

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

Devoted to the interests of Farmers and Stockmen.

The Garden Spot.

An Epitome of the Principal Events Now Attracting Public Interest.

Boston.—A special to the Journal from St. Johns, N. F., says the steamer Eagle was last seen by the steamer Aurora, near Funks island. A terrible sea was running at the time. The next morning the Aurora could find no trace of the Eagle, and nothing has been seen of the ill-fated vessel since. A message from Greepound, about 100 miles from here, says that lighthouse keeper Cabot had boarded the sealing steamer Van Guard and Hect; both of those vessels are reported passing. Spars, forecastle and nameboard of the Eagle have been found near the spot where she was last seen. Lighthouse keeper Cabot is a reliable man, and from his knowledge of affairs there, and the fact that the Eagle has not been seen since, while other vessels of the fleet have been seen every few days, it is universally believed that the vessel with the 260 souls on board was driven on the terrible reefs, so numerous inside of Funks island that the sea broke her up, and that she probably sank immediately with her fifty seamen on deck and 210 souls below. The sea that swept the coast that night was the worst ever witnessed by old sailors on board of other vessels. No ship once getting in those terrible breakers could possibly escape. Capt. Jackman, the commander of the ill-fated vessel, was considered to be the bravest skipper Newfoundland ever produced, and he was called the "king of the sealing fleet" until 1885, when, for the first time in his experience, he failed to secure any seals. Last year bad luck again overtook him and he lost the steamer Resolute near the same fatal island, but his crew escaped. Late in the same year he took command of the Eagle, and within a few weeks she broke her shaft. She was refitted and a month ago started with the rest of the fleet on what is now felt was her last voyage. A majority of the crew are married and residents of this city and vicinity, and all in the prime of life. The city is in mourning. This is the greatest calamity and most frightful loss in the modern history of this unfortunate colony.

At Junction City, on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, in Montana, great excitement was caused by the accidental shooting of a young Indian buck, a son of Big Ox, a well-known Crow Indian. Mrs. DeWitt of that place had lately been given a 32-calibre rifle and was practicing shooting when an Indian dog came running along just at the edge of the embankment of the river. Mrs. DeWitt, being somewhat back from the river, did not see the Indian, who was below the embankment, but seeing the dog thought she would take a shot at it. She fired, and just as she did so the Indian's head reached the level of the bank, and instead of the dog getting the bullet, she shot the Indian through the head and he died in a short time. The Indians were very much excited. The citizens, wishing to show that it was wholly an accident and that they were willing to do all the kindness possible, dressed the body in a new suit of clothes, placed it in a coffin, buried it as though it were a brother. Rev. Father Brands of the Crow Mission officiated. Paul McCormick nobly opened his store, giving freely to the Indians of sugar, coffee, blankets, etc. The total amount given away was estimated at \$400.

At Scranton, Pa., an explosion of gas occurred in the Van Storch mine. A heading was being driven from the Van Storch mine to connect with the Dickson air shaft in order to secure better ventilation. Fire boss Lewis, Thomas Lewis and Edward Owens entered the mine and detected the gas; fire boss Lewis leaving the miners retraced his steps, going toward the entrance. On his way he met the mine foreman and was explaining the situation when the explosion occurred. The force of the explosion was terrific. Every door of the fifty were torn from their fastenings, and sent crashing against the walls of the mine. The miners were carried off their feet and hurled into ditches, and blown against pillars. Fire boss Littlejohn and a miner named James Morgan were hurled into what is known as the "dump," the spot in which the water from the level accumulates. Three doors were also thrown into the "dump." Littlejohn's hat was carried to the top of the shaft, at least 200 feet. Effort was at once made to rescue Lewis and Owens, the miners who went in the Van Storch mine with fire boss Lewis, but after-damps prevented.

Jackson Marion was hanged at Beatrice, Neb., for the murder of John Cameron, 15 years of age, in April, 1872. Marion and Cameron left Grasshopper Falls, Kansas, with a team of horses and wagon to work on the St. Joseph & Denver railroad. The body of Cameron was found one year afterward, and the crime, after a lapse of ten years, was finally fixed on Marion. He neither confessed nor denied his guilt on the gallows.

At New York City, James Hogan, a driver of an ice wagon, nearly killed his wife with a hatchet and then threw himself out of a three story window, dying instantly. The couple had lost their sixth child, and both were regarded as partially insane in consequence.

Eighty-five men were entombed by an explosion in Bull's colliery near Sydney, N. S. W. The accident occurred in a tunnel a mile and a half from its mouth. Seven bodies have been recovered. The tunnel is blocked by debris, caused by the explosion.

OREGON NEWS.

Everything of General Interest in a Condensed Form.

There is not a vacant house in Pendleton. Roseburg is to have a \$14,000 school house. Weston expects to have a steam grist mill soon. Ashland has 600 pupils enrolled in her public schools. Albany is taking steps to organize a military company. Hay sold as high as \$20 a ton around Albany the past season. The assessment of Albany will amount to about \$800,000. The crops in all parts of Douglas county are reported excellent. Richard Meyers was drowned at the foot of Main street, Portland. The peach crop in Jackson county promises to be the largest known. Baker City has a brick-making establishment that turns out 30,000 per day. The La Grand National bank is to have a new building in the near future. The mail route between Grant's Pass and Crescent City will be relet, service to commence July 1. The State fair authorities have put up \$500 to be competed for by the military companies of the State. Lebanon proposes to build a telegraph line to Leng's station on the Narrow Gauge at a cost of \$500. Vali, on the Oregon Short Line, near the Snake river, is the temporary county seat of the new county of Malheur. N. A. Lundy, was found dead in his room at a Portland hotel. A bullet in the head and a revolver in his right hand revealed that he had committed suicide. Miss Alice Durbin of Huntington, obtained a verdict for \$2,000, against the O. R. & F. company for injuries received by being run over by a train last summer. George Smith, an old pioneer of Marion county, and a resident of Turner, committed suicide by swallowing a dose of strychnine. A short time since he suffered a paralytic stroke which affected his whole right side. Miss Kate Trullinger, aged 14 years, of Mullino, was drowned in Mill creek. She had been subject to congestion of the brain, and it is supposed walked into the creek, while by some it is thought the bank gave way, precipitating her into the swollen stream. John Cahill, a hod-carrier of Albina, aged 40 years, was run over and killed. He was going to a store with a coal oil can and was walking on the O. R. & N. track when he evidently heard a train coming behind him as he stepped from the main track to a side track, but he did not notice that a flying switch had been made, and was struck by two freight cars which threw him across the track and passed over him cutting off both feet and crushing his head. His death was instantaneous. Schuyler Ford, aged 21 years, disappeared from Harrisburg, Oregon, about a month ago, and nothing has been heard of him since. He had purchased a lot at Cohob, upon which he had built a house to run a saloon, and for which business he had bargained of a firm at Harrisburg for a stock of goods. When last seen he had upon his person about \$700 in money and bank checks. His pistol and overcoat remain at the hotel uncalled for. His friends entertain fears that he has been foully dealt with.

Journal of Commerce: So great is the demand for prunes in this country that their cultivation promises to be one of the most profitable occupations that Oregon farmers can engage in. During the last four years the imports of prunes from foreign countries aggregated 228,513,098 lbs., value \$10,657,376. The Oregon prunes are said to equal any of the imported ones and they require no extra attention. Prunes will not grow everywhere and Oregon is one of the favored localities. Mr. Hidden, of Vancouver, has an orchard of 3/4 acres in extent which yielded ten tons of prunes last season, from which he netted some \$2,400. A few boxes were distributed at Moline, Ill., by the Immigration Board and since then there has been a constant enquiry for Oregon prunes from that direction. One of a band of Indians having their illahs on the Washington Territory side of the Columbia, nearly opposite Umatilla, died a few days since. During the ceremonies of his funeral a brother of the deceased deliberately shot and killed old Tom, an ex-medicine man, and one of the best Indians in the gang. Tom had practiced medicine among his tribe for many years, but abandoned his profession some time since. It is an old rule among Indians that if the doctor lets the patient die he must be killed himself. An Indian woman named Annie, while in an intoxicated condition, visited the farm of Charles B. Reed, in West Kittitas, W. T. No one was at home but Mr. Reed's 17-year-old son George and some of the younger children. The squaw was disorderly and assaulted the young man, knocking him down with a club and assaulting him with a stone. Young Reed picked up his shot-gun and on the squaw making further demonstrations and threatening his life, he fired, the charge taking effect in the woman's face, killing her instantly. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide.

A new shipyard is being established at Port Madison, W. T. The Thompson Opera Company went to pieces in San Francisco. A site for a sugar refinery has been selected at San Diego, Cal. Nearly \$25,000,000 worth of candy was made in California the past year. It is estimated that about 110,000 Montana sheep froze to death the past winter. Mrs. Langtry, it is stated, will take up her summer residence in San Francisco, Cal. Hiram White, an old resident of Taylor, A. T., accidentally killed himself while handling a rifle. There are about 800 hales of hops left in Washington Territory of which Yakima county has 150 bales. Contract has been awarded for the delivery of 25,000 piles for the jetty at the mouth of the Coquille river. The Provincial Legislature of British Columbia has passed the bill authorizing the loan of \$1,000,000. Robert Fulton, a blacksmith, at Port Hadlock, W. T., lost an eye by a piece of steel entering it while at work. Judge Freer, at Oroville, Cal., sentenced the stage-robber, George Henderson, to fifty years at San Quentin. A dozen Bob White quails have been turned loose in Kittitas county, W. T. They came from Whidby island. Near La Center, W. T., recently, a young man named Charles Anderson was struck by a falling tree, which he had chopped down, and received fatal injuries. The loss to cattle in Northern Montana is 25 per cent, and much greater in the southeastern portion of the Territory. Leo Roberts was found dead on the trail between Tunnel city, W. T., with two companions. He is supposed to have been murdered. The nine-year-old son of Henry Hamilton, who lives near Grayson, Cal., was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a gun. John Lemper, of the Salvation Army, who struck a citizen of Sacramento, Cal., on the head with a rock recently, has been sent to Folsom for two years. Thomas E. Harvey has sued Nelson Bennett for \$5,000 damages. On September 24, 1886, Harvey broke a leg while working on the Cascade tunnel for Bennett. At Lathrop, Cal., T. H. Odell, familiarly known as "Doc" Odell, was shot and instantly killed by his brother-in-law, Wm. Moss, during a dispute over a mortgage, at his ranch. M. Yager, a teamster jumped off a street car in front of a switch engine of the Southern Pacific Railroad company at Los Angeles, Cal., and was almost instantly killed. Charles Goslow, convicted of the murder of Henry A. Grant, at Los Gatos, Cal., on the 10th of January last, was sentenced by Judge Belden, to be hanged on the 20th of May. Samuel B. Branson committed suicide at Monterey, Cal., by shooting himself in the right temple with a pistol, dying immediately. He was 60 years of age and a Mexican war veteran. The trial of Alexander Goldenson at San Francisco, Cal., for the murder of little Mamie Kelly last November was concluded by a verdict of murder in the first degree, and the penalty fixed at death. The brick fire wall alongside the Tacoma mill, W. T., has been completed. It is 90 feet in length, 35 feet high and two feet in thickness. There was used in the construction of the same 120,000 brick. Yakima paper: An experienced tobacco grower is coming out from Wisconsin to take charge of the Moxee company's essay at tobacco culture. They will plant seven acres to the weed as a starter. A little five-year-old son of W. T. Simms, of Riverside, Cal., attempted to board a loaded train and was run over and killed. His mother is very low from nervous prostration and is liable not to survive long. A man named Harry H. Osborn, of Tulare, Cal., aged 23, brakeman on a freight train, jumped from the train at Goshen and fell against a truck, throwing him under the train. His head was severed from his body. In getting off a train at Caliente, Cal., Ed. Mills, a car repairer, fell between the cars and the train passed over his legs severing them from his body. No doctor being near an engine was sent with him to Sumner, where he died. English capitalists are negotiating for the purchase of the Minnie Moore mine at Bellevue, Idaho, in the Wood River country. The price set on the property is \$3,000,000, and it is thought the sale will be consummated. The mine was originally sold for \$20,000 and has since produced about \$2,000,000. J. G. Haggart, an owner of mining property in Arizona, was paying a visit to his family in Alameda, Cal., and took four of his children, three boys and one girl, out in a rowboat fishing. Just as he was about to return he stood up in the boat to put on his overcoat. The boat began to rock and the motion increased until the frail vessel capsized, throwing all the occupants into the water. Other boats in their vicinity quickly pulled to their aid, but only two boys were drawn from the water. One of these died a short time after.

ALONG THE COAST.

Devoted Principally to Washington Territory and California.

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A Frenchman's remarkable adventures. A lot of emigrants stepped from the cars at the Union depot recently. Among them was a Frenchman named Victor Muller, with his wife and two children. He had a remarkable story of adventure his life, and as he rested in a hotel preparatory to going out house-hunting he related it to a reporter as follows:

"When I was young I had a great love for the army, and at the age of seventeen I went to Strasbourg to become a soldier. I was put into an infantry regiment, from which I was transferred in six weeks to the Third regiment of zouaves. While among them I was sent to Algiers, where I staid for about fifteen years, fighting the Arabs or living the miserable life of a French soldier in Tangier."

"Why miserable?" "Well, the country is awfully hot, and anybody who is not used to it suffers terribly."

"Did you do any active service?" "Yes, and plenty of it. The Arabs on the northern coast of Africa are constantly revolting against the supremacy of the French, whom that country costs many a drop of blood in a year. Many a friend did I lose while I was out there. Once when we were on the desert—we had been after a detachment of Arab horsemen—we got our way, and we reamed for about a week through the vast sea of sand which stretches itself through the northern part of Africa—the Sahara. Our supply of water had given out, and we were almost dying of thirst, while our knapsacks with provisions were almost empty. To get some water and some food we resorted at last to the measure of killing one of the camels that we had with us. The camel has a stomach which is divided into four parts, one of which contains the water just as the animal drinks it. We opened that part, and to our great joy there was enough water to give us all at least a cupful each. On the sixth day our number had dwindled down to seven, when a cavalcade of Arabian horsemen came upon us, and we, being too weak to defend ourselves, were made prisoners and taken to Taghit, a town in Morocco.

"Here our Captain was killed in the most horrible manner by the Arabs. They tore his nails one by one from his fingers, cut out his tongue, and chopped off his ears before they finally killed him. I myself was sold the next day to a rich Moor, who made me his valet. I had here comparatively an easy life, but they forced me there to join the religion of Mohammed. Unfortunately my master died, and he leaving no heirs I was taken back by the Government as their property. They, not being able to dispose of me immediately, sent me to Morocco, where I was put into a dungeon among criminals of the most degraded character. However, I appealed to the Sultan, through the governor of the prison, and I was released, principally because I had become a Mussulman. I ran through the town, from one end to the other, when at last I found occupation with a Hebrew, who took me in as a water-carrier and general servant. As soon as I had saved some money, I left Morocco for Algiers. The dangers I encountered on my long and wearisome journey were horrible—not so much from the people or from beasts as from the horrible climate. For five days I traveled through a dreary, barren desert. I was without food for two days. On several occasions I was misled by the Fata Morgana. The Fata Morgana is a reflection of some distant place in the rays of the sun, and is very deceiving to travelers, especially on the desert. I had left Tielem, the town where Abdel-Kader vanished the French in 1835, the day previous. When I got on the desert I had a small flask of water, which I had been obliged to buy, as there was a drought in Tielem, making water so scarce that it sometimes came to twenty centimes (four cents) a pint.

"When the water in my flask gave out I seemed to feel awfully thirsty; I became terribly dejected, my head felt dizzy and ached dreadfully. I was wishing for the next town with all my heart. The sun shone down upon the country with scorching heat. The sand was so hot that it burned the soles of my feet. With a fainting heart I lifted up my head to see whether any trees or houses appeared on the horizon. Looking up I was pleasantly surprised by noticing in the distance a beautiful village. The little one-story white houses were surrounded with large trees, whose beautiful green foliage, in contrast to the white houses, made up a nice picture. I hastened to reach the spot as quickly as possible, but imagine my disappointment when I found that the glorious oasis was nothing but a deception. The next day, almost at the point of death, I came to a small settlement, where I recuperated myself from my starving condition. After a week I arrived in Tangier, where I was received with joyful hurrahs by my old comrades. In the meantime news had arrived in Algiers of the war between France and Germany. In a few days a ship took us away from Africa. We landed in Marseilles, and were at once dispatched to the front. I fought under Marshal Bazaine at Gravelotte, and was taken prisoner by the Prussians, who sent me to Erfurt, in Saxony. I was prisoner there for six months, when I was liberated on account of peace, which had been established between the countries. Since that time I have been a German subject, as Alsace-Lorraine was annexed by that country. I am glad we became Germans, because while I was a prisoner in their country they treated me like a prince, better than I was ever held as a soldier in France."

—Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.

SOLDIERING IN AFRICA.

Devoted Principally to Washington Territory and California.

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A MUSEUM OF CURIOS.

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The Contents of the Unclaimed-Baggage Room of a Big City Hotel. Not long ago the baggage store-room of the Palmer House was filled with evidences of the forgetfulness and financial irresponsibility of a vast number of guests. The rule generally among hotels is to keep unclaimed baggage or packages three years, subject to the call of the owner, at the expiration of which time those remaining are sold at auction. This annual sale took place recently, consisting of the parcels and possessions left during the year 1883. To one viewing this vast collection of luggage it would seem almost inconceivable that so many things should have been forgotten, as a major part were, and also that so many unusual things should be found there. The word baggage is not generally taken to mean a cooking-stove, or a sewing-machine, yet in this collection was not only a cooking-stove, but pots, pans, coffee-pots, knives, forks and a potato-masher, while off in one corner were two antiquated sewing-machines. One had been left by mistake and the other intentionally as collateral for value already received by the owner in the shape of food and lodging. There were trunks and valises of all sizes, styles and descriptions, from the silver-mounted alligator-skin "grip" of the swish drummer to the tin-bound black varnished paper valise of the countryman who spent all his money seeing the town and "jumped his board bill," leaving this sole token of his love. Of trunks there was an endless variety. A very substantial one was opened, and was found to contain the full uniform of a German dragoon. Every thing was complete—top boots and spurs, dress and fatigue coats and trousers covered with gold lace, sabretache and shako, while on the breast of the dress coat was sewed a decoration, pendant from a triangle formed of German colors, the medal itself of bronze gilded and bearing date of 1874 and a German inscription. In the same trunk was a velvet-lined case in which were a pair of old dueling pistols. From the size and style of these weapons they must have been nearly one hundred years old.

All of the things in this trunk bespoke a certain amount of refinement, which contrasted strangely with the contents of the neighboring one. In that was a lot of old clothes, copies of flash literature, two whisky bottles—one empty, the other half full—a worn-out revolver and a dangerous-looking knife. Three large massive trunks were especially noticeable and were found to contain theatrical costumes of remarkable beauty and value. A close investigation revealed the name of the owner, an actress of National reputation, who has been notified and to whom the trunks will be delivered, they having been probably forgotten or delivered to the wrong address and returned. Another trunk was full of blank books, ledgers, etc., and there was one full of sponges, one of chamois skin, one of hatchets, axes and knives; one of cloaks, which had been so moth-eaten as to resemble mosquito netting; one of shoes, but not a pair among them; one of hats and caps of all kinds, from a satin opera-hat to a fifty-cent cloth cap; while still another was full of fans, some beautifully inlaid and some of Japanese and Chinese manufacture, in all over a thousand fans.

Probably the one that was the most accurate representative of its owner's character was the trunk full of bricks, sand-bags and scrap-iron. The man who left it also left a large bill. One valise was full of champagne, and in others were found Christmas cards, music, gloves, pictures, jewelry, buttons, lace, optical and surgical instruments, dolls, tobacco, a marlin-spike, marine glasses, charts of the Pacific Ocean and China Sea and various commercial samples in almost every imaginable kind of business. There was a large packing-box full of advertising for the ill-fated New Orleans Exposition, while another contained choruses and blank advertising cards.

In a corner stood about three hundred umbrellas and canes, representing every known type of either article. Near this lot hung a small reticule, which was a jewel in its way, and contained two articles distinctively feminine—a powder-rag and a garter. The only approach to this in the way of scant baggage was a collar-box neatly wrapped in a pair of there were two very high collars, a pair of celluloid cuffs and a soiled white scarf. No claim existed against these articles, and is generally supposed the dude was too weak to carry them away. There were some quite valuable emeralds, a few opals, pearls and sapphires. Several gold chains and cuff-buttons were also found.

After the sale had been concluded the only articles left on the scene of the battle were the little hand-bag and the collar-box, and although the generous auctioneer had on several occasions offered them as inducements to speedy purchase and afterwards thrown them in to be taken for cost of transportation, they were as often incontinently refused, and still remain as a nucleus for the action of 1888.—Chicago Tribune.

—Near Navarre, O., a few days ago, John Fotheringham, a well-known coal miner, died, aged 60 years. In 1864 he had the misfortune to lose both eyes by an explosion in a mine. Although entirely blind for a period of twenty-three years, he worked very hard in the coal mines, and would get out as much coal in a day as any of his fellow-miners until recently, when he was obliged to quit on account of feebleness.