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Vol. XXV. HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1898. No. 33.

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The mails close at the Hillsboro Post office, daily:

Glencoe, West Union, Bethany and Cedar Mill, at 11:30 a. m.

Going South, 8:30 a. m.

Going to Portland and way-offices, 6:55 a. m. and 4 p. m.

For Farmington and Laurel, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 10:30 a. m.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, corner Main and Fifth streets. Preaching every Sabbath, morning and evening. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Y. P. S. C. E. Sunday at 6:30 p. m. All services will be short, bright, interesting and helpful. Everyone cordially set come.
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FIRST Christian Church, R. L. Shelley pastor, Baseline and Third. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. SundaySchool, 10 a. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, 8:00 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E., Sunday, 7:00 p. m.

M. E. CHURCH, R. A. Adkins, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath morning and evening. Sabbath school every Sabbath at 10 a. m. League meeting every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. General prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Leaders' and Steward's meeting the third Tuesday evening of each month.

A. O. U. W.

HILLSBORO LODGE NO. 61, A. O. U. W., meets every first and third Friday evening in the month.
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HILLSBORO REBEKAH LODGE NO 54, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Saturday evening.
SARAH WILLIAMS, N. G.

P. of H.

HILLSBORO GRANGE, NO. 73, meets 2nd and 4th Saturdays of each month.
REED SCHOFIELD, Master.
ANNIE IMBRIE, Sec.

I. O. O. F.

MONTEZUMA LODGE, NO. 50, meets Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock, in I. O. O. F. Hall. Visitors made welcome.
RICHARD BEMISH, N. G.
D. M. C. GAULT, Sec'y.

Y. P. S. C.

MEETS every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock in the Christian church. You are cordially invited to attend its meetings.
EDA ADAMS, Pres't.

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THE DEGREE OF HONOR, A. O. U. W., meets in Odd Fellows' hall every first and third Friday evening of each month.
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PHENICIA TEMPLE NO. 10, R. S., meets every 2nd and 4th Friday in each month at 7:30 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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M. of R. and C.

K. of P.

PHENIX LODGE, NO. 34, K. OF P., meets in Masonic Hall on Monday evening of each week. Sojourning brethren welcomed to lodge meetings.
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L. A. LONG, K. of R. & S.

A. F. and A. M.

TUALITY LODGE NO. 6, A. F. & A. M., meets every Saturday night on or after full moon of each month.
W. D. WOOD, W. M.
R. CHANDALL, Secretary.

O. E. S.

TUALATIN CHAPTER, NO. 31, O. E. S., meets at Masonic Temple on the 2nd and 4th Tuesday of each month.
MRS. W. D. HARE, W. M.
GRACE CRONKITE, Secretary.

W. C. T. U.

HILLSBORO, W. C. T. U. MEETS IN the Congregational Church on the 4th Friday in each month at 3 o'clock P. M.

K. O. T. M.

VIOLA TENT, NO. 18, K. O. T. M., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, on second fourth Thursday evenings of each month.
L. A. LONG, Com.
BENTON BOWMAN, R. K.

WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT No. 24, I. O. O. F., meets on first and third Tuesdays of each month.
D. M. C. GAULT, Scribe.

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MEETS IN ODD FELLOWS HALL ON the first and third Saturdays of each month, at 1:30 o'clock, P. M.
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OFFICE: Room No. 13, Morgan and Bailey Block.

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Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

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NEURALGIA BY
SAINT JACOBS OIL

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I remember my man was sitting facing, appearing to all the world the reputable citizen, round, fat, a most politic and noncommittal fellow, and I wondered whether I might not have gone wrong. But the direction was plain, "Philip Roland, merchant, 5 Pearl street, back of Fraunces' tavern," and here was the man in his shop, looking at me narrowly over the gold rims of his spectacles. The Guards band was playing on the Bowling Green, for, though November, it was a warmish Indian summer evening, while he gloated over the letter, regarding me ever and anon in the dim light of the lantern that stood on the counter. He was a dealer in women's gewgaws and esteemed as good an American as any man in New York. I had heard, indeed, so much to this effect that now I was uneasy to think perhaps I had but put my neck in the noose. Had not the general been mistaken in the man? Why did he pause so long? I moved nervously, while before the window passed some people returning from the play at the Theater Royal on John street.

The royalist dandies had refitted that little red theater, closed by congress with a view to improving the public morals, and plays had been writ for it by Major John Andre. I shuddered as I thought of him, for it was not so long since the scene at Tappan, and, for all I had experienced in the last few days, causing me to regret my mission, my softness hardened at that name. As it happened, as if to emphasize the thought, a link boy passed just then before Mistress Susannah de Lancey and Major Williams of the artillery, who had been Andre's intimate.

My vis-a-vis noted my uneasiness out of his cunning eyes.

"There be spies and spies," said he. "But you, sir, surprise me. There lay every reason why you should return to the cause, and yet you risk your neck apparently as merrily as a boy after a bird's nest."

"Eh, yes," said I, gathering heart at his voice. "And I propose to have the bird tonight at 11 when he walks in the garden back from Burns'."

"Does he walk then in the garden?" said he, peering at me.

"Yes, an uneasy conscience"—

"Ah, has he that?"

"If he have not, my friend, I propose to make him uneasy, should you have your boat at the foot of the lane exact at 11. I loosed part of the paling at the end of the garden, and there behind the boards, which he now can wrench off in a trice, is Jem Hawkins. You know him?"

"And you, sergeant?" said he curiously and looking about lest the walls had ears.

"I, master, will stroll out of the tavern as debonair as you please. I shall knock our traitor over the head. Jem will break through the paling, and together we will carry him to your boat."

"Should you be stopped?"

"Humph! We have but to say we are sailors from the Anne Marie taking a drunken comrade aboard. Once in the boat we shall pull for Hobock, where Major Harry expects us."

I thought exultantly of this point in the programme, so well outlined, could it be carried out. For it meant my restoration to the old esteem among my comrades, who now must be holding me the most dastardly deserter.

"You have a glib tongue," my shopkeeper said doubtfully when I had ended.

"It has persuaded Sir Henry, my old friends, and their brevet brigadier traitor Arnold," I boasted. "Now it wants but your boat."

He reached forward, as if with sudden enthusiasm out of keeping with the former suspicion.

"You risk death and so do I, should we be seen together. The boatman shall be there at 11."

I was sure of him now, this person no one suspected, but who was one of those agents by whom Washington was kept conversant with occurrences in New York. I relied implicitly on the other man, Hawkins, who was a hostler at Fraunces' tavern, for he had proved his honesty by seeing that my letter had reached the general, telling him exactly who had been implicated with Arnold in that damnable plot, and now all that was left of the mission was to catch the traitor.

This was my fifth evening in guise of American deserter and king's man, and it, I said, should not pass without my putting my hands on him for whose wretched avarice Andre had suffered.

Yet, as I strode about the street corner past one of Mayor Matthews' watch, I sickened of the attempt for the hundredth time. I thought of how much they had left me to do, how great a sacrifice of good name I already had made, and how little wit I, indeed, had to redeem it.

Before the ruins of Trinity church, standing out sepulchrally in the darkest November night, I went in to sit on one of the benches that had been built there at General Pattison's suggestion, shortly after the great fire, for the British policy was to gain favor by making the town life agreeable for those who could be caught by pleasure.

There in the dark I ran over the whole unpromising phases of the enterprise—how five days before my commandant, Major Lee, had summoned me to tell me that the general had asked him for a man who would dare risk everything to gain information of how the Arnold plot ran and of those implicated, one who would even dare kidnap the traitor in the very enjoyment of his safety. The man who so dared must appear to desert from Tappan. This was asking much—my honor among my comrades and the risk of a spy's death from the British, and yet, young fool of 23 that I was, I accepted.

I can see that low room now in the De Witt house in Tappan, the general's anxious face, Major Harry's bold eyes.

I turned my mare through the picket line and gave her free head when the patrol challenged, dashing over the moist roads, for, as bad luck would have it, the rain blotted out the ruts, leaving the mare's footprints patent to pursuers, for the farrier put the same mark on the left forward shoe of all Major Lee's horses.

For a moment, I believe, they hesitated dumfounded that so faithful a soldier as I should suddenly imitate Arnold. In all the disaffection there never had been a desertion from that corps. Who can be trusted? I could fancy them muttering. I knew that Major Lee would delay them all he could. But he, too, must carry out the play. He, too, must appear astounded that I, who always had proved faithful, should all at once become among the most faithless. I thought all this while the mare bore me over the road toward Bergen, for I designed to hail the king's patrols at Paulus Hook.

But with all the delay I had but little the start. Soon I heard them after me and the mare almost spent. The sky lightened. The mare seemed to be going even slower, and I knew as I came to the forks on the hill, which is by the Three Pigeons inn, above Bergen, that they probably would catch me before I could make the stone bridge below. Nay, turning in my saddle, I could see in the darkish dawn Cornet Middleton heading the pursuers and hear his loud hello.

At the forks, within a stone's throw of the Three Pigeons, for a moment I deliberated. Should I have my reputation all lost for nothing? They probably would shoot me as it was, nor could they ever believe me an honest man.

Only for a moment did I hesitate, you may believe, before turning directly down the slope by Elizabeth Point to the river, and there, as luck would have it, was a patrol. I sprang from the mare and waded through the marsh into the river, hallooing. Just then the pursuers perceived my detour, and a bullet came singing around my ears. I pushed out beyond my depth, and the men in the boat, comprehending the situation, pulled me in, firing and shouting derisively to my old comrades, whose curses reached me.

I was taken to Sir Henry Clinton, who, examining me closely, ended by believing in my sincerity, as in faith the desertion was plain enough, and that one from Major Lee's corps.

As we had thought would be the case, he recommended me as an honest fellow to General Arnold, who, too, had run to the king's side. I could detect a certain detestation in Sir Henry's tone when he spoke of Arnold, who had received his £10,000 and his brigadiership as the price of his service, who yet was sincerely disliked, more because the affair had cost the army Major Andre, I believe, than for any other reason.

I reported that morning to the new British brevet brigadier at 3 Broadway, in the old ballrooms, over Burns' Arms.

I do not know what I had expected of the man, I had heard so much to his discredit. I saw simply an agreeably mannered gentleman, who questioned me closely and in the end believed that I had been persuaded by his example.

Strangely, too, he rented of a widow, Mistress Warren, whose daughter, Priscilla Warren, I once had made furious love to in Virginia. A plump, fair haired, gray eyed girl, Mistress Priscilla's greeting, her congratulations to me at having come over from rebellion to loyalty, made me for a moment sicken again of the false part.

I must explain this to show how that which followed came about. Nor did Benedict Arnold fail to treat me with further consideration. He promised to obtain me a commission in a legion of American loyalists in time to join the expedition Lord Howe was then preparing to send to the Virginia capes. In the meantime, other decent lodging being hard to find, he had permitted me to take a room at the Widow Warren's.

In fact, all had gone exactly as the plan had been laid. I had communicated, as I have said, with General Washington, showing him, as I had it from Arnold himself, who appeared to trust me implicitly, the full extent of the treachery and the names of the few persons in any way implicated. I have been told that this information first gave the general in chief heart to believe there remained those he could trust, and that the major general he suspected was, after all, not in the affair.

And now the rest was all plain. Arnold would stroll in the garden to quiet his nerves before bed. My desperate fellow would hide behind the loosed paling, I could be sure, at the appointed hour. I was now equally sure of Master Roland having the boat in readiness at the foot of the lane. Yet, as I thought of it all, I felt dismayed. I looked up to the ruined tower of Trinity, almost praying to keep my courage warm. I decided to take a tankard of beer at the tavern. The night was dark enough, and now began a cold drizzle. Long since the Guards band had stopped on the green. What could be better than such a night, made for the adventure?

At last the clock ticked near the time when General Arnold would descend for his stroll in the garden. Even now I knew my man Hawkins was waiting in the lane. I paid my reckoning and turned for a moment into the street.

The mist was clearing. Certainly General Arnold would take that walk to get some air before sleep, but if he kept to his usual custom it lacked a half hour of the time. To avoid possible suspicion I turned into the tavern and up the stairs to my room. I intended to follow the general by the back stair. It all would be easy should he once go into the garden.

But at the head of the stair stood my acquaintance, Mistress Priscilla Warren, of whose mother General Arnold rented. She held a candle, as if expectantly, and I am bound to say she made a pretty picture at the stair head. I recollected how years before in Virginia

Continued on fourth page.

THAT FUSION QUESTION

To-day, Jan. 7, is the time set for a political conference with him of the populist and democratic central committees according to an invitation issued by J. C. Cooper, who assumes his authority by virtue of being chairman of the "Union Silver League." We do not know where this organization gained its importance nor what may be its strength in the state. One thing is evident, however, that it has come into such prominence as to assume to dictate the policy and nominations of the democrats and populists and take both these organizations under its fostering care. From what we can learn, the leaders of this new-born political power have been training with the John Young pops, but finding they could not rule and their following having acquired an unsavory reputation, they deserted their former associates and the result is this new political combination, under the same management with a new name. We have nothing to do with either the origin or purposes of this young political infant, except so far as it concerns its purpose to become the father of the democratic party. At the proposed meeting are to be many prominent democrats. There does not appear to be any necessity for this gathering for the purpose of consulting as to any principle. The new organization has but one idea, the free coinage of silver, and that particular plank is monopolized by the Chicago platform, which will be endorsed by the democratic convention. The real purpose, therefore evidently is to apportion out the offices. That is the true purpose, while devotion to the silver cause is the pretense. This Cooper meeting is held the day before the time set for the meeting of the democratic state central committee. It would indicate an understanding in this matter, and that Cooper has laid his plans so that a pressure may be brought to bear upon the committee for future union. The members of the democratic state central committee have but one duty to perform— make the apportionment and fix the time and place of holding the state convention. It has no authority to negotiate a combine with Mr. Cooper, Mr. Young or any one else. If there is to be a mutual division of the offices, it must be done by the state convention.

This fusion business with nothing to commend it than a division of the offices is a dangerous political expedient and one in which the democrats have always lost. The republicans who have entered heretofore in fusion have not kept faith with the populists. Wherever a democratic fusionist has been pitted against a republican the democrat was defeated, and the same holds good where a democratic populist has been against a republican. It has only been successful when the candidates where both of democratic faith. There has not been such honest dealing after fusion in the past as to justify our confidence in future alliances. Besides, no convention has authority delegated to it by which it can force the rank and file to support a mongrel ticket. We have heretofore submitted loyally to combinations made outside the party, but after noting the results in several cases, we must say that we are much fatigued at having the name of the democratic party used to put soreheaded and discarded republicans into office. We prefer straight politics, and while there may be temporary defeat, in the end honorable success follows.

Whatever may be done at the Young conference can have no influence or authority over the masses of the democrats, and we caution those who are so zealous for fusion that they are handling a dangerous and difficult problem.—Portland Dispatch (democrat).

THE CHINESE SITUATION.

The most interesting question before the people of the world at present, is what is going to be done with China. An able article on the subject, in a French journal, from the pen of Rene Pinon says:

Who is to open up China? is now the question before the world. For this gigantic "job" several states, European, American and Asiatic, are now competing. Foremost of all, by virtue of her ancient relations with China, and the continuity of her political aims, stands Russia. The Russian eagle has two heads—one turned toward Europe, and the other toward Asia—and the popular imagination loves to see herein a symbol of that ultimate sway over both continents which is reserved for the Slavic race. As a matter of fact there is no natural division between Europe and Asia. The Ural mountains are no real barrier. They are easily crossed by roads and railways; and the Siberian plain on their east is identical in soil, flora, and the character of its inhabitants with the Muscovite plain on their west. Siberia is not a Russian colony; it is Russia. "The policy of great states," said Napoleon I., "lies in their geography." It is geography which has lain upon Russia the imperious necessity of obtaining a port upon some open sea.

The war between China and Japan made a great change in the relative position of the competitors. Up to the time of that struggle, England and Russia stood confronting one another, both silently preparing to fight for the possession of China, while the treaty of Shimonosaki had all but flung the prize to a third robber—namely, Japan. It had been the English who in the early part of the century first succeeded in opening to commerce a few of the Chinese ports. Their merchants established themselves at Hongkong and Canton and speedily amassed collossal fortunes. For the first time, however, the hereditary policy of Great Britain found itself powerless, against a people steeped in tradition and a monarchy whose strength lies in its immutability. It was all of no use. In vain did the English instruct the Chinese in the elements of naval warfare and establish all along the coast that excellent system of custom houses which are the only regular source of net revenue to the empire; in all these astute arrangements China only beheld the means of introducing within her territory the subjects and the wares of Great Britain. As between England, who desired to hasten the solution of the extreme oriental question, and Russia, whose interest it was to postpone it, China turned naturally toward Russia.

The diplomacy of Russia has always presented a remarkable combination of suppleness and extreme tenacity. She has learned by long experience to understand the orientals, and while she is ready, at times, to make substantial concessions, she never makes formal ones. But Russian diplomacy has another advantage over that of the western powers. It never meddles with those endless discussions which are every day provoked by the presence of Christian missionaries in the celestial empire. There are deeper causes, however, for the intimate connection between China and Russia. The Chinese are keenly alive to their own interests; and between those interests and those of Russia there is no contradiction but rather a great similitude. The sole aim of England, of the United States, of Germany and of France is to find in China a vast outlet for the products of their industry; in other words, to impose their manufactures upon her, if need be, by force. On the other hand both Russia and Japan desire to facilitate the exportation to Europe of Chinese exports. Russia has not the slightest apprehension of that approaching peril of which we hear so much. Thanks to her great railway, she is going to be the intermediary between producing China and consuming Europe. Her nascent industries will not suffer by comparison with the skilled labor of the yellow races, but she will be able to, in case of need, employ that labor for the purpose of inundating Europe with cheap wares. The agricultural or mountainous provinces of Russia yield nothing at all resembling the main products of China. They have nothing to lose and everything to gain by being brought in contact with the innumerable subjects of the celestial empire; and the immense current of exchange which will be set up between China and Russia, will bear life and prosperity to the steppes of Siberia, causing them to become in a short time one of the world's great centers of agricultural production. Nothing but profit can accrue to Russia from the economical development of China.

It is a mean thing to say, but somebody at Washington has trotted out the fact that the circulation of money in the United States since the day of Mr. Bryan's nomination has increased more than double the entire amount of the money of the republic of Mexico, which is just now welcoming William J. as the greatest financier of the age, says a correspondent. It will be remembered that Mr. Bryan in his speeches at the Chicago convention and during the campaign insisted that the currency of the country could not increase without the adoption of free coinage of silver, yet it has increased in the 17 months since nomination by a sum double the entire money of the country in which he is now being received with such honors. Certainly free coinage of silver will not cure all of our ills.—Heppner Gazette.

In the evolution of the trotting horse, Mr. A. J. Meston, of Pittsburg, Mass., has traced the predominant influence of one horse—Hambletonian 10 (1849 1876.) This influence has extended to 92 per cent of all 2 10 trotters and 84 per cent of all 2 10 pacers; while the pacing speed without Hambletonian blood has fallen two seconds behind the best record, and the trotting speed four seconds.

The report of Agent Emery shows a total of 1020 Indians on the Klamath reservation, an increase of 59 over last year. These red men have been deprived of allowances for the past 12 years, and most of them are supporting themselves well.

OVER THE STATE ITEMS

Items of Interest From All Parts of the State.

NEW BOAT TO BE BUILT IN EUGENE

Large Amount of Gold Dust Shipped From Grant's Pass—Curry county Must board the Van Pelts' 10 Months More.

The receipts of the county clerk's office in Columbia county for the year just ended amounted to $2600. The receipts for May were the largest amounting to $486 25, while the receipts for November were only $132 65.

Last year one firm in Grant's Pass bought and shipped $82,369 worth of gold dust. This is but a small part of the dust that has been shipped from that place, as many of the mines ship direct. This firm shipped $21,000 more in 1897 than in 1896.

The Corvallis Times says that the annual report of the president of the board of regents of the agricultural college shows that the state owes the college about $18,000 interest on the funds derived from the sale of lands donated by the federal government.

The Van Pelts, in Curry county, will have to remain in the custody of the sheriff until September of this year, and the Port Orford Tribune says this means a 10 months' board bill for the county to settle at the rate of $35 a week, or $1400 for board alone.

A burglar broke into John W. Nokes' house in Lebanon last Tuesday, but waked up Mr. and Mrs. Nokes, as he entered the outside door. Mr. Nokes made a slight noise in getting his gun down and the burglar escaped before he could take a shot at him.

The Pendleton East Oregonian says that among all of the national banks in Oregon the First National bank of Pendleton stands second in business and deposits. The report of its condition on December 15 last showed loans 350,096, cash $454,138, deposits $721,696.

Lightship No. 50 which for several years was stationed off the mouth of the Columbia river, and which has been under repairs, was successfully launched in Astoria Wednesday the 29th by the Astoria iron works. She will be fitted out and placed in Commission again at an early date.

At a citizens' meeting held in Eugene Thursday night a committee was appointed to encorporate a joint-stock company to build a boat of 100 tons capacity, to run on the Willamette river. This is made possible by the fact that the United States engineers are improving the river between Eugene and Harrisburg. It was voted unanimously to build the boat in Eugene.

A man of the name of Smith, who lives near Thomas Edwards' place on the road to Fall Creek, in Lane county, was thrown from his horse last Wednesday a week ago. His boot caught in the stirrup, and he was dragged about a quarter of a mile when Mrs. Aurelius Armitage stopped the horse so the man could free himself. He escaped with but a few bruises.

William Murray, while playing the part of Santa Claus at the Remote school house, in Coos county, was so badly burned that it is feared he will die. The spectators fled from fright at the threatening blaze, except two citizens and a daughter of the injured man. The daughter, however, fainted and could do nothing for her father, but the two neighbors succeeded in extinguishing the fire.

Three tramps went from house to house in Salem Saturday, frightening the women who refused them food. They visited the house of N. J. Damon, and there met with young Roy Damon, who drew a revolver and ordered the tramps to proceed with him to the police station. On the way with his capture he met Special Officer Hatton, who took charge of the hobos and put them in jail.

There is a decided dearth of fuel in Medford this winter. It has been almost impossible to buy wood of any kind many times during the last few weeks. Wood has been shipped in in carload lots. There is plenty of wood near the city, and there surely are many farmers who can make good wages in hauling it to town, but this must be done in either the summer or early fall, when the roads are in good condition.

A distressing accident occurred last week at Missouri Flat, in Josephine county. Fred Miller and Clark Savage were piping, when a large section of the bank fell, completely burying the former and seriously injuring the latter. They were alone at the time, but Savage, badly hurt, as he was, managed to extricate his companion and pack him a quarter of a mile, where assistance was had. Since then it has developed that Savage was the worse hurt of the two.