

# Willamette Farmer.

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PORTLAND, FEB. 21, 1879.

### Rates Reduced.

Hereafter freight will be forwarded hence to Walla Walla by the O. S. N. Co. at a reduction of \$5 per ton, and to the Dalles \$2 per ton.

### Great Suffering.

Stock is said to be suffering exceedingly east of the mountains and at the Dalles. Cattle are dying from starvation. So a gentleman just arrived reports.

### Looks Like Business.

Mr. George W. Hume has made application for licenses for twenty-six boats to be employed by his Astoria cannery. Badollet & Co. also made application for forty boats to run in connection with their cannery.

### Big Hog.

S. G. Reed raised on his farm in Washington county, a Berkshire hog which he sent to the Portland market, whose gross weight was 1040 pounds, net weight 870 pounds. It was a thoroughbred Berkshire, descended from thoroughbreds imported into this State several years ago.

### Sick Horses.

There are several horses sick in the vicinity of Sublimity with a disease known as the stiff staggers. Mr. Joseph Williams has lost one, Mr. Sigmon one, and Mr. Rice, at Independent school house has one down, and fears are entertained that many will die of the disease.

### Narrow Escape.

The Corvallis Gazette learns of the narrow escape from drowning of a couple of loggers named Jas. Patterson and Geo. Rubarts. These men in small boats, concluded they would go over the dam at chambers' mill, on the Luckiamute, in Kings valley. After making the plunge, their boats were drawn, by force of the whirl of the waters, under the dam, and came near perishing before being rescued from their perilous situation. Not much fun in that kind of work.

### Bridges Broken.

Information was received here yesterday from Mr. Jones, manager of the O. S. N. Co.'s telegraph office at the Lower Cascades, to the effect that both spans crossing the river at that point are broken, as is also the case at the Upper Cascades. The line is all down between the two points. The snow is quite deep and encrusted with an inch of ice, easily bearing up a man. The condition of the line above and below these points has not been ascertained, but it is supposed to be buried under the snow.

### Important Suit.

A suit has been begun in the U. S. Circuit Court against W. C. Griswold, Jane O. Griswold, James M. Adam, W. S. Ladd, A. Bush, W. I. Hill, H. Y. Thompson, G. H. Durham, Thomas Manzy, E. Chamberlain, W. H. Watkins, Ben Hayden, W. H. Holmes, A. Kelly, J. W. Nesmith and W. J. Woodworth, for an injunction and receiver to protect the interests of the United States in the Griswold property. A preliminary order has been granted by the court that defendants show cause, if any there is, why the injunction should not be issued in accordance with the prayer of the bill, to be tried on Monday, February 24th.

### Forger Arrested.

For some months past, Clarke & Craig, of the Willamette Farmer, have been annoyed by parties who have been collecting for them without authority. Yesterday, a victim of one of these collectors recognized one of the "handy collectors" and immediately gave information to Clarke & Craig, who were out a warrant for his arrest. Constable Sprague took the fellow in tow, and he now lies in the county jail, where he will await the action of the Grand Jury. We are glad to see these fellows brought to justice. The chances are good for a term in the penitentiary. The party was employed in Jos. Taylor's saloon, and called himself W. J. Sullivan. He has an alias of L. Whitworth.

### Thieves.

Never since the last State fair, says the Statesman, has Salem been so full of thieves and sharpers as at present. During the past week there have been several daring robberies committed that would send the perpetrators to the State prison could they be caught. Mr. Byron's dwelling was invaded, but nothing of value was missed, as the inmates of the house arrived before the burglars had time to inspect the entire house. They affected an entrance with a skeleton key.

Last Wednesday Dr. Hall's house was robbed of two ladies' cloaks, valued at \$40. There is no clue to either of the above thieves. It is supposed that there was a combined ring of them, as about 12 suspicious looking individuals made their appearance in our city at one time about the first of the week.

### Fish Licenses.

Applications, says the Astorian, for licenses to fish are coming into the office of the Fish Commissioner very rapidly. The Commissioner has divided his work into counties, with a deputy in each. Mr. Hope B. Ferguson is the deputy for Clatsop county. The first fish licenses issued were for a boat, dip-net and a fisherman named John Chambers, of Oregon City.

### Fishermen's Meeting.

At a meeting of the fishermen of Astoria a few days since, the following resolutions were adopted:  
That we the undersigned fishermen of the Columbia river, oppose the license law, and that there will be a meeting of the fishermen of the Columbia river on Tuesday the fourth day of March, 1879, to take the same under consideration, and that we invite the co-operation of all the fishermen on the Columbia river in the matter.

### Resolutions—Acknowledgment.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by Young America Engine Company No. 1, of Corvallis, at the last regular meeting:

WHEREAS, It has been our good fortune, through the officers and agents of the Oregon Steamship Company, the firm of Allen & Lewis, Oregon Transfer Co., U. B. Scott & Co., and last but not least, the Corvallis Truck & Dray Co., to have shipped, free of charge, our new fire engine from San Francisco to Corvallis; therefore, be it

Resolved, By the members of Young America Engine Co. No. 1, of Corvallis, that by so doing they have conferred upon us a lasting favor, and that the thanks of this company are due and are hereby tendered to the gentlemanly agents and representatives of those several lines of transportation, and also to Allen & Lewis for their kind and generous acts by which they have shown themselves the firm's friends.

Resolved, That we appreciate the kindness thus conferred, and that we hold ourselves in readiness at all times to return the favor by any acts in our power.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of this company, and that copies be forwarded to the different newspapers of the State for publication.

D. CARLLE,  
JOHN BURNETT,  
S. H. LOOK,  
Committee.

### A Chase For a Child.

About a year ago a woman went from this city to Seattle, where she gave birth to a boy baby which she soon hired out to a married lady living near that place at \$10 a month to keep and nurse it. The Intelligencer says she remained on the Sound and would call once every two or three months to see how her boy was getting along, but never paying a cent of the nurse's wages. Last Friday, the mother, whom we will designate as Ruby, called at the house where her child was being kept, and stated to Mrs. N., the lady who was keeping it, that she would like to take her baby boy out for a little ride and would bring him back in the course of an hour. Of course the request was complied with, though rather reluctantly. After an hour or so, and no return, Mrs. N. began to mistrust, and hastily putting on her things, hurried down to the wharf, where she learned the mother and child had just gone on board the North Pacific and that the steamer was just ready to start for Tacoma. Jumping on board she succeeded in finding Ruby, who refused to pay her the wages or give up the child. In the meantime the steamer had started. When they landed at Tacoma both women stopped at the same hotel. Mrs. N. applied to several attorneys, but they all refused to interfere in the case. What was the poor woman to do? She had started off from home without a cent of money in her pocket, not expecting to leave the town, and now was about to lose her wages, \$130, and the child. Saturday morning she stopped at Ruby's door, which was slightly ajar. There sat the little boy on the bed, all dressed and fixed up, while her mother was making her toilet before the glass in a half nude condition. Now was her time. Springing into the room she grabbed the child and was half way down the stairs when it before the surprised mother realized what had happened. Ruby soon gave chase, but being in no condition to appear on the street, and owing to the start the other lady and child had gained, she soon gave up the chase. Mrs. N. and the child returned to Seattle Saturday evening on the Zephyr, while Ruby came to Portland, feeling that she had been taken in at her own game. Mrs. N. is a highly respected lady, has resided with her husband for many years, while Ruby's character is very questionable. She lived for a long time with the notorious Jack Dowd, and is known on the Sound as Dowd's woman. She is the daughter of a respected family in Oregon, for whose sake we refrain from giving her real name.

"I fear that you do not quite apprehend me," as the jail bird said to his baffled pursuers.

A lady who is no longer in the first blush of youth is summoned as a witness in some suit. The judge: "How old are you, madam?" She (hesitatingly): "Thirty-nine." The judge (in the most benevolent tone): "Thirty-nine? Come, madam, have courage! Go on and finish it!"

### A Terrible Catastrophe.

#### Killed by a Wave While Admiring the Ocean.

One of the most remarkable accidents, fatal in its results, that has transpired in Oregon happened on the 5th inst. near Gardner, in Coos county. As near as we could ascertain the facts of the affair, Mrs. Mary Klinkenbeard, a lady aged about 47 years and residing at Marshfield, expressed a desire to see the ocean, never before having had such an experience. Accompanied by a number of friends, she one morning left Gardner and crossed the bay to the beach. Having secured an elevated position, the party stopped, and gazing at the ocean, began to admire its immensity and majesty. It was rough and sombre, the huge billows ever and anon rising and precipitating themselves within a short distance of the spectators. The throng was a happy one, and passed the time pleasantly in entertaining conversation. They occupied a position upon an immense and weather-beaten log of many tons' weight that rested upon the pebbly strand. Mrs. Klinkenbeard was a few feet in advance, near the sea, and standing on the sand, occasionally interchanging a few words with her friends. Finally she turned, and pointing a finger at the angry ocean, she said in a jocular manner, "So far shalt thou come, and no farther." These were the last words she ever uttered. At the instant a gigantic wave arose, and approaching with fearful velocity, undermined the sand beneath her feet and threw her to the ground. The log upon which her horrified companions stood slipped from under their feet and rolled down the beach with irresistible force, cradling to a jelly the body of the prostrate woman and killing her instantly. The log floated off to the sea, and the disfigured remains of the unfortunate woman were recovered with the utmost difficulty and only by the greatest exertion of the witnesses of the terrible catastrophe. The decedent was an excellent lady, who came to Oregon in 1846, and reared a family of thirteen children. She has several relatives residing in Portland, amongst whom are the families of Judge Strong and Dr. Stroug.

### A Father's Fidelity.

#### He Searches for His Child, and After Twenty Years Finds Him an Inmate of the Oregon State Prison.

Twenty years ago there was a boot and shoe maker in Dubuque, Iowa, named Sullivan, or Sullivan, and as he claims French ancestry the latter is probably correct. He had a wife and one child, a boy. The wife eloped with another man, taking the child with her. After travel and search Sullivan found the truant at some town in the interior of the State, and would have claimed his boy, only that the mother packed him in a box and shipped him to Chicago as freight. The father discovered a clue, followed it up, and obtained possession of the child, taking it to the State of New York and leaving it with its relations. The mother followed in turn and re-took the little one and carried it off never to be discovered again as a child. Sullivan has followed on her trail for all these years, but without avail. It has been a will o' the wisp search, led on only to be decided. Neither mother nor child were found for many weary days and months and years, his search led him to California, the woman being reported to him as a resident of that State. There after hunting high and low for a long time and adding to the thousands of dollars he had spent heretofore in unavailing search, he at length found the woman and demanded to know what had become of his boy, and learned that he was somewhere in Oregon. This romance, which is condensed truth, would be incomplete if it did not give the history of this recent woman. Sullivan found her living with the same man with whom she ran away from her Dubuque home. She had married and been divorced from him, married two other men and been divorced from them, and now was married again to Mr. No. 2. Here was a singular mélange of matrimony, and the woman who endured it all, though not a very respectable heroine, may claim to be rather a remarkable one.

Sullivan then changed his pursuit to Oregon, hunted the western towns and valleys, and finally got word of a man of that name in Eastern Oregon, and east of the mountains he went—to find that the son of his youth, the child of his hopes and the object of twenty-one years of labor and search had been convicted of crime and sentenced to the State penitentiary. It seems that the young man had a contest with a negro, and cut the negro with a knife, doing no serious damage, though justly sentenced for the act. He bore rather a good character than otherwise, and was well spoken of by many friends. So Sullivan came back from the upper country, and went to Salem, where he found his long-lost boy, decidedly the victim of circumstances and in duressville. He is at the Commercial Hotel, Salem, and hopes to make a fair showing in the boy's favor and obtain assistance to procure his release, and if the case is no more than stated, it is to be hoped that the son will be pardoned and be in the future both a credit and a comfort to so devoted a parent. Here is at least one instance of unsurpassed constancy and fidelity in a father.

### State and Territorial.

Diphtheria is still raging in Cullamity. Albany has had several venal outrages by Chinese.

The Weekly Mercury has reduced its price to \$1.50 a year.

Gen. W. Hume has opened a wholesale house at Astoria.

W. B. Hamilton & Co.'s bank at Corvallis is now in full blast.

A Cornelian man intends planting 16 acres in potatoes this Spring.

Hillsboro needs an ordinance against carrying concealed deadly weapons.

Mr. Joseph Hume is refitting the little steamer Quickstep for the Knappa trade.

James Caselberg, of Roseburg, accidentally shot himself in the thigh with a pistol, on the 10th.

Young Flannery, arrested in Yamhill county, charged with highway robbery, has been acquitted.

The cold weather has not hurt the Linn county wheat, though much of the oats will have to be re-sown.

Coos Bay shippers owned most of the cargo of the schooner Whitelaw, recently wrecked on the California coast.

Clackamas county has paid the balance of her State tax. The amount was \$12,390 33, and was paid on the 29th inst.

A man named Armstrong, aged 60, assaulted Mr. Humphrey, aged 75, at Albany on Wednesday, by throwing bricks at him.

A Chinaman attempted to ravish Mrs. John Brown, of Albany, on Monday evening when she was in a laundry over her head.

The East Oregonian says that the Columbia River blockade doesn't affect the Pendleton people much, as they have a nice little world of their own.

The Polk county Riveride says: "Never since the first settlement of Oregon have the prospects of an abundant crop been better than at present."

Albany is overrun with "bad" gamblers, gamblers, thieves and "vags," and the taxpayers are preparing to escort them out of the corporate limits.

Three different burglaries occurred at Albany in the past eight days. The one at the Revere House was the most serious, \$100 worth of clothing being stolen.

Astoria, the Astorian says, had a snow storm the other day, followed by a Chinook wind, that cleared the snow off faster than a man could do it with a shovel.

A hunting party of five gentlemen from Canby, lately took a trip to Big Bend, Molalla river. The score stood: Deer, 45; elk, 2; wild cats, 3; skunks, 3. They encountered snow 3 and 5 feet deep.

Says the Albany Democrat: An old man named Archie Jones died very suddenly at Lebanon last Saturday morning. He got up very early after having built a fire set down in front of it in a chair, and shortly after fell over dead.

One day week before last, says the Dalles Mountaineer, while a number of boys were playing under a wagon box in Kikkittat valley, the box fell over and caught one of the boys aged about seven years, and broke his neck, killing him instantly.

### Supreme Court.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 12.  
Counsel for respondent in the cause of Gilmore vs Burch—gave notice that he would file a petition for a re-hearing on certain parts of the case.  
Ben Holliday et al, respondent, vs S. G. Elliot, appellant—appeal from Marion county—cause on trial.  
Court adjourned till 9 A. M. to-morrow.

THURSDAY, Feb. 13.  
Ben. Holliday et al vs S. G. Elliot et al; appeal from Marion county. Cause on trial.  
Court adjourned till 9 o'clock A. M. to-morrow.

### BAD FOR EASTERN OREGON.

We learn by telegraph that a heavy fall of snow took place on Monday night all along the Sound, the greatest known for many years. Those who come from the Dalles report over thirty inches of snow on the ground. The wires are down so that no information can be had as to the weather further up the Columbia, but it is to be feared that the snow lies heavily, and that the weather is colder than with us and permits it to lie there, encrusted so that stock cannot paw it away. Already the stock of the upper country has suffered from the winter, and this storm very likely finds it in poor condition to resist its hardships. It is possible that the snow may not remain long on the ground, but a few days may decide the fate of a great deal of the stock of the Eastern ranges. It is to be feared that the losses will very seriously cripple the stock interest.—Bee.

### Those Husking Parties.

And the husking parties—hold me for a minute! I went to one once; had I been twenty years older then, how I would have sketched it for you; but I was only a boy, and I've only a boy's remembrance. I only remember the lanterns strung on cords from one great beam to the other, each corner bringing his own lantern. I remember the lights and the darkness overhead; the bright flashes and the great shadows that swallowed them up; and the hens that nodded and blinked on the scaffolding, and the one fool of a rooster that kept crowing, thinking that the morning had come; and the huge pile of yellow ears that grew and grew in size; and the greater pile of straw-colored husks that were thrown backward and pushed out until they blocked the great barn doorway; and the sleepy cattle in the stalls that looked stupidly but benevolently out at the strange goings on; and the red ear—how the young fellows wished the red ears were thicker; and the chasings and tumbings through the rattling husks; and the screams and laughter. I know all this is heretical, but who would be a saint when heresy is so pleasant!—[Golden Rule.

### White House Lunatics.

The "daff" people who find their way into the President's room generally look sane enough; but some let their mental weakness be known by their queer questions and strange actions. They are maneuvered out as soon as possible, but often cause considerable trouble. When a person calls at the Executive Mansion who is so insane as to be helpless and dangerous, he is turned over to the police and sent to the insane asylum or his home. From clues furnished by themselves the place from which they hail is often discovered, and they are given transportation thereto at government expense. There are such a number that have to be sent to the insane asylum that it has been suggested that a special appropriation be made for taking them home, as its costs more to maintain them at the government expense in the asylum. Some harmless lunatics have a method in their madness. At stated periods they pay the White House a visit. Their faces have become familiar. Among these is an old gentleman who lives a short distance out in the country, near Bladensburg. He wears a large soft hat, suit and pepper pants, and a short black coat. His eyes are blue and mild, with nothing wild about them, and his hair is gray. He calls regularly once in every two months. He comes in the door solemnly. Being asked what he wants, he replies: "I have come to take my seat." He then tells how he has been regularly elected President, and would have come to enter on his duties sooner, but work on his farm prevented his leaving home. The ushers talk to him seriously about the matter, and as a general thing he soon leaves perfectly satisfied. The last time he called he was somewhat persistent in demanding "the Presidential chair," in order "to take his lawful seat." Being expostulated with he explained to the usher that they need have no fear; he did not intend to make many changes and would keep them all in office. He didn't know, come to think of it, that he would make any removals at all. He might, however, put Secretary Schurz out of the cabinet. He was asked if he had wife. He replied, "No." He was then told that no unmarried man could be President. He left immediately, with the expressed determination to marry as soon as he got home and then come back and "take his seat."

A man comes down here from Pennsylvania about five times a year. He is about thirty-five years old and dresses neatly and comfortably. He demands to see the President. The Treasury and the White House have been deeded to him and he wants possession of them both. The last time he wore a pair of badly used up shoes and was slightly noisy. When put outside of the door he said: "I will submit this time as I do not wish to make Hayes homeless; but the next time I want no foolishness. I want him to move out promptly. I hate to be so harsh, but my shoes are wearing out and I want my rights. Just tell him how the case stands."

A man from Ohio called a few days ago. He had a theory that the world was coming to an end in few days if he was not made Superintendent of the Naval Observatory, in view that he might by his knowledge of astronomy avert the impending collision of the earth and all the planets. He was promised the position and left perfectly satisfied.

Ohio, by the by, furnishes quite a number of subjects. A woman from that State, about forty years old, with a gray hat, a light woolen shawl, handsome brown eyes and regular features, came quietly in last week. She said there was \$1,000 up that she had been elected Governor of Pennsylvania on the greenback ticket. She had only the week before gone to that State to see about it, and not getting much satisfaction had come to the President to have the question finally settled. She exhibited what she called her "credentials." This important document was the ticket issued by the greenbackers in the recent election in Pennsylvania and had on them, of course, the names of all the nominees of that party. She was told that the President could do nothing for her, and was referred to the Attorney-General.

A raw boned fellow from Maine is seen no more at the White House. He used to be a regular visitor. He would march in every morning, walk up to one of the ushers, and with a military salute hand him a letter. The letters were always addressed to "Hon. R. B. Hayes, from Ohio, President of the United States, U. S. of America, Western Continent, White House, District of Columbia." These letters were always opened, but were found to be such scrawls that no one could read them. This probably exactly suited the man as all he seemed to want was to deliver the letters promptly at 9 o'clock every morning.

Last Summer a burly inmate raised a row in the East Room because he was told by Sergeant Dinsmore that the President could not see him. He was put out. Dinsmore watched and saw that he went around back of the house. He stepped to the south end of the East Room just in time to grab the big intruder as he was coming through the window. The fellow looked crestfallen, and said, apologetically: "I only wanted to see the Hon. Mr. Hayes."

The "Goddess of Liberty" just stepped down from the dome of the Capitol, came back the other week, and being refused admittance to the President's room, threatened to bring down her "reserves." These consisted, she said,

of all the statues in the old Hall of Representatives, and that of Columbus in the east front of the Capitol and of the group of the backwoodsman and Indian fighting.

A woman from Maine walked in one day in a dress like that of a Quakeress. She stalked into the East Room, and spreading a large Bible, which she carried under her arm, on one of the window seats, announced her text, and began in a loud voice to hold forth on the necessity of being born again. Sergeant Dinsmore told her she must not make a noise. She calmly told him that her mission was to convert President Hayes and she had come to fulfill it. An effort being made to escort her to the door she again became loud and quoted verse after verse from the Bible. After much noise, but no actual resistance, she was gotten out on the porch and the door was closed. She left, announcing her determination to convert Mr. Hayes, and repeating scriptural texts all the way down the concrete walk to the gate.

A hard-looking male customer—he was about forty years old—came in one morning. "I am the man," he said in a roar, "who closed the rebellion. It is a matter of necessity that I should see the President." He was told that the President did not receive visitors at the White House. He saw every one that called at 414 Tenth street. This is the number of the police station on that street. The man went promptly to 414 Tenth street, and took a seat. After sitting there awhile the keeper asked what he wanted. "Oh!" he said, "I have just called to see the President." The keeper took in the situation at a glance, and saying "Step this way," conducted his visitor into one of the cells.

A Dayton (O.) man came in one day with a big tin box full of papers. These constituted the creed of a new religion which God had deputed him to make known to the world. What he wanted was the President to grant him a charter, and he would then start on a business basis. He gave his name as Jacob Schaffer. His particular fear was newspaper men. He thought that some of the fraternity had conspired to get the contents of his box and publish his creed before he secured his charter. For this reason he said that no one should read his papers. His wife is evidently also insane. The day Jacob Schaffer put in his appearance at the White House Jane Schaffer, at Dayton, telegraphed to the President as follows: "Mr. President, Jacob will be with you to-morrow to explain his grand mission. Treat him well."

### Results of Easy Divorce.

The people of Switzerland, who possess so great a variety of political institutions, and have tried so many experiments in social economy, sanctioned some years ago the introduction of what is virtually unlimited facility of divorce. Dissolution of matrimony is decreed for the most trivial of causes. The result of this state of things, as disclosed in a return just issued by the Federal Statistical Bureau, is rather curious than satisfactory, and does not speak well for the effect of the experiment on the happiness of the Swiss people. The figures set forth in the report in question refer to 1877. In that year it is said the various courts of the confederation decreed 1,035 dissolutions of matrimony, and 194 temporary separations, being at the rate of 4.74 for every 100 marriages; while the rate per cent in the Grand Duchy of Baden is only 0.64; in Wurtemberg 1.71 and in Saxony 2.19.

The proportion varies greatly in the different cantons, and as might be expected, is lower in Roman Catholic than in Protestant districts. In Uri, Oberwalden and Unterwalden divorces seem to be unknown, the rate per cent. in these cantons being expressed by a cipher. In Valais, it is 0.33; Schwitz, 1.05; Lucerne, 1.59; Freiburg, 1.64, and Zug, 2.07. In Glaris it rises to 7.32, in Zurich to 7.98, in Berne to 40.97 and in Geneva to 55.52 per cent. It is a curious fact, and one that may be useful to some future Buckle, that divorced people marry more readily than celibates, the case being in the proportion of two of the former to one of the latter; that two widows or widowers are married for one divorced person, and four for one celibate. Of 1,000 celibates of the age of 30, 99 marry; of 1,000 divorced men, 240 marry; and of 1,000 widows, 430 marry a second time. This is the experience of Switzerland, and from it is drawn the inference that, despite the great number of divorce cases in this country, marriage is a happier state than single blessedness inasmuch as those who have tried it once, even though they may have undergone the unpleasant experience of a suit for dissolution of matrimony, are anxious to try it again.—London Times letter.

### Fight For a Bible.

John E. Jones, a Waterbury, Connecticut, dancing master, has made a victorious fight for his father's Bible, which he seized at a local fair over a year ago, where his sister placed it on exhibition. In the suit that followed for the possession of the book the court gave it into Jones' possession, sustaining his claim that his father gave it to him, and a jury has just given him \$12, its estimate of the Bible's value, and \$1 damages for its detention during the time that Chief of Police Austin seized it while its ownership was in dispute.

The general depression in trade seems to effect even the days—they are very short just now.