sold for ten cents per pound. I made use of every part of the fruit except the wormy part. Vinegar was made of the waste. I sold some ten or twelve barrels at twenty cents per gallon, $9.60 per barrel of forty-eight gallons.

"I picked out the choicest to ship and evaporated the culls and seconds, which would have damaged the whole lot if shipped together. The vinegar apples made nearly as much money as any. I netted $85, using a cider mill that cost $15. We used a pear corer and slicer to prepare the apples for drying. Wife and two little girls did the work, apples and wood being brought to the house for them.

"Some of the apples kept a year and a half were as white and good as when first put up. No trouble to keep them five years. We used about a tablespoon full of sulphur to a half bushel. When dry, we put the fruit right into flour barrels, and headed it up tight. Some kept eighteen months and as nice and fresh as when first put up. They are better to cook than fresh fruit, as they don't require sugar, while fresh fruit does.

"We pack them tight, right from the trays. If they stand open, the miller will get into them. Turn them from the tray into the barrel, and keep them perfectly close. Just as soon as a barrel was full, I headed them up."—J. B. Durand, before Missouri Hort. Soc.

ADVERTSINIG DOCTORS.

How John Bach, a Poor German, was Served by Dr. Darrin.

Mr. Editor and the public—I am so pleased to be able to hear again that I ask you and the public to hear my experience with Dr. Darrin. For two years past I have been gradually growing deaf with ringing noises in my head like the boiling of a tea kettle until it was with great difficulty I could hear at all. I discarded my prejudices against advertising doctors and tried Dr. Darrin's Electric Treatment. I was cured through it. JOHN BACH,
91 North Third St., Portland, Or.

Dr. Darrin's Place of Business.

Dr. Darrin treats with electricity and medicines all curable, chronic acute and private diseases, blood taints, lost or failing manhood, nervous debility, effect of errors, or excesses in old or young, loss of memory, disease caused by mercury in the improper treatment of private diseases, irregularities in women, and never publish in the papers. Office 704 Washington street, Portland, and "The Normandy," Seattle. Hours, 10 a. m. and 8 p. m. daily. Sunday, 10 to 12. Examinations free and confidential, question blanks and circulars gratis to any address. Patients cured at home after one visit to the doctor's office. Medicines sent without the doctor's name appearing.

Angus McKay, of the experimental farm at Indian Head, says an exchange, urgently recommends summer fallowing the rich prairie lands of the northwest for wheat. The reasons he gives for this practice are clear and convincing, and are as follows. We fallow for one reason alone, and that is that by so doing sufficient moisture is stored up and retained in the soil to overcome a few dry days or weeks the following year when our crops are growing. Experience has shown that in the northwest, where the rainfall is very uncertain, something more has to be done to withstand a hot July than to turn over stubble in the fall and sow next spring. No matter how well the work is done or how carefully the seed is sown, one or two hot days in July may and often do entirely ruin the crop. I need not point to 1889 or other years preceding this as evidence. No doubt any amount of work in spring plowing avail if the season is dry. While spring plowing is more sure than fall plowing, yet you either is risking his whole year's work on an uncertainty if he follows and relies on either of the two ways just mentioned. Now it is equally certain that if land is worked the preceding year in a certain time of the year and worked properly, when the crop requires more moisture than it can get from the soil, it either has it stored up or receives it from the atmosphere.

The N. Y. World says: Did you ever think about it? A village newspaper is a photograph of the town in which it is printed, and is the only evidence its readers have of the town's prosperity. Every business firm should be represented by a standing advertisement, large or small, that strangers may get a good impression of the place.

In conversation with the Indian yesterday who was arrested, and being asked if he capswallowed cultan he answered with the greatest simplicity and honesty. Na witke, nica capswallow mox cultan copa ie luman. Warm Springs. Dalles Times.

A Wallowa county girl worked the motto, "I Need Thee Every Hour," and sent it to her fellow. He said he couldn't help it. It takes him two hours to milk, feed the pigs and hens, night and morning, and business must be attended to.

WHAT IS "NEWS?"

Somebody has been trying to define the word "news." It is not a hard word to define at all, but it has been occupying considerable attention of late. The prosaic truth is that "news" is a substantive formed of the adjective "new," which is literally *new*. News, therefore, is simply that which is new. News was spelled originally "newes," which quite disposes of its adaptation to the four points of the compass. In middle English it was also pronounced in two syllables. It is the French nouvelles, the Latin nova, the sound of the v being that of w. It has closely related kin in all modern languages, running back to the Greek and Sanskrit, which is nu, our English now. "News" and "novels" were at one time the same thing. In the seventeenth century, Adams, under the author of the "Devil's Banquet," says: "Every novelist with a whirligig in his brain must broach new opinions." The identity of new and now is a remarkable illustration of the uninterrupted orthopic and orthographic chain occasionally discernable in language. Now used to be spelled "noo," and was pronounced precisely like the Sanskrit nu, which it in fact is. In journalism, therefore, it is the historical science of Now as distinguished from the historical Then.

At least that is what it ought to be and what it is in a well-conducted newspaper.

The Blaine Tribune aptly says: "If some of the country newspapers would cut down the amount of reading matter and the size of the sheet in the same proportion as some of the business (?) men cut down their advertising patronage, what would some of the crowbait's think who do not even put as much as a two bit ad. in the paper or pay their subscription before the end of the year and always expect to receive all the news together with numerous boom articles and free personal write ups? Yet it would certainly be no more than fair to do this; the less advertising patronage a paper receives the more work is required to fill the columns with live reading matter. However, it is a noticeable fact that the men who do the largest amount of business in a town are the ones who are always represented in the columns of their local papers.

HOODOOS OF THE TURF.

Some Peculiar Superstitions Which Prevail Among Racing Men.

"Blast, Mickey, there's a man wid a cross eye. I'm a goin' ter fly der coop, I tell!"

To the average reader the above remark may be a trifle obscure and unintuitional, says the Sporting World. To the traditional race-track habitue, however, robbed of its ambiguance, it embraces a world of meaning. In fact, no occupation or walk in life can be truthfully said to be more susceptible to superstitious influences than the turf of racing.

The man whose eyes are cut on the bias, and who appears to be looking around the corner for Sunday, leads the category of individuals whom the superstitious dreads to encounter on his way to the track. If he happens to meet a pair of eyes which should exchange positions with each other, and haven't the moral courage to recourse his steps like Cary did, he invariably expectorates three times, crosses his fingers, does a knock-kneed or two to offset the hoodoo, and proceeds with a nervous mind upon his way.

Contrarieties rule to a certain extent upon the turf, and where one poor silly fool succeeds in absorbing another is petted fondly, not only figuratively, but literally. The individual referred to during his youthful days had the misfortune to fall off an eight [illegible] house, which overlooked the [illegible] "on the land where I was born." The fall did him no harm. Never does, but his efforts to bore a hole in the earth culminated in a fracture of the rectangular tissue, which, as the fluid grew older, caused him long. This resulted in an embarrassment and a perfect hump was formed. He was too youthful to appreciate how this misfortune would be beneficial to him, nor was he fully alive to it until those [illegible] slaps on the back, followed by "Hey, partner, old fellow, thought you were a friend. Hey, pass, eh? Ha, ha! Funny," became too frequent. He was [illegible] upon the sagacity of [illegible] one day when an [illegible] from [illegible] compelled to hit out. "Begorra, they touch my hump because they think it gives me luck." This, with a significant wink and a [illegible]. From that moment the hump became an object of envy among his friends. He first loaned his hump to be rubbed "for a consideration." Now he has a fixed tariff—dime of peanuts, bite a dollar on the hump and get a whisper.

Affinities are not the only things that form a medium for superstition. There is the lucky horse shoe which the race-track darkey nails over the door of the stable, conflicting in its traditional virtue as a harbinger of luck. Next we have the man who politely and diligently studies the almanac, so as to be on hand when a new moon comes around and get the first glimpse of it over his right shoulder.

The man who dreams the winners is another well-known individual. Lying on his back on his couch, with mouth wide open, instead of catching the proverbial fly, he perceives the winners in all shapes and forms pirouetting before him.

Emin's American Relations.

Emin Bey has two relatives in this country—his father's sister, Mrs. J. P. Kolcen, of Pittsburgh, and a cousin, her son, who has served as mayor of Terre Haute.

BRAVE MRS. ALDRICH.

An Old Salt Tells of an Encounter with Arab Pirates.

One season back in the 40's I shipped aboard of a British ship, the Swallow, to make a voyage from Bombay up the Persian Gulf and back, writes an old seaman in the Boston Commercial Bulletin. She was an old craft and a poor sailer, and her crew of twelve men was made up of four or five nationalities. I remember there were two Kanakas, or Sandwich Islanders, one Lascar, a negro or two, and the others were American, English and Dutch. We had scarcely left Bombay when the captain was taken sick with fever. His name was Aldrich, and his wife, who was a woman of thirty, always sailed with him. She now took command in a general way, and this to the satisfaction of the mates, though both were thorough sailors. I heard one of them say that she could take an observation or work a dead reckoning, and I saw from orders she gave that she knew all about a ship.

We had good weather and made good progress until after we were above Muscat, in the Bay of Ormus. Then, one forenoon we got a squall which did not last ten minutes, but which brought down our fore and main top'gallant masts and carried away a sail or two. There was only a light breeze after the squall had passed, and we were lying to and hard at work when an Arabian dhow of about two hundred tons burden came steaming down the coast. We were within four miles of the rocky and mountainous shore, but she was two miles inside of us. She was no sooner made out than the first mate became anxious, and Mrs. Aldrich was sent for to come on deck. She took a good look at the stranger through the glass, and as she turned away she queried of the mate:

"Can we depend on the crew to fight?"

"I hope so, ma'am," he replied.

"Have them come aft."

All moved aft, and I can remember through all the long years just how she looked and every word she said. She had a worried, anxious look, and no wonder, and there was a trembling in her voice as she said:

"Men, you know that your captain is sick. Yonder comes a pirate if there ever was one. If he captures us, those who live through the fight will go into the interior as slaves and worse. If we are all agreed we can beat him off. What do you say?"

"We'll fight to the last!" shouted one, and the cry was taken up by all.

"Thank God!" she fervently exclaimed. "Give them a brave fight and no one can be blamed if we are defeated. Sooner than fall into their hands I will blow the old ship sky high and all of us with her."

We had no cannon, but we had fifteen muskets, a lot of cavalry sabers, and the captain had not dodged about those wasps with his eyes shut. He had two or three years before purchased a dozen hand-grenades or stink-pots, such as are used by the Chinese. These were brought up with the rest and found to be fused and in good condition. They weighed about two pounds apiece, and each was inclosed in a net, so that it could be hoved quite a distance. We loaded our muskets, took our stations, and were as ready as we could be. The captain's wife alternated between the deck and the cabin. He was out of his head, which was the better for him, and she had his revolver ready for use.

Down came the dhow, foot by foot, with never a cheer from the crowd of cut-throats on her decks. There was a menace in their silence, but it had no effect upon us. We were determined to fight, and to fight to the last. I got the first shot and knocked over a man in her forecastle, and then all began to blaze away. She did not fire in return, but forged upon our quarter, and I could see fifty Arabs, each one armed with a cresse, crowding against the rail to be ready to board.

"Now, heave," yelled one of the sailors with the bombs, and both lighted the fuses and heaved away.

Before we could tell what damage had been done the dhow was alongside. She threw her grapnels, but they did not catch, and she rubbed our whole length and went ahead. As we saw her failure we blazed away again with the muskets, and every ball found a man. She sailed like a witch, and before she could be hooked was a cable length ahead. She had just put her helm over when there was an explosion, followed by a great sheet of flame, and we saw that she was hard hit. Confusion reigned from stem to stern in a moment, and we added to it by peppering away at fair range. All ablaze within five minutes, she fell off, headed for shore, and was run on a reef about a mile away. We saw some save themselves by boats and rafts, being swept upon the shore by the tide, but it was afterwards learned that upward of forty-five men were killed or drowned, and that the loss of the dhow broke up a bad gang of pirates.

Mrs. Aldrich was on deck through it all, emptying the revolver into the crowd as the dhow passed us, and when all was over she went down to her husband with a face only a little whiter and a mouth more firmly set. She did not betray her womanly weakness until she came to thank us. Then she broke down and cried like a—well, just like a woman.

Adams P. Hopkins, of West Bridgewater, Pa., has filed a caveat upon an "improvement" in the form of posts and railroad ties made of burned fire-clay. The posts will be burned hard, and will have the railing secured by means of nails driven into holes made in the posts while soft, at an angle that will bring the brace together and hold the railing firmly in place. Holes through the ties upon either side of the rail will admit bolts, the upper ends of which will have washers and nuts bearing upon the rail and holding it firmly in position.

RUINED BY A CIPHER.

A Man's Life Wrecked by a Moment of Forgetfulness.

"There goes a man whose life was ruined by forgetting the simple character 0," said a prominent railroad man to a San Francisco Examiner reporter, pointing to a ragged, besotted man shambling along the street, unmindful of the rain.

He was a train dispatcher on the Ohio & Mississippi railroad once, having worked up to that position from messenger boy in the telegraph office. One Sunday he had only two trains on his division, an express train Westward bound and a fast stock train running East. The day was warm and sultry, and Bill, for that was his name, had hard work to keep awake. He knew that as soon as he made the meeting point for the two trains he could doze, and he impatiently awaited the time. When the trains were close enough together for him to figure a meeting point he sent an order to the passenger train to meet and pass the stock train at a little station called Willow Valley, fixing the time at 12:50. To the stock train he sent an order that it could have until 1:25 to make Willow Valley for the passenger. See the mistake. He forgot the 0, and hence gave the stock train thirty-five minutes more than he should. Bill saw his mistake ten minutes after he had made it, but there being no telegraph station between the points where the trains were given the orders or at the meeting point he could do nothing to rectify it. He sent for the superintendent and ordered out the wrecking crew, then sat at the key pale as death, the cold perspiration running down his face in streams, awaiting news of the collision.

It came. The passenger train reached Willow Valley on time, waited the required thirty minutes under the time-card rules for the freight train and then pulled out. Three minutes later the two trains met on a curve, both running at a high rate of speed. Fourteen lives were lost in the collision, besides $100,000 worth of property destroyed. Bill resigned at once, and the next day disappeared. For a long time it was thought he had committed suicide, but I saw him on the street here one day just as you see him—a total wreck."

DERIVATION OF CHICAGO.

The Name Seems to Come from an Indian Term Meaning Skunk.

A. F. Chamberlain writes this in Notes and Queries, on the derivation of Chicago (Vol. iii., p. 273). The usual etymology given for this word is that adopted by Lacombe ("Dict. et Grammaire de la Langue des Cris," 1874, p. 706): "Chicago (Cris) pour *chikak*, ou, *skik*, bête puante, putois; qui an locatif, fait *chikakik*." Cuoq ("Lexique de la Langue Algonquine," 1886, pp. 88, 89): "*Chicago*, pour *chicaoug*, a la bete puante." McLean ("The Indians; Their Manners and Customs," 1889, p. 23): "*Chicago*, from *chicag*, a skunk." Petitot ("En Route pour la Mer Glaciale," 1888, p. 80): "*Chicakok*, en hilline un trou de putois, est, de fait, un bien sale nom, ma foi! pour une si belle ville!" Captain Pipon ("Indian Names of Places Near the Great Lakes," 1888).

Dr. D. G. Brinton (American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal, Vol. xi., p. 69) says: "This popular etymology is worse than doubtful. In Chipewa *Chikagaw* (in which the final syllable is a nasal, sounding to English ears like an obscure *o*), means simply 'near the shore,' and this is the real origin of the name Chicago."

Another suggested derivation is that given in the 1880 edition of "Chambers' Encyclopedia," from an Indian word, meaning "wild onion" (in Algonkin, *chicagwa*; Ojebways, *shegagaiwanzh*).

In the account of La Salle (1682), in Margry's "Voyages les Francais sur les Grands Lacs, etc." (1880), "la riviere de *Chicagou*" is mentioned (p. 590), and afterward it is stated that "Les Cours ou *Chicatha* sont au sud de cette riviere," and notice is also taken of "une petite riviere que les *Chicacha*, appellant *Chicacha*" (p. 592.) There is further mention (p. 593) of "une certaine petite riviere que l'on appelle *Chicago*."

Schoolcraft (p. 575) says: "This word is derived from the odor of the wild leek, formerly abundant on Chicago creek, and the local termination of the words in *o*."

ORIENTAL JUSTICE.

How an Eastern Judge Decided a Complicated Case.

Dr Henry M. Scudder reports the decision of a case in an Eastern court in which the nice discrimination of the bench was conspicuous.

Four men, partners in business, bought some cotton bales. That the rats might not destroy the cotton they purchased a cat. They agreed that each of the four should own a particular leg of the cat, and each adorned with beads and other ornaments the leg thus apportioned to him.

The cat by an accident injured one of its legs. The owner of that member wound about it a rag soaked in oil. The cat going too near the fire set the ragon fire, and being in great pain rushed in among the cotton bales, where she was accustomed to hunt rats. The cotton thereby took fire and was burned up. It was a total loss.

The three other partners brought an action to recover the value of the cotton against the fourth partner, who owned that particular leg of the cat. The judge examined the case and decided thus:

"The leg that had the oil rag on it was hurt; the cat could not use that leg; in fact, it held up that leg and ran with the other three legs. The three unhurt legs, therefore, carried the fire to the cotton, and are alone culpable. The injured leg is not to be blamed. The three partners who owned the three legs with which the cat ran to the cotton will pay the whole value of the bales to the partner who was the proprietor of the injured leg."