

OREGON NEWS.

Everything of General Interest in a Condensed Form.

Gilliam county has 1,026 bands of sheep aggregating 142,580 head.

The receipts of The Dalles postoffice increased over \$1,000 the past year.

A lynx was killed by Henry Williams on Eight-Mile, Wasco county.

Wallace R. Struble has been appointed Secretary of the State Board of Immigration.

A new postoffice has been established at Carnes, Clackamas county, with David Hunter as postmaster.

A new postoffice has been established at Remote, Coos county, with Herman S. Davis as postmaster.

At Pendleton the young son of B. E. Shoemaker was fatally burned, his clothing being ignited by fire-crackers.

The telephone line between Jacksonville and Medford has been changed into a telegraph line and is in working order.

A daughter of J. W. Redford, of Redford station, was kicked by a horse and very seriously injured. The young lady was unconscious at last accounts.

Uncle Jimmy Doherty, of Amity, was gored by a large Holstein bull. He was terribly lacerated in the groin and one arm crushed. It is doubtful if he recovers.

Vice-President Potter, of the Union Pacific, has appointed A. L. Maxwell General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, with headquarters at Portland.

The team of Marion Thomas, residing near Seio, became frightened at a train and run off a high bridge one mile below Albany. The carriage was broken to pieces, but the occupants were unhurt.

Articles have been filed in the office of the Secretary of State incorporating the Emma and Last Chance Consolidated Mining Company; incorporators, B. Goldsmith, S. Goldsmith, J. Bourne, Jr.; capital stock, \$1,000,000.

Chas. Moore, a surveyor, was frightfully beaten while attempting to locate a ranch in Warren valley, by parties hired by a ring of land-grabbers for the purpose of keeping settlers from locating on the public land adjacent to their ranges. Serious trouble is anticipated there.

Winnepocot, chief of the Umatillas, died at the reservation near Pendleton, at the age of 75 years. He was always a friend of the white man, and contributed much to the advanced state of civilization attained by the Umatillas. Peo, alias Elijah Lowrie, is his only son, an ordained elder in the Presbyterian church upon the reservation, and succeeds his father as chief of the Umatillas.

Stockmen, who have made several tests, have figured out that most of the losses of range cattle last winter was due to the short range, and not the cold snap. Cattle were forced to eat grease brush, which would not digest, the sharp points cutting the stomach full of holes. The stomachs of some of those cut open were found to be pierced like a sieve, and to contain stiff pieces of grease brush eight and ten inches in length.

Oscar M. Kelly, who murdered his wife Clara on the night of June 10, was taken from the jail at Dallas by a body of thirty men and hanged to an oak tree in the courthouse yard. Between 1:30 and 1:45 o'clock a. m., there came riding up the main street of Dallas, from the north, a party of over thirty men, who proceeded straight to the county jail, situated in the block north of the courthouse, and stopped in front of the door. Kelly and his guard, Harry Depew, were quietly sleeping in separate cells, oblivious of the awful events which were to follow. The clatter of approaching hoofs and the noise of the wagons awakened both at about the same time. Kelly, instantly realizing what was the cause of the unusual noise, calmly said to his guard, "They're come," and asked him for his knife. Being refused he repeated the request which was again declined. Getting up and going to the window Depew saw in the clear moonlight the preparations preparatory to storming the jail. The mob was every one masked, except the one under whose directions they seemed to be working. His face was bare, as if despoiling the concealment of identity which the others effected. Depew was again disturbed by Kelly calling for his knife, and he stated to him that he could not let him have it. Presently the sound of breaking glass was heard from the direction of the cell, followed by heavy breathing. It afterwards transpired that Kelly, having broken his glass lamp, had desperately endeavored to sever either the carotid artery or jugular vein, with the evident intention of cheating his would-be lynchers of their prey. Failing to find death as quickly as he desired, the wretched murderer in turn severed the veins of his right ankle and left instep, and both wrists. When the lynchers reached the doomed man's cell they placed a prepared noose around Kelly's neck, and the party, paying not the slightest attention to Depew, partly dragged, partly pushed their miserable victim through the hallway, down the stairs, out into the open air and across the road to the sturdy oak which branched out from the courthouse yard over the sidewalk, and several seizing it, the body of Kelly, dressed in underclothes and bathed in blood, was swinging in the air, and allowed to remain until life was extinct.

COAST CULLINGS.

Devoted Principally to Washington Territory and California.

Frank Laferillade, aged 65 years killed himself at Mariposa, Cal.

H. T. Roberts was fatally shot by Charles Davis while hunting near Napa, Cal.

C. B. Wright, of Tacoma, will give \$10,000 toward securing the location of the M. E. college there.

Herdman, who killed G. M. Nichols, near Lewiston, I. T., has been sent to the penitentiary for six years.

Mr. D. W. McFarland has resigned his position as manager of the Washington School for Deaf and Dumb.

The President has appointed Harvey E. Shields, of Terre Haute, Ind., to be Receiver of Public Moneys at Olympia, W. T.

The father of Master Ralph Lotz, who was killed by the caving of a bank at Tacoma, has brought suit against the city for damage in the sum of \$5,000 for the loss of the boy's life.

Prisoners in the State prison at Folsom, California, attempted to escape. After other means failed, a Gatling gun was fired at them. One was killed, name unknown, and Wm. Smith, a life prisoner, seriously wounded.

An attempt was made to rob the stage between the Mountain House and Forest City, Cal. The driver had his thumb shot off and a passenger named Ben Treloar was shot in the knee, and it is feared his leg will have to be amputated.

A constable was attempting to stop a row in Palouse City, W. T., between some railroad graders, when a Swede named Pete Olsen knocked the constable down. He immediately arose and shot Olsen dead. A coroner's jury rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide.

The snowsheds to be erected on the line of the switchback on the Cascade branch of the N. P. R. R., a distance of sixteen miles, will consume 15,000,000 feet of lumber in their construction. A number of bridges and trestles will not require shedding. Some of the trestles are as high as 129 feet.

The schooner Wm. Fredericks was wrecked on the beach six miles below the Cliff House at San Francisco. The captain and three men of the crew were rescued by the schooner Matilda, but two of the crew returned to the ship for clothing and were drowned. The vessel was wrecked in a heavy fog.

The brewery at Glendale, M. T., was burned. Schaefer, the proprietor, was sleeping on the second floor and was burned to death. He was a native of Germany, about 40 years old, unmarried and had no relatives in this country. He was making preparations to return to Germany, having received a legacy of \$85,000, left him by the recent death of his father.

A fatal cutting affray occurred at La Conner, W. T. Frank Benn, postmaster at Droption, while attempting to quiet a disturbance between a friend and a desperado named Sam Thompson, was stabbed by the latter. The knife, a huge one, passed through his left lung near the heart, and projected through the back of Benn's body. It is thought he cannot recover.

A railroad accident of a serious nature occurred on an extra on the Northern Pacific, run by Conductor Tanner and Engineer Evans, near Spokane Falls. The train was rounding a sharp curve in the road when it encountered a band of horses. The engine struck three of the animals, carrying them on a trestle, and mangling them in a horrible manner. Midway across the trestle the engine jumped the track and went bumping along the trestling, tearing it up and finally it plunged over, landing a complete wreck on the solid rock beneath. The caboose and other portions of the train were considerably damaged. The fireman jumped from the engine, alighting in a rock bed, sustaining severe injuries about the body and hips. The engineer remained at his post of duty, but was thrown out and was found, when the motion of the train had ceased, lying between the wheels of the tender and caboose. His wounds are very severe. The conductor and brakeman escaped uninjured.

George W. Irvin, who recently made a trip through and into the Big Lost River mining region, Idaho, tells an interesting story to the Butte Inter-Mountain: On the stage road between Challis and Blackfoot they came upon what appeared to be a populous little town. There was a handsome hotel on the main street, a smelter could be seen, and there were stores and saloons with various signs upon them. The town, however, seemed entirely deserted. After awhile a citizen was found who explained that the town was Houston, and three years ago had a population of 500. Four years ago a promising copper mine was discovered there. It was called the Big Copper, and a company with a capital of \$100,000 was formed to work it. About that amount was expended upon the mine, and a 35-ton blast furnace was erected, and on the strength of this a flourishing town sprang up. A brewery was built, and a newspaper outfit put in. No paper was ever issued, however, as the collapse came too soon, and the outfit is still there, the originators of the project probably never having the money to pay the freight out. The mine played out and the population decamped, leaving in many instances all they had brought with them. The entire population at present is nine individuals. Mr. Irvin says that it was a very interesting sight, and he and his companions were much interested in looking over the deserted village.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

An Epitome of the Principal Events Now Attracting Public Interest.

The explosion of a dynamite shell at Jazygia, Hungary, killed twenty-seven men and injured forty-eight others.

Thomas S. Baldwin jumped from a balloon a mile high at Quincy, Ill., and landed without injury, by aid of a large parachute.

Particulars of the recent riot at Oak Ridge, Louisiana, places the number of killed at thirteen, including one white man.

At Palestine, Tenn., in a quarrel over a money matter, Green Hill shot and killed his brother John and a man named Craig.

Two brothers named Bass were killed by lightning near Nashville, Mo., and two others were wounded severely, and perhaps fatally, by the shock.

In the English Parliament the crimes bill passed the third reading, 340 to 362. The announcement of the vote was received with cheers and counter-cheers.

The contest for the championship of America in pigeon-trap shooting, at Des Moines, Iowa, was won by C. W. Budd, Des Moines, who killed 97 birds, J. H. Stice, of Illinois, killing 95. The rise was thirty yards.

The five-story building of P. J. Keary & Bros., New York City, dealers in fireworks, was destroyed by fire. Albert A. Ellis and Gustave Hessler, both clerks, were suffocated. Two firemen were severely injured.

The trustees of the Volunteer Soldiers' National Homes held a session at Boston. The Board voted to go to California in September, to locate a site for the next Home to be established according to act of Congress.

Emil Caldwell and Claude Summers, two boys aged 11, took refuge under a tree during a storm, near Louisville, Ky., and were instantly killed by lightning. Other people who were there at the same time were completely paralyzed by the shock.

Fire broke out on the stage of the Alcazar theater, at Harley, Wis., and within an hour the entire business part of town was in flames, while seventeen persons had perished in the theater. The charred remains of nine persons have been taken from the ruins. The loss in full is \$500,000. The Alcazar was a variety theater, frequented by miners and was one of the resorts of unsavory repute associated with notorious dance houses in the mining regions.

The postal bulletin at Washington announces that the Postoffice Department has been officially notified of the formation of the following new counties in Oregon, with postoffices mentioned located in the new counties, viz: Wallawa county (formerly the northeastern part of Union county)—Arcadia, Alder, Innaha, Joseph, Lostine, Prairie Creek, Teepy Spring, Wallawa. Malheur county (formerly the southern portion of Baker)—Bar, Beulah, Bully, Dell, Glenn, Jordan Valley, Malheur, Ontario, Owyhee and Stonevale.

Daniel H. Fulton, a farm laborer for G. Holmes, of Ovid, Mich., married Emma Scott, about his own age. Fulton was madly jealous of her and quarreled about Holmes, their employer, when Fulton grabbed his wife by the hair, and with a butcher knife which he snatched from a table near by, backed her brutally. The woman fought for life and the two struggled across the barnyard to near the barn, where Fulton forced his wife to the ground and beheaded her. He threw the head far from the trunk and went back to the house, and with the knife disemboweled him at one thrust. He then ended the horrible tragedy by cutting his throat.

At Arlington, N. J., six of nine entire brick buildings, covering an acre square, occupied by the Cellenite Manufacturing Co., were demolished by an explosion. Two persons were killed and several others wounded. The company makes collars, cuffs, knives and other articles from celluloid. The explosion was caused by careless handling of gun cotton by one employe. His body was torn and thrown into a neighboring field. Miss A. T. Mutchmore, another victim, was pinned down by the debris of a demolished building, and burned to a crisp by the fire which followed the explosion. Probably a dozen other employes are more or less seriously injured, but not fatally.

At Virginia City, Nev., the bodies of the six missing miners were found in the old drift of the Gould & Curry 200 feet from the winze, all lying close together. Frank Grabner, one of the miners who first attempted to enter the deadly drift, describes the bodies of the miners as being unrecognizable, as black as negroes and shriveled up like so much smoked meat. The first man encountered was Foster Hamilton, lying squarely across the drift. Next came Charles Dougherty, lying with his feet toward the mouth of the drift, and thumb and finger pressed on his nostrils. M. Tregallis lay alongside of Dougherty. Jeffrey was sitting up on the west side of the drift, as if asleep. At the head of these four men, toward the winze, for which they were making, is a big cave of rocks which stopped them from reaching their goal. Kennedy is lying on a portion of the cave, as if he had slipped down in his efforts to climb to the top of it and scratch through, while on top of the cave and drift is Eddy, with a shovel tightly clutched in one hand, indicating that he had made tremendous efforts to break through the drift and reach the winze.

CARL DUNDER.

The Teutonic Sage Tells a Story of a Bad Boy and Some Bears.

If I had a leedle poy about four year' oldt to come and sit on my knee in der eafings and ask me to tell him a shtory, I should hug him oop tight in my arms and pegin:

"Vell, once upon sometimes dere was a leedle poy who vhas badt. He shtals sugar and preserves, und he tells lies und runs avhay, und by und by eafybody points his finger at dot poy und says he shall pe hung on der gallows. Dot poy's fadder hangs down his head mit shame, und his mudder cries all der time, und sooch troubles you neafar see. Vhiell, one day vhen dis badt poy goes avhay to rob an oldt wumans who lifs all alone in der woods he falls down a hill und breaks his leg. Dot makes him groan und call outt und pe afraid, but nobody comes to help him. In place of dot a big bear mit two leedle cubs comes outt of her den in de hill und vhalks oop to dot badt poy und says:

"Vhell, who you vhas?"

"I vhas Peter Badt."

"Und how vhas it you come here?"

"I vhas going to rob dot oldt wumans."

"Children, come here," says dot oldt bear to her cubs; und vhen dey vhas come aroundt her she says some more:

"I like you to know how it vhas. Dis poy first tells some lies to his mudder; den he shtals some sweet-cake and sangar like a tief; den he goes outt mit some badt poy und shtals apples und peches; den he shtals some money from his mudder. Pooty soon he vhas a robber, und haf some police looking for him. If you doan' pelief some badt poy vhill come to a badt end shust look here. It vhas shust as true ash gospel dot der weeked peoples doan' lif outt half der days. If dis poy vhas good he doan' want to rob somebody; if he doan' want to rob somebody he doan' come here und preak his leg. My children, dis vhas a sadt warning to you dot der vhas of der transgressor vhas hardt, und now fall to und we shall eat him oop und pick his pones so clean as a whistle."

"Und der bears eat him oop?"

"Yes."

"Und he vhas deaft?"

"Yes."

"Und his mudder und fadder doan' nefer see him again?"

"Nefer again."

Und some tears came mit my leedle poy's eyes und he creeps a little closer to me, und may be der seed sowed in his mind mid dot leedle shtory takes root petter dan all der sermons he shall eafar hear.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A COMMENDABLE START.

The Scheme of a Bride Who Was Determined to Have a Peaceful Home.

When Mr. and Mrs. Callboard returned from their wedding journey, they settled right down to house-keeping. Happier doves never nestled in a flat, and Mrs. Callboard determined to make home happy for Charley from the start. No future misunderstandings should arise in their domestic arrangements, if her wisdom and tact could prevent. When they sat down to their first meal Nellie helped him to an opaque slab of something about an inch thick, that fell on the table with a dull, sickening thud. "There is some home-made bread like your mother used to make, Charley, dear," she said, sweetly. "I learned how to make that solid circle of roller composition around the middle of the loaf when we were stopping at her house last week; if you should ever want a change I can make bread whiter than snow and lighter than sea foam, but this is the kind your mother makes, and I thought you might like it the first day to keep you from getting homesick. That nice cake," she added, seeing him thoughtfully endeavoring to indent with his fork a dark brown pyramid of elastic concrete, "is a cake such as your aunt Ellen used to make. I got the prescription from her. I don't eat it myself, but it is said to be harmless if not taken to excess. These irregular fragments of leather belting are doughnuts, like those your grandmother makes; she taught me how to make them, and I had a coroner's permit to make these. Those ghastly remains on the platter are all that is left of the holocaust; that is a chicken roasted after the favorite prescription of your sister Jane. And this, Charley, dear," she continued, pouring out a coal-black liquid, not quite so thick as the Missouri river, but far more odorous, "this is coffee like you used to get at home. I make all these things somewhat different for myself, and will use my own recipes, as a rule, after this, but any time you want things as you used to have them at home, dear, I can fill every prescription in the pharmacopoeia, and don't you forget it." And he didn't. That was twenty-three years ago, and not one of the six young Callboards can remember ever to have heard their father so much as refer to the doughnuts his grandmother used to make when he was a boy.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Careful Calculation.

Sweet Girl—I like that rocking-chair, but I'm afraid it isn't strong enough to hold two.

Furniture Man—No, miss, these chairs are very frail, but I thought you said you were engaging furniture in advance, so as to get my bargain prices.

S. G.—I am. We're not going to housekeeping for six or eight months.

F. M.—Six or eight months after you are married?

S. G.—Yes.

F. M.—This will be strong enough, miss.—*Tid-Bits.*

WAYS OF LITERATURE.

Interesting Discussion on the Origin of a Familiar Quotation.

"Say." It was the snake editor who spake, and he spake with the air of a man aware of life. "I don't know how to use a concordance any how. Where do you find this quotation that goes on something about 'Winter lingering in the lap of spring'?"

An embarrassing silence followed the question, and the album editor, feeling that all eyes were turned on him, said he never heard the quotation before, but it sounded as though it might be from the Conventicles.

"The Con-who-ticles?" asked the bewildered snake editor.

"The Conventicles—Solomon's Song, you know," said the album editor, "we call them the Conventicles."

"Oh, yes," the snake editor said, greatly reassured. "I had forgotten you belonged to the Church of England. But find it for me; I want to use it in a Chester County moecasin item; I've got something here that will set your teeth on edge."

The album editor took the Bible and tried for the Conventicles awhile and then gave it up, remarking that the passage only occurred in the revised version.

The commencement editor, who used to read proof on the Chicago Times, said he had read the revised Bible clear through and was positive the quotation wasn't from the Bible at all.

The young man who does the book notices said it was from Pope. "That's what made me think it was in the Bible," said the snake editor, "but which Pope was it? There's mor'n a hundred of 'em, isn't there?"

The art editor, who had twice gone abroad with Crook's excursions, said he never saw the quotation in any of the European libraries, and the obituary editor said he never ran across it in his reading. It was the general opinion of the convention that the remark was not a quotation at all, but was original with the snake editor. This compliment the snake editor modestly, albeit rather feebly, attempted to deny. "I know," he said, "I have seen that sentence in print somewhere."

"Here it is," shouted the accident editor. "I knew I had seen it, too, but for the life of me I couldn't tell where. Here it is."

And he held up a copy of the *Cider Valley Palladium*, and pointed to the local column:

"April days.

Cold nights.

Burn your rubbish.

Don't change your flannels.

Prime mess mackerel at Haddock's, t.

Winter lingering in the lap of spring." A good deal of quiet followed this revelation. The snake editor was the first to speak. "Well," he said, "that's it. I remember now, I was reading that paper yesterday, and I must have seen it there, but I was sure I had read that very thing a thousand times."

And the commencement editor sat down and wrote a long and confusedly able article on "unconscious cerebration and latent impressions."—*Burdette, in Brook yn Eagle.*

INTERESTING RELICS.

Discovery of Some Valuable Remains of an Extinct Race.

The island of Newfoundland, lying in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, off the coast of Labrador, and belonging to England since 1853, was once inhabited by a race of aborigines, who have, however, become extinct ages ago. These have been known by the names of Bethuks, or Beothics, and were undoubtedly red Indians, like the aborigines of the adjoining continent. Unfortunately, but few remains of this ancient people have been found. Some of these remain in the hands of private collectors, and the remainder are said to be deposited in the Newfoundland Museum. These include a skull and a skeleton; some arrow-heads, axes and other implements—all of stone. And so the matter rested until some curious discoveries were recently made on Pille's Island, Notre Dame Bay. Here several graves were carefully opened, one of which was found to contain the skull of an adult in an excellent state of preservation. This exhibits all the peculiar characteristics of the skull of a savage; but for all that, the skull is so well shaped that it is difficult to suppose that the Bethuks were of a very low type of humanity; but decidedly the contrary opinion would be more readily formed, taking the intelligent contour of the head as evidence. In another grave was found a second skeleton, which is nearly perfect, with the exception of a few small bones. This skeleton from the size is apparently that of a person not arrived at maturity. The body was doubled together, wrapped in birch-bark, and laid on its side, and then covered with stones so as to form a cairn. Subsequently, the body was examined, and when the birch-bark was removed, was found to be perfectly preserved, almost as much as that of a mummy. These appear to have been the only relics of humanity that have been discovered of this ancient tribe; but many specimens of beautifully-finished stone arrow-heads, stone hatchets or axes, and many articles—made from birch-bark—which look like drinking-vessels, and, most singular of all, a model of a bark canoe. We should have supposed that the making of models of canoes or any thing else was a comparatively modern idea, and should hardly have looked for any thing of the kind in the graves of a people who lived so long ago.

Besides these, some curious and oddly-shaped articles, made of bone, were also brought to light, which have been supposed to be ornaments.—*Chambers' Journal.*

ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA.

The Dethronement of the Prince as Related by Himself.

From the book written by the court preacher, Koek, which has just appeared, we take the account which Prince Alexander gave his friends in Darmstadt of his dethronement. The narrative is as follows:

The 21st of August I had worked until late at night, and had just fallen asleep when I was awakened by the noise which reached me from the corridor leading to my bedroom. It was about half-past one in the morning. The next morning my Bulgarian servant, Dimitri, rushed into my room trembling and exclaiming: "Sir, you are betrayed—they come to assassinate you. You must fly before it is too late!" I sprang from my bed and took my revolver. Suddenly I heard a military command, and this gave me confidence. I said to Dimitri: "I am saved; the military is here." But he, still trembling, shouted: "No, you must fly—it is the military who wish to kill you." I then hastened, still in undress, to the door leading into the garden, but as soon as I opened it I was fired at. Soon afterward I heard shots on all sides. I then went through a dark corridor to the servants' stairs, up to the winter garden, on the first floor, to see if it were still possible to escape. It was so dark that I could not see my hand before my face, but the line of fire from the shots of the soldiers, showed me at once that I could not think of escape, as the palace was entirely surrounded. The striking of the bullets left no doubt as to the serious situation. At the same time I heard a shout from a hundred voices: "Dolu Kujaz!" (down with the Prince!) I returned to my room to dress, determined at least to die in uniform. After having returned to my room I decided to make a light, but the soldiers at once shot through the window. I put out the light and dressed in the dark as soon as possible, drawing on my uniform without drawers or socks. Meanwhile the noise, the clashing of arms and the clamor of the excited crowd increased.

When I was dressed I stepped into the corridor, and was at once surrounded by a crowd of men. In spite of there being only one candle burning, I could see by the glistering of the bayonets that there were at least one hundred and fifty people. Resistance would be useless, as I had only two body servants. They were ready to fire, but I forbade it. Surrounded by this crowd of men, I went to the entrance hall of the palace. At this moment I met my brother. While standing there an impudent cadet tore from the register, which lay on the table, a leaf, and the whole crowd, who, by the fumes of alcohol among them, I knew were strongly intoxicated, demanded that I then and there sign my abdication. One of the most impudent, Captain Dimitriou, held his revolver under my nose. There are no possibility of reasoning with these excited people. I could tell them only one thing, that they must write it themselves, as I could give no reason for my abdication. One of them took a pen and began to write, but in his drunkenness he made so many blots and unintelligible signs, that he gave it up when he tried to read it. Then I took the pen and wrote upon the same paper, "God save Bulgaria—Alexander." As soon as I finish, they snatched the paper from my hands and Captain Dimitriou put it, without looking at, in his pocket.

Then they asked me to go to the War Office. There they posted soldiers as guards inside and outside of the room. Besides this an officer with a revolver in his hand walk up and down in the room. While there Captain Benderew, with his hands in his pocket, came to enjoy my appearance as a prisoner. I asked him, "What do you intend to do with me?" He answered: "You will be transported to Russia."—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

TRADING IN ALASKA.

A Business Which is More Profitable to the Buyer Than the Seller.

When I entered the store of the Alaska trader at Nuchuk I found that sale and barter had begun. One by one mink-skins were being laid upon the counter as they were extracted from a soiled bag, and for each one separately the trader was paying two silver ten-cent pieces. But the money for every tenth skin was shown to the Indian and then dropped into a separate box—this being for the church. Next came some fox-skins; these vary in price, but the trader's decision as to what should be paid was received with scarcely a protest. The last skins of all were sea-otter skins, and these were pulled out very reluctantly; but four piles of shining dollars were paid for each skin, ten dollars in each pile.

The next thing was to pay all the money back over the counter and receive goods in exchange. This took little time, and would have taken less if our Chugamute had only known exactly how much tobacco and how much sugar he wanted; but as the money diminished he kept buying small amounts of the same thing over and over again, as though uncertain exactly how much to buy of each with the means at his disposal, until at last every thing was gone; then he begged for a small present, and the deal was over. On the floor lay a miscellaneous heap of skins—reindeer from the west side of Cook's inlet or from the Copper river, lynx, ermine, bear, raccoon, red and cross foxes, wolverines, beaver, wolf and muskrat.—*Fortnightly Review.*

Sugar is put into cement to increase its strength.