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 24, 1891.* *Number 40.*

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that 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 25th day of November, 1891, in favor of E. B. McFarland and S. French, copartners under the firm name of McFarland & French, plaintiffs, and against J. E. Snow and Estella Snow, defendants for the sum of Two thousand Seven Hundred Seventeen and Forty-three one hundredths dollars ($2717.43) with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum from the said 25th day of November, 1891, Two hundred and thirty ($230) dollars attorneys fees and Twenty two and ninety seven hundredths dollars costs of suit, accruing costs and costs of sale, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied upon and will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand on Saturday the 16th 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 J. E. Snow and Estella Snow therein to wit: The northeast quarter of section No. one (1) in township thirteen (13) south of range twenty-six (26) E. W. M., containing one hundred and sixty acres and being situate in Grant county, state of Oregon, together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Terms of sale cash.

Witness my hand at Canyon City, Oregon, this 15th day of Dec. 1891.

O. P. CRESAP,
Sheriff of Grant county, Or.
By W. S. Scarbrough, Deputy.

SHERIFF'S SALE

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution and decree of foreclosure and sale issued out of the circuit court of the State of Oregon for the county of Grant upon a judgment rendered in said court on the 10th day of November, 1891, in favor of M. Howe, plaintiff and against C. M. Smith in a suit wherein M. Howe was plaintiff and C. M. Smith and J. H. Baker were defendants, for the sum of Five thousand forty-two and eighty one one hundredths dollars, with interest thereon from said 10th day of November 1891, at the rate of ten per cent per annum and Three hundred and fifty dollars attorneys fee and the further sum of Forty eight and twenty six one hundredths dollars costs and accruing costs. I have levied upon and will sell at public auction on Saturday the 26th day of December, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, and at the court house door in Canyon City, Grant county State of Oregon, the following described real estate, and all the right, title and interest, which said C. M. Smith had on the 17th day of August, 1889 in and real estate mentioned and described in said decree, to wit: The west half and the west half of the east half and southeast quarter of southeast quarter of section twenty two (22) in township twelve (12) south of range twenty three (23) East Willamette meridian together with all the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining. All being situate in Grant county, Oregon.

Terms of sale cash.

Dated at Canyon City, Grant county State of Oregon, this 24th day of November 1891.

O. P. CRESAP,
Sheriff.
By W. S. Scarbrough,
Deputy.

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POET'S WAYWARD BOY.

The Son of Joaquin Miller Arrested for Stage Robbery.

HE IS ALSO AN ESCAPED CONVICT.

Daily Oregonian.—It was announced in the telegraphic dispatches a day or two ago that Harry Miller, the son of Joaquin Miller, poet of the Sierras, had been arrested for stage robbery in California, and that his bail was fixed at $10,000. Young Miller, who is 22 years of age is the son of Minnie Myrtle Miller, from whom the long-haired poet was divorced. Minnie Myrtle Miller's troubles are well known to the people of Oregon, the family having resided in this state many years. Both she and the poet were natives of Oregon. She bore him three children. One was a daughter, who for some years was on the stage. She married the son of Steele Mackaye, the English actor, and five or six years ago was living in New York. Minnie Myrtle Miller died a few years ago.

Young Harry Miller has had a somewhat checkered career. His story, as told in his confession immediately after his arrest is as follows:

"I was born twenty-two years ago and up to the age of ten years lived with my mother, Minnie Myrtle Miller, in Portland. The days I spent with her were the only really happy ones I ever knew. When she gave me into the keeping of her sister at Coos bay and parted with me to go East after my sister Maud, who was being educated in a convent, I grieved for her. I never saw her again.

"About a year after she left me they told me she was dead. The next seven years of my life were passed on my aunt's farm. She was very kind and no doubt treated me a great deal better than I deserved. I went to the little country school at Coos bay and learned all they could teach.

"But the taste of education I received there only sharpened my appetite for more. I did not care for the every-day life of a farmer; I was ambitious to become a man like my father. A letter to my father telling him of my desire evoked a reply inviting me to come to him, and saying he would help me. A few weeks later I found myself at 'The Hermitage' on Oakland Heights. My father's reception was not as cordial as I had a right to expect. He told me that I must banish all dighy ideas from my brain, and that he did not propose to let me be a burden on his shoulders. Then he gave me work to do about the ranch.

"It was the same old hard drudgery I had thought of escaping when I left Oregon. To be sure, my father had promised to pay me for my labor, and I became contented when I thought that with the money thus gained I could educate myself in the higher branches. It was a crushing blow when he refused to pay me. Anger and disappointment overcame my better judgment, and one day I left 'The Hermitage.'

"My brother George went with me, and we traveled about the state working at various places, until finally we parted in Modock county. I came to San Francisco and carried messages for the American District Telegraph Company for a while. Then I returned to the country and worked at odd jobs, getting square meals occasionally, but most of the time going hungry. I drifted back to Oregon, but I did not go to Coos bay, knowing that if I did I would be doomed to stay on the ranch forever. One night in Portland, while I was hungry and desperate, a man proposed that we break into a house. His name was Webster. He was an old acquaintance, and was trying to reform from the habit of using opium. One day we walked out of Portland and along the roads conversing until we came to a farm house near the railroad track. It was noon and we were hungry. I asked Webster to go to the house and try and get something to eat. I had money and told him I would pay all expenses. He went to the house, and I followed a few minutes afterward. It happened that there was no one in the place, and Webster crawled through a window. He passed me some food and we dined. As we were walking into town again he showed me a watch he had found in the bedroom.

"In Portland we went to a pawnshop to sell the watch and the pawnbroker telephoned for two policemen who came and arrested us. We both got two years in the Salem penitentiary for that affair.

"I served six months of my time and escaped in the garb of a carpenter who was a free man and who worked as our foreman in the building of the school of reform.

"I was chased all over the state of Oregon and shot at repeatedly by officers in pursuit, but I invariably escaped unhurt. I crossed into California, worked for John McMartin, of Colusa, and others in the Sacramento valley, and finally got into this last scrape. I had no intention to do what I did until the moment that stage came along. I do not wish that any blame should be cast on Joaquin Miller, my father, for what I have done.

"The old experience of privation was repeated, and I suffered the added misery of knowing that every policeman was looking for Joseph McKay, the escaped convict, and that if recognized I would be returned to prison. But I was lucky enough to escape detection, however and sometimes a letter from my aunt or my brother would let a gleam of sunshine into my life. My aunt seldom wrote without enclosing a little money for me. At last I wandered into Mendocino county. One day while tramping over the mountains, famishing and in search of work, I came upon a house that had been left unguarded. I entered it and ate my full. Then I stole a gun and some cartridges and left the place. Another day of tramping and hunger followed, and then I shot a sheep, and roasting the animal, had another hearty meal. I walked on again and suddenly came upon a stage toiling up a hill.

"The idea of robbing it came as an inspiration. As the stage neared me, I stepped from behind a tree and ordered the driver to stop. If he had shown light I should probably have run away because I was frightened and shaking like a leaf. He stopped, however, and threw out the express box. When the stage had disappeared I opened the box and found a pair of baby's shoes and a few way bills. Not a cent did I get for my trouble. Then followed a couple of weeks of dodging and hiding in the forest from the officers, who I knew were searching for me. I reached Santa Rosa and there Sheriff Standley arrested me.

"Of course, I shall plead guilty and suffer the penalty. I bear my father no ill-will for the way he treated me, and all I ask of him is that he keep away from me. I don't care to see Joaquin Miller again. If it had not been for the letter of my brother to me that Sheriff Standley found, my identity would never have been known. I would have gone to prison as Joe McKay, as I did in Oregon. The last thought in my mind was that of bringing disgrace on my brother, sister and aunt."

In speaking of his jail experience at the Salem penitentiary Miller said:

"No man can conceive of the cruelties that are perpetrated behind the walls of that place. All the officers stand in together, and should a convict open his mouth on the subject at an investigation it means untold cruelties for him ever afterward.

"I worked so hard in the place where the iron was melted that I nearly died. There was another place, however, worse than that. It was the foundry. It is there that five men crippled themselves so as to be removed from the tortures to which they were subjected. I cannot remember their names now, because we nearly all went by nicknames of numbers.

"Two of the convicts had been subjected to such tortures in the foundry that they chopped their left hands off, so as to be sent to the hospital. Three other men chopped off their left hand fingers. One of these was a colored man named Snell. I can remember him well, how he used to put his wounded stump in his breast in cold weather. He was cast into a dungeon after he maimed himself, and when he was well enough to work he was put back at the same old furnace.

"I remember the killing of Sharp. He was a very sick man, and reported off to the doctor. The doctor said he was well enough to work, and when he refused to go back to the furnace Warden McKinnon ordered him to receive fifty lashes. It was the chapel where these performances usually took place, and there he was carried. He resisted as best he could, and the warden ordered in a guard, who, at the word of fire, killed Sharp. I would sooner do anything on earth than go back to that hell."

The Salt Lake Tribune truthfully says: "Oregon is in some respects a greater state than California. In many species of fruit she is superior to California, she has immense wheat fields, endless ranges and no end of timber.

IT LOOKS LIKE WAR.

The Chilian Difficulty Has Assumed a New Aspect.

THINK THEY CAN WHIP US EASILY.

A Washington dispatch says the Chilian imbroglio bears an ugly look, and is giving the administration more uneasiness than the president or his advisers are likely to admit. The country has been lulled into fancies of peace by the assurance of Minister Montt that Chili did not want war, and that justice would be done in the examination of the Baltimore affair, and therefore was not prepared for the dispatch showing that the Chilians were preparing to work themselves up into another paroxysm of frenzy, which would give them the required impetus to do something desperate. It is evident they are bent on returning another impudent answer to the claims of the United States, and that the answer will come in a few days unless Minister Montt, who is a cool-headed man and appreciates fully the power of this country both in peace and war, succeeds in turning aside the torrent of bombast his countrymen are evidently ready to let loose. There is no doubt of the truthfulness of the report that on last Saturday Secretary Blaine received a dispatch from Consul McCreery, stating that an ugly feeling against the Americans was cropping out in Chili, and that trouble of a serious nature might occur. About the same time there came a long cablegram from Minister Egan, which was hastily deciphered and at once placed in the hands of the president. This was to the effect that the finding of the court of inquiry into the bloody Baltimore massacre would probably oppose the claims of the United States and might probably be the basis of a saucy and unsatisfactory note to Secretary Blaine. The minister thought the government should be advised of this condition of things in advance. Consul McCreery has special means of knowing what is transpiring in Chili government circles, because he is probably the only American in the country who can go where he pleases and when he pleases. He has lived in Chili so long as to be almost considered a Chilian, and his domestic relations with the people where he lives are as every one knows exceedingly close. All will be activity again at the navy yards, and hasty dispatches have been sent to Mare Island. In answer to one of urgent telegrams came the response that it was said that the Monterey could be prepared for sea in sixty days provided her armor was put on at once. This shows that it is proposed to waste no time in preparing for a crisis, and naval men say great anxiety is expressed to have the Pacific coast protected as soon as possible. The construction of the eight ten and twelve inch guns ordered by the government some time ago is also watched with impatience and the first lot will be sent to San Francisco when finished, it being intended to construct the carriages on the coast, if that can be done. These guns will be planted at the entrance to San Francisco harbor and an effort will be made to provide for the protection of San Diego bay at the same time, these two points being most exposed.

The evil of intemperance is aptly illustrated in the story telegraphed yesterday from Baltimore. A whale was stranded on the beach, having in his stomach several empty bottles and five one-gallon demijohns of the best quality of Rye whisky, corked and sealed. This undoubtedly accounts for his whaleship's desire to take the inland trip which resulted so disastrously to him.

The post-master general has received a letter from Crawford, S. C., saying that 10,000 colored people there want to emigrate to Africa, and asking whether the government could aid them. The letter was referred to the superintendent of immigration. Let em go.

New York for the year 1891 received a total of [illegible] immigrants.

The United States has [illegible] gold coins, and only $11,000,000 are in circulation.

Some one has calculated the world's present stock of champagnes at 110,250,000 bottles.

There are about 2,800 counties in the Union with an average size of 1,000 square miles.

There are now 19,273 newspapers of different classes in the United States and Canada, a net gain of 1,614 over last year's record.

The working population of the world is estimated at 400,000,000; the power of the world's steam engines at the equivalent of 1,000,000,000 men.

THE CONVICT'S SON.

How a Young Australian Surprised His English Friends.

A Story Which Shows That a Man May be a Convicted Felon and Yet Be Innocent of Any Crime—Every Man's Honor in His Own Hands.

The young men were practicing archery on Mr. Hussey's lawn, and Bud Merryman had vanquished every one with the cross-bow, says a writer in the New York Morning Journal. "Why, you shoot like an Indian," said Jim Crawford.

"I am worse than that," said the other quickly. "I was born in Australia, the son of a convict." Frank Howson and another young man drew away. The young boy flushed angrily.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "You know very well that if you're the son of a convict we can't associate with you, and as I I will the coachman to have the carriage ready for the five o'clock train."

His young host's plain speaking did not seem to give the other any uneasiness, for he answered, with a short laugh:

"All right—as you please. But you may change your mind about my not being good enough to associate with after you've heard my story."

Frank leaned once again at this moment, and then sat down and looked uneasily at the speaker, who began:

"My father was arrested twenty-eight years ago on the charge of killing his uncle and tried for the murder. The evidence, which was entirely circumstantial, was not sufficient to hang him, but was so damaging that, in spite of his most solemn protestations of innocence he was transported for life to the penal settlements of Australia.

"He was taken there, and for ten years worked like a slave, with a chain and ball dragging at his heels.

"At the end of that time another convict died in the same prison, where he had been sent for highway robbery, four years after father was transported. On his death-bed he confessed that he murdered my father's uncle, and gave minute details of the crime, and even told the place where he had hidden the knife which he had used in the crime, and also where he had hidden the murdered man's watch and pocket-book.

"Of course my father was released and every thing done for him by the Government of New South Wales to show how deeply every one regretted that an innocent man should have suffered for so long.

"In a year he married the daughter of a merchant who had visited the prison very often and been a ministering angel to him and to the other convicts.

"After living a short time in Melbourne his dislike of the city, as being the place where he had suffered so much unjustly drove him to move away, and with my mother he went far up into the interior, in the bush, miles away from any human beings, except the natives, and there built a log hut and lived for twelve years.

"I was born soon after our new home was finished, and in less than two years after my brother came. We grew up together, with no companionship but each other and the few natives who lived in the mountains near us. From them we learned how to throw the boomerang and draw the bow, until, young as we were, we excelled even them in their use. We could bring down the kangaroo with the bow at one hundred yards, even if it was running at full speed, and smash a bottle set behind a tree one hundred feet away with the boomerang.

"When I was thirteen and my brother eleven father discovered gold on his farm which by that time had grown to thousands of acres, and in two months the country was flooded with miners and he was worth $200,000.

"My mother prevailed upon him to move back to Melbourne, where he is now the Governor of New South Wales and one of the richest men in Australia."

"I beg your pardon, my dear fellow," exclaimed Frank, eagerly extending his hand, while the others crowded around him with equally profuse apologies.

But to their astonishment and chagrin, he did not seem to notice any of the proffered hands, but, with a quiet smile, turned to Frank.

"Now that you know how I came to handle a bow so well as also how a man can be a convicted felon and yet be innocent of any crime—it would make your stock of information still more complete if you could learn that even if a father is guilty of crime it does not make his son any the less honorable or fit to associate with the world. Every man's honor is in his own hands, and is not affected in the slightest by what others may do—it is by a man's own deeds that he will be judged by his Maker! And now, my dear Frank, I will go to your house and pack my valise, and if you will have the carriage ready for the five o'clock train I will relieve you of my presence."

And, in spite of his friend's protestations, the boy that afternoon shook from his feet the dust of the Howson estate.

Derivation of Cravat.

Cravat is a corruption of crabat or croat. It was introduced into France by some French officers on their return from Germany in 1656, says the Dry Goods Chronicle. The Croats, who guarded the Turkish frontier of Austria, and acted as scouts on the flanks of the army, wore linen round their necks, tied in front, and the officers wore muslin or silk. When France organized a regiment on the model of the Croats these linen neckcloths were imitated, and the regiment was called "The Royal Cravat."

SHE IS NOW.—"Was that your sister I saw you with last night?" "Not when you saw me; I hadn't asked her then."—Brooklyn Life.

A NOTORIOUS BEGGAR.

Some of the Wild Adventures of Moore Carew.

The Scion of a Good English Family Who Became the King of Mendicants of the Day—A Daring Deed Which Brought Him Large Rewards.

There were great men before Agamemnon—beggars as well. Mendicant tricks of the trade have not changed much since the beggar lay outside the gates of the rich and showed his sores—doubtless painted on every morning and washed off every night. At all events that was a trick in Luther's time. One reads of it in the "Liber Vagatorum," to which he wrote a preface. The trick is still in vogue.

Of all clever rascals undoubtedly Bamfylde Moore Carew was the cleverest, says the Chicago Tribune. He was born in 1693 of a good old Devonshire family; his godfathers were Hon. Hugh Bamfylde and Major Moore; his father was rector of Brickley-by-Tiverton.

In short, the youngster was well launched. At school he was an excellent student; an all-round athlete and a good horseman—of course the son of the rector of Brickley kept his hunter. One day he and three schoolmates—sons of Devonshire gentry—in a harum-scarum mood raced through a farmer's wheat field. The master of the school was one of the birch-bred sort. He ordered them up for flogging the next day. Whereupon those four Lopefuls levanted and joined a gypsy caravan. Time and again they were reclaimed by their fathers—Carew and one of the lads named Facey always made off again to the gypsies.

At last they were left to follow their own devices.

Carew after many adventures was taken up as a vagabond and sold as a slave to Virginia. He escaped and made his way back to England before the Captain who had carried him out. A second time he was sent over, a second time escaped.

He was made "King of the Beggars" and played the rascal until he was seventy-two years of age. Then his cousin, Sir Thomas Carew, died and left him a competency.

Of all his wild adventures undertaken for the sake of gulling humanity, one deserves recalling. At the time it occurred he was about thirty. He was drinking one night in a mariner's house in the parish of Fleet, near Portland Race, in Dorsetshire. There he chanced to hear that a ship had been driven on the shoals and was in danger of going to pieces. He ran down to the coast. No boat could live in the sea that raged up the rocks; a few fisher folk lingered helplessly on the sands, seeing the signals and hearing the cries of the wrecked men, but unable to give aid. Carew got away from these people, stripped to his shirt and trousers, and under cover of the darkness plunged unseen into the sea. Twice he was passed back and ashore. The third time he made shift to get out of reach of the undertow and swim to the ship.

It was nearing morning, and in the gray light he clambered on board. He found only one of the crew, a poor wretch lashed to the mast. The others had been washed overboard or drowned in trying to swim ashore.

"What ship is this?"

"The Makesure," answered the sailor; "she belongs to Bristol; captain Griffin, master, bound from Hamburg to Bristol with a cargo of Hamburg goods."

As they were talking the ship parted; every wave dragged away great pieces of her.

"Make fast that rope to my waist," said Carew, "we'll get ashore together or go down."

The fellow was a coward; he had not had pluck enough to make a trial of it with his companion, and refused.

Still Carew urged him.

The poor wretch was half dead with fear and suffering, and close to the most shattering and weepy. In a moment more he was carried under by a sea that broke over the wreck, and never got out of the shadows into the light.

Carew fought his way to shore spent and bruised, with a broken arm and leg. Day had dawned and there was a great crowd on the beach. It need hardly be said that Carew got sympathy enough and and more substantial. The neighboring gentry and with each other in succoring the poor shipwrecked sailor, not unaware of the Makesure. He was given clothes and money, for two years lived on the strength of this one affair. Indeed, one of his biographers, there is quite a Carew literature, states that the adventure brought him in over $5000.

Never mind that. It was a plucky act. To some extent it illustrated the cynical Frenchman's remark, that all would be rascals were we not, by chance, cowards.

A Duck of a Boat.

A boat has been invented for the use of duck hunters which it is claimed, is a perfect device as regards ease of management and the high rate of speed attainable. Those who have scuffed a boat in pursuit of crippled birds in the ordinary way are aware of the great strain upon the wrist which this method of propulsion entails. In the craft above mentioned the oar is thrust through the middle and bottom of the boat in a contrivance not unlike a centerboard. The leverage obtained is enormous, and the inventor claims that a small boy, through the use of his device, can beat a professional oarsman in a shell.

A young New Yorker has gone into the business of devising "catchy" titles for articles and stories sent him in manuscript.

The reader for a New York magazine says that as a result of nine weeks' reading he accepted just 23 out of 1,227 poems offered that magazine for publication.

THE ANANIAS CLUB.

Its Members Tell Some Astonishingly Bald-Faced Lies.

A Powerful Frenchman Who Pulled a Railroad Train—An Herculean Bostonian Whose Calef Amusement Consisted in Boring Holes with His Head.

"The most powerful man I ever saw was a Zulu called 'Spotlet,' who worked next to me when we were digging the Panama canal," remarked Patrolman Conklin. "What in other men was a strenuous effort was to him the merest child's play. He saved the company a great deal of money in blasting powder alone. Any thing he could get a firm grip on had to come. I have seen him toss a twenty-ton rock out of the ditch as easily as Patrolman Davis can juggle a wienerwurst."

"When I was in Paree," said Patrolman Asch, "I saw a man used instead of a locomotive on one of the railroads. He would be coupled to a train and would pull it at a good, fair speed. Of course, he didn't make the time that an engine would make, but if my memory serves me right, he made about fifteen miles an hour. I had quite a talk with the superintendent of the road, and he was much pleased with the experiment. He said the company would very likely use men to haul its trains exclusively. It was much cheaper and the danger from collision was not great. This would make up for the lack of speed. The expense of shoeing and feeding the man was considerable, but still he was cheap, as compared with the average locomotive.

"A funny thing happened on the road a few days before I left. The man engine drank too much wine, and in staggering from one side of the track to the other kept derailing the cars, and the entire traffic of the road was delayed for several hours, or until the engine got sober enough to go ahead. A scheme like this would be a good thing for this country, I think."

"In 1850 I was in San Francisco," chipped in Patrolman Jim Pope. "The gold fever was raging, and every one had exalted ideas of the wealth that was to be found in the earth. I was much younger than I am now—though you would hardly think it to look at me—and, like every one else, I went to the mountains to dig gold. I had a peculiarly formed pick axe which I used with great success. In the point of the pick axe was placed a dynamite cartridge, and every time I would sink the pick six inches into the rock, the cartridge would explode, thus blasting out the stone and saving a great deal of extra work. I had been picking away for about two months on top of a mountain and had made quite a hole. The yield was pretty fair, and I had about $15,000 in gold nuggets laid away. One day I went down into my mine and was working away like a good fellow. Suddenly the stone door slowly raised for a distance of two feet. I yelled to my partner to haul me up, for I didn't know what was coming. 'Don't be alarmed, friend,' said a voice under the stone. 'I'll be out in a minute and then I'll talk to you.' Sure enough a head popped up and a man slowly drew himself through the aperture.

"'Did you say howdy?' said the stranger with a laugh. 'I know I said howdy. Pretty tight squeeze, but I made it.' Of course, you and I stand, friends. I was considerably rattled.

"'Who are you and where did you come from?' I asked.

"'Before furnishing the required diagram and accompanying explanation let me inquire if you have any chewing tobacco about you?' said the stranger. I handed over a slab of 'black strap' plug, and after helping himself liberally the stranger handed the plug back, remarking: 'That's good stuff. Well, as to who I am, I'm not ashamed to tell you. My name is Sardanapalus Rolling, Esq. My home is in Boston. You needn't tell me your name, for I know you. You are Jim Pope, of Indianapolis. I suppose you want to know how I came here. Well, I have no objection to telling you. About three months ago I started a tunnel at the side of the mountain, thinking that I would find plenty of ore. I met with poor success, and after I had gone in about half a mile I made up my mind to abandon my claim, when something seemed to tell me to bore up instead of down. I thought it wouldn't do any harm to try it just for luck, and so I commenced. I had taken out a good deal of ore when I heard you pounding up above me, and I concluded to come on and join you, and here I am.'

"'But where are your tools?' I asked, in astonishment. 'Tools?' exclaimed Mr. Rolling, of Boston. 'I had no tools. I did all my tunneling with my hands, head and feet. I would just put my head against the earth, whirl around and have a hole about to my shoulders, and then I would tear out the earth or rock, or whatever it might be, with my hands. Sometimes I would lay down on my back and kick a hole with my heels, but I didn't like to do that very much because I would get dirt in my eyes.' Well, to make a long story short, the mining firm of Pope & Rolling was formed, and we worked together for three years. We became very wealthy, established a line of steamships between San Francisco and Cape Cod, and when Rolling died he was worth $10,000,000. The money I made I've got yet."

And then, says the Indianapolis News, the Ananias Club adjourned.

An officer sent out by the Provincial Government of Quebec to investigate the unexplored forests of the Northern Ottawa region reports his discovery of about 2,500 square miles covered with the finest pine, spruce and other valuable timber, with excellent streams to float it out.