

OREGON FOSSILS.

Interesting Relics Found in the Eastern Oregon Region.

SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATIONS.

The Wonderful Museum of a Buried Prehistoric World in the John Day Region—Recent Discoveries.

The John Day region in Oregon was the scene in the Princeton University scientific expedition last summer, and as a result a grand collection of fossils was obtained. From the Blue Mountains westward to the Cascades the country is a great volcanic plateau, made up of lava sheets piled one upon another and indicating ancient volcanic outbursts upon a stupendous scale, in comparison with which such vents as *Etna* and *Vesuvius* are the meekest pygmies. Through this mass of lava the streams, aided by the atmosphere, have cut deep valleys, some of them broad and open, others deep, gloomy canyons.

This country is very dry, but the soil is excellent, and where irrigated produces well, the vegetables and fruit being of particularly fine quality. Great acres that are now arid sage brush deserts will one day be turned into fertile farms by means of artesian wells, and the mild climate will insure success. At present the great industry is wool raising. The enormous bands of sheep utterly destroy the grass of the country over which they range till it looks as if a plague of locusts had visited it.

The scientific attraction in the John Day region is the vast assemblage of fossil animals which is entombed in the rocks there. The entire district was in a former geological age the bed of a great fresh-water lake, into which the streams brought masses of sand and mud, and volcanoes showered cinders and ashes. Animals which were swept into the lake in times of flood became covered with silt, and as the latter was in the course of ages consolidated into rock, the bones of the victims were gradually petrified and thus indefinitely preserved. Now the rock is slowly disintegrated by the action of the rain, snow and frost, and the bones exposed to view or washed out entirely. For the most part, however, the specimens must be cut out with pick hammer and chisel, a very laborious process, as the rock is often extremely hard and the blazing summer sun makes the face of a white cliff anything but an ideally comfortable place.

Could we produce a view of that ancient Oregon when the John Day lake existed, we should find ourselves in a very strange animal world; little three-toed horses, not larger than donkeys, rhinoceroses, camels, peccaries—a great assemblage of large and fierce cat-like, dog-like, hyena-like animals—not to mention hosts of little rabbit and squirrel like creatures. The animals of this time were all rather small, the largest being the entelodon, a beast not unlike the hippopotamus in size and general appearance. As the list shows, this assemblage has a very Oriental character. The climate was perhaps rather milder than at present and the forests, of which the leaf beds on Bridge Creek give ample illustration, were like those now found in the warmer parts of the United States.

This wonderful museum of a buried world has been sealed up by the subsequent lava floods, and is accessible only on the sides of the canyons and valleys, where the streams have cut down through the overlying volcanic masses.—*Scientific American.*

READS LIKE A ROMANCE.

A Husband and Wife United After Twenty-eight Years.

At the outbreak of the late rebellion there lived in a quiet little village in New York state Nehemiah Dennis and his family, consisting of a young wife and an infant son. When the government called for volunteers Dennis was among the first to respond, and leaving his family, went upon the battle-field to fight for his country. While engaged in the bloody contest he kept up a constant correspondence with his wife and regularly forwarded to her his monthly salary for the support of herself and child. Several months later the letters and money ceased to be received by the wife, who waited week after week and month after month to hear tidings from her husband. Not receiving any word she wrote to the officers of the company regarding her loved one's whereabouts, but her letters remained for some cause unanswered. Some time afterward she was informed by a soldier from the same regiment, who had secured leave of absence to return home, that her husband had been killed in a desperate engagement.

Mrs. Dennis for some months remained in New York state, and afterward disposed of her home and removed to Pennsylvania, in which state she resided for a short time. Becoming restless, and still mourning her husband's loss, she again moved, this time to Wisconsin, where she and her only son resided for some years. They made several other moves, and a few years ago they settled in Genesee county, Michigan. Her son, Harry, who had in the meantime grown to manhood, rented a farm about three miles from Detroit, where he supported his mother.

During all these twenty-eight years Mrs. Dennis thought her husband dead, and remained true to his memory. A short time ago she applied to a pension agent for a widow's pension. About this time the agent was called to Missouri on business, and while there a man named Nehemiah Dennis,

who was suffering from disease contracted in the army, learning that a pension agent was in the vicinity, looked him up and made an application for a pension. This case was also taken by the agent who shortly afterward returned to Detroit, and while in conversation with Mrs. Dennis one day, chanced to think that the Missouri man's name was the same as that of the husband of Mrs. Dennis. He informed the lady of the similarity of the names, and it was decided to write to the Missouri man. This Mrs. Dennis did, and strange but pleasant results were the outcome.

The correspondence revealed the fact that they were the man and wife who had been separated for nearly three decades. Mr. Dennis arrived at Detroit from his far western home, and was met at the depot by his son. The meeting was an affecting one, long to be remembered by those who were about the depot. The meeting between the husband and wife was a joyful one, and tears flowed freely as they clasped in one another's arms for the first time in over twenty-eight long years.

From the story told by Mr. Dennis it was learned that the correspondence ceased because he was taken prisoner by the rebels and placed in Libby prison, and was not given the privilege of writing. When released at the close of the war he returned to his New York home, only to find that his wife and child had moved away, and those whom she had informed of her new residence had died or moved away, and all trace of them was lost. Mr. Dennis searched the country for many months, in hopes of finding his family, and at last, after corresponding and advertising in every direction, he gave up in despair and settled down in a remote part of Missouri, where he expected to remain the rest of his days without seeing his wife and child, who he supposed were both dead. Neither he nor his wife had ever remarried.

WITHOUT CITY OFFICERS.

The Unique Situation of Affairs at Watertown, Wis.

The city of Watertown, Wis., presents the unique example of a city without a city government, some years ago, in a fit of thoughtless generosity, the city voted a large amount of bonds as a bonus to an incoming railroad, an amount so large that it threatened to bankrupt the municipality if paid. To avoid paying the obligations the city officials, except those of a minor degree, resigned and left the corporation in an acephalous condition. Now the officials are elected annually, meet in secret vote the appropriation necessary to keep the municipal machine greased, transact whatever business is necessary, hand in their resignations, and once more the street commissioner, or some one of about the same degree, is in charge. The railroad has tried in vain to find an officer on whom to serve a summons. Detectives have been in the city hoping to surprise the secret council meeting, but the interests of the people are so united as to prevent a successful coup of that sort. In fact, instances have been known when the emissaries of the railroad, armed with formidable legal documents, were watchfully patrolling the sidewalk below. "A public office is a public trust" seems to be directly appropos to the situation. Here are some railroad bonds that our English cousins might invest in after buying up all the obligations of the late confederacy.

CASTLE GARDEN DOOMED.

Secretary Windom Wants the Old Structure Torn Down.

The local politicians are somewhat excited by the report that Mr. Windom expects to remove a landmark known to all New Yorkers and famous as a relic; that is the old Castle Garden, at the end of the Battery, the conspicuous object at the lower part of the city to those who cross the ferry from New Jersey, once a fort, later the scene of Jenny Lind's triumph in opera, and for years the first landing place in America of all immigrants. It is said to be Secretary Windom's purpose to level this to the ground, and so far as utility is concerned, this purpose will meet the approval of everybody. It is an unsightly old ruin and impairs the beauty of the Battery. Mr. Windom intends to have the stone building near by used for the purpose of the Immigration Commissioners, and it is also his intention, if possible, to have these commissioners become federal instead of state officers. It is with great responsibility and a good deal of power that the Immigration Commissioners are entrusted, for they control the landing of a great many hundred thousand immigrants in the course of a year. The state of New York has always claimed the right to this supervision, and, legally, there is no doubt that it possesses this right, so that if the commissioners become Federal appointees it will have to be done by arrangement with the legislature. The legislature would undoubtedly cede to the government any rights they may have, but Governor Hill is equally likely to interfere with any such arrangement. The patronage is quite important, and while there may be some politics in Mr. Windom's purpose, he is undoubtedly impelled by his conviction that it will be better for the general government to control completely in the case of immigrants. Mr. Windom is expected to spend two or three days here this week, and some of the republican leaders say that one of his purposes in doing so is to consult with them about it is matter.

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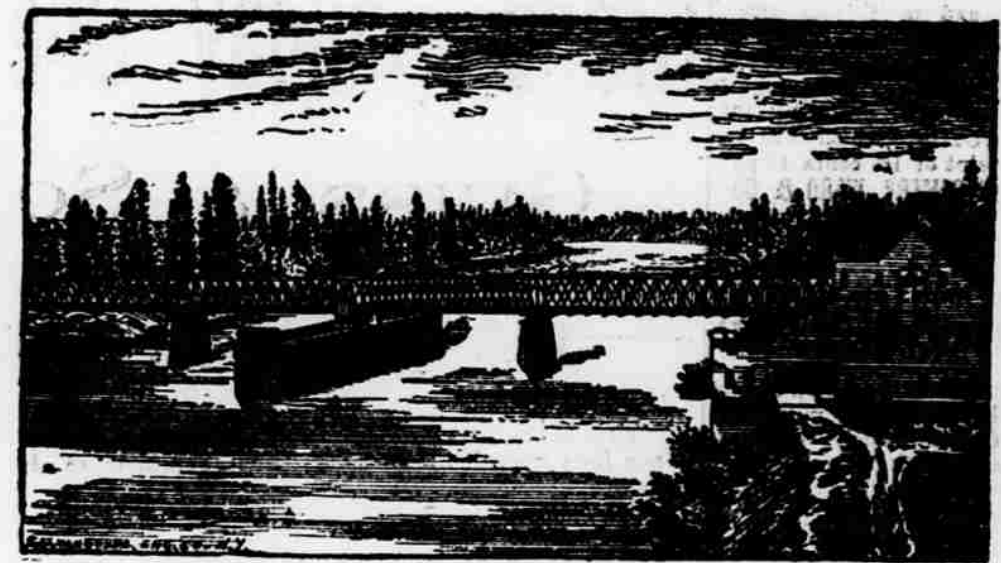
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