

At Work.

The steam wheat cleaner which has done such excellent service during the past Fall, is steadily at work at Pacific Dock. Thousands upon thousands of bushels have been prepared by this machine for foreign markets.

Game Gunners.

The Astorian tells of two boys at that place who have been doing some fine gunning lately. They killed sixteen hundred geese and ducks in October. The next best shot was made when Mr. Johnson killed four honking geese on the wing, all there was in the flock.

Being Dismantled.

The steamer Gov. Grover was brought down to this city on Tuesday last and taken to the boneyard. Her machinery is being taken out and overhauled, preparatory to shipment up the Columbia. The hull will be sold for a wood scow in all probability.

Damaged Hay.

On Sauvie's Island there still remains in the field many hundred tons of hay being exposed to the weather. Hay in windrows, in stacks and unstacked, may be seen at almost every farm, and the loss will be severe. A long cold winter is predicted in which event hay will rush up to fancy figures before another Spring.

Lighthouse Tender.

The steamer Mary Taylor arrived at Astoria from Puget Sound on Wednesday, to act as a tender to the construction of the new lighthouse on Tillamook rock. She is not quite so large as the Canby, but appears to be very solidly built. How she will stand bar work remains to be seen.

Bread for the Starving.

Two charitable ladies of this city were engaged during the past few days in collecting funds to forward to Sister Mary Frances Clare, at Kenmare, Ireland, in response to her appeal for the suffering people by whom she is surrounded. We are proud to say they were very successful.

Company Reorganized.

The Renton Coal Company has been reorganized, considerable stock having been taken by San Francisco capitalists; and the Talbot Coal Company's mine, located on a portion of the same vein, has been bought out, and the Renton mine will now be started up, taking out coal through the Talbot tunnel.

Another Accident.

But a few days ago we published an account of the Harvest Queen striking on Black Rock, in Umatilla rapids, and now comes a report that the steamer Almota yesterday met with a similar mishap. She was towing a scow through the channel when she struck. It was only by the greatest efforts that she was gotten off.

Wasco Jim.

Last evening Deputy Sheriff Baldwin, of Wasco county, arrived in this city, having in charge a pilfering individual who revels in the name of Wasco Jim. He assaulted a gentleman with the intent to rob him, being armed with a gun at the time, and for this amusement he was given five years in the penitentiary. He was taken to Salem this morning.

The New Eldorado.

A large party of miners returned to Seattle yesterday morning from the Skagit diggings, bringing a considerable amount of treasure. They confirm all previous reports as to the richness of the mines and state that work has been almost entirely suspended in the mines on account of deep snow, and will not be resumed till the last of February. At the date they left, the 13th instant, there was four feet of snow in the diggings and it was still falling.

Officers Installed.

The following persons were installed as officers of Sumner Lodge No. 1, I. O. G. T., G. S. and D. S., Nov. 18, for the ensuing term: A. Henderson, W. C.; C. A. Ritter, V. C.; Wm. Glasco, P.; Kendall Corves, R. S.; Wm. H. Hunter, F. S.; Renben Crawford, T.; Malachi Johnson, P. S.; Aug. Waterford, O. S.; Miss Emma Sykes, P. D.; Miss Harriet Crawford, D. F.; Miss Josephine Ritter, E. D.; Miss Anna Clark, D. of T.; Mrs. Josephine Ritter, D. of P.

Puget Sound Log Harvest.

A million feet of logs recently seized on the Snohomish river by a U. S. special agent of the interior department for being cut in violation of the U. S. timber laws, sold Monday at private sale to the Part Gamble Mill Company for four dollars per thousand feet, highest price now obtaining. This is the first instance where such logs have sold here at market value, it usually being the custom to sell at auction, buyers clubbing together and bidding them in at 20 or 25 cents per thousand. This and several other seizures recently made here have had the effect of putting a stop to illicit cutting of government timber, and general satisfaction is expressed among timber men at the result. The Puget Sound log crop amounted last year to 250,000,000 feet. Of this a surplus of twenty-five or thirty million feet now remain in the water, but will be entirely exhausted by spring. The average price obtained is \$3 50 per thousand.

False Imprisonment.

Several months ago Richard Fitzpatrick was arrested at Albany, charged with the larceny of clothing and a ring. He was apprehended and brought to Salem and has remained in jail ever since. Last Wednesday he had his trial before Judge Harding and was discharged without blame. Whatever may have been Dick's faults, it seems that he has been made the victim of some one's malice. He came to Portland this morning where he has secured work.

Descending Justice.

Some weeks ago a man named Jack Williams shot a man at Sitka, named Edwin Roy, while in a quarrel. Last night he arrived here on the steamer California in charge of a Deputy U. S. Marshal, was taken before Commissioner Lamson, and in default of \$2,000 bonds was sent to prison. During the trip down Jack Williams gave the officers a great deal of trouble by attempting to escape at every landing. He managed to break all the irons on the ship and give much trouble, and to land him safe in prison at this city was a great relief to all.

First Visit.

Bishop Junger, of Nesqually, passed through Portland last week en route for his first episcopal visit to a portion of his diocese, says the Sentinel. On Sunday last he dedicated the Catholic church at Cowitz, and on next Sunday he will dedicate the new church recently erected at Tacoma, W. T. We understand that it will be called St. Leo's. Right Rev. J. B. Brondel, recent rector, will assist Bishop Junger on the occasion, this being the first time in many years when two bishops were present at such a ceremony in that portion of Washington Territory.

Railroad Survey.

John Wilson, with a corps of assistants, went down on the cars a few days ago to continue and complete the survey of Eastwick of the Utah Northern extension of the Union Pacific down the Columbia river, says the Walla Walla Statesman. The examination of the route was made as far as Celilo some months since, at which it was brought to an abrupt termination. This new movement gives the work an earnestness that looks like business. We have no objections to interpose to these public improvements.

Suicide at Astoria.

The Astorian publishes the following details of a suicide: A dog belonging to Mr. Danziger of this city, committed suicide yesterday by jumping into the bay at high water. No cause can be assigned for the rash deed unless it was that this particular canine got a huge disgust at seeing so many worthless curs in the streets. And that brings us down to seriously contemplate the scene. It should be enough to make the stoutest dog's heart sick. Almost any hour of the day from two to three hundred dogs can be counted in Astoria. If they all paid taxes the department might have steam added to the old discarded hand engine.

Salem Woolen Mills.

Messrs. R. P. Earhart, T. W. Davenport, George A. Edes, Lewis Johnson, L. E. Pratt, W. H. H. Waters and Col. C. A. Reed have incorporated the Willamette Woolen Works Company, with the object of rebuilding the woolen mills at Salem which were destroyed by fire some years ago. This is an enterprise in the right direction. The building up of manufactures is of vital importance to Salem and is the only means to render the place anything more than a mere trading post for the immediate neighborhood. It would be well, however, for the new company to look well to their title to the water power and mill site before improving it too extensively.

A Perilous Situation.

Two Men Upset From a Skiff on the Upper Willamette—Narrow Escape.

Late yesterday afternoon, as the steamer Occident, Capt. Miles Bell, was coming down the river, and when about a quarter of a mile below Eola, and object was seen bobbing up and down in the water, which, on close inspection, proved to be a man clinging to a snag in the river. Captain Bell immediately stopped the steamer, and ordered a small boat to be lowered for the rescue of the imperiled person. Upon being brought on board the Occident, the man, whose name is Ross, said that he and John Cline started to come down to Salem in a skiff, and when this side of Eola, the boat they were in struck a snag and capsized, throwing the men into the water. On coming to the surface, Ross grasped the snag, which was not much thicker than a man's arm, while Cline got upon the skiff and floated down the current. Ross had been in the water two or three hours when rescued, and have held on but a little longer. Cline, who it is feared had been drowned, is alive and well, having been rescued from his perilous situation by Hank Sterling, who lives on the bank of the river a short distance above town, on the Polk county side. Cline was well nigh gone from cold and exhaustion when Hank's friendly hand saved him.

Etiquette requires that a call should not be more than 15 minutes. This rule does not apply to newspaper offices. Editors don't have anything to do but receive visitors.

A Terrible Explosion.

The Cylinder Heads of the Steamer D. S. Baker Blown Out—Hair's Breadth Escape of Several Soldiers.

Considering the dangers to navigation on the Upper Columbia river the O. S. N. Co. have been very fortunate during the past season, the boats having sustained but few injuries of any consequence. At Umatilla rapids exists one of the most difficult points to navigation. Two immense rocks lie in the main channel between which boats must run with a swift current, there being not more than five feet to spare on either side of the boat. Last week the Mountain Queen ran on one of these rocks and swung around across the current, striking her wheel on the other rock, crushing it to pieces. Her forward part was not stove but merely dug out by the collision. She was hauled off by the Gates and went into Winter quarters. The most serious accident of the season occurred to the handsome steamer D. S. Baker on Saturday last, while going up the river under a full head of steam in order to make progress against the strong current. There were sixty soldiers on the lower deck, many of whom were standing near the engines when with a fearful explosion one of the cylinder heads burst, throwing pieces of iron in every direction as if shot out of a cannon. At almost the same instant another explosion occurred, filling the lower room with steam. Great excitement followed, as everybody thought the boat was going to blow up. The soldiers flew around like mad and everybody was frightened. When the steam cleared away it was ascertained that both cylinder heads had been blown to fragments and strange to say not a man hurt. One soldier had a hole knocked through his coat near his breast, the iron just cutting his vest, and another lost the ornamental figure-head from his cap by another stray piece of the casting, but not one was scratched. The boat was towed down the river as soon as assistance arrived, where she will receive thorough repairs at once and again resume her important route. As to the cause of the accident we were not informed but suppose it must have been from too much steam pressure.

Northland.

The Alaska Gold Fields bear a promising Outlook—General News from the North.

The following items of news was received last evening from Port Townsend by telegraph: The steamer California, which arrived this evening from Sitka, reports very strong southerly winds and stormy weather. The California landed the new engine and boilers for the A. G. & S. M. Co., at their wharf in Silver bay, Superintendent Pils will have it running in five weeks. Ore in the Stewart ships its third bar of gold, value \$800, having run three days when the water source froze. The directors of the Great Eastern have resolved to commence work early in the spring, and have levied an assessment of fifty dollars per share for the erection of a mill. Haley and the owners of the Witch have sent to Oregon for mules, and will start four arastras on the return of the California. The U. S. marshal is on board the California with Jack Williams, who shot Robert Roy. Williams will be tried in Portland. Roy will probably recover, although affected with hemorrhage of the lungs, and too weak to come down as a witness. Paymaster Ring, of the Jamestown, is on board en route to San Francisco for funds. Lieut. Ellsworth, of the marines, is also on board in charge of five prisoners for Benicia, and Jack Feigh with the body of James Burns which he packed on sleds a distance of two hundred miles. John Muir has not returned from the Chitcaat country. He has been heard from twice. The Indians up to that time were peaceably inclined. The California brings forty-two thousand dollars in treasure from Cassiar and Sitka.

A Horrible Outrage.

A Young Lady Named Holbrook Overpowered Near Boise City by a Stranger and Her Person Violated.

The following account of a fiendish outrage was received last evening by telegraph: "On Wednesday at about 11 o'clock A. M., while George Holbrook's daughter, a girl sixteen years old, who lives forty miles below here on the Boise river, was out not more than forty yards from the house a stout built, middle aged man came up behind her out of some brush, unobserved, caught her and choked her so that she could not speak, and ravished her. The girl made a desperate struggle and had her clothes nearly torn off her. She soon after got to the house, where there was no one but her mother and little children. Her father was sent for, a mile off, and the neighborhood turned out fifty strong and hunted all day Wednesday and are still hunting for the man. He appears to be a stranger in the neighborhood, and is supposed to belong to a gang of cattle drivers. The excitement is great, and if the right man is caught he will be hung without ceremony."

Oregon's Mineral Wealth.

A Brief Description of the Granite Creek Mines of Eastern Oregon.

As the mines of Eastern Oregon promise to rival any ever opened on the Pacific Coast, the people must feel an interest in their progress. A correspondent sends the following communication to an Eastern Oregon exchange:

No mining camp on the Pacific Slope has finer prospects than Granite creek. The hopes and expectations of the owners of the different ledges are built upon no uncertain foundation. If three or four quartz mills and two or three thousand miners are not busy there in unearthing from nature her hidden treasures of gold and silver within eighteen months we shall be greatly disappointed. The main tunnel in the Monumental mine has out through sixteen distinct ledges; the average width of these ledges is about sixteen inches. From present appearances several of these ledges will consolidate on a large ore body not far below the present level, as the progress has been downward, the gold which preponderated near the surface has diminished and silver increased.

We went through the mill; it is a complete one, not excelled by any on the Coast. It will crush about ten tons of ore. The mill started up on the 10th; but the outside world should understand that the Monumental is not the only rich ledge in the district; on the contrary, we think the Beagle boy's claim, the claim of John W. Larkin, and the Northern Light, are equally as rich. The Beagle brothers have taken out rock much richer in gold and equally as rich in silver as any that ever came from the Monumental. The Sunset and Morning Glory are both good sized ledges which prospect well and assay high.

Wooster brothers have two or three rich ledges and are working them. John W. Larkin will put a tunnel through his this Winter. Five arastras have been running during the Summer on ore taken from ledges around the Beagle ledge; we are informed they have all paid well.

Mr. Wheeler, a well known mining expert from San Francisco, has been examining the mines about the Monumental; he was favorably impressed.

Railroad Work.

Work on the Northern Pacific Railroad Being Pushed Along Rapidly—Scarcity of Water.

Work is being prosecuted with great vigor on this line from Ainsworth inland. There are now 17 miles of grading finished, two miles of railroad iron on the ground and 30 miles more on the Columbia which will be landed within 10 days. By Spring 25 miles of track will be laid; an engine and cars are now en route from Tacoma. The company is laboring under many difficulties, not the least of which is the scarcity of water along the track; in a distance of 21 miles from the river they have only succeeded in obtaining water in two places, and these are wells sunk to a depth of 128 feet, so they have to draw water from these two wells by means of buckets, and haul it over 15 miles to supply the whole force.

A Girl's Encounter with a Deer.

Four or five miles back of this place, in an old log cabin, lives Thomas Henderdash. He has a pretty daughter about 18 years of age. Clara Henderdash can row a boat, shoot a gun or trap a bear as well as any man in the county. A few days ago she started across the lake known as the great Walker Pond, to visit a friend. She used a light boat belonging to her father, and carried, as was her custom, a small rifle slung across her shoulder by a leather strap. When nearly in the center of the lake she discovered an object in the water, a short distance off, and approaching nearer, found that it was a large five-pronged buck, which had been driven in by dogs. She immediately unslung her gun, and after taking aim, fired. The ball passed through the deer's neck, making a painful wound. The animal, enraged, struck at the boat with its front feet, completely shattering the fragile bark, which sunk, leaving Miss Henderdash in the water with the infuriated buck. She was plucky and could swim well, and as the deer came toward her she caught it by the horns and plunged her hunting knife into its neck, killing it instantly. She then called for help, and as none arrived she swam to the shore, about a quarter of a mile and hurried home. She put on dry clothes and procuring another boat, rowed out to where the buck was floating and towed it to shore. When dressed, the animal weighed nearly 280 pounds. This is the seventh deer Miss Henderdash has killed.

The Power of Bats.

It was a woman's rights meeting. The speaker was saying: "Let us take our stand right here, and firmly resolve that neither the votes nor arguments of the opposite sex nor any power on this earth, shall turn us aside or move us one inch from the point." Just here a wicked bat flew into the room, and the meeting adjourned with so much quickness that some of the members lost their back hair. The speaker, who could not be "turned aside," was seventeenth from last in getting out of the front door. And it is not certain that the bat was one of the "opposite sex," either.—Nor. Herald.

A Libelous Letter.

In the San Francisco Call of recent date we find the following article copied from the Army and Navy Journal, without a word of comment, which was the same as to say they indorsed it. The news editor of that paper must either be ignorant of facts or wilfully prints an article which greatly misrepresents facts and is a web of misstatements from beginning to end:

The first settlements in Oregon, some thirty years ago, were made by a colony of Methodists. One of the principal men among them was the late Mr., or Governor, Abernethy, as he was called, as he was for a short time the prominent Governor of Oregon. He was the father-in-law of our genial Deputy Quartermaster-General Henry C. Hodges, an excellent man, and he must not be remembered as one of those who was responsible for the shocking proceedings we are about to relate. A minister by the name of Whitman, we believe, had gone up to the Walla Walla region, where he was kindly received by the Cayuse and other friendly Indians, who, while they did not particularly desire to be converted to the Christian faith as expounded by one of Wesley's followers, saw no special objection to the presence of the missionary. So they lived quietly along for a year or two; then the measles broke out among the Indians, and a large number of them were carried off. They were told by their medicine men that the disease was owing to the presence of the whites and Mr. Whitman was notified that he must leave the country. Filled with zeal for the cause, and not having sense enough to grasp the situation, he refused to go.

At this time the people of the Hudson's Bay Company had great influence with all the Indians in that region, and the good old Governor, Peter Skene Ogden, was the chief factor of the company at Fort Vancouver. He was apprised of the state of feeling among the Indians near the mission by the Indians themselves, and he was entreated by them to urge Whitman to go away, for if he did not he would surely be killed. The governor wrote up to the mission advising them to leave, for a while at least, until the Indians should become quiet, which they would do as soon as the measles had run its course among them. His efforts were useless, and sure enough, one day in 1847, we believe, the mission was cleaned out, the missionary and nearly all those connected with it being killed.

An Indian war follows. This was carried on for some months, and with little damage, but sufficient for a claim by the Territory upon the general Government for untold amounts of money. Two or three years later, when the country had commenced to fill up with emigration, and after the regiment of mounted riflemen and two companies of the First Artillery had taken post in Oregon, the people began to think that it would be well to stir up the matter of the Whitman family. General Jo Lane had been sent out as Governor in 1849, and he, doubtless, thought it would be a good thing for him politically to humor the people of the Territory. Lane was a vigorous, resolute Western man, who had been a general officer during the Mexican war, and he then had Presidential aspirations. So the Governor came to Fort Vancouver, where the headquarters of the department were established, under Colonel Loring, of the Mounted Rifles, and procured a small escort, with which he proceeded to hunt up the Indians concerned in the massacre and demand their surrender. By this time the Indians had begun to comprehend the power of the Government, and when the Governor found them and explained the nature of the mission, they went into council to decide what was to be done. After due deliberation, they were convinced that if they refused to come to any terms they would be attacked by the soldiers, of whom they had deadly fear, and obliged to abandon the country forever. So they met the Governor and the head chief said that they had heard what he had to say. It was true that his people had killed the whites at the mission, but they did so for the reason that they really thought that a terrible disease had been brought among them by the whites; that they had begged them to go away from them, for they did not wish to kill them, and that they only killed them to save their own lives, as they thought. He said that for this the whites down the Columbia had made war upon them and killed many more of their people than had been killed at the mission, and they thought they ought to be satisfied. As they were not, three of their principal men had volunteered to go back with the Governor to Oregon City to be tried for the murder. This satisfied the Governor, and the men bid farewell to their wives and little ones and to all their tribe, for they very well knew that they were going among those who thirsted for their blood, and that they were going to their death, and that death the most ignominious than can be accorded to the red man, as they were to be hanged like dogs.

The Governor and his party left. The victims gave one last look at the shore as they took the little boat on the Columbia, but no word of complaint ever came from their lips. When they arrived at Fort Vancouver we had charge of these Indians. They were not restrained in any way, no guard was ever kept over them, for there was no power

on earth that could have made them falter in their determination to go down to Oregon City and die like men for the salvation of their tribe.

At Oregon City these men walked with their heads erect and with the bearing of Senators from their little boat, amid the gibes and jeers of a brutal crowd, to the jail which was to be the last covering they would ever have over their heads.

The trial came on, the jury was impanelled, and Captain Claiborne, of the Mounted Rifles, volunteered to defend the Indians, who were told that they would not be punished unless they were found guilty. To all this they paid no heed. They said it was all right, but they did not understand a word of what they were compelled to listen to for several days, and they cared nothing for the forms of law. They had come to die and when some witnesses swore that they recognized them as the very Indians who killed Whitman—all of which was explained to them—not a muscle of their face changed, although it was suspected that the witnesses were never near the mission at the time of the massacre. The trial was over and, of course, the Indians were condemned to be hanged. Without a murmur or sigh of regret, and with a dignity that would have impressed a Zulu with profound pity, these men walked to the gallows and were hanged, while a crowd of civilized Americans—men, women and children of the nineteenth century—looked on and laughed at their last convulsive twitches.

We have read of heroes of all times, but never did we read or believe that such heroism as these Indians exhibited could exist. They knew that to be accused was to be condemned, and they would be executed in the civilized town of Oregon City just as surely as would a poor woman accused of being a witch have been executed in the civilized Christian town of Salem, in the good State of Massachusetts, 250 years ago.

A generation has passed away since the execution, or murder, of the Indians at Oregon City. Governor Lane still lives, not as ex-President, but as a poor, but vigorous old man, down in the Rogue River Valley. The little nasty town of Oregon City was the scene of a self-immolation as great as any of which we read in history, and there were not three persons there who appreciated it. The accursed town is, we hear, still nastier than ever, and the intelligent jury—no man of whom dared to have a word of pity or admiration for these poor Indians—with the spectators of that horrid scene, are either dead and damned, or they are sunk in the horrid oblivion that is the fate of those who are born without souls.

Perished in the Flames.

Again it becomes our painful duty to chronicle death in the flames. This time a bright young man while attempting to save property and rescue those in danger loses his own life in the attempt. One week ago last night a camp lamp exploded in the River Side Hotel, at Snohomish. The flames spread very rapidly, and in a few moments the building was wrapped in flames. The fire and smoke startled the inmates, and it was only by rapid flight they made their escape. The scene was one of intense excitement, as it was not known if all had been awakened. The flames were leaping and roaring into the air, when for one brief moment Frank Dolan, a young man about 21 years, appeared at the window and with one wild scream he threw up his hands and disappeared forever, swallowed up in the terrible furnace. The surge of anguish which swept the hearts of the spectators can never be known only by fearful experience. He had gone into the building to see that no person remained and was overtaken by the relentless fury of the sea of flames and burned to a crisp. The sad fate of the boy cast a deep gloom over the town, and as the last timber fell and the smoking ruins smoldered, silence as deep as that which envelops the city of the dead reigned in Snohomish. A young life had been yielded up while on an errand of mercy; another grave to contain the ashes of a noble martyr. Mr. Romines, the owner of the building, and Mr. Nader, the lessee, lost very heavily, but the greatest loss was sustained by the parents of the brave and noble boy who perished in the flames. Time cannot restore him to their hearthstone. His spirit has passed beyond the banks and shoals of time from whence a mother's prayers and a father's grief can never call him hence. May his charred ashes rest quietly in their tomb until the final summing up, when his noble act will shine out and deluge lesser faults by its brightness, upon the pages of the great book of life.

Insult to Injury.

The numerous friends of Nelson Koen, of Coos county, are grieved to learn that the old man has met with the misfortune of losing an arm. He was well-to-do, and brought a ticket as far as Omaha. He was off the cars at Hasting, and after the train started, in attempting to get on, fell, a wheel running over his left arm, injuring the limb so as to require amputation. He was taken to the county hospital and attended at public expense, and doubtless was happy and contented till it was ascertained by a hand patent found in his possession that he owned land in Coos county, and consequently a mortgage is recorded in the County Clerk's office to secure the payment of \$247.