

Prisoners Arrived. The three United States prisoners, Perkins, Miner and Lonsberg, arrived in the city from Fort Klamath last evening in charge of Captain Riley and lodged in the city prison. They were taken to Vancouver to-day.

Summer Resort Sold. Mr. Wilhoit, who has been the owner of the celebrated soda springs in Clackamas county, has sold them to A. F. Miller, formerly of Milwaukie, for \$5,000, and the deed has been placed on record. Mr. Wilhoit was not suited to conduct a Summer resort, and the patronage received, which has been liberal, was not on account of accommodations, but the health-giving qualities of the water and the fresh mountain air. Under the management of Mr. Miller they will doubtless become the fashionable Summer resort of Oregon.

Portland Bridge. The Portland Bridge Company met yesterday morning at 10 o'clock and elected the following Directors for the ensuing year: J. C. Hawthorne, William Beck, C. M. Wiberg, W. F. Allen and J. A. Chapman. The Directors re-assembled at 1 P. M., and chose Mr. William Beck President, and Mr. Joseph Buchtel Secretary. The company have adopted a plan which will insure the commencement of work at once, and push it forward to completion; but the plan cannot be made public until after the next meeting of the company and definite arrangements are made.

On His Oath. The Victoria Chronicle tells a good one at the expense of a deck hand on the steamer California. It seems that a barrel labeled "butter" was seized as contraband at Wrangel, supposed to contain liquors, and the deck hand was called upon to testify as to what he knew about it. He was an unwilling witness, and the Judge had to ask the main question: "What was in the barrel that you had?" The reply was: "Well, Your Honor, it was marked 'butter' on one end of the barrel, and 'Pat Duffy' on the other end; so I can't say whether it was butter or Pat Duffy was in the barrel, bein' as I am on my oath."

Valuable Horse Killed. Last Saturday evening as George Tooley's eldest son was returning home from town, where he had delivered a load of wood, says the Vancouver Independent, the horses became frightened by some unknown cause at the foot of the hill near Mr. Tooley's place, and ran toward home at a tremendous pace. The boy was thrown off and dragged for some distance, being cut about the head and badly bruised. As the team neared home in the darkness they came in contact with the fence, knocking down thirty or forty feet of it. Tooley's grey ran a picket into its breast which came out on its back, running three feet through the horse, destroying him. The horse was valued at about \$250. The boy is recovering.

Seeing the Elephant. A man named M. L. Reeves came down from Albany yesterday to see the sights and take in the city, or at least as much as he could bear. He made the rounds of a number of dives and dead falls, squandering his money upon maidens of questionable character, until two of his newly found chums took him a walk out Oak street to sober off. As they approached Fourth street, his companions robbed him of \$65 and his silver watch, then ran away screaming fire—in order to deceive the police—as if their throats would burst, and this way escaped. Reeves was too drunk to describe the men, and in consequence is out his coin and watch. He has seen the elephant, and is doubtless satisfied.

Chasing a Pullet. In the rural districts of Polk county resides a well to do farmer, whom we will call "Uncle Jake." During harvest he employed a Celestial to do the cooking, who gave excellent satisfaction. A few days ago as Jake was coming from the field on the wagon, he saw his wife running around the house at the top of her speed, closely followed by the Chinaman, who had a good sized club in his hand. "Uncle Jake" took in the situation at a glance, and dropping the lines he sprang from the wagon, exclaiming, "there's a dead Chinaman," and ran across the field like a deer. At the yard gate he seized a club and disappeared around the corner of the house, just in time to see his wife and the Chinaman close in on a pullet that had been chasing about the yard, for dinner. "Uncle Jake" wilted, and treated the boys all round to say nothing about it.

Society Elections. At the Willamette University last evening the following officers were elected in the Athenaeum and Alka Societies: Athenaeum—President, Miss Minnie Cunningham; Vice President, Miss Nellie Hall; Secretary, Miss Theo. Van Wagner; Treasurer, Miss Sallie Shaw; Censor, Miss Lucy Spaulding; Librarian, Miss Mary Reynolds. Alka—President, T. B. Cornell; Vice President, William Stump; Secretary, Frank Dearborn; Treasurer, Daniel Bass; Censor, Robert Harrison; Librarian, Andrew Harrison; Sergeant-at-Arms, C. A. Johns. Hesperian—President, Jasper I. Hewitt; Vice President, K. Besmer; Secretary, Bolden Cornell; Treasurer, Edward Harrison; Librarian, E. Spaulding.

New Boat Yard. Workmen are busily engaged to-day in scraping down the bank at the east side, preparatory to putting in ways for steamers to be hauled out for repairs at Joseph Paquet's yard. When completed, it will be a great convenience for boats needing repairs, and will save a trip to the gridiron at Oregon City.

Railroad Surveys. Two surveys have been made to Eureka flat from Wallula, says the Walla Walla Statesman. The first was not satisfactory, but it is said the last one made proved to be in every respect desirable, and that there is no grade on it that will reach 40 feet to the mile. These surveys have been made by the Utah Northern, or as some have it, the Jay Gould company. In five years' time Eureka flat will be a heavy contributor to the grain product of this country. It will be a trade in that time worth contending for. The want of timber is the great drawback to its early development.

Another Find. Mr. C. A. McGuire has a genuine find this time, having recently plowed up some coin on Clatsop plains, which, it is supposed, came ashore on the vessel or vessels that contained the beeswax which has from time to time been ploughed up on the coast of Oregon. The supposition is that this vessel (or vessels) was wrecked about one hundred years ago. There is no definite data to fix the time. The supposition is that they belonged to the Jesuits of the early period. Remarkable about these things in the Astorian office, Judge Callender said that the coins have been frequently ploughed up on Clatsop plains and beyond, but none like those found by Mr. McGuire.

The Seventh Convention. The Seventh Sunday School Convention for Oregon, Washington and Idaho, will convene at Salem in the Congregational Church, on Tuesday, September 30th. Sabbath school delegates, workers, and friends throughout the Northwest, are invited to attend. State Fair tickets can be bought on all the steamboat and railroad routes, thus securing half fare. We are requested to publish the following card:

The Sabbath School friends who attend the Convention will please remember that the State Fair usually crowds Salem with visitors, and on this account it will probably be impossible for the citizens of Salem to extend a measure of hospitality as they otherwise would be glad to do, but they assure us that they will do all that is possible, for the audience and entertainment.

Per order Ex-Com. S. S. Con., G. H. ATKINSON, Cor. Sec'y.

A Villainous Heist. Last Thursday Mr. John W. Baker had the misfortune, through the carelessness of a Mongolian, to lose a fine cow, says the Lafayette Courier. A gang of about a dozen of the celestials are grubbing for Mr. James Martin, and have a small shanty near his house, surrounded by a garden. On the day above named the Chinamen were seen at several different times running the cow out of their corn patch, which was surrounded by a poor fence. Towards evening Mr. Baker came along, and finding his cow badly crippled, having been struck on the hind leg with a mattock, the limb being nearly severed just below the gambol joint. This roused Mr. Baker's ire, and he "went for that heathen Chinese"—that is the boss—and demanded pay for the cow. "John" did not understand the matter, but by the time Mr. Baker had shaken him nearly "out of his boots" he was fully awake to the situation and went with the injured party to Dayton, where after considerable jabbering with several of his fellow countrymen, he "pungled" \$30, the price demanded.

Articles of Incorporation. Articles of incorporation were filed yesterday in the office of the County Clerk by Geo. W. Weidler, E. Quackenbush and B. Killin: The name of this corporation shall be the Portland Telephone, Telegraph and Electric Light Company. Duration perpetual. The enterprise, business and pursuit in which this corporation proposes to engage is the construction, equipping, owning and operating a telegraph and district telegraph system in the county of Multnomah, in Oregon; and the transmission of messages for hire upon special contract, or otherwise, as may be deemed advisable. The corporation shall have power to construct, maintain and operate such telephones and telegraph system, with all necessary stations, offices and signals. This corporation shall also have the right to purchase, hold or use all real estate necessary or convenient for the transaction of its business; and, generally, it shall have power to do and perform all things necessary or proper to be done to carry on the business of the telephone district telegraph system, and for the delivery and transmission of messages and communications of every name and nature, and to carry on the business of furnishing electric light. The principal office and place of business of the corporation shall be at Portland. Capital stock of this corporation shall

To Washington. Mr. T. A. Sutherland, of the Standard, will depart for Washington City about the first of November. He has received an appointment on a Congressional Committee as clerk, which position we hope will line his pockets with golden ducats.

Lodge Instituted. Pacific Lodge, No. 17, Ancient Order of United Workmen, was instituted in this city last night, Sept. 16th, by W. S. White, D. G. M. W., with the following officers: J. N. Dolph, P. M. W.; George H. Durham, M. M.; S. L. Wells, G. F.; Chas. Fishel, O.; Dr. B. Bird, R.; S. Farrell, F.; Dr. S. Frazier, Receiver; Chas. Clarnichael, G.; E. H. C. Taylor, I. W.; W. S. White, O. W.

Drowned. Mr. John Trewavas, of the firm of Trewavas & Ballentyne, who was superintending the erection of the new light house at Tillamook, fell from the rocks into the water below day before yesterday and was drowned. We have none of the particulars of the sad event. Mr. Trewavas was a man widely known in this city, and was a man of splendid character and the possessor of many dear friends, who, in company with his family, will sincerely mourn his sudden loss.

Encountered a Hurricane. The City of Boston, American ship, from Burrard's Inlet to Sydney, reports that in lat. 30 10 S, lon. 155 30 E, she encountered a hurricane from the east, in which her lower masts, foretop-sail, forestaysail and flying jib were blown away, and her deck cargo of timber washed over to starboard, giving her a list to that side for the remainder of the voyage; she was ultimately compelled to heave to until the violence of the wind abated.

Painful Accident. James Hamilton, of Oregon City, while engaged threshing on Capt. Hedges' farm last week, was wound around the tumbling rod of the machine and had his clothes pretty well torn from his person. His left arm was considerably bruised, but he received no other serious injury, for which he may be thankful. A tumbling rod in motion is a bad thing to embrace.

Stabbing Affray. Last Sunday near Hubbard's there was a serious stabbing affray between two young men named Ester and Killen, heretofore good friends and members of the same threshing set, had a little dispute, and Ester knocked Killen down. The latter drew a pocket knife and cut Ester two or three times across the abdomen, once over the heart and on the hand. The wounded man was brought to Aurora on Wednesday, and under the care of Dr. Giesy will recover.

Route Located. C. A. White, civil engineer in the employ of the N. P. R. R. Co., returned last Saturday to Walla Walla, and reports having found a good railroad route from the Columbia river at Ringgold bar to the main line running from the mouth of Snake river to Spokane falls. The approaches to the Cascade mountains have now been mathematically demonstrated to be practicable, and it only remains to get over the mountains, a matter for much engineering and study.

A Close Call. H. L. Kelly barely escaped losing his right hand last Friday, and, as it was, he sustained a painful injury, says the Democrat. He was fixing some bearing for a heavy shaft in the Imperial Mill at Oregon City, and the shaft was raised an inch or two to allow him to work, when it slipped through the rope with which it was held, pinching Kelly's hand severely. As the shaft weighs about 300 pounds, one can imagine the warmth of the pressure on his hand. Fortunately no bones were broken.

China Thieves. Last evening three Chinamen entered the tailor shop of John Quinn, on Stark street, and while two of them were examining a bolt of cloth, the third one slipped a piece of goods valued at \$15 beneath his flowing shirt. The sharp eyes of Quinn were upon him, and in two seconds his strong right hand had the thief by the nape of the neck. The two traders glided, but the unfortunate Ah Lat was handed over to an officer and lodged in jail.

A Serious Charge. John P. Foster, an old gentleman 60 years of age, has been arrested in Clackamas county charged with improper actions toward Lizzie Stoever, a little girl five years of age. The press is ever ready to convict, condemn and punish a person charged with this crime before evidence or proof have been produced, which we think is unjust. After an investigation has been made, and he be proven guilty, then go for and skin him; but the custom too generally prevails to skin the accused first and then hear the testimony. Mr. Foster is an old man, and has heretofore borne a good reputation; yet if he has sinned even in his old age, he should be given the grand bounce by the press. Testimony, thus far, has proven nothing; therefore, we handle him tenderly until facts are

Died at Sea. Capt. Johnson, of the bark Columbia, which sailed from Puget Sound for Melbourne with lumber some months ago, died during the voyage. The vessel put into Sydney, where the burial took place.

World-Weary. Last evening considerable excitement was created at Adam Zorn's saloon on Washington street by a fellow who said he was going to butcher himself. His name was Peterson, a Norwegian, recently from the Spokane country. He went into the saloon about 7:30 o'clock and remarked to Jack Shay that he had no friends nor money and was going to kill himself. He started for the back door so that he could be easily caught, having a Barlow knife in his fist. After a scuffle and a few fits by way of a change he was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital.

Rats! Smith, as a patronymic is so common that, if the real Smith of this item keeps perfectly quiet, there is no harm in telling it. This Smith is the owner of a fine terrier, a "ratter" of uncommon quality. Smith and the dog were enjoying the sights of South Fourth street last evening. A very large rat, by some chance came between Smith and the dog. A lively scramble began; Smith essayed to step on the rat and brought his foot down just in time to offer the rodent what he most anxiously desired—a hiding place. As the rat went up the fashionably wide pants, Smith's foot started to change places with his head; the dog saw his chance and followed the rat. It was hard to tell, for a few seconds, what Smith meant to say or wanted to do.

Dangerous Business. Yesterday morning three wood choppers on the mountain back of the city came near losing their lives by drinking ice water. They had been working in the sun until overheated and almost dead from thirst when they went to their cabin and drank copiously of ice water. In a few moments they were seized with vomiting and for some time suffered the terrible agonies of death almost. It taught them a severe lesson which they will not soon forget.

Peculiarly Unfortunate. About a year ago, a young man named Murphy was thrown from a horse at his farm below the city, breaking both bones of his arm and lacerating the flesh severely. Dr. Jones was called and set the bones, and the sufferer was made comfortable. In the course of time the bones knit, and he resumed his care of the farm. Yesterday, while riding a fractious horse, he was again thrown to the ground, sustaining a compound fracture of the same arm. He was brought to St. Vincent's Hospital, where Dr. Jones again set the bones and made the unfortunate young man rest quite easy. He may be considered an annual patient.

Probably Fatal Accident. From a gentleman, who arrived in the city last evening, we were furnished the details of an accident which occurred near Eugene City, and may result in the death of Mr. John Hayden, well known and formerly a resident of this city. Mr. Hayden is a very wealthy man, formerly a partner in Smith Brothers & Co.'s sawmill, and owns much property in this city, as well as other Oregon towns, besides several fine farms, upon one of which he resided, a few miles from Eugene City. For some time, himself and wife have been estranged, but differences had been settled, and Mr. Hayden was coming to Eugene City for the purpose of taking his wife home with him. As he neared the town, the team became frightened and ran away, throwing Mr. Hayden to the ground with terrific violence, the wagon wheels passing over his body. The bruised and mangled form was carried into the residence of Mr. Ben Underwood, and the ablest physicians immediately summoned. The unfortunate man was badly and, it is feared, fatally injured internally. When our informant left, but little hopes were entertained of his recovery.

The Turf. Much argument has been indulged in of late regarding the fastest time ever made in a trotting race in Oregon. It has been claimed that Nellie Patchen made a mile on the East Portland track in 2:29 1/2, to which the Rural Spirit remarks: The horses did go around the track in 2:29 1/2, but the judges declared a dead heat, when in fact it was no such thing! Nellie Patchen beat Parrott, but the judges refused her the heat because she ran; and they refused it to Parrott for the same reason; while they refused it to the third horse for some other reason unknown to us. At the same instance they called the time 2:29 1/2 and declared it as a record, which we do not believe they should have done. It was not a dead heat, but a foul between Parrott and Patchen. Parrott ran at full speed, passing Patchen, then the latter ran at full speed past Parrott, and Muggins was entitled to the heat, if he had committed no wrong. If he had, then it should have been declared off altogether, and not a dead heat, which means a tie. If those sort of records can be claimed, we had better start Hasting and Ryeastraw in the "free-for-all" trotting race at Salem! Do this, and let them have their way, and (two

State and Territorial. Willamette Valley. Silver is scarce in Salem, so that merchants can hardly make change. The prospectors who visit the Calippooia mines are not struck with their richness. Persons who have rented booths on the State Fair grounds are fixing them up for business. The Democrat says: M. V. Brown has been very low for the past two weeks with hemorrhage of the lungs, and although still confined to his bed, is recovering. O. P. Dennis, of Salem, will remove from the penitentiary to the Salem "agricultural works," so-called, and manufacture furniture and agricultural machinery. The Mercury says: The time made by the horses in training at the Fair Grounds, shows that we are going to have some unprecedented speed at the Fair next month. Articles have been filed with the Secretary of State incorporating the Halsey Gold and Silver Mining company, with W. S. Smith, A. L. Barrett and S. S. Hayes as incorporators. Capital stock \$130,000. Mr. Odell, of the Statesman, has secured a surveying contract in Eastern Oregon; and during his absence Mr. D. W. Craig, well-known for twenty-five years as an Oregon journalist, will have editorial charge of that paper. The Mercury has been shown some ore taken from a ledge about 8 miles from Quartzville in the Santiam country, which is said to yield over \$1,000 to the ton in gold and silver. The ledge has been purchased by Portland capitalists known as the Scotch Co., and a mill will be erected at this mine soon. A correspondent says that Smithfield is the present terminus of the Willamette Valley railroad; has a good warehouse, school house, and a few scattered dwellings, and, like all small towns, it has its hopes and anticipations of great future prosperity. Perhaps no other place in the Valley, in proportion to size, ships more produce than Smithfield. Wednesday night as the hands were engaged in storing wheat in the warehouse of Reiss Bros., Mr. Lightfoot, of Independence, went to the well to get a drink and in the darkness stepped into the well, which had tines of thirty-two feet, striking on his feet. Strange to say no bones were broken. We are pleased to announce that Uncle Dan Waldo, of Salem, who has been very low from the effects of the intruder of a cancer, which has been troubling him for years, and which caused the bursting of an artery a few days since through which he came near bleeding to death, is now gaining strength and will probably be on the streets again in a short time.

Skating rink. It is rumored that the Mechanics' Pavilion, after the fair is over, will be rented as a skating rink during the Winter months. It is a good idea, and the enterprising parties, whoever they may be, would doubtless receive liberal patronage. Another Accident. A young man named Edwards, who was at work with a threshing crowd on the Big Luckiamute, was caught by a tumbling rod last Tuesday, and his clothes almost stripped from him. Fortunately, he was not badly injured. Gen. Grant Arrived. Gen. Grant arrived in San Francisco this afternoon. The news was received at 20 minutes to 4 o'clock. The bells of the city are ringing and steam whistles blowing as we go to press. The Owl's bell got in the first ring for Gen. Grant.

A Suicide. Some days ago a report came from Port Townsend to the effect that a soldier had accidentally shot himself at the barracks at that place. The report was untrue, he committed suicide. His name was Nixon, and was a private in Company E. He had been run around considerably by the company commander and the first sergeant, and was low-spirited. But a short time before he had been released from a six months' imprisonment, and since pay day had been drinking heavily. On the morning of the 13th, about 11:30 o'clock, he entered the barracks, and going to his bunk, pulled off his shoes and stockings, reached up and took down his rifle, and loading it with a cartridge, cocked it and placed the breech on the floor with the muzzle to his left breast, and calling out, "Boys, here goes," he pulled the trigger with his toe, and he fell with a bullet in his body near the heart. He died in about three minutes. The soldiers who were in the barracks suspected nothing of the kind, and when he called to them it was too late to prevent the terrible deed. These are the facts as related by an eye witness.

Wigwams Destroyed. About ten o'clock last night, says the Olympia Experiment, flames were observed by our citizens issuing from a couple of Indian ranches across the bay, near the old log chute. A number of persons procured a boat and rowed over. As the boat neared the opposite shore it became evident that the houses were far gone toward destruction, and the men rested on their oars. Not an Indian was in sight and the suspicion of hoodlum incendiarism was pretty fully confirmed by the appearance of a couple of men stealthily emerging from the neighboring bushes while those in the boat were taking items. The Indian huts were next to being worthless to anybody except the occupants, but an Indian's wigwam is his home and, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." Anybody who would willfully set fire to an Indian shanty during the absence of the owner, for the sake of seeing it burn, is not to be trusted in civilized society. The Indians are miserable enough without being deprived of

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