

OREGON NEWS.

COAST CULLINGS.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

COL. INGERSOLL'S HOME LIFE.

PAPERS FOR NOTHING.

COVERING HAY STACKS.

Everything of General Interest in a Condensed Form.

Devoted Principally to Washington Territory and California.

An Epitome of the Principal Events Now Attracting Public Interest.

The Sunday Evening Informal Reception.

THE NOVEL COMBINATION PROPOSED BY A PARIS JOURNAL.

How Hay in Ricks Can Be Protected With Boards at Small Cost.

Crook county is to have a new jail. Railroad men are prospecting Morrow county for a line.

Diphtheria is prevalent in some parts of Douglas county. A large number of brick buildings are being erected in Albany.

The bridge across the Yamhill at Dayton has been condemned. The postoffice at Dilley, Washington county, has been discontinued.

White men have taken the place of Chinese on the Gold Hill section of railroad.

The right of way for the railroad has been secured from Ashland to the California line.

The \$1,000 foot-race at Astoria between Pete Grant and Ed Rea was declared a tie.

A little grandson of Noah Shank, of Brownsville, fell into the river and was drowned.

Henry Burton, who recently came to Oregon for his health, died on the train near The Dalles.

Thomas Washburne, who lived across the river from Harrisburg, was found dead in his bed.

Freddie Howe, the 9-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Howe, who live at Sellwood, was drowned in the Willamette.

Articles incorporating the Portland Traction Company have been filed with the Secretary of State. Incorporators, Ralph Kaufman, D. F. Sherman and Charles Kennedy. Capital stock, \$250,000. The object is to build street railways in various streets in Portland.

A new cannery is being built on the Coquille, near Pershaker's mill, by the Mount Hood Packing Company, which will be ready by the time fishing commences. It will have a capacity of 400 cases daily. J. W. Hume's cannery, above Parkersburg, which has been changed to a steam cannery, has a capacity of 700 cases a day.

Alice May, daughter of John May, of Beaver Creek, Clackamas county, and her sister, several years younger, started out to gather berries. The horse became frightened and unmanageable. Alice said to her sister, "Slide off, there's no use of us both being killed." Her sister obeyed and escaped with but slight injuries, but Alice was thrown, and, having her foot in a strap instead of the stirrup, was dragged a considerable distance and fatally injured.

William Beagle, who died at the residence of his daughter in Pendleton, was one of the earliest Oregon pioneers. In the spring of '44 he drove his cattle over the Cascade mountains, the first that were ever taken across the trail. He established the first white school in the State. This was in what is now called Washington county and in the year 1845. He, with five others, built the first Protestant church in the State. It was dedicated to the worship of God by the Baptist denomination.

A dispatch from Ashland says: The Chinese laborers at the Siskiyou tunnel were paid off, and at 11 o'clock at night, while congregated in the store of Charlie Din, a masked mob, estimated at thirty or forty, attacked the store and began firing. The Chinese offered no resistance. They were all robbed. They claim their loss at \$800. One woman was shot in the thigh—a flesh wound. A boy was shot in the spine and his recovery is doubtful. A man was beaten over the head with a shot-gun and his skull fractured. It is estimated that 150 shots were fired.

A man by the name of Bumhoff has secured the right from the government to fish on the Klamath Reservation at the mouth of the Klamath river. One of the conditions is that Bumhoff shall pay the Indians a certain price for the fish which are caught by them. R. D. Hume has found that the State Legislature has declared the Klamath a navigable stream and that he has the right to navigate said stream and fish therein. Hence he fitted up a fishing plant and proceeded to the Klamath and anchored in the stream and began to fish. The Indians threaten to kill Hume's men if they fish there. The settlers along the Klamath fear trouble and they are arming themselves.

The Secretary of the Interior has concurred in the recommendation of the Commissioner of the General Land Office of May 10th last, that a Commission be appointed to make a thorough and exhaustive investigation of the condition of the Willamette Valley and Cascade Mountain Wagon Road, The Dalles Military Road and the Oregon Central Wagon Road, in this State, especially as to whether said roads have been constructed, and whether or not the certificates of the Governor of the completion of said roads were obtained by false and fraudulent representations made by parties interested in obtaining said lands. The Secretary has appointed John B. McNamee, of Cleveland, Ohio, now of the Adjutant General's office, to represent the Department on the Commission, and will soon appoint two others to represent the General Land Office, on recommendation of the Commissioner. The investigation will be commenced early in August. Complaint is made to the General Land Office that neither of the wagon roads have been completed according to law, although their completion has been duly certified to by the Governor of Oregon. The grants to these roads aggregate about 2,300,000 acres.

A flood in Arizona swept away several houses at Nogales.

A church edifice for the use of the Baptists is being built at Roslyn, W. T. A fire at Hanford, Cal., destroyed a large part of the business portion of the town.

The K. of L. Assembly at Roslyn, W. T., are building a fine two-story hall 90x35 feet.

S. L. Short has been appointed railway mail agent between Helena, Montana, and Portland.

At Lesley's sawmill, near Jackson, Cal., a young man by the name of Albert Petty lost his life by a log rolling over him.

During the past year the various postoffices in Washington Territory issued money orders aggregating \$904,030 56.

At Stella, W. T., while a lad about 11 years of age, son of Mr. Clark, was playing, he hanged himself and was not discovered until he was dead.

There is some talk on the Sound of importing 1,000 negroes to work in the logging camps. The scarcity of laborers is urged as the justifying cause.

It is reported from Los Angeles that the Perkins-Baldwin breach of promise case has been settled by plaintiff accepting \$7,500, or ten per cent of the verdict.

It is reported that miners are so scarce at Tybo, Nevada, that men cannot be got to do the work, and Indians are employed in the mines at \$3 50 per day.

The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce has resolved to memorialize the ensuing Congress to assist in the construction of a cable from San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands.

Camas prairie is in Idaho county. It is thirty miles long by twenty miles wide, and it comprises about twelve townships, which makes it the largest tract of agricultural land in one body in the Territory of Idaho.

It is not generally understood that the Puyallup Indians were granted by an Act of Congress, at its last session, the right of equal suffrage with the whites. Many of the Indians are expecting to vote at the coming election in November.

The east-bound passenger train ran into the rear of a freight at Apache Springs, A. T. The fireman, E. J. Beckler, was killed; Engineer Herman badly hurt, and the engine badly wrecked. No passengers were seriously injured.

The steward of the fishing schooner Courtney Ford was recently washed overboard in Alaskan waters. His body was recovered, and a bank book, showing deposits to the amount of \$13,000, was found on his person. The mate of the C. C. Funk also shared the same fate about the same place.

Bishop Seghers, Catholic missionary, was murdered in cold blood by his companion, on the night of November 28th last. The scene of the tragedy was on the banks of the Yukon river, about 500 miles from its mouth. The murderer is Frank Fuller, a young man from Portland, Oregon, who accompanied the Bishop as companion and servant.

Albert Stephens, 8-year-old son of Judge A. M. Stephens, jumped from a street car, while in motion, at Los Angeles. In running forward to reach the sidewalk, he ran against a wagon loaded with brick. The recoil was such that he was thrown over on his back under the fore wheels of the wagon. Both wheels passed over his body crushing the skull. Death was instantaneous.

At Dillon, Montana, Henry Grabhorn shot his wife through the head, killing her instantly. He then fired two shots into his forehead, neither of which, however, took fatal effect, merely indenting his skull and glancing upwards. He is unconscious, but his life, it is thought, can be saved, by trepanning. The murderer is under arrest. The deceased and husband came from Kansas about four months ago. Jealousy was the cause.

R. VanWinkle, who lives on Elliott's slough, near Aberdeen, W. T., heard one of his hogs making a terrible disturbance in the slough near his house. Equipping himself with a Winchester Van ran to the scene of blood as rapidly as possible, arriving just in time to find a large black bear tearing the flesh from one of the finest of his porcine pets. A well directed shot brought bruin to the ground, but the hog was also killed.

John R. Nalls was run over and instantly killed by a street car at San Francisco. He was driver and conductor of the car, and had just started from the terminus on the downtown trip, when he dropped one of the reins, and in endeavoring to regain it leaned over the dashboard and lost his balance. He fell with his head on the track, and both wheels passed over it, crushing in the entire left side and leaving the brains exposed.

At Pomeroy, W. T., the child of P. F. Noyer fell in a well seventy feet deep and had the presence of mind to clasp the bucket rope which accompanied her to the bottom. The mother on missing the child went to the well and began to turn the windlass and so found her child was on board the rope below. When the mother gave out the bucket from the top met the one half way down coming up with the child which had presence of mind enough to catch the descending rope and rest her mother, who soon rallied sufficient strength to pull her jewel to the top. The child sustained only a few bruises.

Ernest Kammy fatally shot his wife and himself at Philadelphia.

R. B. Clathem shot and killed J. S. Harkins, Jr., at Lexington, Miss.

General Richard Rowett dropped dead at Washington Park, Chicago.

Alexander Gassman, of San Francisco, committed suicide in New York.

John Dalloff was shot dead at Lyons, Cal., by a man named Dyer, who afterward committed suicide.

Joseph C. Kennedy, a well known attorney, was assassinated by John Daily, a laborer, in Washington.

It is reported at Detroit that the steamer Ariel ran down a boat containing five persons, all of whom were drowned.

Morgan, the New York bicyclist, has broken the world's record for a quarter of a mile, having made the distance in 33 1/2 seconds.

Peter Burkhardt, aged 70, a wealthy farmer near Petersburg, Indiana, having become jealous of his young wife, deliberately shot her dead in the presence of their four-year-old boy, and then killed himself.

At Trenton, N. J., Dr. Carver broke his previous record of breaking 1,000 glass balls in 4 1/2 minutes. He accomplished the feat in 4 1/4 minutes, and only missed twenty-four out of 1,036. He used a repeating rifle, two men loading besides himself.

The St. Anthony elevator, triple structure, the largest in the Northwest, located near Minneapolis, was totally destroyed by fire, together with the contents, 1,100,000 bushels of wheat. Loss on building and machinery was \$250,000; on grain, \$825,000; insurance, unknown. The wheat destroyed was one-tenth the visible supply of the Northwest outside of Duluth.

At Montrose, Col., Mrs. C. A. Heath went to a neighbor's on an errand, leaving three small boys alone in the house. Shortly afterwards one of the boys went to his mother and told her they had built a fire, and for her to come home and get supper for papa. The mother, mistrusting something was wrong, hurried home and found the building in flames, and her two sons burned to a crisp.

The Indian Commissioner at Washington has received a telegram from the agent at the Spokane reservation saying that the sheep men were driving their flocks across the reservation in large numbers, to the injury of the Indians. He asked for troops to drive them off. The Commissioner therefore addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Interior, asking that troops be sent to Spokane agency as early as possible to aid the agent.

The volcano of Akoutan, on the Island Akoutan, one of the Aleutian group, is in a state of eruption. The natives on this island report that the eruption has been in operation almost constantly since the middle of May. Land explosions occur every few moments and large quantities of rock are thrown up hundreds of feet into the air. At night numbers of streams of molten lava could be seen coursing down the mountain sides, illuminating the whole country round about. Earthquake shocks are of frequent occurrence on the island.

At Clinton, Iowa, four people were shot during a "Wild West" performance of Sells Bros' circus. George Harrington, aged 17, was shot in the forehead and will die. Mrs. W. A. Lambertson was shot in the left breast just above the heart, dangerously. Wallace Phillips, aged 16, was shot on top of the head. He is not very seriously wounded. One of the Indians was shot. How badly he is hurt is not known. He was immediately taken away. No cause is given for using bullets, except that the cowboys got the wrong revolvers. It was done during the encounter of cowboys and Indians in the ring.

About a year ago railroad telegraphers formed an organization of their own, and since that time the order has grown largely, both east and west. At the coming session of Congress they intend to ask the passage of a bill, and they claim to have Congressional influence enough to do it, making it a penal offense for any railroad company who employ a telegraph operator who directs the movements of passenger trains who has not been granted a license. Licenses will not be issued by the government, the applicant being required to pass a practical examination, to produce evidence as to his moral character and habits, and to be of proper age.

A gang of Italian laborers were at work ballasting on the Erie railway, near Hoboken. The Chicago express was an hour late and rushed round the curve before the men had the slightest warning and dashed through them, killing twelve or fifteen on the spot and wounding many others. The shrieks of the victims were heartrending. When the train slowed up the track presented a sickening sight, being covered with mangled bodies, the rails splashed with blood and broken limbs, while pieces of ragged flesh were scattered in all directions. Some bodies were mangled beyond description and crushed out of all semblance to humanity. To most of the victims death must have come instantaneously, but some of them appeared to be yet quivering and life ebbing away when the train was brought to a standstill. There was only fifteen minutes' delay, and the train which had wrought so much disaster proceeded on its way from Allendale to Hoboken.

Col. and Mrs. Ingersoll are living this winter at No. 89 Fifth avenue, with their two only children, Miss Ingersoll and Miss Mand Ingersoll, both of whom are now "out." They go to a great deal into society and have received formally a number of times this last season, but the Sunday evening informal receptions are particularly the colonel's. A great many of his own friends come then, and, with the bright and pretty women whom the ladies ask, there is much that is sparkling and enjoyable.

Mrs. Ingersoll is a big, handsome woman, whose happy face shows in every line the love and the loyalty that has been lavished upon her. Miss Ingersoll is a tall, slender girl with a face of the type made dear to us as the "Madonna" style of beauty—fair, serene, pure and lovable. Miss Mand is darker and rozier and extremely like her father in temperament and mental qualities—an extremely bright and witty girl. The two girls are inseparable and have never been away from each other but one night, nor from their father and mother but two nights in their lives.

Last year they tried to go to Elberon for two weeks, but papa and mamma, having let them go, went after them in just two days. They could not bear the loneliness. And no one who does not know the closeness of the ties that hold them together could appreciate what that "loneliness" meant. Miss Ingersoll was speaking of her life to a friend the other day, and she said most truly that she knew people would not believe what hers and her sister's had been. Never in all her life had she heard either her father or her mother speak an angry or impatient word. Never had she been denied a pleasure or forced to do anything unpleasant. She had simply, she said, from the day she can remember first, been made so happy that sometimes it frightened her, used to it as she was. "When I see other people," she said, "and see how unhappy they are I feel almost wicked to be so happy myself." In this same little confidential talk she said of her father—said it with tears of love in her eyes—how absolutely perfect a man he is. "Could any man ask more of life than praise like that?—Fannie B. Merrill in New York World.

Speaking of the poor, one of the queerest figures in New York is that of a woman who never wears anything but rags, but such a wild and wonderful assortment of them that she is really picturesque. She is generally known in the quarters she frequents as Crazy Kate, but sometimes called the Queen of Rags for a change. Never had the most gorgeous rainbow more colors than this queer creature combines in her ragged raiment. I tried to count them the last time I saw her, but had to give it up. From the mass of rags at her head to the tattered fringe of rags at her heels, she was a parabolical kaleidoscope, so far as variations of color went. She gathers the rags wherever they can be found, often fishing them out of the gutters, and, as she never attempts to clean them, the amount of dirt she carries about in her daily wanderings may be imagined. She not only clothes herself with rags, but wears layer upon layer of them, reefed and tacked and strung around her till she is swathed like a mummy.

One of the worst tenements in New York is a building called the "Barracks," near the Battery. Crazy Kate is one of its tenants. She has a room in it, and the room contains hardly anything but rags and rotten apples. Next to her mania for rags is a passion for gathering rotten apples and going through the form of peddling them at the downtown docks and sometimes in the shipping offices and others. Nobody ever buys her apples, but a great many who know her oddities give her nickels and dimes, of which, it is said, she takes such a good care, notwithstanding the bees in her bonnet, that she has quite a little store laid by for a rainy day. There was a romantic story told about her some years ago to the effect that being in love with a sailor boy who went to sea and never came back, she lost her mind in consequence, but it is not accepted in the "Barracks," where the general opinion is that Crazy Kate was born that way. She is an odd creature certainly, but quite harmless, the "Barracks" people say.—New York Cor. Detroit Free Press.

We have had so much to do with hands this winter, they have been so matted and described, that it is rather pleasant to have the feet mentioned, even if it is so uncomplimentary a manner as that remark of Mr. George Riddle, which has come round the world, that the "Boston foot is proverbially large." This is a queer statement for an artist to make who has gotten up many Greek plays, and who has done his costume so well as has Mr. Riddle. The Boston foot is hereditarily small, as are all American feet. On a glass case in Paris, where the best slippers and boots are made for the feminine foot, stands a very beautiful plaster model of the foot of a Boston woman, so small, so delicate, with an instep so high that the water runs under it. The ankle is especially admired by artists, as a sort of race horse delicacy of articulation is combined with race horse strength of tendon. It is the foot and ankle of a thoroughbred creature, and fulfills all the conditions of the sculptor's needs.—Mrs. John Sherwood in New York World.

Dr. W. S. Caldwell deals the women physicians abroad a hard blow in the following, which he writes from Paris to The Chicago Medical Journal: "Most American physicians whom one meets here are young men just from the colleges, and they are too often only interested in such cases as a man would see only occasionally in a lifetime. They are eager to see Ellroth respect the pylorus for cancer, and are constantly presenting their cards to Pean to get a chance to see operations that they never ought to attempt to perform. But I am even more disgusted with some of the lady physicians who come here to Paris. They will be pushed and jostled amid the great throng that follow the surgical service of Gillan at the Hotel Dieu; sit on a back seat with an opera glass in hand to see Pean amputate a man's leg at the hip joint; but go to the children's hospital, where Simon holds his clinic, and one finds not a single one of them there."

The empress of Austria has a passion for doing graceful things gracefully. Traveling by steamer to Orsova a week ago, one of the gentlemen was unlucky enough at dinner to upset a glass of red wine upon her majesty's dress. The gentleman was in what it is, I believe, correct to describe as a "blue funk"; but shortly afterward the empress, who had not been a bit cross, consoled the awkward man by presenting him with a breastpin in brilliants.—London Letter.

A Good Deal Worse. "What can be worse," said an exasperated husband in the middle of the night, "than a teething baby?" "You are, John, when you have the tooth-ache," responded his wife.—New York Sun.

Le Gaulois' Offer to the Prominent Merchants of the French Capital—Advantages of the Scheme—How it Will Work.

I heard only to-day of a novel combination made by Le Gaulois, a royalist Catholic journal, edited by the famous Jew, Arthur Meyer, he who unfairly wounded Edmond Drumont, author of "La France Juive," in a duel, some months ago. The intention of the paper is to economize for its subscribers and at the same time aid some charitable work. The paper is to be given for nothing, or, in other words, the subscription is to be paid by the merchants patronized by the subscribers. Le Gaulois starts on the basis that a journal is the bond of union, the medium of communication, between its readers and mercantile houses. On one side the journal receives money from advertisements, on the other from subscriptions, so that it is much simpler to ask the mercantile houses to pay the subscriptions. In that case, readers will be anxious to subscribe and mercantile houses anxious to pay the largest number of subscriptions possible, as each subscription represents a patron. Le Gaulois, therefore, has a list of 500 prominent houses that sell everything from a pair of shoes to a landau, and the names of these houses form a Livre d'Or—golden book. To each one of these merchants Le Gaulois said: "We offer you no ordinary advertisements, and only ask you to allow your name to be used in our columns three times a week. So much the worse for us. If our readers pay no attention to the insertion, you owe us nothing. But if they do to you—if they buy—so much the better for them. Then you will pay us the price of a subscription to The Gaulois for a length of time in proportion to the amount of the purchase."

To their readers they said: "Read our Livre d'Or. There you will find the names of your merchants. You will also find new names. Whenever you buy a purchase to make go to one of the houses mentioned in the Livre d'Or. Buy, and do not mention The Gaulois, but take your receipted bill and send it to the journal as payment for your subscription. The Gaulois accepts this bill as a check, and sends an employe to the house where you have made your purchase for the amount of your subscription."

ADVANTAGES OF THE SCHEME. In this way the subscriber pays for his newspapers without untying his purse strings, and the merchant arranges for his advertisement by paying the subscription of his patron. But if the subscriber does not wish to pay the subscription with his receipt, preferring to pay as has been his custom, The Gaulois offers to give, in the subscriber's name, the price of his subscription to some charitable association. Then they return the receipt of the merchant and the receipt of the charitable association. This scheme seems to have many advantages, and perhaps there is nothing unfavorable in connection with it. As The Gaulois subscriber does not announce himself as such when he buys, there is no danger that the merchants will increase their prices, and in Paris nearly all these houses have prices plainly marked. One important question is: How much must one buy in order to have the right to a Gaulois subscription? The yearly subscription is \$11, and this represents five per cent of the purchase, so that \$220 must be spent to allow for the yearly subscription. I add a table which explains more fully:

Table with 4 columns: 1 Month, 3 Months, 6 Months, 1 Year. Prices range from \$20.00 to \$220.00.

However, one is not obliged to purchase for this amount at one time, and in one house; as many bills as one pleases—in as many houses (taken from The Livre d'Or, of course) as one pleases. An illustration, and I shall have finished.

A Chicagoan arrives in Paris; he takes rooms at one of the hotels mentioned in The Livre d'Or, Hotel Castiglione, for instance; he spends there \$30; he goes to one of the tailors mentioned and spends \$150; to a restaurateur of The Livre d'Or and spends \$50. He carries his receipts for \$230 to The Gaulois and receives a subscription for one year.—Paris Cor. Chicago Times.

One of the "Aitry" Members. "It ar' my painful dooty to remark dat Brudder Jurisprudence Johnson ar' dead," said the president as the triangle sounded. "He war' an honorary member, libin' in Montgomery, Alabama, an' he was generally referred to by de general public as Professor Johnson. He had de high bonah of bein' de only cul'd gen'lan in de city who was admitted to de meetins of de White Man's Drug Store club. Sometimes he could be found in de bar at de Exchange hotel, talkin' 'bout de way Dan'l got out of de lion den widout a scratch on his pussion, an' sometimes he could be found at de newstan' in de postoffice, relatin' his pollytickle experiences an' hopin' somebody would buy him a paper of tobacco. He was one of de airly members of dis club, an' de only reason he was nebbler present at any of our anyunal meetins was becase freight charges am so high. "Yes, de professor has drapped off by de wayside while makin' de dusty journey of life. I knowed him pussionally fur many yars. While I can't say dat he bettered de world much, I know dat he never harmed it. As his eulogy I would say, 'Nadder rich nor great—neither a philanthropist nor a statesman. Jist simply a man who died widout an enemy.' De usual emblem of mournin' will be put out in de usual way, an' if he owed us any back dues we will call his account squar' to a cent. De evenin' will now be consumed in actin' upon communicashuns an' listenin' to reports."—Detroit Free Press.

A Costly Experiment. The Duke of Ellinburgh seems to have very meager fitness for his position in the British navy. He recently had constructed at great expense in the Malta dock yard an immense boom, which was shipped on board the Temeraire for conveyance to Argostoli, as the duke had conceived the idea that it would be a fine thing to place this boom at the entrance of the harbor there and then to test the powers of the Polyphemus by making her burst it. Just as this crazy experiment was on the point of being tried it was pointed out to the duke by some officers who are more practical than himself that if by any chance the Polyphemus did not cut the boom clean in two a fearful catastrophe would be the result. So the duke reluctantly abandoned the idea. The boom was one of the largest and most elaborate that has ever been seen, and it has now been returned to Malta, where, presumably, it will be sold for a trifle, being perfectly useless.—Detroit Free Press.

Depends on the Town. Nebraska Farmer—I want my farm cut up into city lots. I think this would be a good time to sell. Omaha Real Estate Man—Where is it? "About forty miles south." "About forty miles off for a conservative place like Omaha, but you might advertise it as an addition to Kansas City."—Omaha World.

How Hay in Ricks Can Be Protected With Boards at Small Cost.

In ricks ten feet wide and twelve feet high, between three and four tons of hay will be contained in each rod of length. On an average, between one-fourth and one-half a ton of this will waste where the hay is mixed meadow hay and clover, if left uncovered. This is a loss of one to six dollars, according to the local price of hay. In new countries coarse slough hay furnishes a good covering or thatching to top out the stack with, but slough hay is passing away before the ditching spade and improved grass seed. It is often necessary to store the hay out doors until barns can be afforded, or when an unexpected surplus is harvested. Sometimes it is found expedient to stack in the field or in the edge of a woodland pasture, to be fed out without hauling to the barn. The writer has used sixteen foot boards to make covers for ricks and found them economical. For a rick ten feet wide, ten or twelve one-foot boards are necessary. Three poles, or scantling, five or six feet long, are used on each side for rafters. The boards are merely tacked on lengthwise, beginning at the bottom, lapping an inch to shed the water. Rafters can be put in place before the boards are nailed on, or the sides of the roof may be raised in place after nailing the boards fast. The two sides can be fastened together at the ridge with pieces of fence wire. Top out the rick so that the cover will have a good slant on either side. Where the stacks are exposed to the wind it is well to fasten the covers to stakes in the ground with wire. If the nails are not driven quite down they can be easily drawn when feeding, and the barrels used for other purposes or laid away until next haying time. The first cost of the lumber will be about three dollars for each sixteen feet in length, and should last many years if it is at all properly cared for.

Near a small horse barn it was desirable each year to build a round stack of two or three tons of hay in addition to that contained in the mow. To protect this during the fall rains, a cap was made of boards in four parts. The angle of each triangular section at the top was somewhat less than a right angle, so as to give the four sides the slope of a four-sided roof. The sections were light, and were put in place by the man on the stack taking a rope in either hand attached to the opposite sections and, by the aid of the pitcher, lifting them to the top, where they were fastened together by means of strong twine wrapped around nails. The lower opposite corners were also attached in the same way. This cover made of scraps of boards did service several years. The top of the stack of horse-hay was always in as nice condition as that in the mow.—Prairie Farmer.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The Moody Birthday Endowment Fund for the schools at Northfield is growing slowly toward the desired limit of \$40,000.

A little girl in the primary school was asked to tell the difference between the words "foot" and "feet." She said: "One foot is a foot, and a whole lot of foots is a feet."—Bazar.

The Presbyterian Synod of India is composed of five presbyteries, fifty-four ministers, eighteen candidates, twenty-eight churches, 712 communicants and 2,328 Sunday-school scholars.

The home Sunday-school of Mr. Spurgeon's church has 108 teachers, all members of the church, and 1,428 scholars. In all the schools connected with the Tabernacle there are 7,677 scholars.—Indianapolis Journal.

A YOUNG BUTCHER'S LUCK.

He Wins \$15,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery. "I want to see a reporter," said an unusually nappy-looking individual as he entered the Chronicle Building. On being introduced to one of the staff he commenced by saying that his name was A. J. Trefts, and that he lived in Butchertown. As there was a very large fire recently in that part of the city there was apparently no great reason for such unusual joy as that manifested by Mr. Trefts. He, however, was very anxious to communicate the news of a godsend which had fallen to him soon after he had been burnt out.

"I am the fellow. I won it. Just bought one ticket and got \$15,000. That's luck, isn't it?" said the jovial Trefts. Then it began to dawn upon the reporter that he was really in the presence of another one of the lucky holders of a winning number of a Louisiana lottery prize. Mr. Trefts had come down of his own free will to tell of his lucky venture.

"I could hardly believe my eyes when I read that number," said he, "52,749. I looked at my ticket, turned it over and laid it down beside the paper and compared it and then I began to think I was the luckiest man I ever met. Just think, one ticket, and all that money for \$1!"

"What are you going to do now, Mr. Trefts?" asked the interviewer.

"I am going to extend my business right away, for that fire nearly did for me. I didn't believe much in The Louisiana Lottery before, and I just thought to myself when I bought the ticket, 'well, I've lost enough already, this dollar will never be missed,' and now you may be sure I never stop thinking how glad I was I bought it, and so I thought I would drop in and tell you about it."—San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle, July 2.