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, DECEMBER 10, 1891.* *Number 38.*

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the circuit court of the state of Oregon for Grant county, upon a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale rendered in said court on the 18th day of November, 1891, in favor of Alex Finlayson vs. L. Collette and Adaline Collette for the sum of $2250 with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum from the 15th day of October, 1889 and $200 attorney fees and the further sum of $65.68 costs and disbursements, and to me directed and will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, on the 2nd day of January, 1892, at the court house door in Canyon City, Grant county, state of Oregon, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day all of the following described real property and all the right, title and interest of said defendants L. Collette and Adaline Collette, therein, to-wit: The southwest quarter of Section No. eight (8) in Township 12 south of Range twenty-three (23), East W. M., containing one hundred and sixty acres, in Grant county, state of Oregon, together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining.

Witness my hand at Canyon City, Oregon, this Second day of Dec. 1891.

O. P. CRESAP,
Sheriff of Grant County, Or.

THE DISTRICT FAIR.

At a recent meeting of the Grant County Agricultural and Stock Association the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, By an act of the legislative assembly of the state of Oregon, J. W. Wisdom, of Baker county, John Lackey, of Malheur county, James Cozart, of Grant county, John McDonald, of Union county and George Woodham, of Wallowa county, were appointed and constituted a board of commissioners to be designated and known as the First Eastern Oregon District Agricultural Society and

Whereas, the board has designated Prairie City, Oregon, as the place to hold their next annual meeting, the Grant County Agricultural and stock Association at a meeting held on the 21st day of Oct., 1891, has unanimously decided to do all in its power towards preparing grounds and suitable buildings for holding the same as designated by the commission. Now the question so intimately connected with the progress and development of our vast mineral and agricultural interests is asked. Will the people of Grant county aid in this enterprise? And in order that the wishes of the people may be obtained, be it

Resolved, that the association authorize the president to request the citizens of each precinct in the county to call a meeting on the 12th day of December, 1891. And that the citizens of each precinct appoint a committee of no less than three persons to solicit subscriptions as a donation to be applied by the directors of the society in preparing the grounds and suitable buildings for county and district fairs, and that each committee report the amount collected to the secretary of the Agricultural and Stock Association at Prairie City, on or before the 2nd day of January, 1892. A compliance with this reasonable demand will be immediately recognized as a source of development of our great resources. Can there be a more propitious time for this? we ask. Actuated by this movement the character of our county will be determined and ample proof given to capitalists who will encourage railroad transportation. No doubt the majority of the people in the county have been informed of the proceedings of the board and that Prairie City has been designated as the place to hold the next annual meeting. But our representative, Mr. Cozart, informs us that it is on condition that the citizens make all the prepararions for holding the same. In the event that it is not done that he, (Cozart) stands pledged to favor Union county as the place for holding the next annual meeting.

Now it is to be hoped that the people will be impressed with the necessity of donating as liberally as their circumstances will permit, as we see no reason why the people of Grant county should be the last in adopting such measures when we are assured of the District in 1892.

G. W. MCHALEY,
Pres. G. C. A. & S. A.

Bucks, Bucks, Bucks.

I have 500 Bucks for sale. Address,

TOM MORGAN,
Heppner, Oregon.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Nov. 27, 1891.

EDITOR GRANT CO. NEWS:—Washington has truly been an interesting place for the student of things political this week. First, came the decision of the republican national committee of the time and place for holding the next nominating convention of that party, which is in reality the opening gun of the presidential campaign. Never before were there so many cities competing for the privilege of having the convention held within their respective limits and never before were so many inducements offered to secure votes—it is common talk here that the convention cost Minneapolis $100,000, or rather that Mr. W. H. Eustis, of that place, pledged the city for that amount, which is practically the same as if it had been paid. The convention, of course, is the largest sort of an advertisement for Minneapolis and St. Paul, but $100,000 is a large sum of money too.

The most notable effect of the presence of the national committee and the delegations of prominent republicans from the cities that wanted the convention was the unmistakable Blaine aroma which pervaded the entire town, and which is still here although the visitors have mostly gone home. If this means anything it means that Mr. Blaine will next year become the nominee of his party, unless he positively refuses the honor. Whether he will do that or not is a question. He was given lots of opportunities to define his position this week, when he was called on by every republican of prominence who was in the city, but he says nothing, while those close to him say that he will accept the nomination if it comes to him with anything like unanimity.

Meanwhile President Harrison is still in the field, and his friends regard the selection of Minneapolis for the convention as a victory for him, but just why they do so is puzzling to ordinary people, as the Minneapolis and St. Paul delegations that were here were all Blaine men, and they did not hesitate to say that nobody else was "in it," so far as Minnesota was concerned.

President Polk of the national farmers' alliance expresses the interesting opinion that the democratic and republican parties are on the verge of coalescing, and he cites as corroborative testimony editorials in leading democratic newspapers favoring the reelection of Senator Sherman. Col. Polk said: "I would suggest that the democrats nominate Cleveland and Harrison and the republicans Harrison and Cleveland next year. In that way Wall street would be certain of compassing its ends, for both parties are under its domination." When asked what prospect there was of the alliance having a candidate of its own Col. Polk replied: "Well, the meeting to be held on the 22nd of next February, probably at St. Louis or Cincinnati, instead of here, as at first proposed, will decide that question."

The alliance in the eighth Virginia congressional district, just across the river from Washington, is running a candidate against the democrat who was nominated to succeed the late Representative Lee. The alliance men say they were unjustly treated by the democratic committee, and they propose fighting back, and they have been promised republican support. The campaign will be short, as the election will take place Dec 9, but the active participation of Representatives Jerry Simpson, Clover, Watson, Dunning and Ralph Beaumont, of New York, and Farmer, of Texas, will make it a lively one.

A delegation consisting of A. A. Carsey, chairman of the anti-monopoly league; Dr. John Creighton, president of the working woman's protective league; T. C. McGuire, chairman of the independent labor party, and John W. Keogh, chairman of the New York silver league, called on President Harrison this week and requested him to recommend to congress the appointment of a labor commission to consider and report upon remedies for evils that exist in our present industrial system. Mr. Harrison promised to consider the request.

Wire pulling must soon give way to votes in the speakership contest. None of the candidates aside from Mills and Crisp, will give any figures showing the votes they expect to get. Crisp claims to have 114, but the claim is stoutly disputed by his opponents who maintain that he has not more than 83. Mills claims to have 90 and the claim is generally conceded. Since Bynum withdrew he has become a valuable assistant to Mills. Although it is denied there are good reasons for believing that McMillin is prepared to withdraw in Mill's favor the moment it becomes apparent that such a withdrawal will result in Mill's nomination.

A case has just been decided in the circuit court in Wasco county which will be of interest to sheep owners and especially to men holding mortgages on sheep. Two years ago S. F. Allen sold a large number of sheep to C. M. Smith, taking a mortgage on the sheep as security for the purchase price. During the following winter months most of the sheep died. Smith took off the pelts and sold them to Sargent & Co., who were engaged in the mercantile business in Mitchell. Allen brought an action in the circuit court of Wasco county against Sargent & Co. for the value of the pelts on the grounds that his mortgage on the sheep gave him the ownership of the pelts. The case was tried before a jury last week, and a verdict for the plaintiff was rendered. The case will be appealed to the supreme court, and if the judgment of the lower court is sustained mortgagees will in the future look out for pelts that are sold off of sheep on which they hold mortgages, and dealers will be exceeding cautious about buying pelts unless the title is clear.—Oregon Review.

Sheep Going to Mutton.

A Portland wool merchant was speaking about the situation of wool in general throughout the country and in Oregon in particular. He said: "We have no such amount of wool in this section as we used to have, nor, is it the same in any part of the country. Sheep are going to mutton too fast. People are becoming enormous mutton eaters. More stock is reared now than ever before, it is true, but it goes to the butchers. It is one of the reasons why Australia has such large wool interests in this country. Sheep are reared and kept in that country, and year after year furnish their share of wool and progeny.

"There is no such consumption of mutton there as here. We will either eventually have to stop killing off so much of our livestock, or else make up our minds to play second fiddle to Australia on the wool proposition."

Prices are 9 to 17 cents for Eastern Oregon, and 15 to 18 cents for valley wool.

A man bought a loaf of bread of a Lewiston baker the other Saturday night, says the Journal of that town, and finding that he could not eat it all up he took back part of it the following Monday and asked to have it exchanged for hot biscuits. "If that don't beat all," remarked the baker, "and the man has much of this world's goods too." The baker did not exchange. He is nearly equal to the Albany man who buys five cents worth of sugar at a time.

TRICKS OF SHOW-MEN.

Exhibiting a Wild Man from Africa Who Spoke English Fluently.

"The story of the native African singing 'Nellie Gray' in Paris," says a gentleman, "reminds me of a similar one that I once saw in Brussels, where an enterprising showman in one of the gardens introduced a wild African, also fresh from his native jungles. The wild man was down on the bills for a few remarks in his mother tongue, and when he was bidden by his keeper to talk a little for the instruction of his audience, he began in good United States. This is a great joke on you. You all think I am a wild man from Africa, but I'm not. I'm a good American citizen, and I'm telling you the truth in good English," and much more to the same effect, while all the crowd gazed open-eyed and in astonishment at the horrible creature as they nudged each other and whispered: 'Just hear him!' 'I wonder what he is saying?' Isn't it awful?'

"At another time," he went on—"it was during those heavy floods in the south of France—we strayed into a lantern or stereopticon show in Paris, where the showman was exhibiting views of the awful ruin wrought by the floods, taken, so he informed the gaping audience, at great expense and at the imminent peril of the artist's life, when the awful destruction was at its height. And we, too, gaped, and were greatly impressed, until by and by he slipped in a slide representing the most dangerous portion of the river, so he said, at the very height of its flood, the sketch of which had been made by the much-enduring artist at the most frightful risk of his neck. And we looked reverently up, with our good Buffalo eyes, and saw—a picture of Niagara river and the rapids just above the falls!"

Eggs are said to become unwholesome when kept in refrigerators, a fungus forms in them which is easily found by a microscope, although it is not noticeable to the taste. This fungus constitutes a danger when we consider how many eggs are consumed by all classes of society, and people of delicate constitutions ought to be particularly careful that they eat fresh and not kept eggs.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—In a revival meeting at Walla Walla, Ore., a man confessed that he was a murderer and asked forgiveness. He refused to reveal the circumstances.

—An advertisement in the Media (Pa.) Record announces the location of a piece of property up for sale as one and one-quarter inches from the town of Wawa.

—"I always return from Europe more in love with my own country than ever," says Senator Washburn, of Minnesota. "Europe is nothing but an armed camp."

—Just what a full moon black best needs in the way of moonlight was shown recently in Sioux City, in two rounds which lasted—if allowed to keep going it would have lasted an indefinite period. It was estimated to be a squeeze of two-horse power.

—Unacquainted with the game birds of this country, a newly arrived German, living near Scranton, shot a barnyard turkey under the impression that it was a wild fowl. He took it home and had it cooked and was about to sit down at the dinner table to eat it when he was arrested for killing his neighbor's poultry.

—A Saco (Me.) Blacksmith is the latest convert to the belief that early rising is not always a precious, what it is in theory. He got to bed early the other morning, and had his fire blazing by four o'clock. The next thing he knew the Saco fire department had the hose turned on his shop, and the neighbors were shouting "fire" at the top of their voices.

—A family of Rockville, Ill., had been annoyed for many days by strange noises, and suspected that some mysterious animal was in the house. The other night they discovered the intruder in the shape of a large rattlesnake, which had been aroused to fury by a rat. There was intense excitement, especially among the ladies of the household, until the pests were dispatched.

—There are various degrees of folly exhibited by humanity in the daily routine of life, perhaps no greater one could be adduced than that of attempting for an escape of gas with a naked light, says the Boston Herald. A man of mature age has recently had occasion to be impressed with the intelligence he displayed in his endeavor to find the origin of an escape of gas in his house. Besides being badly burned on the face, head and arms, he became aware at the same time of considerable damage done to his household property.

—One of the Philadelphia institutes had a pleasant experience the other day. Some years ago the institute admitted a pupil to its school who was unable at the time to pay the regular fees. It was understood that he should pay at some future time, but no account was opened with him, and the incident had almost been forgotten when the pupil returned to pay the money, fifty dollars. The instruction he had received enabled him to get employment, and when he had saved enough of his earnings to meet his obligations he came up manfully and paid the cost of his tuition.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Duck—"Bless, I have three millions and I love you." Bess—"No mistake about the three millions, is there?"—Epoch.

—Cumso—"Is Mr. Somoral a member of your church, Gazzam?" Gazzam—"Yes." Cumso—"One of the pillars, I suppose?" Gazzam—"No, one of the sleepers."—Munsey's Weekly.

Passenger—"Why do you wear those mittens on your cars? Afraid you'll catch cold?" Conductor—"No, but I was well brought up, and I don't want to hear the driver swear at the horses."—Munsey's Weekly.

Mr. Prettyley—"Miriam, if you will be mine our lives will know no alloy." Miriam (with a sense that her father is a gold refiner)—"No, Mr. Prettyley, papa assures me that anything above eighteen carats fine doesn't wear well."—Jewelers' Weekly.

Overheard in the Kitchen—"What did you wear last night?" asked the celery. "A lovely mayonnaise," replied the lettuce. "And you?" "I never was so mortified in my life; I wasn't dressed at all," said the celery; and the beet blushed.—Life.

Pomposby (modestly but boastfully)—"I may say, Miss Innocentwick, that I am quite an adept at athletics. I can row, ride—either horse or bicycle—swim, spar, jump and run." Miss Innocentwick (sweetly)—"How many para. Do let me see you jump and run."—Times.

—What is Coming.—First Female—"I suppose you will attend the primary to-night?" Second Female—"No, I guess not. You see, I promised my husband I would take him to the theater, and if I go back on my word I know I won't get a decent meal for a week."—Terre Haute Express.

—Mr. Gentpercent—"Business is so brisk and correspondence accumulates so that I fear I shall be obliged to employ an amanuensis." Mrs. Gentpercent—"Very well, my dear, get a mahoganais if you must, but I absolutely object to your having a womanuensis in the office."—America.

—"Horatio," remarked Hamlet on the ramparts of the castle on that memorable Christmas, "if Ophelia hangeth not up her stocking she gets no gift from me." "Good Hamlet, economical for ever!" chuckled his friend; "thou savest the price of the gift, for then knowest stockings have not been invented yet."—Judge.

—"Ladies and gentlemen," said the professor, "I find that I can not perform the experiment of inflation, as the wind machine is out of order." There was a great groan of disappointment. "However," added the professor, suddenly, "I may be able to provide a substitute. Is there a gentleman from Chicago in the audience?"—Drake's Magazine.

CHICAGO'S NIGHT COOKS.

Queer Characters Who Furnish Food for Street Prowlers.

Peripatetic Restaurants Which Do a Good Business from Ten P. M. Until Dawn—A Pretty Fair Lunch for Five Cents—Walking Cafes.

Acting on the facts given him, a Chicago News reporter selected Detective Morgan Thomas, of the Harrison street station, and at eleven o'clock started to explore this paradise of jailbirds, night owls and roisterers on a peculiar tour from the West and North sides. The usual throng of people of all ages, white and black, alleged gamblers, with barber-pole pants, kid-gloved short fronts, and dance-house women, were to be seen.

"There comes one of the cafes," said Thomas.

Around the corner of Polk street and Fourth avenue appeared a swarthy little man. He carried a small folding table beneath one arm, and in the other hand he held what looked like a hotel coffee boiler. It was made of copper and it shone like a full moon. He stopped in a sing-song voice: "Hash and coffee, get a-urst."

"This dish is the most common," said Thomas to me. "See, he sells hash, bread and coffee for a nickel."

"And do gentlemen buy that some red-hot bread?" asked the cook, as he placed his copper kettle on the curb. In a twinkling the table was set up. His hash was good. Hot, home-made hash, with good bread and butter, made a comfort and satisfaction for a hungry wanderer or policeman. The red hots were generously cut in two longitudinally and smothered in mustard. The merchant willingly told how he made his living.

"You see, frents, I sleeps me in de daytime, cause de boobbers what rants de stock do de sleepin, too. Mimo shoots de coffee de hash along afterwards and I cook de red hots vile I carries dem. Lots of fellows make money out dis business. See, in dis part I keeps de hash, and here are de red hots. Under de lamp what keeps it warm hot. In dis box I carries the bread and toasted. I shlot vark mo toasted and de peoples what is hungry buyings. Dey be people what only work anoun' nights. Some be thieves, some gamblers, some policemen and all de dog. Oh, yes, I make more money as workin in a restaurant."

"He is only a salopin," said the detective, as the gay fellow picked up his paraphernalia and departed shouting his sound sing-song cry.

The waffle man was also encountered, but inasmuch as his kind are too numerous in the daytime to merit much comment. A little farther on the popcorn man held forth his little court, gasoline torch and supply of buttered cornflakes done up in pretty paper bags. During the warm autumn evenings every good nook shelters a nocturnal sweet-corn cook. He gives you a big, fresh-boiled ear of corn with plenty of butter, such as it is, and seasoning for a nickel.

It was not until the negro quarters were reached that the night cook was seen in all his glory, with his little marble stall, where he displays appetizing piles of fried chicken, opossum, corn and sweet potatoes. Who could resist stopping to see the whole-souled fellows who assume go to sage dames flitting about their menus, in the darkness, now and then crying: "Come on, brethren, an' partake of de feast. I make eats heah. All yoh wants for ten like."

A great many well-dressed white men stopped to get a lunch of chicken or sweet potatoes. These cooks are patronized all night long. Not a sign of their booths is left by daylight, for as dawn appears they pack up and go home. "Those fellows just making a meal of chicken legs, toast and sweet-potato sandwiches are actors," said the officer. "These lunches save them time and money. On their way to their rooms they take a bite and satisfy the inner man with choice dainties at a small cost."

Leaving the darker portions of the town, and upon reaching State street, the itinerant night-cook is supplanted by the all-night restaurant. These itinerant merchants do not like the brightest streets, because their customers are found only in the darker streets.

"Speaking about variety actors as 'cans for song-and-dance artists,'" said a theatrical manager, "I think the man who first called them by that name must have seen them about midnight on the levee, getting away with a plate of eggs and ham just prepared by one of these night-cooks."

These cooks know every tough and bad character in the locality, and very often supply such men with the only meals the latter get when in hiding from the police, so they are very often used to advantage by the police as stool-pigeons. They are a necessity in this locality, and if they were prohibited from doing business every rounder would strike.

The Extremity of Politeness.

It does beat all, as the good country people say, how polite some people are. A Boston lady tells of a gentleman, so called, who asked permission to smoke a cigar in her presence. She does not at all dislike the odor of a good cigar, and readily granted permission. But no, on second thought, he would not smoke; it was not polite to smoke in the presence of a lady, and he would not be so rude. He didn't smoke; but within five minutes after the passage of his good resolve he took out a huge plug of navy tobacco and refreshed himself with a square inch of the weed, without so much as "by your leave." As I remarked some before, all kinds of people are required to make up the inhabitants of a world.

PATENT OFFICE CRANKS.

The Queer Inventions That Are Sent to Be Investigated.

To fully realize how many cranks live among us one has only to visit the Patent Office in Washington, says the New York Herald, and examine the models which fill the shelves of that department and read the specifications, in which are set forth in glowing terms the many benefits which they propose to donate to mankind. Every conceivable scheme is suggested and laid before the patent examiners. The question of utility, of practicability, does not enter, inasmuch as taking out a patent is evidence that the invention has all and pay the legal fees.

So numerous are the "perpetual motion" cranks, who think they have discovered the long and vainly sought enigma, that the office has prepared a circular which is mailed to any one who takes steps to enter an alleged perpetual motion invention. The circular informs him "that it is thought proper to advise him, in order to save him further expense and labor, that the views of the Patent Office coincide with those of scientists in general in regard to mechanical perpetual motions, that they are impossibilities. Should your entry be taken, a working model will be required, the office being aware that it will be impossible for you to comply with this requirement." The specification and fee are then returned. Does this dampen their ardor? Doubtless thousands of them are now trying to compass the working model.

Many of the old models were burned in the fire of 1877, and tradition still tells of some of the queer contrivances that had been gathered in.

One of the most curious of these was a hen's nest constructed with a spring trap at the bottom of the nest. The weight of an egg was sufficient to press down the spring and allow the egg to slip out. The theory of this thoughtful inventor was that as soon as the hen had an egg it would press down the trap door and disappear. The hen, as is her custom after laying an egg, would rise and cackle, but finding no egg would conclude that she had made a mistake and would proceed immediately to lay another, and so on *ad infinitum*. An unscrupulous owner of a hen would have a great monopoly.

A trip through the model rooms revealed many unique and curious inventions, some of the more unusual of which I venture to describe and illustrate.

One of the most original is an odometer idea, patented by C. M. French and W. H. Fancher, of Waterloo, N. Y., in June, 1891. The object of the invention was to produce a plow equal in point of strength and lightness to the one ordinarily in use and yet which would combine the elements of a small sized cannon, so that it could be utilized by the frontier settler both for defensive purposes as well as agricultural.

The beam or tongue of the plow to which the horses or oxen are yoked is in fact a gun barrel or piece of iron.

When Hon. John Hicks was appointed United States Minister to Peru he chose as Secretary of Legation a bright American girl, Miss Elizabeth L. Banks. Since being domiciled at Lima, the capital of Peru, Miss Banks has kept her eyes open, and, with instinct sharpened by her connection with various Northwestern newspapers, she has proved a good news-gatherer. Writing to a friend in this city, Miss Banks says:

"Procrastination is the ruling habit of Peru. Ask a Peruvian when he will do any thing and he replies 'Manana,' which being translated means 'to-morrow.' Nothing is ever done to-day, all things take place on the 'manana,' which never comes. This 'manana' habit is, I suppose, breathed in with every breath of the air that one takes in Peru, and I am afraid I have drawn a good deal of it into my system.

"This is a very interesting old city, and yet the people and the government are very much behind the times, their ideas being those of one hundred years ago. The city of Lima has been called 'the heaven of women, the purgatory of men and the hell of asses,' and to the last proposition I will heartily assent. The city is full of donkeys, and the men and women who drive and ride them always carry a big chunk of wood with them, which they continually apply to the ribs of the poor animals. Some enthusiastic writer has raised the women of Lima the most beautiful in the world. There are some pretty Peruvian girls to be met on the streets or saying their beads in some of the many churches. Their dark eyes are the kind that would make a man jump off Pizarro's bridge into the river Rimac if his wife happened to go wrong. The Peruvian men pay a great deal of attention to their personal appearance and pass away much of their time in dress suits and toothpick shoes. They are very gallant, but are not half so nice as American men from any point of view.—Washington Capital.

"Teeth filled while you wait" is the tempting ring of the advertiser's highest art, but it may be genuine. "Tailor-made provided with new ribs, stick and—everything" is certainly a good basis for assuming that the shabby gentleman is a hopeful person who will "never say die."

The landlord who advertises a flat "with all the modern improvements, no children," demonstrates that he does not know what all modern improvements are, and may be set down as being fully as untrustworthy as the person who wishes to sell "an enormously profitable business for a mere song."

"No bargains at this store," is candid, but sensational; and one may reasonably distrust the coal dealer who accounts in big black letters that his "tons weight 2,000 pounds," and that his "coal gives out heat."

AN UNCONSCIOUS SPY.

How a Woman's Kindness Nearly Led to Her Death.

During the late civil war Mrs. Wheeler, the Eugene healer, served as a nurse in the Union service. She had many thrilling experiences and among them the Eugene (Ore.) Journal has heard of the following: She was present at the battle of Spottsylvania. At the commencement of the battle a Union officer rode up to her and handed her a package of papers with the request that she should keep them safe until the battle was over, and then, if he (the officer) should not live, to sell for them to deliver the package at headquarters.

In the confusion on the right flank she turned and Mrs. Wheeler and the rest of the hospital nurses captured by the rebels. Upon searching her person of course the papers were found and proved to be the work of a Union spy, who had been inside the rebel lines. She was at once arraigned before a court-martial composed of rebel officers, and notwithstanding her statement of how she came by the papers and repeated protestations of innocence, she was formally convicted of being a spy and sentenced to be hanged at sunrise the next morning. She was then taken by a guard of three soldiers and confined in a small guard house, which had but one small aperture admitting light and air, and through the aperture she saw the erection of the gallows on which she was to perish. What a grim perspective!

Inside the guard house there was nothing but the bare floor of earth and two dry goods boxes standing against a wall; no chair, no bed.

That night one of the guards entered the guard house with a piece of corn bread and a tin cup of water for her supper.

Mrs. Wheeler spoke.

The guard stopped.

He then retired and locked the door upon her again. Later on in the night she heard a voice at the aperture say: "Move the small box!" She moved the box and discovered an aperture, which proved to be a tunnel. Through this tunnel she worked her way on her hands and knees for about one-fourth of a mile, when she emerged from its mouth and found a man and two saddled horses standing there.

Mrs. Wheeler mounted one horse, and the man, who was disguised, the other. For six miles they rode on in darkness without speaking, but at the end of that time the man spoke and said: "You are now safe in the Union lines; ride on," and the man disappeared in the darkness like a shadow.

Mrs. Wheeler rode on until she came across a picket, who took her to the rebel Heintzelman's headquarters.

Some time ago, while taking a little outing at Anderson's, on the McKenzie River, Mrs. Wheeler and her preserver met and recognized each other after a lapse of twenty-six years. Her preserver's name is well known. Dr. B. F. Rossell, now postmaster at Thurston. He was one of the three guards. He was the disguised horseman.

A BATTLE BENEATH THE SEA.

An Ocean Diver's Fight for Life with an Octopus.

The occupation of a diver is one that offers but little attraction to those who have experienced have no fancy for exploring the "mysteries of the deep." It is however, not so monotonous an employment as might be imagined, and divers occasionally meet with exciting adventures while engaged in their labors.

One of these fell to the lot of a government diver in Victoria, Mr. Smale, who was at work on the bed of the Moyne River at Belfast in that colony, and from the account he gives of it, it must have been more exciting than pleasant.

Having thrust his arm into a hole he found that it was held by something in the rush of the water was stirring up the clay, and therefore I could not see distinctly for a few minutes; but when it did clear away I saw to my horror the arm of a large octopus entwined around mine like a boa constrictor; just then he fixed some of his suckers on the back of my hand, and the pain was intense.

"I felt as if my hand was being pulled to pieces, and the more I tried to draw it away the greater the pain became. In those past experience I knew that exertion would be useless; but what was I to do, lying in this position?

"I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my feet down, as the air rushed up the interior of my dress, and in fact, I feared if my feet had got upper most I should have soon become insensible in such a position, and also if I gave the signal to be pulled up the rope would have held on, and it occurred to me that I should have left a broken arm.

"I had a hammer by me, but could not reach down to use it on the octopus. There was a shaed iron bar about two feet from me, and with my foot I drew it along until I caused it to fall into my left hand.

"And now the fight commenced. The octopus struck him the tighter he was struck until my arm got quite numbed. After awhile I found the grip began to relax a little, but he held on more. I had almost cut him to pieces, when he relaxed his hold from the rock, and I pulled him up.

"I was completely exhausted, having been in that position for about twenty minutes. I brought the animal up in my part of it. We laid him out, and he measured over eight feet across, and I feel perfectly convinced that this fellow could have held down five or six men."—Jury.

A grave in the cemetery at Offranville, in France, bears the amusing epitaph: "Here lies Mademoiselle Ursule Levesque, who died in her sixty-fifth year, surrounded by flannel and the affection of her family."