

Acquitted.
O. H. Crabb, indicted for arson, was tried and acquitted by the jury yesterday in the State Circuit court. He was charged with setting fire to the Good Templar hall at Mt. Tabor and was in prison awaiting trial 152 days.

Poisoned.
During the past ten days nine young mules and three horses belonging to Charles Russell, of Walla Walla, have died. The cause is attributed to some poison in the wheat hay on which they were being fed. The mules were some of the finest in the country, and the loss is a very severe one.

Blue Ribbon.
Dr. Watts lectured at Roseburg three times last Sunday and twice on Monday to very large audiences. As a result of his earnest efforts of temperance he organized a Blue Ribbon Club of 175 members with the following officers: J. R. N. Bell, President; J. W. Strange, Secretary; Executive committee, Henry Byars, Chairman, Mrs. Dr. Hoover, Rev. N. Starr, Miss Kent.

Foolish John!
John W. Thompson, living on D. D. Prettyman's farm, west of town, while attempting to blast a fir log on Wednesday last, was badly injured. After tamping his blast, he applied the match direct without the aid of a fuse. Mr. T. thinks it was an hour before he came to himself, but his wife thinks it was not more than fifty-two minutes from the time she heard the report. His arm is in a sling.

A Silly Fellow.
The Junction City Republican says, on Monday last a young man named Wm. Reed was sitting in the store of Conner & Croano, at King's valley, having in his possession, says the Itemizer, a self-cocking revolver, which contained one blank cartridge, the balance of the chambers being loaded. He took a notion to try to frighten the persons present, and called them to see him shoot at his big toe, calculating to discharge the blank, but in this he was disappointed, and his aim being good, a ball was sent through the toe he was aiming at. It is just barely possible that Wm. Reed will not soon attempt another such a foolish trick.

Freights and Charters.
The Astorian concludes as follows: It is estimated that there is a sufficiency of tonnage in port to carry off the entire surplus for export. Persons who have the best means of knowing, say there are less than 40,000 tons available for shipment at this time, probably not more than 33,000 to 35,000. The season is practically closed, and our grain shipments have fallen off fully 25 per cent. from last season. This is partly owing to the home demands for wheat for seed in newly opened localities, and partly to diminished crops in the Willamette valley. There is a prospect of the coasting vessels coming back into their old channels, from which they have been driven by the presence of so large an increase in the steam fleet.

Important Transfer.
Within the past few days a very important sale and transfer has been made between the Willamette Transportation and Locks Company and the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. The W. T. & L. Company have sold out to the O. S. N. Company all their boats and the large and valuable wharf property at Astoria and Salem. The purchase includes the following steamers in addition to the other property mentioned: Willamette Chief, Orient, Occident, Bonanza, Champion, Governor Gray, Alice, Oklahoma, E. N. Cooke, Fannie Patton; also the barges Columbia, Autosat and Columbia Chief.

Office Declared Vacant.
The mayor of Astoria, W. W. Parker, has been convicted by the common council of that city, of willful violation and disregard of the ordinances and of defaulting the city. The charges and specifications which were manifold were submitted to a committee, the report of which was adopted and the following resolution passed:

RESOLUTION.
WHEREAS, The mayor of Astoria, W. W. Parker, has been found guilty of all of the charges as preferred by J. F. Nowlen and John Hahn, be it resolved that the mayor's office is hereby declared vacant.—Ayes Gray, McGuire, Hahn, Nowlen and Shively.—Nays McClann.

Mail Carrier Frozen.
William Lafoon, a young man about 18 years of age, lately from North Yamhill, Oregon, where his mother resides, started from this city on Tuesday morning of last week on horseback, to carry the Ochoo mail as far as Oak Grove, a distance of forty-five miles. It appears that this was the first time he was ever over the route, and night overtaking him, he got off the road, became lost and partially deranged. He was found Thursday camped under a tree almost entirely naked and delirious, having been out two nights. He was taken to Jerry Young's house, and Dr. Tierman of this city, was sent for, who informs us that upon his arrival he found him in a very critical condition. Both of his feet and legs are badly frozen. He will probably lose all his toes, but the Doctor thinks he will be able to save the feet.

Arrested.
Pat Brown, who escaped from the penitentiary in 1870, was arrested in Eugene on Thursday, and will be brought down to-day and turned over to prison.

Proposed Change.
The proposed change in the mail between Astoria and Portland will allow passengers leaving Astoria to reach Tacoma, on Puget Sound, or Salem and Albany the same day.

Chemistry and Anatomy.
The class at the medical college on Fourth street numbers 29 members. Drs. Rex and Saylor lecture this evening, the former on chemistry and the latter on anatomy.

A Fearful Din.
The heathens of the city maintained an intolerable din, racket and bang last night and this morning. Chief Besser permitted them to fire their crackers at specified hours at the solicitations of the mongolians' attorneys. It is hoped we have heard the last of the nuisance, notwithstanding the desire of lawyers to earn their fee.

Killed by Giant Powder.
John Motley, a miner in the employ of the Monumental Silver Mining Co., met with a horrible death on the 15th inst. It appears that Motley was drilling in drift on ledge No. 12, and the drill coming in contact with a cartridge of giant powder, exploded it, causing instant death. The shot took effect in the left side, near the abdomen, literally tearing the poor fellow to pieces. The deceased had been at work only a few weeks at the mine; was an old resident of Grant county. He leaves a wife and two children.

Sentence Commuted.
Among the prisoners whose sentences have just been commuted by His Excellency Governor Thayer, we notice the name of Daniel Doty, Charles Wilson and F. W. Knowles, of Jackson county, and that of George Dougherty and R. E. Herring remitted.
Doty was convicted at the November term in 1875, sentence four years. Case appealed to supreme court and affirmed March, 1879. Sentence would have expired March, 1880. Knowles was convicted of assault with intent to kill at the February term, 1877, sentence three years. Time would have expired March, 1880. Wilson, convicted of grand larceny at the July term, 1872, sentence nine years, which would have expired August, 1881.

Very Important Decision.
The Puget Sound Argus says the celebrated tax case of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company vs Stephen Judson, treasurer of Pierce county, involving the legality of the taxes levied on the Railroad and the land of the company for the years 1874, 1875, 1876 and 1877 in Pierce county, was finally decided last Monday by Chief Justice Lewis, presiding at the district court at Steilacoom, in favor of the Railroad company and a perpetual injunction was ordered against the collection of said tax which amounts to over sixteen thousand dollars besides interest, penalty and costs. The claims of the company that its right of way and the lands not patented were exempt from taxation was not finally passed upon. The case was decided adversely to the people for non-compliance with the mandatory requirements of the revenue laws and because the legislature of 1877 absolutely repealed the law of 1865 without any saving clause, which repeal acted as a destruction of all existing remedies for the collection of taxes levied. The court held in substance that all inchoate right derived under the statutes are lost under its repeal. This decision, if it is the law, will also put a quiet us on the claims of Thurston, Lewis, Chehalis, Pacific and Cowlitz counties for all taxes levied under said law in said counties prior to the year 1878 and amounting in the aggregate to over \$50,000.

The Indians Are Coming.
The Indians we mentioned recently as being en route from Camp Harney to this place are expected to arrive on Five Mile Creek on Friday next, and as soon as arrangements can be made will be brought to town or vicinity. A portion of them are "prisoners of war," captured by General Howard last summer, and the others are members of old Winamucca's band, whose brother accompanies the expedition.
The "outfit" consists of about 460 Indians, two companies of cavalry, sixty wagons, with as many teamsters.
The Mountaineer says Mr. James N. Clarke, of Grant county, "agent" of this "circus," says the Indians are fat and hearty, and appear to enjoy the journey very much. While camped on the John Day river we noticed a number of young bucks in swimming. The river was frozen along the shore, extending ten or twelve feet, and the little fat fellows would take a run and slide on the ice on their bellies off into the water.
The objective point or destination of the "outfit" is the Yakima Reservation, over in Washington Territory, but for some cause it will remain here for a while.
What object the Government can have in moving these Indians to the Yakima reservation is more than we can understand, unless in case of an Indian war—the Indians will be all together, and thereby better able to protect themselves.

TROUBLES AT OMAHA.
There has been an invasion of vested rights; again corporate monopoly has spread consternation by its imperious action, and this time it is Omaha that is badly hit. Only a few years ago the place was a savage wild, and then it grew in beauty like—well, so well that Geo. Francis Train, located 5,000 lots there, and went all around the world to tell it. It outlived its juvenescence and forgot Geo. Francis Train, and other elements of its savage nature. It lived to see the Union Pacific Railroad and the great bridge across the Missouri river built, without a thought that the same U. P. R. R. would bring Omaha capitalists to grief and lead its money changers with burdens a pack horse could not comfortably bear. But that time has come; the U. P. R. R. has done it; Omaha is overrun with—with what they never believed they would have enough of one year ago.
It happened thus: The people of Omaha had made it the study of their lives to accumulate greenbacks, and were moderately successful in their endeavor, having, as a safety valve, the power to buy lots of Geo. Francis Train when there was an overplus. The price of currency they cared nothing for, and yet they longed for specie, for gold, as all men are apt to hanker after filthy lucre. Of late the railroad company, which has disbursed tens and hundreds of thousands of currency in their midst, has imposed on them a different means of liquidation; it has hauled over from the mints of Nevada and California and disbursed in their midst, gold coin. Blessings always are "brighter as they take their flight," and consternation spread among capitalists, who had no confidence in feather beds as a place of refuge for coin, and workmen whose weekly wages were handed over in this weighty shape. Finally a bank was found that consented to receive gold on deposit, and workmen discovered that the butcher, baker and candlestick maker would, upon solicitation, receive gold as payment, so that the afflicted people, though making sore complaint, manage to tide over their gilt-edged day of misfortune.
It is all as a man is used. We, who came this distance after gold, long ago got used to it, and the Eastern man who brings his currency with him soon learns to bear his share of the public burdens. It required men of courage to settle this region, as has been often and modestly said by so many of us, and we knew gold was heavy when we came here after it. We have worked hard for it when we could get it, and many of us, to show our contempt for sordid things, spent it freely when got.
There is nothing mean about us, as a people, which remark is not entirely original—and if the U. P. R. R. Company doesn't believe it, let them build the Salt Lake, Dalles and Portland road, and disburse their tens and hundreds of thousands of gold among us, and every man, yes, every one of us, will open our hearts and our purses to receive them and theirs. This whole community could strike a Shaksperian attitude and shout in defiance, "Dammed be he who first enters, 'Hold' enough!"—Portland Bee

DROUTH ON PUGET SOUND.
Taking up a S. F. Bulletin of late date, we come across fresh Eastern dispatches, that by some inexplicable reason never reached Oregon by telegraph. One lengthy story of human suffering tells of a worthy Dutchman who left the Father land to find in America, the land of the free and the home of brave Germans. He landed in New York and caught immediately the great Horatian idea to "Go West." Westward he went, and kept going until he became owner of a small ranch on the shores of Puget Sound, where he raised all the wheat and potatoe he could until the drouth drove him away, when he collected what he had left and left himself. He was then in New York asking charity to help him back to Germany. We suppose he got it, and certainly hope so, for we would dislike to know that the United States held so big a liar as the man who could with deliberate purpose say that he lost his crops by drouth over on Puget Sound.—Portland Bee

Supreme Court.
FRIDAY, JAN. 24.
F. Nodine, et al, appellants, vs J. Shirley respondent; appeal from Union county. Ordered to be re-argued, motion to admit C. M. Spencer, of Baker City, to the bar, he not being present taken under consideration.
C. W. Moore, appellant, vs C. S. Miller, respondent; appeal from Wasco county; argued and submitted.
Time set for hearing the case of the State of Oregon, respondent, vs J. D. Whitney, appellant, Tuesday the 28th at 11 o'clock A. M.
Court adjourned till Tuesday the 28th at 11 o'clock A. M.

VINDICATE THE LAW.
Just August one of the boldest and most depraved acts of robbery ever planned in this State was carried out to the bitter end of violence and murder in this city. An old man was robbed in daylight, his premises seized, his body left bleeding and senseless, with every reason to believe that he could not survive his injuries; and loaded with gold and precious booty, the band of robbers fled. Even as they fled from ineffectual pursuit they carried murder in their hearts, and turning upon their pursuers, who would have vindicated the law, one of them fired and killed a passing boy. There were three of the murderers. Two of them were State prison birds from California, had been repeatedly sent to prison to atone for crimes, and the third was an unfortunate lad who was commencing a career of vice under their vile tuition.
Johnson was the master who planned this bloody deed of robbery, and executed it boldly and in the light of day, in the midst of this busy city. Brown, who fired the fatal shot, was his follower. Acting under Johnson's orders, he assaulted and nearly killed O'Shea. Both were hunted down at length, and after trial were convicted of murder and condemned to die. Concerning Brown's fate there seems to be no great apprehension, for his coarse nature suits the bloody work he has done, but we hear of efforts made to commute the sentence of the chief conspirator and actual murderer, Johnson, without whom this deed of robbery and murder would never have been planned.
If it is desirable to leave the law unvindicated and let the author of this drama of blood go free, why not extend its clemency to the more brutal and less attractive criminal who did the other's bidding? Why should Brown suffer the direst penalty of the law, if his chief escapes? When a man has graduated through State prisons until society can hope for no reformation, and then culminates in crime as this "engaging" murderer has done, who that respects law and society can forget both so far to plead for him? We hear that he "makes friends" and has "prepossessing ways." If so he is all the more to be dreaded as able to seduce others to his bidding and to plan and execute desperate deeds if again set at liberty, for of course those who would commute his sentence now would pardon him hereafter.—Portland Bee

HANGMAN'S RECORD.
It seems that ninety-six murderers were hanged in the United States during the year 1878, an increase of thirteen over the year 1877. This shows the force of our late editorial where we showed that if the rate of murders were the same elsewhere as they have been here of late, there would be 4,000 executions per annum in the whole nation. Crime has its full proportion of victims in Oregon, and while we must attribute this excess to the presence among us of reckless and desperate men who have lately sought asylum here, that is all the more reason why the State courts should as they have, mete out the full force of the law, and why clemency should not be misdirected but justice should hold the scales with stern regard for law and morality. This carnival of crime must close or we shall have terror at home and an evil name as a community.—Bee

RAIN IN CALIFORNIA.
Rain has visited California, and it must have appeared very beautiful to them after their season of hopes and fears, for it means all that is possible of success to agriculturists, and with all her mineral wealth and bonanzas, they cannot live without the dew of heaven and the life giving rain. It may be too late to answer their purpose, even if abundant enough to make the earth green and fruitful, for the plowing season is about over. If they have enough grain to start the starved fields and make grass for flocks and herds, and to raise half a crop of wheat, they will be in big luck, but the prospect for 1879 is not a favorable one for the California farmer.—Portland Bee

Anybody can soil the reputation of an individual, however pure and chaste, by uttering a suspicion that his enemies will believe and his friends never hear of. A puff of the idle can take a million of the seed of a thistle and do a work of mischief which the husbandman men labor long to undo; the floating particles are too fine to be seen and too light to be stopped. Such are the seeds of slander, so easily sown, so difficult to be gathered up, and yet so pernicious in their fruits. The slanderer knows that many a wind will catch up the plague and become poisoned by his insinuations, without ever seeking the antidote. No reputation can refute a sneer, nor any human skill prevent mischief.

State and Territorial.
Revival meetings are being held at Astoria and Alsea.
Many new claims have been located at Yaquina and Alsea.
W. J. Lewis Davenport is building a fine residence at the Dalles.
A new hotel building three stories high is building at Corvallis.
J. M. Dorman is to build a court house at Mount Idaho to cost \$2,970.
An express and passenger line is to run from Linkville to Lakeview.
Fifteen or thirty thousand head of cattle are wintered in Warner valley.
Many of the items in the Mountaineer are forestalled by our private advices.
The Lewiston Teller says stock running in that part of Idaho has suffered little.
There is a prospect of a telegraph between Redding and Lakeview, Lake county.
C. Olson, of Laconter, had the misfortune to get some ribs broken a few days ago.
The State Line Herald says this is the pleasant winter ever known in Lake county.
Corvallis is to have a bank as Mr. W. B. Hamilton has concluded to establish one.
Dr. Sharples, late of Salem, will resume the practice of medicine in Eugene, his old home.
Charles Staats, on the 11th, killed a Coyote in King's valley and got \$56 bounty money.
The proposed construction of the West Side Railroad to Corvallis causes great joy in that place.
A wagon road is being made for 30 miles from Lakeview to Bidwell over the mountain range.
A surprise party was given to W. W. Buck, at Oregon City on occurrence of his 75th birthday.
The Mountaineer says county court has appointed Charles Hilton Inspector of Sheep under the new law.
The people of Olympia are afraid the potatoes they ship to California will be classed as "Oregon products."
The Mercury says a valuable horse owned by Frank Johnson was run over by the south bound Monday train.
The Jacksonville Sentinel says Parnell & Ball found a nugget of gold in this claim, near Grants' pan worth \$374.
A portion of the water of Hood river is to be turned into the valley, at least the Hood River Ditch Co. has so resolved.
Son of G. A. Wade, Clackamas, playing with a revolver, shot himself through the arm, above elbow, so says the Enterprise.
There are 15,000,000 feet of logs afloat in Puget Sound, and all covered with laborers' liens. They ought to keep well in that order.
Lanthon & Co.'s store at Lewiston, I. T., was lately robbed, and the Teller says some of the stolen goods were found in a China shop.
Dennis Malony, who lives on Canyon City road, lost his house and Winter's grub by fire, early in January. Was away to see a neighbor at the time.
The scattered Indians about Jacksonville have made up a purse of \$60 for the defense of Indian Steve who was concerned with Rath in the murder of Sebring.
Eastwick's report estimates that \$33,000 will be sufficient to make the Clearwater river navigable for steamers from the mouth to within 16 miles of the mouth of the middle fork.
The Olympic Experiment says our little railroad and its dignified management reminds us very vividly of a little boy wearing a stove-pipe hat and adds that a dog fight this morning set our daily back two hours.
The Albany Democrat tells a great story of a young man, recently from the States, who was out hunting and tackled a cougar, and put 48 buckshot into him, and then left the cougar eating a deer. They had a terrible conflict but his ammunition gave out.
Says the Washington Independent: Since the show it is found that the young grain in this county was not injured by the freezing weather as it was feared. Mr. P. Jackson, near Hillsboro has some volunteer oats that are unharmed, and of course the wheat is all right.
The Enterprise says that Monday evening the citizens of Oregon City held a meeting to talk over matters and see what could be done towards having the railroad projected on the east side, terminate at Oregon City. Speeches were made by T. R. Harrison, F. O. McCown, Dr. Cato, Charles Cutting, E. L. Eastman, Hon. John Myers, Major Chasman, M. Athey and A. Sanders, citizens of town and county who all favored active efforts and liberal subscriptions to that end.

An Old Man with the Bones of his Wives.
Readers of Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," remember the vivid description it contains of the famous Capuchin cemetery in Rome. Not many years ago there lived in an Ohio village an old man who established in his own house a receptacle for human bones quite suggestive of that remarkable place. He had buried three wives, and after the death of the third he became very disconsolate and would not be comforted. At last he conceived the idea of exhuming the remains of all three. Waiting until time had been sufficient for the remains of the last to decay he carried out his project. The bones were all taken to his house and there deposited in boxes. Nearly every day he passed several hours in cleaning, polishing, arranging and rearranging the precious relics. It was his delight, as a writer in the Cleveland Herald relates it, to mix the bones in one box, and then select and point out to his friends the fragments of Mary, the bride of his youth. In each instance he was able to tell which of the other wives the remaining bones belonged. At last the old man himself died and directions for his burial were found among his papers. A coffin was to be made large enough to contain not only his body but also the remains of his departed companions. The bones of his first wife were to be arranged about his head and shoulders, while those of the second and third were to be placed along either side of him, and at his feet he directed that a small silken bag containing an earthy matter, supposed to be the dust of the three wives carefully taken out of the original graves, should lie. At his first marriage he had worn silken hose and knee breeches; at the second the same pair of hose carefully preserved, though covered by the more modern trousers, and at the last marriage the same pair of hose as at the first. Carefully dressed, with these bones around him, and those identical hose on his feet, the old man was laid away in his grave.

Backwoods Courting.
He sat at the side of the woman in a big white oak rocking chair. A long-eared rhinoceros snoring at his was by his side; a basket of sewing was by hers. Both rocked incessantly—that is, the young people, not the dog and basket. He sighs heavily and looks out of the west window at a crumpled myrtle tree; she sighs lightly, and gazes out of the east window—at a turnip patch. At last he remarks:
"This is mighty good weather to pick cotton."
"Tis that—if we only had any to pick."
The rocking continues.
"What's your dog's name?"
"Coony."
Another sigh-broken stillness.
"What's he good for?"
"What is who good for?" said he, abstractedly.
"Your dog, Coony."
"For ketchin' possums."
Silence for half an hour.
"He looks like a deer dog."
"Who looks like a deer dog?"
"Coony."
"He is—but he's kinder bellowed, an' gettin' old an' slow now. An' he ain't no account on a cold trail."
In the quiet ten minutes that ensued she took two stitches in her quilt; it was a gorgeous affair. That quilt was made by the pattern called "Rose of Sharon." She is very particular about the nomenclature of her quilt, and frequently walks 15 miles to get a pattern with a "real purty name."
"Your an' raisin' many chickens?"
"Forty old."
Then more rocking, and somehow, in a short while, the big rocking-chair and the little rocking-chair were jammed side by side. "I don't know how it happened. It may have been caused by a peculiarity in the floor, or by the natural magnetic attraction one chair had for the other; but strange to say had the basket of work had followed the little chair, and the little chair had traveled as fast as the big one, Coony had not moved. He lay in the same place sound asleep, and was talking in his sleep, that is, giving faint, irregular barks at the possums he beheld in his dreams. After a little while the conversation was resumed:
"How many has your ma got?"
"How many what?"
"Chickens."
"Nigh on to a hundred."
By this time the chairs were so close together that rocking was impossible.
"The mink has eaten most of ours."
Then a long silence reigns. At last he observes:
"Makin' quilts?"
"Yes," she replied, brightening up; "I've just finished a 'Soaring Egul of Brazeel,' a 'Sittin' Sun' and a 'Nation's Pride.' Have you ever saw the 'Yellow Rose on the Parary'?"
"No."
More silence, then he says:
"Do you like cabbage?"
"I do that."
Presently his hand is accidentally placed on hers. She does not know it; at least does not seem to be aware of it. Then after a long hour spent in sighing, coughing and clearing of throats, he suddenly says:
"I've a great mind to bite you."
"What you great a-mind to bite me fur?"
"Kase you won't have me."
"Kase you ain't axed me."
"Well, now I ax you."
"Then, now I has you."
Then Coony dreams he hears a sound of kissing.
Then the next day the young man goes to Tigerville after a marriage license. Wednesday the following week. No cards.

Why Hampton Rode the Mule
The account of the accident which was published in the News and Courier the day after its occurrence became known, was full and exact in every particular save one, and that omission I now desire to supply, as it answers the question which I have frequently heard asked: "Why Gov. Hampton, of all men, should ever have consented to ride a mule in a deer hunt?" A sufficient reply might be made to the effect that the Governor can ride anything that any other man can, and, therefore, felt no hesitation in mounting even a young, unbroken mule, but the true and better reason is that he chose to ride the animal in question rather than continue the hunt upon the horse which he had brought with him, and which had already done him good service on the day before, and which he wished to spare for the reason that it was not his own, but had been placed at his disposal by a friend. The Governor is a hard rider where his own stock are concerned, but he is not one of that very large class of mankind, who, according to the proverb, are willing to "ride a borrowed horse to death." He left the horse behind therefore, upon principle, and took upon himself the risk of riding a brute that few men would care to bestride. In this general connection I may as well mention another fact in point, which will be appreciated by any man who knows the Governor or who has ever followed the hounds, to-wit: that the only real concern the Governor evinced at the time of the accident, although suffering keenly the while, was in view of the possibility that some blabbering reporter or editor might publish to the world that he had been thrown from his saddle.—Columbia Letter to the Charleston, S. C., News and Courier.