Times-Mountaineer.

SATURDAY.....JANUARY 7, 1899

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

From Saturday's Daily.

Fred H. Mohr, of Hay Creek, is in the city.

The pulbic bowling alley next to Jones' tobacco store has been closed for the winter.

Dr. Geisendorffer went to Portland on the morning train and will return home this evening.

The Spanish troops evacuate Havana tomorrow. Why not celebrate the event here in The Dalles by hoisting flags?

Ferd Deitzel left this morning for the east. He went by the way of San Francisco, and expects to be gone a month.

Ex-Senator Jame H. Slater is very sick at his home in La Grande. The senator is quite old, and fears are entertained that he may not recover.

This morning Misses Amiee Newman · Florence Hilton and Isabella Sperry, who have been visiting in The Dalles left for their respective homes in Portland.

Passengers who arrived on the trains this morning report considerable snow in the upper country, especially in Grande Ronde and Powder river valleys.

A. L. Gude, manager of the shoe department in A. M. Williams & Co.'s store, left this morning for Los Angeles where he will spend his vacation of two weeks.

The weather today is about right. The snow has been coming down all afternoon, and it is to be hoped it will continue until two or three feet cover the entire country.

The management of the public library desires book No. 296 of the Parmlee series returned to Blakeley & Houghton's store at once. The book is "Story of Avis" by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Hon. John Michell returned this morning from Sumpter and Baker City, where he has been paying an official visit to the lodges of Red Men, he being the grand sachem of the order in this state.

Henry Gardner, the man who was so severely injured by being thrown from his wagon on the Rice hill while coming to town last week, is recovering rapidly and will no doubt be a well man in a short time.

W. H. Magers, the convicted slayer of R. B. Sink, who is sentenced to be hanged Feburary 3, 1899, at Dallas, Polk county, is hopeful of securing a new trial. He is kept locked in his cell, but is enjoying the best of health.

The Inland Flyer has been taken off the route between here and Portland. It will not go into service again until business picks up. At present the company will run only one boat, the Dalles City, making trips each alternate day

Good bye old year, welcome new. The one just closing has been a kind one to our people, and it is to be hoped the one just ushering in will be of a like kind. If 1899 has as much in store for America as 1898 has had, we can have no cause for regret a year from now.

The only one who has made any complaint about the firemen's ball last night is Dad Butts, who wanted to dance till broad daylight and he had to quit about 3 o'clock in the morning. Dad will never be satisfied until he has secured a front seat in paradise.

This morning Dr. Hollister received a letter from Dr. Smith, who has charge of his patients in St. Vincent's hospital, stating that Fred Burchtorff is getting along nicely. Wm. O'Neil is not getting along so well, and there is little hopes of his recovery. Mrs. Handley had quite a severe attack a few days ago, but is now convalescent.

Bub Roberts, alias Wilson, was arrested at Heppner, on Wednesday, on a warrant from Dayton, Washington, charging him with stealing two horses, a buckboard and a set of harness. He is said to be wanted on charges in Walla Walla, Waitsburg and Lewiston. He will be held at Heppner until the proper officers arrive to take him back.

Fred Bronsen, the obliging purser of the Flyer, is not a very ardent believer in immersion, though he sometimes practices it, but not intentionally. On the last trip of the Flyer from Portland Mr. Bronsen was assisting a lady passenger ashore at White Salmon, when some how he went off the gang plank into about five feet of ice cold water. His gallantry however prevented him from saying any ceremony at the time but he attended to that after getting back on board.

The editor of the East Oregonian justly condemns early marriages. He says: A thirteen year old girl has been allowed to marry in Seattle by her parents. She should be put in a nursery, her parents placed in close confinement, so that they might not have liberty to further populate the world, and the man that married her taken to the top of a mountain, tied to a stake and left to perish. The marrying of the immature simply increases the ranks of criminals, the idiots and the fools. Girls under 21 should not be allowed to marry and men not before they are 25. And then, half of the time, marrying would be a mistake.

From Tuesday's Daily.

Hon. E. B. Dufur went to Moro last night to try a case in the justice court today.

Miss Daisy Allaway spent the holidays with her parents, and returned yesterday to school at Eugene.

Miss Annie Stubling left this morning for Portland where she will enter school in the Holmes business college.

Workman are busy putting the machinery into the Regulator and it will be ready to go into service in about two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Van Vactor returned yesterday from Columbus, where they spent the holidays with Mrs. Van Vactor's parents.

The Misses Cressap, who have been visiting in the city the past two weeks, returned yesterday to Portland to reenter St. Helen's hall.

The usual business meeting of the Congregational Y. P. S. C. E. will be postponed to Tuesday evening, January 10.

An agreement has been entered into between Dalles merchants to close their stores at or before 6:30 each evening during the months of January and February. Customers will govern themselves accordingly.

Joe Marsh, of Wasco, spent the day in the city. He had started to Olympia, but the Spokane train being late and would not reach Portland in time to catch the Northern Pacific, he stopped here.

The Dalles City left here on time this morning, but on arriving at Crates point it was found that there was ice in the pump wells and the boat returned for repairs. It left again for Portland about 10 o'clock.

Arthur Stubling has gone back to Eugene to reenter the state university. Arthur left the university last May to enlist in the Oregon volunteers, and after the close of the war secured a release in order to resume his studies.

Considerable ice was running in the river this morning which indicated that another freeze-up was liable. To guard against such an emergency, the D. P. & A. N. Co. had the Dalles City tow the Regulator and wharf boat into safe quarters in Hungry Harbor.

All but one of the barber shops in the city have agreed to close at 8 o'clock each evening except Saturday during the following two months. Those who will close at this hour are H. D Parkins, T. J. Lynch, Tom McCoy, F. H. Drews, James Millard and H. Blondeau.

Yesterday morning when C. A. Grim went to his targeon line in the river, he found a curiosity attached to one of the hooks. It was a fish about two feet long, with a large head and small fins. The entire fish was covered with spots like a rattle snake though larger. It had no scales whatever, its skin being perfectly smooth.

Yesterday Dr. Hollister received a letter from Dr. F. C. Brosius, formerly of Hood River, but who is at Manila with the Oregon volunteers, he having received a commission as a lieutenant surgeon. Dr. Brosius has been sick for two months, and is desirous of being relieved from duty in the army.

Yesterday afternoon the owners of the ferry boat Klickitat took the boat out for a run on the river. It behaved admirable, the machinery working well. After it has been passed upon by the government inspectors, the Klickitat will be taken down to Lyle where it will run between the Oregon and Washington shores.

Our New Year holiday passed quitely there being nothing to distinguish it from other holidays. The new year was ushered in with the ringing of bells and blowing of whistles Saturday night, and the customary religious services were observed at the churches Sunday. All the stores were closed Monday and people enjoyed a day of rest at home.

This morning Chas. H. Brown, foreman in J. T. Peters & Co's. sash and door factory, met with a severe accident while operating the planer. By some mismanagement he got his right hand caught between the rolers on the machine and had it severely mashed. The end of the thumb was taken off, and the whole hand was severely bruised. Dr. Hollister dressed the wound and will be able to save the hand, though Mr. Brown will be laid up for some time.

Last night Deputy Grand Chancellor F. S, Gunning installed the following officers in Friendship Lodge No. 9, K. of P. R. H. Weber, C. C.; Geo. Gosser Prel.; H. L. Kuck, M. at A.; D. W. Vose, K. of R. and S.; John Gavin, M. of F.; W. E. Walthers, M. of E.; F. Menefee, I. G.; W. L. Bradshaw, O. G. Fred Burchtorf, the vice chancellor-elect, being in a hospital in Portland, will be installed at some future meeting.

The three inches of snow that covers the ground afford pretty good sleighing on streets that are well packed and in the country where the roads were smooth. The snow appears to have been pretty general along the river, it being about four inches in depth as far east as Umatilla. South of here the storm of Saturday night and Sunday did not reach beyond Deschutes river.

On Friday of last week one of the bloodiest tragedies in the history of the state occurred at Seaside. Sheriff Williams, of Clatsop county, accompanied by two deputies, James Lamars, and A. E. Miller, and Hon. C. W. Fulton, had gone to search one Charles Willard, who was accused of burning a cottage belonging to Mr. Fulton, when a fight ensued, and Sheriff Williams, Deputy Lamers and Willard were killed, and Deputy Miller shot in the leg. Mr. Fulton escaped uninjured.

The Firemen's Ball.

Jackson Engine Co. No. 1, the old volunteer fire company of The Dalles that has been in existence since the early 60's, gave its annual ball on Dec. 30th, and lost none of its well earned reputation for entertaining, for the ball was a success in every respect. There was a splendid attendance, and all enjoyed themselves as only dancers can. The music furnished by Birgfeit's orchestra was fine, and the other accommodations were perfect, hence there could be no other result than a royal good time.

Oysters served in any style at the Palace of Sweets.

The night my house burned

"The night my house burned, several years ago, I was taken with shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart," writes Mrs. Susan C. Tulloh, of Sulphur Mines, Louisa Co., Va. "These grew worse all the time, until a few months ago, when I commenced the use of Dr. Pierce's medicines. Before that I could scarcely eat anything. I could not sleep at night, was not able to do any work, and could scarcely get around the house. I had given up all hope of ever getting well again; but I am well again, and I give Doctor Pierce's medicines all the credit.

"I took the 'Favorite Prescription,' the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets.'"

Dr. Pierce's *Favorite Prescription* is a medicine for women only. It cures all forms of female complaint—stops back and side-ache—allays the inflammation which causes those disagreeable weakening drains on the system — promotes regularity of the feminine functions, and makes painful periods a thing of the past.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a medicine for the blood, liver, lungs, and nerves. It cures all bronchial and throat troubles, strengthens weak lungs, stops bleeding from the lungs, and builds up the entire system. It purifies the blood, stirs up a lazy liver, and soothes abused, crying nerves.

Neither of these medicines contains any alcohol, whisky, sugar or syrup to preserve its properties, but both will keep perfectly in any climate.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. They keep the bowels open and regular. They do not gripe.

When you ask a dealer for these medicines—*get what you ask for.* Substitutes are not as good. They are, at best, only imitations, and cannot imitate the cures wrought by the *genuine.*

A BIT OF OLD GEORGIA.

The Quaint Town of Louisville and Its History.

Once a Prominent Slave Market Where Thousands of Negroes Have Been Sold—Some Historic Events.

There stands in the center of the principal street of the quaint old town of Louisville, Ga., a queer structure. It was built so long ago that those who have grown old and gray in this former capital of the state cannot tell of its early history. Somewhere in the early days before the "Yazoo speculation" this old "slave market" was erected, and, although built of wood, it has stood the storms of time, and the hewn post oak beams and pillars are as sound now as on that day when the wrought-iron nails were first driven into them, and the bell, which now hangs cracked and toneless as a curiosity, pealed forth its brazen tones, calling the dealer to bid at the "nigger sale."

A very few people know that Louisville was ever the capital of Georgia. The star of empire taking its way westward came first to Savannah, then Augusta, and on the 16th day of May, 1795, the seat of government was changed from Augusta to this little island village, and here remained until 1804—after which Milledgeville was selected, and, at a cost of $115,000, a capitol was erected.

It was at Louisville that the papers and documents connected with that giant swindle, the "Yazoo frauds," were burned by Gen. James Jackson.

The story of the Yazoo frauds is a long and intricate history. It is stated that more than 100 duels were fought about it. The pith of the story is about as follows:

During the first years subsequent to the revolution a few wealthy and unscrupulous men under oath of secrecy formed what was known as the Combined society.

Their scheme was to bribe the Georgia legislature and to buy from the state 35,000,000 acres of land in western Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and the price for all this territory was only to be $500,000.

This purchase would have taken in what is now the best part of three populous states. These old-time swindlers only wanted a part of the earth. This would have been a deed to all Atlanta, Chattanooga, Memphis, to say nothing of 10,000 smaller towns. The arch swindler was one Thomas Washington, alias Walsh, a man of wonderful parts. History tells of how the giant speculator failed principally through the courageous efforts of Gen. James Jackson. The conspirators actually carried their bill through both houses of the legislature and the governor's signature was attached.

On January 22, 1796, the general assembly met and rescinded the action of the former body. Gen. Jackson, formerly United States senator, resigned his seat in the senate, came home and was elected a member of this legislature from Chatham county. He engineered the rescinded bill through. On the day following, by the order of both houses, a fire was kindled in the square and all the records and documents were publicly burned.

The clerk of the house was required to cry in a loud voice: "God save the state and long preserve her rights, and may every attempt to injure her perish as these wicked and corrupt acts now do."

This occurred in the year of our Lord 1799. Ninety-eight years ago. Yet there can be seen in the courthouse yard, under the spreading shades, the shallow excavation in the ground into which the papers were piled.

The old governor's mansion was only torn away last year, the capitol disappeared many years ago, and the old slave market which inspires this sketch will soon, too, give way before the march of nineteenth century push. A water tower will probably take the place of this hoary sentinel of time.

An old gentleman whom I met on the streets of Louisville, and whose gray hair and tottering form I could not help comparing to the ancient landmark, said:

"I know I've seen a thousand niggers bid off here. The bell which hangs inside you will notice bears the French coat of arms and is stamped 1772. I have heard that this bell was captured in colonial days from the deck of a French privateer. It has only been cracked since a few years before the war."

The strangest part of the story is the wonderful preservation of the timbers in the old structure. They are all hewn oak, put together with wrought-iron nails, and the wood is so hard that I don't believe it would be possible to drive a nineteenth century nail into it with an ax.

Louisville of to-day is still unpretentious. It is the county seat of Jefferson—named from that great father of democracy and declarations.

Louisville has a one-gallus railroad, which blows a long blow 15 minutes before the train starts back to the Central railroad connection at Wadley, Ga. The old town has many beautiful homes and quiet, aristocratic families, who trace their lineage back to colonial times.—Atlanta Journal.

Many a Lover

Has turned with disgust from an otherwise lovable girl with an offensive breath. Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the breath by its action on the bowels, etc, as nothing else will. Sold for years on absolute guarantee. Price 25 cts., and 50 cts. Blakeley & Houghton, druggists.

PIN HOLES IN THE CHECKS.

Only One of the Cashier's Precautions Overlooked by the Forger.

In the course of a lecture devlivered recently on chemical tests used in discovering by the ink the age of documents, and whether there have been interpolations, Prof. C. A. Doremus told of a curious discovery in the case of a raised check, made by his father, who is an expert in chemistry and in documents. The interests involved in this case, says the New York Sun, were very large, and it was not practicable that the original check should be tampered with or chemically treated. For purposes of testimony an enlarged photograph of the check was taken by Dr. Doremus, who was called as an expert in the case. The first trial resulted in no decision, and on the second trial, what purported to be the original check was produced. It was handed to the cashier of the bank for identification. He examined it and said:

"This is not the original check."

"How do you know that?" demanded the amazed lawyer.

"Because in the heading of the original check I pricked a hole in the center of each of the 'o's' with a pin," was the reply. "This check has not those holes."

In all other respects the check seemed to be identical. The court called for Dr. Doremus' photograph to be produced. It plainly showed the pin holes. Upon this the lawyer for the defense threw up his case, and the guilty substitutor of the false check fled the country.

Sick Headaches.

The curse of overworked womankind, are quickly and surely cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea, the great blood purifier and tissue builder. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Price 25 cts. and 50 cents. Blakeley & Houghton, druggists.

Water Commissioners Meeting.

The regular monthly meeting of the water commissioners was held Saturday evening, Dec. 31. Those present were Commissioners Seufert, Randall, Crossen and Bolton.

After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting the following bills were allowed and ordered paid:

J. B. Crossen, superintendent	$75 00
C. A. Borders, helper	65 00
S. Bolton secretary	10 00
J. B. Crossen, cash advanced for labor	16 00
J. T. Peters & Co., supplies	98 40
Maier & Benton, supplies	3 20
Mays & Crowe, supplies	23 52

Isaac Joles and others presented a petetion asking that a 6 inch water main be laid along the alley back of Fifth street from Court to Washington. Action thereon was continued until the next regular meeting.

R. I. Young also presented a verbal request that an extension be made to the main from Alvord to Madison street, which was referred to Commissioners Crossen and Randall to examine and report to the next meeting

The report of the superintendent for the month of December showed the the following:

Total accounts	$1,372 30
Collected	1,114 30
Delinquent	258 00

The report of the treasurer was:

On hand last report	$4,210 45
Received during month	6,489 40
Expended during the month	5,429 10
Cash on hand	5,370 85

Tell Your Sister.

A beautiful complexion is an impossibility without good pure blood, the sort that only exists in connection with good digestion, a healthy liver and bowels. Karl's Clover Root Tea acts directly on the bowels, liver and kidneys keeping them in perfect health. Price 25 cts and 50 cts. Blakeley & Houghton, druggists.

LOCKED IN A BOX CAR.

Three Little Boys Have a Forced Ride From Portland.

When the regular freight arrived here from the west at an early hour Tuesday, the yard man discovered there was some live freight in one of the cars. He heard cries of "help" coming from a box car, and going to it he found three little boys, the oldest not more than 10 years of age, were locked in the car.

He released them and turned them over to Marshal Lauer. They gave their names as Guy Cooney, Fred Matson and Martin Toomey, and say their parents reside in Albina. The story of how they happened to be in the car, if true, is rather exciting, and their ride from Portland here was a novel and disagreeable one. They were sweeping wheat out of the cars at the yards in Albina when some one came along, locked the car door and disappeared. Pretty soon their car was attached to a train and started on a journey, they knew not where. They made all the noise they could, but did not attract the attention of any one until the train stopped at the yard here.

The little fellows suffered considerably from cold and were terribly frightened as they did not know where they were going or what would become of them.

Marshall Lauer took the lads in charge, and gave them quarters at the city jail, then telegraphed to the chief of police in Portland to hunt up their parents and learn what they wished done with the boys. At the time of going to press no answer had been received.

On Every Bottle.

Of Shiloh's Consumption Cure is this guarantee: "All we ask of you to use two-thirds of the contents of this bottle faithfully, then if you can say you are not benifited return the bottle to your druggist and he may refund the money." Price 25 cts., 50 cts., and $1.00. Blakeley and Houghton.

A MODERN OFFICE BUILDING

It is Capable of Furnishing Rooms for 4,000 People.

There has just been completed on Park Row, New York, a marvelous modern building, one that would have been a wonder a half century ago, but in this age of high structures, provokes but little comment, although it is the highest building in the world. Its dome reaches 390 feet from the level of the street, and the top of the flagpole thereon is 501 feet above the bottom of the foundation. It has a frontage of 103 feet 11 inches on Park Row, 23 feet on Ann street and 47 feet 10½ inches on Theater alley. The building has 950 offices, which estimating four persons to the office, make it capable of accommodating 4,000. The building is constructed on the most modern plan, and the offices are lighted with 2,095 windows. In its construction 20,000 tons of brick, stone, iron and glass were used, and its total cost, exclusive of ground, was $2,400,000. It is so well provided with elevators that the dweller on the 29th floor reaches the street in half a minute, and is more accessable to the world than one living on the third floor of a building not supplied with elevators.

An idea of the immensity of this vast pile of masonry and the volumne of business that may be transacted within its walls can be had from some of the estimates made in the Scientific American. It says when the offices are all occupied there will be 4,000 occupants, and it is reasonable to suppose that on a average there will be at least one caller on every person employed in the building at any given hour during the day. This would make a total of 8,000 persons in the building at any given period during the day. And if we assume that five persons call on each occupant daily, we get a total of nearly 25,000 using the building each working day of the year.

Such a building would accommodate all the residents of The Dalles for offices and store rooms, and would leave enough space in which half the population could reside. All the men, women and children of Wasco county could easily get into the building and leave standing room for twice as many more.

At Four Score.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Restores Health.

UNCLE EZEKIEL OBEAR, assessor and tax collector, Beverly, Mass., who has passed the 80th life mile stone, says: "Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine has done a great deal of good. I suffered for years from sleeplessness and nervous heart trouble. Would feel weary and used up in the morning, had no ambition and my work seemed a burden. A friend recommended Dr. Miles' Nervine, and I purchased a bottle under protest as I had tried so many remedies unsuccessfully, I thought it no use. But it gave me restful sleep, a good appetite and restored me to energetic health. It is a grand good medicine, and I will gladly write anyone inquiring, full particulars of my satisfactory experience."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address,

Dr. Miles' Nervine Restores Health

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

BURTON'S BUSY FOUR MINUTES

What a Man Can Dream in a Cat Nap Lasting from 5:42 to 5:46.

Burton had set his alarm clock for 5:30, as he had some writing to do, and knew that he couldn't steal time for that purpose at the office during the day. When the alarm clanged he awoke, sat up in bed, thought lazily for a moment and utterly forgot his writing. It was 5:42—for he locked at the unwinking face of the dial—when he settled back for an involuntary doze—one of those quick little naps that overpower a man in the short hours of the morning.

A few moments later he was standing in a small inclosure surrounded by log walls. A brown horse stamped beside him and a woman—bearing a marvelous resemblance in face and voice to his wife—was trying to tell him something. He shook his head, disengaged his arm from her restraining hand and tightened the saddle girth upon the brown horse. On the horse's back he sprung, the walls opened and he sped out, while behind him came streaming a tumultuous rout of horse and foot soldiery in blue uniforms, whom he had really failed to notice before, but who evidently belonged to the walled inclosure.

The air was cool, bracing, delicious—the skies bright blue. To right and left rolling hills of considerable height were crowned with underbrush and straggling trees, while deeper woods extended to the background. He noticed that the leaves were resplendent in red and yellow, and he realized that October was in all its glory.

Somehow the ride must have been short. There was a whirl of dust and a coach whizzed by—not a stage coach of the west, but one of those affairs with broad tires and cushioned seats so much in vague for tally-ho parties. He found himself, horse and all, by the side of the log wall again, and the coach passed inside. The next instant he noticed a puff of white smoke up on the hillside about 1,000 feet away. Then came other white puffs, and the leaves flew in spots on either side of him. He called his men—called in a voice which seemed to give no sound—and there was no noise accompanying the white puffings up there among the underbrush. His men began to skulk behind trees and walls and opened fire upon the places whence the white clouds kept rolling.

A man in black ran out upon the hillside, emerging from a clump of brush. There was a general firing and the man staggered. As he fell Burton noticed that he had changed his costume in the moment of the fall and was now arrayed in a blue-gray uniform. He picked himself up and reeled among the trees. There was more firing and Burton awoke.

Fully believing himself hours behind his office time, he looked at his clock. It registered 5:46. All the events of the dream had passed before his drowsy mind in four minutes of actuality.—Chicago Evening News.

Does This Strike You?

Muddy complexions, nauseating breath come from chronic consumption. Karl's Clover Root Tea is an absolute cure and has been sold for fifty years on an absolute guarantee. Price 25 cents and 50 cents, at Blakeley & Houghton, druggists.

Oregon Beats Them All.

Albert Kitching has returned from an extended trip through the stock-growing regions of Montana, South Dakota, Wyoming and Nebraska, where he went about two months ago to look for a location. After examining all the range countries in those states, he came back to Oregon convinced that this is the best stock country of them all. Mr. Kitching says that during his experience of some twenty years in handling stock in Eastern Oregon, he has never endured the disadvantages which the sheep and cattle raisers of the states above named have experienced the past six weeks. They were compelled to begin feeding the middle of November, and expect to feed until the latter part of February. During nearly all of December the mercury registered below zero, and for a time was 20 degrees below. He has come back to Oregon satisfied with the country and climate and says he will never go beyond its eastern boundary in search of a location.

How is Your Wife?

Has she lost her beauty? If so, constipation, indigestion, rick headache are the principal causes. Karl's Clover Root Tea has cured these ills for half a century. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. Money refunded if results are not satisfactory. Blakeley & Houghton, druggists.

Change of Train Schedule.

The following change of time on O. R. & N. will take effect at 12:01 A. M., Thursday, January 5th, 1899.

Train No. 2, arrive 11:45 P. M., depart 11:50 P. M. to Union Pacific.

Train No. 4, arrive 5:35 P. M., depart 5:40 P. M. to Great Northern.

Train No. 3, arrive 5:00 A. M., depart 5:05 A. M., from Great Northern.

Train No. 1, arrive 3:15 P. M., depart 3:20 P. M. from Union Pacific.

Train No. 22, throrgh freight east bound, does not carry passengers, arrives 2:50 A. M., departs 3:50 A. M.

Train No 24, local freight, carries passengers, east bound, arrives 4:30 P. M., departs 8:15 P. M.

Train No. 21, west bound freight, does not carry passengers, arrives 8:15 P. M. departs 9:30 P. M.

No. 23, west bound local freight, carries passengers, arrives 5:15 P. M. departs 8:30 A. M.

JAS. IRELAND,
Agent.

The Liquor Habit.

Dr. Frederick W. D'Evelyn, of St. Luke's hospital, San Francisco, suggests a theory which if found to be practical will solve the temperance question, and will be a death blow to the Keely cure and the liquor trade. He claims it is possible not only to cure inebriates, but to fortify children against the possibility of becoming drunkards by inoculation, and thereby in a few generations make a sober race of people throughout the land.

Dr. D'Evelyn says he has already inoculated persons with marked success with a preparation taken from a horse which had been fed on alcohol until he had become a regular toper.

THE WOLF AND THE EAGLE.

A Legend of Two Young Saranac Indian Warriors.

When we think of the Indians, we are apt to remember only the harsh and cruel traits that they have shown; but in their stories and legends many noble qualities are hidden under their cruelty, like pearls in the uncouth shell of the oyster.

In one of these legends we are told that there used to be a great many wizards among the tribes, or sachems, as the Indians called them, who were counselors in the camp, but whose chief delight was in doing evil. They worked so much mischief in the hunting grounds that at last the Great Spirit locked them in the hollow trees that grew along the trail.

Some of them, in their struggles to escape, thrust their arms out of the trees, but the closing wood imprisoned them, and they may be seen to this day, twisted and distorted in agony, as gnarled roots and withered trunks and branches.

Others survived this terrible transformation, and among them was Oquarah, a bent, decrepit, aged sachem, cruel and evil minded, and jealous lest his power should wane, or be eclipsed by that of a rival. The fate of his brother sachems did not arouse pity in his heart, nor did it soften him to know that he had been spared.

Oquarah lived with a tribe of the Saranacs, in which were two young warriors, whose bravery and truth commanded the admiration and love of their companions. One of these braves was called the Wolf, the other the Eagle, and they were friendly rivals in all deeds of valor.

One day, in the moon of great leaves, when the hunting grounds were starred with flowers, and the soft south wind blew over the land, the Wolf and the Eagle left the camp and set out upon a hunt.

The hours passed, and the Wolf returned—alone.

Loud and angry cries greeted him as he appeared thus, but he stood silent, till, by the sternness of his look, he quelled the tumult. Then he told them that he and the Eagle had hunted for hours together, but at last had become suparated; and that when the time came to return, he had searched in vain for the Eagle.

His words were received in silence; but presently Oquarah spoke, Oquarah, the cruel sachem.

"I hear a forked tongue," he said. "It says that the Wolf was jealous of the Eagle, and that his teeth have cut into the heart of his friend!"

"The Wolf cannot lie!" answered the young chief, and then he stood passive, quiet.

Then the sachem clutched his hatchet, and cried in rage:

"Where is the Eagle?"

"The Wolf has spoken," answered the young chief.

At that, Oquarah raised his hatchet and struck at the Wolf, but the Wolf's wife threw herself before her husband, and the hatchet sunk into her head. Then, with a cry of rage, the Wolf drew his knife, and a moment later the sachem fell with a mortal wound in his heart.

Great excitement and discord followed these tragic events, and finally the tribe divided, half of them following the Wolf down the Great Sounding river in search of new hunting grounds.

But the Wolf was very unhappy. He had lost his friend and his wife, and his tribe had been broken up; all through the evil suspicions of the cruel sachem.

Many years passed, and the Wolf became great in his tribe. But whenever his tribe met the other, the ground between their hunting ground was wet with blood.

One day the tribe on the Upper Saranac saw a canoe appear on the Lake of the Silver Sky, and in it was the Eagle. He told them how he had been separated from the Wolf, and had fallen into a cleft of a great rock, from which he was rescued by some soldiers from Canada. They had taken him with them, and he had fought with the British against the French. As the years passed, and he grew old, however, his heart yearned for the people of his tribe, and he had come back to die among them.

When he heard that the Wolf had been accused of his death, he was very sad, but he called a meeting of the warriors of the two camps, and peace was made between them. So the Eagle died, at last, happy in the knowledge that he had cleared his friend and reunited his people.—Philadelphia Times.

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6 a. m. Tues. Thur and Sat.	Willamette River, Portland to Corvallis and Way-Landings	4:30 p. m. Tues. Thur. and Sat
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