The Times-Mountaineer

SATURDAY.....DECEMBER 23, 1893

ITEMS IN BRIEF

From Wednesday's Daily.

Hon. A. R. Lyle, of Crook county, is in the city.

Mr. Mat. Thourboro, of Kingsley, is in the city.

Mr. C. E. Jones, of Emigrant, is registered at the Umatilla House.

Lieut. Benjamin, agent at the Warm Spring agency, is in town to-day. He is en route to Portland.

There was a light fall of snow at Kingsley Sunday, but it had all disappeared by noon of the next day.

Mr. W. T. Wiseman came in town from Antelope yesterday. The weather there is about the same as it is in this vicinity, and cattle are doing well on the hills.

The following deed was placed on file with the county clerk to-day: D. K. Ordway and wife to W. V. Johnson; 3¾ acres, secs. 6 and 7, tp 2 n, r 11 east; $75

The runner for Skibbe's hotel, fined $15 yesterday for creating a disturbance, was delivered up to the marshal by his bondsmen to-day and incarcerated in the city jail.

The weather continues considerably mixed, with a decided tendency towards webfoot variety. A light rain has fallen during the day, and the atmosphere is damp and chilly.

W. T. Wiseman left for Grass valley this afternoon with his own team. Amongst the "cargo" stored away under the "after sheet," was a 60 pound package, said to contain legal paper for Republican ballots to be used by sheepmen at the next June election.

The Knoxville *Tribune* after reading the president's message, said: "We are gratified to find that the president has taken such a firm stand on the momentous question of garden seeds."

A son of Mr. I. I. Burgett, in playing foot ball yesterday afternoon near the school house yard, fell and broke his collar bone. The fracture is not a very severe one, and the boy may be expected to be around in a few days.

A person who arrived from Antelope yesterday says there is not a Democrat in that region. Those who voted for Cleveland are the sorryiest lot of individuals in the country, and are constantly doing penance for their wrong deeds, politically.

A young man by the name of Chas. Smith was arrested last night by the city marshal, and being interviewed by the city recorder this morning was fined and ordered to work on the rock crusher. This he refused to do, and he was jeweled by a ball and chain and placed in a dark cell until he became tractable.

Grandma McEwen, mother of Mrs. W. N. Wiley in this city, suffered a stroke of paralysis this morning. Dr. Hollister was called and applied the usual remedies. On account of the age of the lady, who has attained 87 years, this affliction is quite serious, but it is hoped she will recover.

There is plenty of money in the country for all purposes if those who have possession would put it in circulation. There is no better time than this to improve your property. Labor will not again be so cheap, besides the work would relieve laboring men and make times easier.

Mrs. Alice Wells, one of the disciples of Mrs. Williams in Portland, in attempting the forty days' fast prescribed by the prophetess, died for want of food last Monday. A coroner's jury held an inquest over the remains and returned a verdict that death was caused by a thirty-six days' fast.

The medical board of examiners for the branch insane asylum in Eastern Oregon were driven down to the Irvine farm again this morning to make a further examination of the grounds. The Dalles possesses every facility for the location; but it is doubtful if it will be chosen for reasons not necessary to be mentioned.

The ladies of St. Paul's Guild have arranged a very pretty attraction for this evening at Pease & Mays'. An illuminated Christmas tree will be displayed in the center window, and a rare collection of dolls will be offered for sale. This is an excellent opportunity to obtain nice Christmas presents.

This is an opportune suggestion from Bro. Cradlebaugh, of the Hood River *Glacier*: "We suggest that the Hawaiian question be submitted to Corbett and Mitchell for arbitration, according to Marquis of Queensberry rules. The best man to take the queen and gate money, the other fellow to be muzzled for life."

The ringing of the fire bell in Athena by some practical joker, one night last week, made a raving maniac of a lady of that town, whose nerves had already become shattered by a long period of ill health. She was taken to the asylum at Salem for treatment, while the idiot who rung the false alarm is enjoying perfect freedom. The Athena fire company offers $50 for the villian's capture.

The city will improve the squares at the intersection of streets, and it would be a great advantage to the traveling public if all these intersections should receive a covering of crushed rock. By this means the municipality would set an example for citizens to follow, and in time it might be expected that the thoroughfares of The Dalles would be equal if not superior to any interior town on the coast.

Chairman E. L. E. White, of the executive committee of the Oregon press association, has received a letter from John F. Sheehan, of the midwinter fair committee of the San Francisco press club, stating that April 4 will be set aside as "press day" at the fair. Mr. Sheehan advices the members of the Oregon association to postpone their trip to San Francisco until late in March. Meanwhile, the organization of the press clubs will have been completed, and arrangements made for accommodations for the visitors.

The top buggy and harness found in the woods below Salem the other night has found an owner. Deputy Sheriff John Mount, of Portland, identified the rig as belonging to a liveryman, Johnson at East Portland, who has ordered it sent down to him by the next boat. It was taken by a young recruit of the regular army from Vancouver, last summer. The supposition is he took the team out and sold them. He has never been heard of since.

Water is being successfully brought to the surface of the apparently dry streams of Colorado, western Kansas and Nebraska and applied to the purpose of irrigation. A brief mention is made in one of the Morgan county papers of the successful experiment of Mr. C. S. Owens, of Byers, who has obtained a plentiful supply of water from the west fork of the Bijou, a stream which rises in the divide and flows beneath its sandy bed for more than fifty miles.

At 11 o'clock yesterday forenoon an explosion occurred at the iron mine near Oswego, says the *Evening Telegram*. A spark from a candle ignited a dynamite cartridge, causing an explosion. Two men who were at work were badly injured. Their names are Barnhardt and Shuholm. The latter was badly wounded in the thigh, and the former had his right hand partly blown away; he also had a hole torn in his side. Neither will die. They were brought to the Good Samaritan hospital. No others were injured by the explosion.

A religious census is being taken of Salem. The *Statesman* says: The per cent. of church members and church goers is surprising, so much so, that it is estimated were all those who gave the canvassers to understand they attended church, to go to church, Salem the city of churches, would not have near enough room to hold the congregations. It is thought policy has been exercised somewhat. The per cent. of infidels and those who are indifferent is encouragingly small to canvassers.

Oregon City enjoys the distinction of having the oldest man in the state, if indeed, not on the entire Pacific coast. Mr. Patrick Mooney is the venerable citizen to whom reference is made. He first saw the light of life away back in "ould" Ireland on the 14th of December, 1787, and consequently was 106 years old last Thursday. When a mere "broth of a boy," Mr. Mooney came over to this land of the free and home of the brave, and in the pioneer year of 1852 he came west to grow up with the country and settled in Oregon City. He has made that place his home continuously ever since.

The Kris Kringle party at Wingate's hall last night attracted a very full audience, the large room being densely crowded. Mr. and Mrs. Kris Kringis were the objects of considerable curiosity, and their identity were not fully established until the programme had been nearly rehearsed. Every number was exceptionably well rendered, and several were loudly encored. All seemed to be well pleased, and a more successful entertainment has not been given at The Dalles for a long time. The articls on the trees sold quite rapidly, and it is an agreeable announcement that the ladies of the Congregational church realized a very liberal amount.

There is considerable building going on up the valley in spite of hard times, says the Hood River *Glacier*. Alvey Hershey has just finished his house, and a pretty and substantial domicile it is. Mr. Neileigh is putting up a neat house on his place just beyond the I. O. O. F. cemetery. M. A. Cook seems to be quite a carpenter, having put up a barn, cold storage cellar and one dwelling house, and another is under way. Mr. Beals has put up a barn and Mr. Hansbury has made additions to both his house and barn. Mr. H. F. Davidson is building a cellar and storage room large enough to contain all the apples from several orchards.

This, from the columns of our cotemporary, would be a good item for the sensational press, if it were true; but it is not, and Clemens Wettle is the boy who accidentally shot another boy by the name of Kriez, and was himself unharmed: "Wettle began by breaking his leg in three places. Shortly afterward a horse stepped on his foot, cutting off his big toe as neatly as a biscuit cutter could have done it. Last summer he was badly powder-burned, while investigating its explosive power, with other children. A few days ago a mule kicked him in the abdomen. Yesterday morning at 9 o'clock he was shot in the stomach with a 32-caliber bullet, and still lives. The bullet went in and came out again without lacerating the internal organs." The true report of the affair was published in the TIMES-MOUNTAINEER, and there was nothing strange or sensational about the affair.

From Thursday's Daily.

Miss Maria Helm and Miss Anna White, of Nansene, are in the city.

Mr. J. C. Brogan, formerly of Antelope, is now residing at Centerville, Wash.

Buffalo Bill is a candidate on the Republican ticket for governor of Nebraska at the next election. If he runs it will be a razzle dazzle, red hot rush for victory.

Dr. Terry, of Central Point, Southern Oregon, is in the city, and intends to permanently locate at The Dalles. He is a graduated physician, and enjoys an excellent reputation.

The following deed was filed with the county clerk yesterday: Laura E Bergfeld and Wm Bergfeld to Alfred S. Bennett; ne qr of sw qr and lots 3, 6 and 7, sec 5, tp 1 n, r 13 east; $200.

We are informed that the roads to the interior are almost impassible, and in places they are very miry. Horses and vehicles sink down, and it is almost impossible to extricate them.

A day of sunshine and of blue skies dawned upon us to-day. This is Eastern Oregon weather, and the people would prefer deep snow, with low temperature, than misty, foggy, webfoot atmosphere.

Mr. S. A. Byrne has ornamented the window of E. W. Helm & Co.'s drug store with the words "A Merry Christmas," in very artistic design. This window is very attractive, and is a fine showing of Sam's artistic tastes.

The following officers for Wasco Lodge, No. 15, A. F. and A. M., were elected at the last regular meeting in this city: C. E. Hilton, W. M.; A. Larson, S. W.; James Harper, J. W.; G. A. Liebe, treas.; I. I. Burgett, sec.; R. G. Closter, tyler.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Adams, of Grass Valley, and Mr. and Mrs. Blaker, of Fifteen Mile, visited Mrs. Hendricks of this city last evening. Mrs Hendricks is the mother of Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Blaker and this meeting was in the nature of a family reunion.

New Year's cantata will be given by the members of the Christian church in this city on the date designated. The singing will be under the management of Miss Moore, whose competency as a teacher of instrumental and vocal music is well known in this city.

Grandma McEwen, who suffered a paralytic stroke yesterday, died about noon to-day. She was aged 87 years old, and was the mother of Mrs. W. N. Wiley. For many years she has been a resident of this city, and exemplified in the highest degree the most commendable Christian virtues.

The weather is too delightful to be appreciated at this season of the year. Only three days intervene between now and the Christmas tide, and the air is spring-like. This is something unusual, and it would be more in harmony with the season if snow covered the ground, and good sleighing was enjoyed.

A knot is a geographical mile, or two minutes of the earth's surface, or 1 60th of a degree of a great circle. This is 1,153 a little less than 1 1-6 times the statute mile of 5,280 feet. So when the *Columbia* made over 25 knots on a spurt in her trial trip, she steamed at the rate of about 31 miles an hour, or pretty fair railroad speed.

The following officers of the Royal Arch Chapter of this city were elected last evening: G. C. Blakeley, H. P.; E Schanno, king; V. G. Bolton, scribe; I. I. Burgett, Capt. of H; C. E. Hilton, Pr. S. J.; J. M. Marden, R. A. Capt.; A. Larson, 3d V; J. H. Phurman, 2d V.; W. E. Garretson, 1st V.; Geo. A. Liebe, treas.; H. Logan, sec.; R. G. Closter, sentinel.

The following from Mankato, Kan., beats the record on legislation taking away the people's rights: The city council to increase the funds of the city treasury last evening passed unanimously an ordinance making it a nuisance for any person, man, woman or child, to breather sing or whistle "After the Ball" between the hours of 6 and 10 P. M. The offense is punishable with a fine of fifty cents for each performance.

John Crook and Jerry Collins came up the Curry county beach road last Saturday on horseback. When a few miles below Gold Beach near Frank Daniel's ranch, they noticed two panthers in the brush fighting. Having no weapons they dismounted, and, securing rocks, charged on the "varmits." The animals quit their family quarrel and charged the intruders, who were compelled to mount their horses and fly, the panthers pursuing for some distance.

The rain poured down in torrents this afternoon as thought it had not rained for forty days and nights, while, on the contrary for the past two months there has been an abundance of moisture in this portion of the northwest, and it appeared as though the supply had been exhausted. Notwithstanding the amount of rainfall we have experienced there may be four or five feet of snow yet before the spring opens, and still this is a barren region in comparison with the Willamette valley.

Salem *Democrat*: Deputy State Treasurer Hodgkin is expected home to day from Roseburg, where he has been during the past week to give testimony in the trial of the county treasury for embezzling $23,000. He has also been subpoenaed to testify in a civil suit by the county against the bondsmen of the delinquent treasurer; but the evidence in the criminal case may be used in the civil action, thus doing away with the necessity of Major Hodgkin's presence at the latter trial.

James Barnard, Clarence Zachary and Ebel Clarno were bound over to answer the charge of larceny of cattle before a justice court in Fossil, Gilliam county, last Saturday, the former two in $700 and the latter $500. Clarno was also held as a witness in the sum of $1000. There have been well laid schemes of cattle-stealing carried on for years in that county, and the next grand jury will devote considerable attention to this species of crimes, and undoubtedly several arrests will be made.

East Oregonian: Report has reached town of the death of William Rust, a prominent sheep man of Umatilla county, at his home at Ridge. Mr. Rust's death, which occurred very suddenly, is supposed to have been the result of cancer of the stomach. The sad event is a sudden and severe blow to his family and friends. Mr. Rust long resided in Umatilla county and earned the respect and esteem of those who knew him by his integrity and sterling manhood. He leaves friends innumerable to unite with his wife and family in their sorrow.

The twelve-year-old son of Mr. Bradley, who lives about two miles south of Corvallis, says the *News*, is reported as lost. The particulars as we learn them are that yesterday Mr. Bradley's boy and a son of George Houck, both about the same age went hunting. As the Bradley boy did not return home in the evening the parent went over to Mr. Houck's place and found the latter's son at home, who informed Mr. Bradley that they had separated at a small pasture near the Houck house, and that both had started for their respective homes; but until yet the Bradley boy has not put in an appearance. We understand that a search for the lost boy was kept up all night and to-day, but nothing has been heard of him up to last accounts. It seems strange that he lost his way between the Houck farm and where Mr. Bradley lives, as the two places are but a short distance apart. It is feared that he met with a serious accident of some nature.

Mr. Wm. Synder, an old resident of The Dalles, returned yesterday from a year's sojourn at Salem, where he has been under the especial guardianship of the warden of the penitentiary. It was proved in the U. S. district court that Mr. Snyder gave or sold liquor to Indians in this vicinity, and the judge very wisely considered that a twelve-months' sojourn at the penitentiary might be beneficial to his shattered health. For this length of time he has obeyed the behests of those in control of the state institution, and now, having fulfilled all obligations he owe as a citizen of the commonwealth, he is again privileged to follow his own inclination as regards life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Salem *Independent*: The soldiers' home case will soon again come before the courts. In this case the prosecuting attorney refuses to appear before the courts in behalf of the people and so the case goes directly to Judge Burnett, who, it is believed, will entertain it. The law provides that while it is impossible to mandamus as a prosecuting attorney or as attorney general, that they can appeal directly, without which the people would be absolutely at the mercy of the officers. In this case the complaint will allege that the prosecuting attorney is an obstreperous cuss, who, for some reason, refuses to represent the people. If Judge Burnett concludes there is merit in the case it will go ahead and an injunction be granted.

Sunday mornings *Examiner* says: The Oregon Pacific Company's long looked for steamer *Willamette Valley* arrived late this afternoon and was pissaressed with attachments almost before she was fast to the dock. The heaviest claim is that of W. A. Swinerton, amounting to $23,209, mainly for supplies the steamer took on at this port. There were several other claims filed, so many, in fact, that the two deputy marshals who have been camped on the dock for the past forty-eight hours had their breast pockets distended with papers. The steamer was included in the assets of the company sold at auction on the 15th, and the question of liability outside of the receivers' holdings is likely to take the matter into the courts. Swinerton, anticipating this, also filed a garnishment on any money that the vessel's late owners may have on deposit in the Anglo-Californian bank.

Among the contents announced of the January number of *The Forum* (which has been reduced to $3 a year, 25 cts. a copy) are a noteworthy article on Sumner by Senator Hoar, who knew Sumner as intimately as anybody knew him; an article on "The New Scientialism; A Western Warning to the East," by Professor Keasbey, of the University of Colorado, a new writer, but a careful and independent student of public questions and a writer of both power and charm; articles on Foot-ball by Dr. D B. St. John Roosa, the celebrated physician of New York, President Angell, of the University of Michigan, and President Warfield of Lafayette College—an interesting discussion from both the medical and the educational point of view; a striking literary article on "Has Immigration Dried up our Lit rature?" by Mr. Sydney G. Fisher, of Philadelphia, and other notable discussions.

There are now five occupants of the city jail, and their "tale of woe" is very doleful. One says he came from Chicago, paid his fare, and was hauled up by the city marshal as a vagrant; another that he came on the blind baggage, and was overhauled by the marshal on his arrival. He has been in the city jail ever since, and thinks he should be set at liberty. Others have different versions of their sad and sorrowful wanderings to relate, and each is a plaintive tale of outraged innocence. They all believe that the city should furnish those old clothes in which to work on the rock-crusher, as it will damage the raiment they now wear. If one were to pay the least attention to these stories that harrow up the soul and lead persons to consider the best and most convenient method to shuffle off the mortal coil, he would advocate the abolition of all police courts and the principle of allowing all men to follow the bent of their own consciences in any pursuit they desire to follow. Our municipal ordinances are all right and should be enforced.

From Friday's Daily.

A green Christmas.

To day has the least sunlight of any day during the year.

Grass is growing luxuriantly in certain places contiguous to the sidewalks.

The great question now agitating the public mind in this vicinity is, will it ever stop raining.

Prof. C Leroy has leased Schanno's hall, and will give the first of a series of soirees to-morrow evening.

Beautiful green pine and fir trees were brought to the city to-day, and found ready sale for purposes of ornamentation.

Midnight mass will be celebrated in St. Peter's Catholic church in this city next Sunday night. All are invited to attend.

Don't forget E. Jacobsen & Co. if you want holiday presents, for they are the leaders, and will save you money on any purchase, no matter how small.

Mr. O. E. Leet, of Moro, Sherman county, is in the city to-day. He says the roads leading to the city are in a terrible condition, and almost impassable in places.

Mrs. M. Day, who has been visiting her old home near Goldendale, Wash., for the past two months, arrived in the city yesterday via Grants, and departed this morning for Vancouver.

Notwithstanding the constant rainy weather experienced for the past few weeks there has been no delay to trains by reason of washouts on the railroad between this city and Portland.

Mr. M. A. Moody will sell at public auction the bankrupt stock of goods of Mr. Frank Vogt to-morrow, beginning at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. This will be a rare chance for bargains, and one that may not be offered again for years.

A couple of weeks ago while J. Hays, of Grass Valley, says the Moro *Observer*, was hauling a load of wheat to the river, one of the bridges in the Fulton canyon, over which he was passing at the time, gave away and his wagon suffered serious damage thereby. He intends presenting a claim against the county for the loss occasioned by the accident.

We understand that in some of the churches, instead of the usual Christmas trees for the distribution of presents, gifts will be received for the poor, and these will be given to the needy in the city. This is the proper way to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the Savior of mankind, and marks an advancement in practical Christianity that the world has sadly needed for centuries.

Vancouver *Register*: A few days ago Hitchcock Bros. sold the J. A. Tracy fruit orchard of eleven acres on the Mill Plain road, also nine acres of their own, unimproved property to L. C. Smith, of Graceland, Maryland, and Rev. M. L Smith, of LaGrange, Indiana; consideration $3,600. The latter gentleman is a Lutheran minister. The Smith brothers expect to have the entire twenty acres set in fruit trees early next spring.

Pease & Mays have received a letter from Santa Claus, dated at Santa Clausville, Dec. 18th, in which that celebrated personage says he will be at The Dalles, and at the store of the gentlemen named to-morrow afternoon, where he will be happy to see all good children, and their sisters, and their cousins and their aunts. The little folks will consider this the grand event of the year, and will give Santa Claus a grand, hearty welcome.

Chas Chester was arrested this morning by the deputy city marshal for larceny from a dwelling. It seems he rented a room from Mr. and Mrs. W. DeWolf in this city, and this adjoined the rooms occupied by the family. Mr. DeWolf's trousers were hanging to the wall, and in the pockets were $5.25, which were missed soon after Chester came to lodge in the house. He has made a partial confession, and will have his examination to-morrow.

Baker *Democrat*: A number of persons are in the city from Granite, several recent employes at the Monumental mine. They tell the reporter that the Monumental has developed into a very valuable property, and that the next clean up will be the largest ever turned from the mine. The ore veins are full of ruby silver, and when a candle is held close to the ledge in the 1200-foot tunnel the ruby shows like a red blanket.

Union *Republican*: The shipment of Union county's big red apples to eastern points still continues. No previous season has ever seen such activity in the shipment of Grande Ronde fruit. It is believed the grand showing made at the world's fairnas had something to do with the demand for our fruit, but the activity of our local market is of course the more direct cause. Two cars were loaded here Monday. These were part of a shipment of five car loads to the east. The returns are said to be very satisfactory.

The Salem *Independent* reports on Sunday night some person took a brace and bit and bored holes through the door of the furniture store of L. C. Russell, at Silverton. They then knocked out the center piece and reached through, unlocked the door and went in. After securing some tools, they went to the shoe store of F. A. Simeral, and by going down the creek bank got under the building. They then bored and sawed a hole through the floor large enough to let them through. Several pairs of boots and shoes were taken.

The editor of the Wasco *News* talks thus encouragingly to the farmers of that county: "Every farmer should put in as much fall grain as possible. Don't be discouraged at the bad luck of this season, but try again and hope for a change for the better. We are all laboring under difficulties, but despair will only make matters worse. Wheat may be worth 75 cents a bushel next year, for we have always noticed that one extreme follows another."

Miss Emily Vanderbeck, of St. Louis, in Marion county, met with a peculiar accident on Saturday last. It appears that a "what-not" was some time ago placed in her house, and that one of the ornaments consisted of a part of a spool with a No. 22 cartridge shell in it. In attempting to remove the "what not," Miss Vanderbeck undertook to remove the spool and in doing so an explosion occurred by which she was shot through the left hand. It was supposed that the cartridge was a blank one but it appears it was not.

A party of eastern capitalists said to have some connection with the Santa Fe railroad system is visiting the Grand canyon of the Colorado river for the purpose of investigating the feasibility of having an electric cable 500 miles in length along the river with which to drive small boats through the black canyon and other scenic points, where cliffs over a mile in height overhang the stream. The power is to be generated by water wheels driven by the current of the river, or the water will be diverted into canals and dropped into the river again.

Extensive preparations are being made for the annual masquerade ball of Jackson Engine Co. No. 1, and it promises to be the most successful in every particular of any party ever given by this old pioneer fire company. The prizes for the best characters assumed are now on exhibition in Mr. Garretson's show window, and consist of a silver pitcher as the first prize for gentlemen, a gold pen with pearl holder for the second prize. The first one for the ladies will be two beautiful flower vases, and for the second pickle dish with ornamental gold tongs. There has been spent in these prizes over $40, and no pains have been spared to make a first class selection.

Even the swashes have become "calamity howlers." They feel the effects of the repeal of the Sherman act as well as the poor of Chicago, Milwaukee, and other large cities of trade and commerce. The London *Globe* says: "A number of swashes have been hanging around town this week. They have just returned from the mountains and are endeavoring to barter the trophies of the chase for spondulix with which to purchase Christmas presents for their sweethearts. Among other merchantable articles are venison, bear hides, a few fox skins for which they ask $2.50, and arrow heads. Poor Lo is not finding as ready a market as of yore for his wares, and has learned to say 'hald times.'"

Moro *Observer*: Henry McReynolds and Walter and Blanford Douglas, had their preliminary examination before Justice Meader Tuesday evening, the charges against them being for the larceny of clothing and other articles of personal property belonging to Charles Godfrey. It seems that Mr. Godfrey had the property in a cellar near the dwelling house of T. M. Anderson in whose employment Godfrey was last July, the time when the goods were stolen. About the 16th of July all of the property was taken away by some parties and suspicion fell on the three defendants. They were arraigned Tuesday evening, and McReynolds waived examination and was bound over in the sum of $250. The Douglas Bros. case was taken under advisement by the justice.

A Bitter Dose to Swallow.

Baker City Democrat.

It seems that the Salem *Independent* had some reason for talking when it observed a few days since "that the site for the branch lunatic asylum has already been selected by Governor Pennoyer, Secretary McBride and Treasurer Metschan and that those places besides Pendleton that have put in an application may as well let their hopes 'mist away.' That the board of consulting physicians are being sent to other places only as a subterfuge in the interests of this board, which wants no hornet's nest stirred up in the bunchgrass country this close to election."

When the *Democrat* commented upon the above clipping one day last week we stated that it was our opinion that our cotemporary was talking through its hat, but we are not so sure about this now, since it has leaked out, and from what the *Democrat* considers a reliable source, that while the board of physicians was at Pendleton last week, ex-Indian Agent Crawford, of Umatilla county, was asked if he would accept the superintendency of the branch asylum which was to be located at Pendleton.

The *Democrat* trusts that there is a mistake somewhere. We would deeply regret to know that the board would be guilty of perpetrating such a low and contemptible trick.

Bill of Fare.

The following is the bill of fare at the Umatilla House for Christmas day:

Oyster Soup — Turtle Soup
Celery Ea Branch
Filet of Salmon — Tautnason
Boiled Potatoes
Pigs Feet — Mixed Pickles — Cold Slaw
New Beets — Chow Chow
Oyster Patties
Boiled Queen Ham, Champagne Sauce
Ox Tongue, Mint Sauce
Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce
Chicken Fricassee
Pigs Head with Saur Kraut
Veal Cutlet with Cream Sauce
Beef a la Mode, Wine Sauce
Lobster Salad
Young Turkey Stuffed, Cranberry Sauce
Roast Shoulder of Mutton
Roast Pig, Apple Sauce
Prime Roast Beef
Baked Potatoes — Sweet Potatoes
Mashed Potatoes
Sugar Corn — Stewed Tomatoes
English Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce
Fruit Pudding, Cream Sauce
Pumpkin Pie — Mince Pie — Pineapple Pie
Fruit Cake — Cocoanut Slices — Jelly Roll
Lady Fingers — Christmas Frosted Cake
Cup Cakes — Small Assorted Cakes
Fruits
Beats' Water Crackers — Domestic Cheese
Coffee

A New Train.

To accommodate The Dalles and Portland people, and at intermediate stations between these two points, the Union Pacific have put on a local accomodation train, leaving The Dalles at 2 P. M., arriving in Portland at 7 P. M., and leaving Portland at 8 A. M, arriving at The Dalles at 1 P. M. Both trains daily except Sunday. The regular through train still leaves The Dalles for Portland and immediate stations at 3:45 A. M., and from Portland to the east at 7 P. M. daily, arriving at The Dalles at 11 P. M.

For Over Fifty Years

AN OLD AND WELL-TRIED REMEDY—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Is pleasant to the taste. Sold by all druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind

Real Estate Transfers.

Dec 21—John Prall and wife to Jason B Gorham; 36 rods across west end of nw qr, sec 6, tp 1 n, r 13 e; $1500.

Dec 21—A L Reese et ux to Mary M Gorami; lot D, block 36, Ft Dalles military reservation; $375.

The Captain

Of good Ship Storm King says. For the past five years I have used Sulphur Bitters on board my vessel, and have not lost a man. They are a sure preventive of all contagious fevers so incident to warm climates. Please send me at once two dozen bottles, and oblige J. Starret,

The Queen of the Sandwich Islands.

WESLEY SISSON IN THE INTER OCEAN.

Air—King of the Cannibal Islands.

I.

Oh, have you heard the story of late?
If not I'll tell it "up to date,"
About the dusky potentate,
The Queen of the Sandwich Islands.

Chorus:

Liliuokalani, or "Lil" for short,
Black, fat and forty, a pretty bad sort—
But, Lord, how she's trying to "hold the fort!"
This Queen of the Sandwich Islands.

II.

She lived for years on the fat of the land,
Which she grabbed from all with a ruthless hand,
Till they cast her out for a contraband,
This Queen of the Sandwich Islands.

III.

But this cute little chick did a clever thing,
She "worked" the whole Democratic ring,
And finally crawled under Grover's wing.
This Queen of the Sandwich Islands.

IV.

He tried to lift her upon her perch,
And she couldn't stick and fell with a lurch—
But managed the President's dickey to smirch,
This Queen of the Sandwich Islands.

ONE ENGINEER'S EXPERIENCES.

He Has Killed Twenty-two Persons, but Is Regarded as a Safe Man.

"Lafayette Truman, engineer of the Erie train that ran into the eastern Illinois train, has killed 22 men," said C. R. McCullough, a brother engineer of the Chicago and Erie road, at the Clifton, "but," he continued, "in no case was he to blame, and in every case he has been exonerated by the jury. Most of these killings were at railroad crossings and in other similar accidents where the engineer could not be held responsible. He is only a young man, but I want to relate two experiences of his which show him to be possessed of a marvelous presence of mind.

"In October, 1890, he was engineer of a train that was dashing through burning forests near Lima, O., at the rate of 60 miles an hour. That night the sky was concealed by black storm clouds, and before the burning district was reached the darkness from the window of the cars seemed impenetrable. Then, as the train proceeded, the horizon became hazily red. As the train sped on nearer, the blood red clouds appeared to be tumbling about tumultuously, as if it were a sea of fire buffeted by angry winds. At length the train seemingly plunged into the heart of this forest of fire.

"There was a straight stretch of track continuing for seven miles. As the train dashed along, the fire sprang up in sheets from crackling, falling trees on either side, and above was a canopy of shifting, eddying red smoke. Down the track, beyond the reach of the headlight, there was only a red blur. A bridge spanning a deep river was ahead somewhere. Suddenly, immediately in front, Truman saw a shower of big sparks fly upward. In an instant he was reversing his engine, and the train was brought to a standstill just on the edge of the river. It had flashed over him when he saw the sparks that the bridge was burning, and that a spar had fallen, sending up as it went down a show of light. He saved the train and the lives of 300 passengers. There is not one engineer in a thousand who would have arrived at the conclusion so quickly that the additional transitory light was from the bridge burning. They would have supposed it was an inconsequential part of the phenomena and plunged on to destruction.

"The other incident, while not surrounded by the popular heroline aspect lent by the forest fire and the run through it, was no less heroic and showed a far greater presence of mind. This was in Ohio, too, near Hepburn. His train this time was running at about the same rate, 60 miles an hour, when the rods on each side of the engine broke, instantly killing the fireman and wrecking the cab. Truman, to save himself, jumped into the tender. And there he was isolated, as it were, the broken rods flying madly and beating deafeningly, and it was impossible for him to reach an airbrake with the train going at that speed. He is only a young man, but he did something then that many old engineers have since told me they would never have thought of. He got out his pocket-knife and cut the hose, thereby applying the automatic brake, and succeeded in stopping the train. I would rather ride behind that man," concluded Mr. McCullough, "than any engineer in the United States."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Peculiarities of Growing Trees.

A tree has many peculiar characteristics, and some of them puzzle the scientists, as well as the chemist who makes the analysis. When the leaves drop off or a twig withers and falls, they leave a small scar, which never disappears. A slight excrescence is left to record the existence of the missing member—just as a man who loses a toe or finger never gets rid of the scar. There is sometimes a tendency in trees of the oak and maple species to send out from their young limbs more wood than they can support, and this causes contraction at the point of insertion or from where the stem starts out, and the fiber becomes sometimes twisted, so that it obstructs the flow of sap. The young limb in such instances withers and drops off, leaving all along the bough small excrescences sufficiently large to account for the tapering of the portion of a branch where the death occurred.—Boston Transcript.

A Mother's Love.

When the late General Butler was in command in New Orleans, a woman of that city applied to him for a pass through the Union lines that she might see her son, who was lying wounded in a house in the suburbs. The general told her she could have one if she would take the oath of allegiance. This she refused to do and argued long and earnestly against it, breaking into a flood of tears at length and exclaiming, "You do not know how I love my son." "Ah!" cried Butler, with scathing emphasis, "but you love secession better."—New York Sun.

The Best Market For Fine Tea.

Outside their own countrymen, the Chinese growers find their best market for high class teas among the Russians. The Slavs consume an immense quantity of green tea, and the nobility pay tremendous prices for the pick of the market.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Assignee's Sale.

M. A. Moody, assignee, will offer for sale at public auction, on Saturday, Dec. 23, Frank Vogt's entire stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furnishing Goods, etc. The sale is for the benefit of creditors, and the stock is to be disposed of at once.

Wanted.

Four or five thousand bushels of wheat for feed. THE OREGON LAND COMPANY, Salem, Oregon

A SENSATION IN CHURCH.

An Inquisitive Dog Created Consternation In a Puritan Gathering.

"Some curious stories are told in connection with old Puritan church customs," said Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth. "Some of the old customs seem very funny as we see them now. "It was little less than a crime not to attend church in those old days unless detained by sickness. In fact, a person was thought very little of who even came late to Sunday worship.

"One Sunday morning in early autumn a Puritan woman, whose reputation for housekeeping, spinning and church attendance was excellent, was belated in her morning work. She took her long necked pitcher and went to the pasture where her cow was waiting to be milked. This duty done, she found—for she could see people on the road—that she hadn't time even to carry the milk back to the house and get to church in season. So she took her long necked pitcher along with her and sat in the gallery right near where the singers and bass viols were displayed. After the singing was over and the long sermon had begun—sermons were an hour or two long in those days—she grew sleepy.

"Her long necked pitcher sat on the floor near by and near the front of the gallery. She was soon oblivious of either milk, sermon or a dog that came pitpatering up the gallery stairs. The milk soon attracted the dog. He smelled and wagged his tail, then smelled and wagged again, then looked inquiringly at the unconscious milkmaid. He made up his mind very soon, and into the long neck went the dog's head, neck too. He couldn't get much milk and wanted to pull back and try again.

"But he couldn't. His head was wedged fast in. He pulled and used his paws and tried to back away. Blinded of course by the pitcher, his steps were erratic, and suddenly to the astonished people below there appeared a sudden parting of the balcony curtain, an almost blood curdling yell was heard, and there was a flash and downpouring, straight in among the four unconscious deacons in the deacons' pew beneath, of snow white milk, long necked pitcher and a milk soaked, frightened dog.

"For once there was a great awakening in that church, but the poor woman was frightened nearly out of her wits, and the superstitious deacons were greatly scandalized."—Boston Journal.

The Tale of the Telephone.

The first telephone that was ever used was not electrical, nor was it a scientific instrument in any sense of the term. A little more than 50 years ago the employees of a large manufactory beguiled their leisure hours by kite flying. Kites large and small went up daily, and the strife was to see who could get the largest. The twine which held them was the thread spun and twisted by the ladies of the village.

One day to the tale of the largest kite was attached a kitten, sewed in a canvas bag, with a netting over the mouth to give it air. When the kite was at its greatest height—200 feet or more—the mewing could be distinctly heard by those holding the string. To the clearness of the atmosphere was attributed the hearing of the kitten's voice. This is the first account we remember of speaking along a line.—Sheffield Telegraph.

A Conflict of Authority.

The late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn was an inveterate enemy to drafts, and on the opening day of the Surrey assize several years ago gave orders that all the windows should be closed. Upon arriving at the court the following morning he was surprised to find that this injunction had been neglected, and upon inquiring was informed that the high sheriff was the culprit. Addressing Mr. Evelyn, the high sheriff, he inquired the reason. "As the high sheriff, your lordship," replied Mr. Evelyn, "I consider it to be my duty to superintend the ventilation of this court, and I have therefore directed that the windows shall not be closed." "As lord chief justice I consider it to be my duty, sir," thundered Cockburn, "to fine you £500 for disobedience." And the money was paid too.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Green Cap of the Bankrupt.

There was a law in force in France for a century or more that compelled bankrupts to wear green caps. This was done to prevent tradesmen from being imposed upon by such as were unable or unwilling to pay. Successive edicts enlarged the privileges of bankruptcy, but they forfeited them if they appeared in public without green caps. If those who cannot or will not pay their debts were compelled to wear such caps at the present day, the streets of most of our cities would have rather a verdant appearance.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Queer World.

This is a queer world where men live so that one can hardly tell which has a capital the size of the other's income. "Spend as you go," reasons one. "Go without spending," says the other—and it is left to the wise ones to tell t'other from which.—Boston Commonwealth.

Life's Cares and Pleasures.

The bride had just left the altar, and the dear old grandma was kissing the fresh cheek of her blushing young descendant. "And now, my dear," whispered she of the white hair and timeworn face, "remember that life's cares must be life's pleasures."—New York Times.

Mamma Caught Napping.

"Am I thin or fat, mamma?"

She had already been asking too many questions, but her mother answered her once more.

"Why, dear," she said, "you are not very fat, but you are fat enough for a little girl who is growing."

This reply was certainly diplomatic, but it did not apparently satisfy the child, for a few seconds later she came out with this terrible poser:

"Say, mamma, are there any little girls who are not growing?"—Boston Herald.

SIX POINTS, out of many, where Doctor Pierce's Pellets are better than other pills:

1. They're the smallest, and easiest to take—little, sugar-coated granules that every child takes readily.
2. They're perfectly easy in their action—no griping, no disturbance.
3. Their effects *last*. There's no reaction afterwards. They regulate or cleanse the system, according to