The Times-Mountaineer

SATURDAY.....OCTOBER 27, 1894

RUNNING BACKWARD.

Congressman William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, has handled his special train called "Eloquence on Wheels" as he handled the business of the country in the tariff bill which sometimes bears his name, says the *Inter-Ocean*. He reversed the lever in both instances, and his special train in West Virginia is running backward, just as the business train of this country did when he took hold of the tariff lever as chairman of the committee on ways and means. We do not know why Wilson reversed the lever on his special, "Eloquence on Wheels," which was carrying Mr. Wilson and Bourke Cockran through Virginia, trying to cover the track of Governor McKinley and check the rout of the free traders, but we suspect that the name of that special had something to do with its failure.

The people are not caring a penny about eloquence this year, whether it be on wheels or on foot. They have found that Democratic eloquence is a dangerous quantity when it promises the whole world and delivers nothing. The people are looking for business and business prospects this year. They are studying the tariff question from the practical point of view of business, not the beautiful free-trade theories of a college professor, or the pyrotechnic oratory of a Tammany Democrat who declared in congress that the Wilson bill was a more obnoxious tariff measure than the McKinley law, and then turned about and voted for it. More eloquence is not a forcible factor in this campaign. The voters want something more substantial.

Congressman Wilson has a hard fight on his hands in the second district of West Virginia. It is against him because it is a large mining district, and the coal miners who voted for him two years ago do not like his vote for free coal and his pledge to secure free coal and place them on a footing with the miners of Nova Scotia. Mr. Wilson's friends have tried to make it appear that the Republicans from other states were pouring money into the district and sending the most popular Republican leaders there to help defeat Wilson. This is not true. No Republican of national prominence has gone from any other state into Mr. Wilson's district, and the reports of money in the district, even by Democratic papers, put it on the side of Wilson.

McKinley and Reed have declined to go into Mr. Wilson's district. So have other Republican leaders. Governor McKinley went into West Virginia for two days' work, but he refused to go into Mr. Wilson's district because that might be construed as personal warfare on the author of the Democratic tariff law. He would not be placed in a position where he could be accused of any personality in this campaign. He is opposed to the Democratic party and not to individual Democrats. He desires Mr. Wilson's defeat no more than that of any other Democrat in the house. He wants a Democratic majority displaced by a Republican majority.

This attitude of Governor McKinley toward Mr. Wilson is in marked contrast to the attitude of Democrats towards McKinley four years ago. Then a Democratic legislature gerrymandered his district so as to make it overwhelmingly Democratic, and the biggest guns in the Democratic camp were turned on Major McKinley. Senator Hill went to Ohio to speak against McKinley and him only. Mr. Cleveland sent a letter to the Democrats of the district, and every trick that cunning could devise or money carry out was worked to defeat the author of the McKinley law.

Mr. Wilson has no such fight on his hands. His opposition comes from the people in his own district, and from all reports it would seem that the money to overcome this opposition comes from outside the district, and part of it from the English manufacturers who cheered Mr. Wilson at the London banquet in his honor.

From Saturday's Daily.

A heavy frost covered the ground this morning.

A license to marry was granted today by the county clerk to Owen Rusie and Celia Taylor.

The Dalles orchestral union will give their usual soiree this evening at the Baldwin opera house.

There will be a fair given by the German Ladies Aid society, at Fraternity hall, Saturday, Nov. 3rd.

The rain has done little or no damage to grain in Sherman county, and the roads have been greatly improved by the moisture.

Wm. O'Brien, who was held in the sum of $250 for larceny from the person, furnished bond yesterday and was released from custody.

In Clatsop county the fees of the sheriff last year for levying and collecting delinquent taxes were $14,355 36 and the printer's fees $2317 72.

Services at the Christian Church at 11 A. M. and at 7:30 P. M. Preaching by Rev. Mr. Hilton. Sunday school at 10 A.M. A cordial invitation to all.

The father of Prof. Shelly died at McMinnville last Thursday and was buried at Monmouth today. For this reason Prof. Shelly was absent today from his office.

One individual found his way into the city jail last night for being drunk and disorderly. He was arrested by the police force and brought before the recorder this morning who fined him $5 for his hilariousness.

There is a project to incorporate a company for the erection of a wool-scouring mill in this city. We hope this will be successful, as there is no more eligible point for such an enterprise anywhere in the northwest.

A severe storm has been raging along the coast for two days. At the mouth of the Columbia and Sound several small vessels have been wrecked. At Yaquina the *South Coast* has not yet sailed, and the *Homer*, now due has not yet arrived. No anxiety, however, is felt.

Lewiston *Teller*: Wednesday morning the residents along Snake river and the passers-by were surprised to see a raft coming down Snake river, having on board two men and a horse. On nearer approach the load was recognized as a prospector's outfit, with camp utensils and all the other paraphanalia of a prospector's life. The raft was a large one for the purpose, being 20 by 30 feet. It was a great scheme for getting out of the mountains. They can run the raft below and work up the logs into wood, besides the transportation beats roughing it over the mountain trails.

The completion of the fish ladder, which is said to be first class in every respect, and able to withstand the heavy floods we usually have, will certainly prove a great benefit to the people of the upper Willamette river, as the falls will now prove no barrier to the salmon, and the river will soon be stocked with these fish.

Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. J Whisler, pastor, preaching by the pastor at 11 A. M and 7:30 P M; Sunday school after the morning service; Junior League at 5:30 P. M.; Epworth League at 6:30 P. M; class meeting Tuesday at 7:30 P M, and Sunday at 10 A. M; prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 P. M. A cordial welcome to all.

The yard of the O. R. & N. Co. in this city is blocked every day, and daily there arrives from the stations above about 200 carloads of grain. Notwithstanding this heavy freight transportation at all stations along the line in this and adjoining counties wheat is piled up in immense quantities. No. 7, the local train for Portland, was delayed for about an hour today on account of there not being yard room to do switching

The Congregational church, corner of Court and Fifth streets, Sunday services as usual, at 11 A. M and 7:30 P. M., worship, and a sermon by the pastor, W. C. Curtis. Sunday school immediately after the morning service. Meeting of the Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor at 6 P. M Topic: "What Christ heals and how," (Matt 8 5-17) All persons not worshiping elsewhere are cordially invited.

In an interview in the Walla Walla *Union* on the 25th inst, Hon. Levi Ankeney said: "In Eastern Washington the Republican nominees will easily carry the day. Mr. Hyde will be sent to Washington with one of the largest majorities ever given to a congressman in the history of the state. The outlook on the whole is the most hopeful I have ever seen, for the people are tired of depending on Democratic experiments."

La Grande *Chronicle*: The Grande Ronde Lumber Company's mill at Perry has run out of logs and is closed down for the season, that is to say it will be closed down until about the first of next March. The forces that have been at work at the mill will now be transferred to the woods. The company expects to get out this winter between 6,000,000 and 8,000,000 feet of logs for next season's run. The logs will be banked along the river and driven down with the spring raise.

The following is furnished by Asst. Secy. Sims of the U. S. land office, Washington, D. C.: "Land included within a valid settlement claim is not subject to railroad indemnity selection, and the failure of the settler to file his claim in the statutory period will not operate to defeat the effect of said claim as against the company, nor limit the extent of said claim to the particular tract on which the improvements are situated."

Articles of incorporation will soon be filed of The Dalles Cold Storage, Ice and Commission Co. Several of our citizens have already subscribed liberally towards the capital stock, and it will begin business with several thousand dollars in the treasury. The building soon to be erected will be large enough to contain 400 tons of ice, and cold storage capacity of two carloads. There will be a coal yard in connection with the establishment.

W. R. Stokes of Portland has the contract for building the school house and was here Tuesday, says the Hood River *Glacier*. Laugille & Cox were the lowest bidders on the work when the bids were opened last August, and the contract was awarded to them, but owing to the delay in selling the bonds, they threw up the job. Mr. Stokes was the next lowest bidder for the work, and the contract has been re-awarded to him. If the weather is suitable, work will commence at once. The contractor has until May 1st to complete the work.

Suicide at Hood River.

Will Shoemaker, of Hood River, a young man about 17 years of age, committed suicide yesterday by shooting himself in the breast. He was a very bright boy, and had been taken out of school because his frail body could not support his intellectual activity. About two months ago he and his father went to Yakima to pick hops, and while there he suffered from sunstroke, since which time he has been subject to fits of remorse. His father constantly watched him, fearing that he would do something injurious to himself. Yesterday taking a shotgun he went hunting, and was soon followed by his father. About a mile and a half from the house he was found dead with a terrible hole in his breast. He had taken off his coat and vest, laid them one side, cut a branch three feet long, made a notch on one end, then placed the gun to his breast and pulled the trigger, the entire charge of shot, wadding, etc., entering the body. Coroner Butts summoned a jury this morning and went down to Hood River and held an inqnest. The facts brought out in evidence are the same as stated above This sad affliction has almost prostrated his parents, and they have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community.

Fell Over a Bluff.

A man by the name of Henshaw Sunday night about half-past 10 o'clock fell, over the bluff in the rear of the town of Grant, receiving severe injuries from which it is supposed he will not recover. He had been working at Grant for the past month, and claims that a companion robbed him of $12 and threw him over the cliff. A carpenter tools were found near where he fell, it is supposed he had stolen them and was attempting to hide them in some secure place above the town, when he made a misstep and fell a distance of fifty feet over the precipice. One of Mr. Walker's sons heard rocks rolling down the hill; but he paid no attention to the matter until about an hour afterwards, when cries for help were heard, and proceeding to the place from whence they came, the unfortunate man was found in a terribly mangled condition. Both arms were broken, the skull was fractured, and the ribs on one side were crushed. Last night the man was taken on the train to the Good Samaritan hospital in Portland. Not much is known about Henshaw, only that he was an ex-convict from Klickitat county.

Work on the Jetty.

The Portland *Telegram* has the following in reference to work at the mouth of the river.

Down at the government jetty the work is being pushed as rapidly as possible. The contractors who were awarded the work of furnishing the stone have commenced. Last Monday a week ago, the first bargeloads were taken down the river from the Fisher's Landing quarry on the Columbia, some distance above Vancouver. The contract calls for the delivery of 100,000 tons of stone. The government boat *Cascade* is used in towing the barges from the quarry to Astoria, and, from Astoria down to the jetty, the tug *Mendall* is used, owing to the fact that the waters are rough. Two barges are towed down each trip, and five trips are made every week between the jetty and quarry. Sometimes the waters below Astoria are quite boisterous, and some difficulty is experienced in landing the scows at the jetty. Congress, it will be remembered, made an appropriation of $338,000 for the jetty which is ample to complete these great works. As there will be no lack of funds, operations will be crowded forward to an early completion.

AN OLD AND WELL-TRIED REMEDY—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty year 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.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED

The Express Robbers in Jail. Full Confession Made by One of Them

ANOTHER ARREST MADE

Well Laid Schemes of Plunder and Robbery Laid Bare to the Officers of Justice.

Yesterday was a day of intense excitement at The Dalles, and from early morning until late at night nothing was talked about but discoveries made in regard to the express robbery committed in this city on Saturday night, Oct. 13th. It was known to many the evening before that arrests had been made on evidence that would almost insure conviction of two persons of the crime. The developments in the case had been kept quiet, although a few were knowing to the steps being taken, and the TIMES-MOUNTAINEER of last Thursday gave information of the discovery of the robbery, as far as the editor deemed consistent with the ends of justice. The arrests were expected for some days previously; but matters were not fully matured. On Saturday District Attorney Jayne was telephoned for, and came down on the afternoon train. The facts ascertained were laid before him and warrants of arrest were immediately issued for Frank Klein and Otis Savage for the crime. These were served by Sheriff Driver, and the prisoners were taken to the Umatilla House and lodged in separate rooms, where they were subjected to a cross examination by the district attorney, aided by Mr. S. Simmons, one of the Portland detectives and Sheriff Driver. The boys stood the ordeal admirably well that evening and nothing was gained from them. The next morning the examination was again continued, and about noon Frank Klien broke completely down and made a full confession, detailing the circumstances in connection with this and other crimes with which they had been connected.

The manner in which the key was procured to the door of the express office was given in detail. During the flood, when the buildings in the submerged district were left open, Klein rode down in a boat one night, took off the lock, fitted the key and then replaced it. This he kept in his possession for any emergency. He is a skilful locksmith, and this work was directly in his line.

Amidst tears and sobs he told the officers how he and Otis Savage had watched the train arrive at the Umatilla house that night from Court street, had then passed through the alley to Washington street, had then secreted themselves under a work bench until the express wagon arrived and the treasure box had been deposited on the inside. Their work was then quickly done. Using the jack bar, which had been properly shaped for the purpose the lock was pried off. The staples were first tried, but these could not be moved, as they were riveted on the inside. Taking as much specie as they could conveniently carry they proceeded to the corner of the alley, where the tags from one of the sacks was torn off and dropped at the end of the stone building. Returning from this point care was taken to walk back on the rocks so as to leave no returning footprints. They then bent their way down the street, across Front, and to the beach by the side of the old Waldron building, and in the rear of the Cosmopolitan, where they rested for a time. They then took their loads of gold and silver and threw them under the building occupied by the China wash house. They remained there until Monday night, when one sack was buried under the old building that had fallen below the sidewalk by reason of the flood, another under the China house, and $5,000 in gold was taken by Klein Tuesday night and buried in the yard of his father's residence. The bar had been in their possession for over a year, and the robbery had been planned for that length of time.

On further questioning Klein acknowledged that they had been connected with Hawthorne and Rowe in the different depredations committed in this city, and one point of the jackbar had been shaped so as to open doors without leaving any indenture. It was stolen from the machine shops a long time ago. About two years ago a plan was being matured for robbing The Dalles National bank. This was to be accomplished by securing Mr. Fred Bronson, and, by torture, to force him to give the combination to the vault. Another scheme, nearly matured, was to blow up the passenger train at a point about five miles west of the city where the track makes a long curve. The explosives were procured and everything was in readiness; but, in a conference of the gang, Hawthorne and Rowe objected, because such a scheme would necessarily cause the sacrifice of human lives, and they did not wish to kill anyone unnecessarily. Klein and Savage called them cowards, and a quarrel ensued. Since that time there had been no good feeling between the members of the band, and Klein and Savage had pursued their own way. After the failure of this attempt Klein and Savage spent several weeks in the Yakima valley, looking for an opportunity to hold up a Northern Pacific train. They met with no "adventures" in that locality, and returned to their old haunts.

About two months ago the postoffice was robbed, and Klein acknowledged that he and Savage had entered by a back window and secured about $38 in coin. They expected a large receipt of registered matter that night; but the heavy sack that was expected to contain coin was filled with Congressional records. The bank at Heppner was an object of attack, and this was entrusted to Hawthorne and Rowe; but the arrest of these parties by the officers frustrated the robbery.

During all these confessions Savage maintained the most stoical indifference, and said that he new nothing about any of the robberies or schemes in which he had been implicated. In conversation with a person who was present at the time the confession was made, a reporter of this paper was told that Savage had the strongest "nerve" of any man he had ever met. The surging of the blood through the views of his neck was the only indication that he gave of excitement; but there was a wicked gleam in his eye that boded no good to Klein if they ever met hereafter.

As soon as the confession was through, Sheriff Driver and Mr. Beckwith went to uncover the hidden treasure. They procured a pick and shovel and proceeded to the spot near the Cosmopolitan, where the $7500 in gold and the sack containing $1500 in silver were unearthed and taken to the express office. They then went to Klein's house and digging in the yard, which had recently been covered by a thick layer of manure, they brought to the surface the $5000 specie sack, of which there were $200 missing. Soon the news spread through the city like wild fire, and the greatest excitement prevailed. People thronged the streets in all directions, and the disclosures in the express robbery were the all absorbing topic of conversation.

One very agreeable feature of this chapter of the express robbery was the universal congratulations tendered Mr. F. N. Hill, the Pacific Express agent. Ever since the affair no one felt so keenly as himself the shadow that was wrongfully cast upon his name, and when everything was made clear, without the least suspicion, it lifted a heavy burden from his soul which had well nigh weighed him down. But the universal congratulations he received demonstrated to the fullest extent that the community never suspected him and entertained for him the kindest feelings. Another incident which approaches the divinity in human nature, was—when Klein was making his confession—the action of Mr Hill on the occasion. The young man had openly confessed a crime which had wrecked Mr. Hill's peace of mind for weeks, and had well-nigh blackened his reputation for life The man stood before him in his confessed guilt, for whose malicious act he had perhaps lost that which it would take years to regain, and yet he displayed no vindictiveness toward him; but, with a smile of forgiveness on his face, he approached Klein and extended to him his hand. Giving him a hearty skake, he hoped that after he had suffered for his crime he would come back to the world a man in the fullest sense of the term. Such an act is more divine than human, and cannot be too highly commended.

The young men Klein and Savage are nearly the same age, and about 25 years old. They were born and reared at The Dalles, and their actions in this matter have caused great surprise. The parents of the latter were highly respected residents of The Dalles, where they died several years ago; but of the former they still live in the city, and have always maintained an unspotted reputation for integrity. In this great affliction they will receive the sympathy of many friends.

The arrest of these two young men for the crime of robbing the express office is the result of the cleverest work that has been done in this state, and great credit is due to the detectives who have been here for the past few days, but more particularly to our sheriff, Mr. Thomas Driver. He persistently pursued the clue found the morning after the robbery, and unraveled the web thread by thread until he laid bare the guilt of the parties and wormed a confession from young Klein.

On Monday morning after the robbery the editor of this paper called on Mr. Driver, and he told him the clue he had, and that he was confident he would eventually be successful. A day or so afterwards he had occasion to examine the alley back of the Klein residence and found a piece of wax. This he put under a powerful glass and found to be a part of one of the Express Co.'s seals on the bag. From this he was satisfied that a portion of the stolen money was buried in the yard. The next day procuring an old gun and pretending that he desired it repaired he called at the Klein residence and inquired for Frank. His mother told him he was absent, and Mr. Driver said he had a revolver he desired fixed, and he would put it in the workshop, which was a few steps from the dwelling house. He had the bar with him and looking around saw a small anvil. The width of this just fitted the flat place made in the bar where it was bent, and a hammer on the bench had a temper crack in the shape of a cross the impress of which could be seen on the iron. In consultation with Mr. Lord and Mr. Simmons, Mr. Driver suggested that Hawthorne and Rowe should be interviewed. As sheriff of the county he was considered the proper person to do this, and he visited the Multnomah county jail, where Hawthorne is incarcerated, and also the penitentiary where Rowe is serving a sentence for larceny. They identified the bar and the statements of each, taken fifty miles apart and at different times, corroborated that of the other. On the evening of the robbery it was raining, and the footprints were liable to be obliterated. To prevent this they were covered, and the next morning the detectives took a measure of them and cut a pattern of the shape. These were found to exactly fit the shoe worn by Otis Savage. Mr. Driver, at one time, engaged Savage in conversation in front of the marshal's office, while he was reclining in a chair with his feet extended. Attracting his attention to some object at a distance, he reached down apparently in a careless manner, and, in an instant had measured the length and width of his shoe with a stick. These formed indisputable links in the chain of evidence, and, together with the disclosures of Hawthorne, was sufficient on which to make an arrest. This followed, and the subsequent confession. While we do not wish to detract from the faithful work done by every member of the force of detectives who have been in this city for the past few days, yet the cool, intelligent and persistent efforts of our sheriff are entitled to the greater praise.

Shortly before noon today Frank Klein was called before Justice Davis and, after waiving examination he was bound over in bail of $5000.

At the suggestion of District Attorney Jayne, Frank made a short statement of the particular crime of robbing the express box that was not in his confession of yesterday, implicating Ralf Gibons in the matter and Gibons was arrested, his examination to take place tomorrow. Klein's statement is about as follows:

The plans were first made while on a summer fishing trip at Badger Lake, but not fully completed till later on. Gibons, he says, had a key to the express office and turned it over to Klein for a pattern; thus the key to enter the office was secured. Then Klein and Savage were to nightly watch the wagon as it carried the box and Gibons was, as often as possible, to ride on the wagon from the train and whenever there was sufficient money in it an agreed signal was to notify the concealed conspirators of that fact. The signal was for Gibons to take off his hat, wipe his brow and cough. On this particular night the signal was given twice. There was too much money in the box, Klein says, "more than we expected and a whole lot more than we wanted."

Frank also states that it was in the plan to use the steel bar to break the lock after the box was rifled, in order to throw the suspicion away from anyone having a key; but there were so many people passing from the dance that he did not dare do it.

Mr. Sam Klein also made a voluntary statement under oath, but it throws no more light on the subject than the public already know.

The testimony of accomplices should always be taken with the highest degree of caution, and it is only fair and just to Mr. Gibons that the public should hold their opinion in abeyance until an impartial trial has been had. He has been a trusted officer for many years, against whom no charges have been made, and his parents and brother are among the most highly respected people in this community, where they have lived and enjoyed an unspotted reputation for more than a quarter of a century.

Stole Horses.

Salem *Statesman*: John Dunkin, aged 13 years and Stanley Robson, aged 14 years, were received at the reform school yesterday under commitment from Circuit Judge Hewitt, sitting in Albany. It appears the boys, whose homes are near Waterloo, wanted to go to the nearest celebration last Fourth of July, and Dunkin's mother would not allow him to go, so the lads put their heads together and determined on a break. Each stole a horse and started across the Cascade mountains, riding as far as Prineville, where they were captured and brought back. They have been in jail at Albany since that time and will now be given an opportunity to learn better things.

A FRIEND

Speaks through the Boothbay (Me.) *Register*, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good."

For all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, take

AYER'S PILLS

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

Land Transfers.

Oct. 26—M. Schorn and wife to Chas. Becht; lots 10 and 11, blk 15 Thompson's addition to Dalles City; $75

Oct. 26—The Dalles Land and Improvement Co. to Louisa Becht; lot 3 in blk 2 Thompson's addition; $175.

Oct. 27—C. F. DeBord and Mary A. DeBord to O. C. Wall; lots 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, and 24, blk 5, Irwin & Watson's addition to Hood River; $500.

Oct. 27—Alfred Kennedy and Caroline Kennedy to Francis M. Kennedy; lots G, H, I, J, and D, blk 64 in Dalles Military reservation; $30.

Oct. 29—L. D Ainsworth et ux to D. M. French and J. W. French; lots 2 and 3 blk 11, Laughlin's addition to Dalles City; $4000.

Oct. 29—William H. Nesbeack to James Ball; sw qr sec. 6 tp 3 south, range 13 east; $700.

The Old Fashioned Way.

A father and family, and married son and family, numbering in all thirteen souls, climbed out of three travel-stained, covered wagons in this city yesterday afternoon, and for the last time unhitched their horses on a trip that began the 2nd day of last May and has continued ever since. Their trip began at Sioux City, Iowa, and they came across the plains in the old-fashioned way that our fathers and mothers made the journey, The father is O. M. Wheeler, a brother of Nelson Wheeler, of Corvallis, and they have come to stay. They came via. the National Park, where they tarried eight days, and report a pleasant trip. Their camp equipage was about worn out, but their horses were fresh as when they started, tired animals having been traded for fresh ones along the route.—Corvallis *Times*.

Rough Weather.

Late reports from Astoria are to the effect that very heavy weather prevails off the mouth of the Columbia, and that the bar is very rough. It is reported at Astoria that eight fishing boats left South Bend, Wash., about a week ago, bound for the former place. Nothing whatever has been heard of these boats since their departure, and it is feared that all the men who embarked on this perilous voyage have perished. Two men, it is said, were in each boat, making a total of 16. It is the opinion of fishermen that if these men were on the ocean during the recent storm it is almost certain that they have been lost. Yesterday the waves were rolling very high outside the bar, and no fishing craft could possibly live in such a sea.

How He Does It.

Mr. O'Brien, of Umatilla county, is a level headed farmer. Instead of looking sour, he says he is making money this year He doesn't sleep. He diversifies his business and runs it on business principles. Let's see. He gets about $300 from his butter; $100 to $200 from his potatoes; perhaps $100 from hay; his hogs pan out well, and even with wheat as low as it is this year he clears something. Mr. O'Brien was asked, "what principle do you apply to your farming to enable you to make money when so many are complaining that in no department on the farm can a profit be secured? The reply was: "It is by diversity of crops, and by carefully keeping account of all outlay and revenue so as to tell how much more is secured from one line than another."

Humbugs.

There are two spiritualists engaged in giving performances through the Willamette, and this is how they were exposed at Corvallis: At the Waite entertainment at Corvallis last night, Mr. Clark, one of the ushers, witnessed the entire cabinet scene from above the stage. Dr. Waite discovered him and told him to come down, which he did, and taking his place on the stage narrated the entire proceedings, when the Dr. shook hands with him and left the stage. This morning Rufe Kiger, a spiritualist, had a warrant issued for the Waites' arrest for obtaining money under false pretences, but the matter was fixed up in some manner. He first demanded $4.50 spent for his family going into the show, but it was refused.

Did Not Like Work.

Yesterday a man was arrested for begging on the streets, and the recorder fined him $5. In the afternoon the street commissioner put him to work on the cistern at the corner of Court and Second streets. He labored very faithfully until evening, when the hour for quitting came, Taking advantage of the street commissioner turning his back, he picked up his coat and ran through the alley. One of the men heard something drop as he took his coat from the piece of timber on which it was placed. Looking down as soon as the fellow had skipped he found three dollars as a result of his search. Work and he did not agree, and he would rather lose his money than be forced to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Free Water.

The free watering trough in the East End, which was erected by the city for the benefit of farmers and others, the water commission charged $5 a month to supply. As the council considered it a benefit to the public that body wisely refused to pay the amount, and the commission proceeded to shut off the water; but Joles, Collins & Co., at the corner of whose store the trough is situated, paid the amount charged, and the water trough will remain free to the public as heretofore. JOLES, COLLINS & CO.

Hats! Hats! Hats!

When your old one is worn out and you think a new hat will be becoming to you remember that I have just received a full line of the latest fall and winter styles, which must go regardless of price. Call on Robert E. Williams, East End bargain store.

Rooms to Rent.

There are two rooms which may be rented with or without board, in the Bettingen building, opposite the Union street lodging house, on Second. Apply at this office.

THE COYOTE'S CRY.

It Sounds Like a Long Drawn Out Chorus of Wailing Fiends.

On graduating from West Point I joined my regiment at a bleak post far out on the frontier. One cold winter night not many months after, when the snow was piled deep on mountain and in valley and creaked noisily at each step of the heavy arctic overshoes we were obliged to wear, I was trudging wearily around the post, making my last inspection of the sentinels as officer of the guard. Suddenly, from just across the parade and directly behind the line of officers' quarters, there came a short, sharp bark, followed by several more in quick succession, the time growing faster and the pitch higher until in a moment they all ran together in one long drawn and lugubrious howl.

Then the noise stopped, but before I could recover breath it began again in the same way as before, only louder and in a more wailing tone, until it seemed as if a chorus of fiends was lamenting the invasion of their haunts by the white man.

We were in the heart of the Indian country, and thinking the unusual noise was the signal for a midnight attack I was about to run back to the guardhouse, turn out the guard and arouse the garrison, when a sharp "Who comes there?" warned me that I was approaching a sentinel. After I had been duly advanced this man proved to be an old soldier of my own company, who had probably enlisted not many years after I was born. It occurred to me that it would do no harm to see if he knew what the noise was, especially as he seemed totally undisturbed by it.

"Higgins, did you hear that yelling across the parade?"

"Yes, sor."

Here I thought I saw the beginning of a grin at the corners of his mouth, and in consequence became very dignified.

"What was it, Higgins?"

"Nothing but coyotes, sor."

Here the grin became unmistakable and had to be checked with a stern glance.

"But, Higgins, if that noise was made by coyotes, there must have been a hundred, and I would have seen them on the snow."

"Begging the looten'nt's pardon, sor, I think there wuz only two."

About this time I recalled what the older officers had told me about coyotes, and with a disgusted air I continued my rounds.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Ancient Pledge.

The following ancient temperance pledge was sent to Lady Henry Somerset by the late S. C. Hall, formerly editor of The Art Journal. It is printed in old English characters and was found on the blank leaf of a Bible which has been transmitted from sire to son through many generations. It appears as the property of Robert Bolton, B. D., preacher of God's word at Broughton, Northamptonshire.

"From this daye forwarde to the ende of my life, I will never pledge any healthe or drink a carouse in a glass, cup, bowle or other drinking instrument, wheresoever it be, from whomsoever it come, not to my own most gracious kinge, nor any of the greatest monarch or tyrant upon earth, nor my dearest friend, nor all the goulde in the world, shall ever enforce me. Not angel from heaven (who I know will not attempt) shall persuade, nor satan, with all his oulde subtleties, nor all the powers of hell itself shall betray me. By this very sinne (for sinne it is, and not a little one) I doe plainly find that I have more offended and dishonored my glorious Maker and most merciful Saviour than all the other sinne that I am subject untoe, and for this very sinne it is my God hath often been very strange untoe me, and for that cause, and noe other respect have I thus vowed, and I heartily beg my good Father in heaven of his great goodness and infinite mercy in Jesus Christ to assist me in the same, and be so favorable unto me for what is past. Amen."—R. Bolton, Broughton, April 10, 1637.

St. Elmo's Light.

St. Elmo's light or fire is the name which has been given a phenomenon often seen at sea during thunderstorms. It appears in the shape of a brush or star (seldom round or square), usually at the tips of the masts, or if on land at the points of gables or spires. It is occasionally accompanied by a hissing noise, and on this account is believed to be an electrical manifestation.

The old time mariners believed the light to be the spirits of Castor and Pollux (who were supposed to watch over men who "go down to the sea in ships"), they always regarding the "fire" as a sign that the force of the storm had been spent

A Hearse His Family Carriage.

"Indians can be induced to buy anything when they have money," said C. L. Seuter. "At Waggoner, I. T., I saw a family of Indians, dressed in the brightest colors and the brave, with a stovepipe hat, riding on top of as handsome a hearse as I ever saw. Upon inquiry I learned that he had received a considerable sum of money a few months before and made up his mind that he wanted some fine blankets for his family and a carriage. The agent to whom he went for the vehicle showed him a catalogue, and the picture of a hearse struck the red man as the finest thing there was there. It cost $1,000, but the Indian had the money and cared nothing for the expense, so the grewsome equipage is now a common sight in that locality, with the family riding on top."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How Kings Feed.

In the courts of Berlin, Stuttgart, Rome, Lisbon, Stockholm, Munich and Dresden the table is run on what may be called the hotel system. That is to say, the principal chef is allowed so much per head per diem for all the members of the family and for those of the household who are of gentle birth, and another fixed sum per diem and per head is allowed for each person of menial station. The price for food of the sovereigns, their families and guests averages about $8 a day, while the sum allowed for servants is about $1.25. When it is borne in mind that the number of persons fed at these rates often reaches as many as 500 in a single day, the possible profit of a chef's commission can be imagined. In this price wine is not included, and as the profits in this are even greater than from the food many of the masters of the royal kitchens of Europe are richer than the average guests of their sovereigns.—New York Advertiser.

California Bows and Arrows.

The California Indian's bow was made from the white or sap wood of the cedar, the outside of the tree being also the outside of the bow. The stick was scraped and polished with the sharp pieces of obsidian, roasted in ashes and bent into shape. Their arrows are made of button willow twigs of the buckeye and canes,

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT THE DALLES, ORE., October 26, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at The Dalles, Oregon, on December 4, 1894, viz:

RASMUS NIELSEN,

H E No 3325 for the lots 3, 4 and 5, sec 18, tp 1 n, r 13 e, W M

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz:

H C Nielsen, Jesse Simonson, John Frederickson, John Klindt, all of The Dalles, Oregon.

Oct 27-6t JAS. F. MOORE, Register.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Broke into my inclosure near Wamic, about the 7th of September last, one bay horse about 16 hands high, branded C8 on the left shoulder. The owner can have him by offering satisfactory proof of ownership and paying for this notice and pasturage.

A. J. SWIFT.

Dated Wamic, Ore., Oct. 5, 1894

TAKEN UP.

Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Long Hollow, about 14 miles southeast of The Dalles, one sorrel mare, branded M on right shoulder, two white hind feet, white strip in face. She has a colt branded the same. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying for the charges of keeping and the cost of this advertisement.

Long Hollow, Oct. 4, 1894. D. F. OSBORNE.

1894.

Harper's Weekly.

ILLUSTRATED

HARPER'S WEEKLY is beyond all question the leading journal in America, in its splendid illustrations, in its corps of distinguished contributors, and in its vast army of readers. In special lines it draws on the highest order of talent, the men best fitted by position and training to treat the leading topics of the day. In fiction the most popular story writers contribute to its columns. Superb drawings by the foremost artists illustrate its special articles, its stories, and every notable event of public interest; it contains portraits of the distinguished men and women who are making the history of the time, while special attention is given to the Army and Navy, Amateur Sport, and Music and the Drama, by distinguished experts. In a word, Harper's Weekly combines the news features of the daily paper and the artistic and literary qualities of the magazine with the solid critical character of the review.

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1894.

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ILLUSTRATED

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