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Vol. XXVI. HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1899. No. 35

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POST OFFICE INFORMATION.

The mails close at the Hillsboro Post Office, daily:
Glencoe, West Union, Bethany and Cedar Mill, at ½ 5 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, daily at 12

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 welcome.
EVAN P. HUGHES, Pastor.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.—Corner Fifth and Fir. Preaching every Sunday evening at 8 p. m.; second Sunday at 11 a. m.; Sunday school at 10 a. m. prayer meeting every Wednesday evening; teachers meeting every Sunday evening. L. M. Boozer, pastor.

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 6:30 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 each month.
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W. H. Wehrung, Recorder.

Daughters of Rebekah.

HILLSBORO REBEKAH LODGE NO. 54, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Saturday evening.

P. of H.

HILLSBORO GRANGE, NO. 73, meets 2nd and 4th Saturdays of each month.
BENJ. SCHOFIELD, Master.

I. O. O. F.

MONTEZUMA LODGE, NO. 50, meets Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock, in I. O. O. F. Hall. Visitors made welcome.
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.

Degree of Honor.

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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Rathbone Sisters.

PHŒNICIA 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.
Mrs A M Curtisie
Josie Schulmerich M. E. C.
M. of R. and C.

K. of P.

PHŒNIX LODGE, NO. 34, K. OF P., meets in Masonic Hall on Monday evening of each week. Sojourning brethren welcomed to lodge meetings.
F. Kelso

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. M. BARRETT, W. M.
R. CRANDALL, Secretary.

O. E. S.

TUALATIN CHAPTER, NO. 31, O. E. S., meets at Masonic Temple on the 2nd and 4th Tuesday of each month.

K. O. T. M.

VIOLA TENT, NO. 18, K. O. T. M., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, on second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month.
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MEETS IN ODD FELLOWS HALL ON the first and third Saturdays of each month, at 2:00 o'clock, P. M.
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Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

MEN AT WORK OR ON PLEASURE BENT are always subject to some ACCIDENTAL HURT OR PHYSICAL STRAIN.
ST. JACOBS OIL is a good friend in such times of need; it cures surely.

ROYAL Baking Powder
Made from pure cream of tartar.
Safeguards the food against alum.
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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The Companion's New Calendar.

The calendars given by The Companion in former years to all subscribers have been remarkable for their delicacy of design and richness of coloring. But the Calander for 1899 far surpasses any of those. The publishers have endeavored to make it the finest calendar of the century, and readers of The Companion will not be disappointed in it. Those who subscribe now will receive not only the gift of the calendar but also all the issues of November and December, from the time of subscription free. The new volume will be the best The Companion has ever published. Among the contributions already engaged are "The Little Demons of war," by Hon. John D. Long; "Opportunities for Young Explorers" Sir Clements Markham. Fine illustrated announcements and sample copies will be sent to any one addressing

The Youth's Companion,
211 Columbus Ave. Boston Mass

Tesla, according to Popular Science News, thinks a man has just so many hours to be awake, and the fewer of these he uses up each day the more days will they last. "I believe that a man might live two hundred years if he would sleep most of the time. That is why negroes live to such an advanced age, because they sleep so much. The proper way to economize life is to sleep every moment that it is not necessary or desirable that you should be awake."

Is Your Business Dull?

Then this is the time to improve it. Don't wait until "something turns up," but turn it up yourself. Remember this—the purpose of advertising is to bring business. The wise business man will advertise as much—if not more—in dull seasons as in busy seasons.

A good and time-honored way of advertising is through the HILLSBORO INDEPENDENT. Whether you want to get out something neat to send through the mails or something cheap to throw around, come and see us.

Rush Work

Is a problem in most job offices. Not so with the HILLSBORO INDEPENDENT Printery. We have a large force of men at work all the time and can "rush" a job for you without any trouble. When you want work done quickly give the HILLSBORO INDEPENDENT Job Office a trial.

If You Were He

Yes, if you were the creditor and saw the merchant sitting idly in his shop accumulating more dust, cobwebs and out-of-style goods than cash, you would probably feel like asking, Why don't you

Wake Up

use the advertising columns of the HILLSBORO INDEPENDENT and exchange your stock for legal tender? What say you?

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

You are perhaps aware that pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of la grippe. During the epidemic of la grippe a few years ago when so many cases resulted in pneumonia, it was observed that the attack was never followed by that disease when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was used. It counteracts any tendency of a cold or la grippe to result in that dangerous disease. It is the best remedy in the world for bad colds and la grippe. Every bottle warranted. For sale by Delta Drug store.

To the Public.

We are authorized to guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and if not satisfactory to refund the money to the purchaser. There is no better medicine made for la grippe, colds and whooping cough. Price, 25 and 50cts per bottle. Try t at The Delta Drug store.

CHAPTER V.

Turning toward the men who had swarmed around him, Dungan spoke in a loud voice and an earnestness of manner that commanded attention:

"You all know me well enough to know I haven't a grain of pity for horse thieves. This part of the state has suffered so much from that sort of people during the last ten years and the courts have been so slow in getting hold of them that we formed ourselves into a vigilance committee of the whole to regulate things, and I flatter myself we've had tolerable success in the bus'ness."

He "paused for a reply" and received a thunderous one. There were general nodding of heads and exclamations of approval.

"And we intend that the good work shall go on," he resumed. "A rope and the limb of the nearest tree is our medicine for men that have an itching for other folks' property in the shape of horseflesh. But, boys, we all believe in fair play. Now, while you and me are satisfied that the man standing on t'other side of the table is Hank Beyer, and no one else, there's one chance in a million that he ain't. That chap over there by the door calls himself Dick Early. He's a stranger to us, and there ain't any denying that he looks like Hank. If he had a mustache, he would look more like him than Hank does himself."

He laughed at his own facetiousness, and the forbidding countenances were lit up with approving grins.

"Once or twice when he stood there talking," added Dungan, alluding to me, "I've noticed something that was a little odd—that is, that didn't seem to be quite like Hank. I can't tell what it is, but mebbe some of you have observed the same."

He looked around again for signs of assent, but unfortunately there was none. No one shared his doubt, and Squire Gager spoiled the possible effect of his appeal by a sad swaying of his head and the remark:

"Hank has been away long 'nough to pick up some differences of speech, if that is what you mean, Jim, but you're 'way off."

In another respect this remark served me well. It roused the resentment of Jim. Evidently he was the leading spirit of the neighborhood and was not accustomed to be opposed like this, even by Squire Gager. I noticed the flash of his gray eye and the compression of his thin lips as he said:

"Waal, we'll take till tomorrer morning to drive out what doubts we have in mind."

"But we hain't got no doubts, Jim," remarked a man standing at the leader's elbow.

"That don't make no difference. I have."

"How are we going to have them aforesaid doubts removed?" asked the squire.

"I have a plan that will do it," was the reply of Dungan.

I was satisfied that he had no definite scheme at that moment, but that he expected to hit upon something decisive.

"Begging your pardon, gents, I think Mr. Dungan is right. No matter how black it looks against Hank, give the poor devil a show."

It was Hank himself who made this remark, and nothing could have been more politic. At that moment there was not a person in the room besides us two who was not morally convinced that I was the real criminal. Jim Dungan believed it, but the rude chivalry of his nature answered my appeal. He intended to respite me until morning, when none would be more eager than he to pull the rope over the limb with me dangling from the end of it.

The man's personality impressed itself upon the rough group. They accepted his decision and looked expectantly at him for further orders.

"We'll hold this fellow till tomorrer morning. Then, if matters stand as they seem to be now—that is, if we hain't found out that he's what he says he is—why that ends it."

"Will you bind him?" asked one of the mob.

"If you're afraid he might bite you, we'll put a muzzle on to him," replied Jim with fine sarcasm, and a general guffaw followed.

"No, gants," he added, "we won't tie him up, 'cause there ain't any use of it. We'll take his gun away from him, set him in the very chair from which he has riz and put two men to watch him through the night. How will that do?"

A general nodding of the heads showed how quickly the leader had molded the turbulent spirits into his way of thinking.

"I'll app'int," he continued, looking round the room into the different faces, "Cy Walters and Archie Hunter the guards. They'll stay here with the prisoner all night, ready to shoot him on the first move. Hank, I'll trouble you for your shooting iron and cartridges," said Dungan, turning abruptly toward me.

I promptly handed them over with the remark:

"I surrender with pleasure to you and place myself at your disposal."

He shoved the weapon without speaking into his capacious hip pocket, the rest of the crowd looking silently on. Night had fully come and an oil lamp was lighted by Landlord Bulfinch and placed on the table. Dungan talked for a few minutes in a low tone with the host, and then, turning to me, spoke loud enough for all to hear:

"Young man, whether you are Hank Beyer or not, we're going to give you a show for your life. Tom Bulfinch will need this room, so we'll place you in another. As you've heard, Cy Walters and Archie Hunter will stand guard over you."

"I haven't the pleasure of knowing the gentlemen."

"That's Cy standing in the corner of the room. He served with Morgan through the war, and he's in favor of stringing you up without five minutes' delay."

"That's so," remarked Cy, with an emphatic nod. "The most favor I'd give that chap is to let him have the 'witch's parole.' That's me every time."

It sometimes happened in wartimes that a prisoner convicted or believed to be guilty of some heinous crime was told to run for his life while several of his captors discharged their guns at him as he strove to get beyond range. Invariably he was brought down at the first volley. This constituted the "witch's parole."

Cy Walters was a big six footer, with his heavy, sandy beard reaching almost to his eyes, which were small and piercing. He wore a dilapidated straw hat and tousled garments, the trousers tucked in the tops of his enormous boots. He was one of the few who had a Winchester, which probably he had carried through the war, and there could be no question that he was an expert in its use. As I learned afterward, he was a lieutenant under the partisan leader Morgan and was one of his most terrible raiders. He had the reputation of being absolutely without fear and had no patience with Dungan's leniency.

"It won't do to try any nonsense on Cy," said Dungan in a low voice to me. "He would be glad of an excuse to shoot you."

"I thank you for wishing to see justice done," I said in the same guarded voice.

"Oh, pshaw, Hank, you didn't fool me," he replied. "I only chucked that bluff to give you time to say your prayers. You'll swing tomorrer at daylight dead sure!"

"Where's Archie Hunter?" I asked, ignoring the meaning of his words.

"He's Cy's stepson and a chip of the old block. That's him talking with Cy."

Archie was a tall, well formed man, probably 25 years of age, without any beard, but with black hair and eyes

"Oh, pshaw, Hank, you didn't fool me," he replied.

that were as keen and glittering as those of a serpent. His stepfather must have weighed considerably over 200 pounds, while Archie was hardly one-half of that. He had no rifle, but while he stood talking with his parent his right hand rested on a revolver at his hip. It was evident that Dungan could not have selected two men better fitted for the work from the crowd that had surrounded and clamored for my life.

The leader, having announced my transfer to another room, nodded to the landlord to conduct us thither. I had to push my way among the men, who sullenly moved aside. I looked around for the real Hank Beyer, but did not see him. It was but a few steps along the old fashioned hall to the place that had been fixed upon as my prison. The landlord had taken the lamp from the table in the dining room, and, pushing open the door, set the light on the mantelpiece, where it cast its rays over the apartment, which was 15 or 20 feet in width and length, with a fireplace at one side, no carpet on the floor or pictures on the walls, five or six rickety chairs and a dilapidated bench which looked too weak to bear the weight of a child.

This was the place where the public gatherings of the neighborhood were held when the weather was too cold or stormy to meet outdoors. It had been packed to suffocation many a time in its history.

The room was at the rear of the inn and had but a single window and the door opening from the hall. Landlord Bulfinch, having placed the lamp on the mantel, looked around the apartment as if to assure himself that nothing necessary was lacking. Apparently satisfied with the survey, he passed out, closing the door behind him without a word, and I was left with my jailers.

CHAPTER VI.

It need not be said that, though I did little, I thought hard. Assuming an indifferent manner, I let nothing escape me.

The massive Cy Walters, like a rusty old Roman, deliberately picked up the strongest chair in the room, set it in front of the door and tipped it back so that the front was elevated six or eight inches. Seated upon this, with his beam-like legs crossed and his Winchester resting on his lap, he shoved back his slouch hat from his forehead and bent his keen eyes upon me.

"There's no hope of passing through that door," was my reflection, "so long as he is one of my guardians."

"Archie, set down in front of that winder and the first move he makes toward it let him have it plumb in the center—that is," he added grimly, "if I don't get ahead of you if it wasn't for robbing the boys of their fun tomorrer, I'd wind up this infarnal bus'ness afore you could wink both eyes."

"Don't worry 'bout me, dad. I'm as anxious fur an excuse as you," replied the son, placing his chair close to the window, but slightly to one side. His posture was much the same as his par-

Continued on Fourth Page.

AMERICA'S TRADE CHANCES.

One day last week Sir James Edgar, speaker of the Canadian Parliament spent a few days in Baltimore. To a caller he gave voice to these sentiments touching the entry of United States merchants into the Orient:

"We in Canada watch with much satisfaction the growth and success of the United States. That perhaps is one reason why our eyes are turned upon you in your present diplomatic controversy. According to my judgement, the United States has accidentally been thrust into a situation which promises to open for her a splendid list of trade opportunities.

"Let me explain: The British Empire, by the possession of a fortified stronghold in China, commands a vast bulk of trade in that populous country, which no other force than the holding of the port could possibly cement. This trade with China is one of the most desirable which the world now offers. The tremendous sweep of territory obtaining under the Chinese name, covered with a teeming multitude of people, who are destined to become large purchasers of the finished products from civilized markets, present a most inviting field of trade, into which any progressive nation might wish to enter.

"The United States may have the call in commanding that trade. Look at the magnificent Pacific coast line which you enjoy, a coast line which is a daily suggestion that the Chinese markets should be your field of commercial harvests. The trade possibilities there are almost limitless. If developed, as a country such as the United States can develop it, it will be found to be a mine of profits to your people and one that will enrich the great business centers of the Pacific coast. But if that trade is to be effective the United States must possess a port almost at the entrance to the Chinese Empire, one which can and will be fortified, one from which ships of trade and ships of war can issue forth for active labors, or else in which they may seek refuge when the occasion requires. It must be a port close to the Chinese Empire, from which the United States can speak with aggressiveness. Your country must be in a position to speak in that language whose alphabet is figured in ships of war. When you can do that, then a boundless trade with the Orient will soon become for you a veritable treasure-house.

"The accidents of war have given to your country a commanding gateway if utilized, and utilized to its fullest possibilities your future trading will become immense."

LATEST TALKING MACHINE WONDER.

A company of New York newspaper men met the other day in the extensive offices of the Columbia Phonograph Co., on the special invitation of President Easton, for an exclusive hearing of the "Graphophone Grand," the latest development in the art of talking-machine invention. For the sake of contrast, an exhibition was first given of the powers of the familiar phonograph; then the new "Grand" was set up, and records were made of the performances of monologue and instrumental artists, who were present for the occasion. Reproductions immediately followed, with an effect almost startling in their power and accuracy. As was observed by one auditor, the volume and clearness of sound were actually greater, in the case of the talk, when the reproduction was given, than when the record was made; but this apparent phenomenon is explained by the fact that in the latter instance the performer's voice was thrown directly into the funnel.

T. H. Macdonald, manager of the factory of the American Graphophone Co., is responsible for the wonderful "Grand," which he has perfected along the lines laid down by his predecessors in talking-machine invention. Not only will the instrument reproduce speech and song in volume far beyond that of the ordinary human voice, but it moreover preserves in a remarkable degree the clearness and accuracy of enunciation. Its naturalness and purity of tone were specially commended. Obviously there is a great future for the "Grand," while equally certain is it that with this invention the Columbia company will surpass even its greatest achievements so far.

OUR NEW AMBASSADOR.

The editor of the new monthly, Success, which makes a specialty of chronicling all the inspiring and helpful happenings of the day as they bear on a successful life, in profession and business, talked recently with Joseph Choate, who is one of the most successful of living American lawyers, and who has been appointed ambassador to Great Britain to succeed John Day. Mr. Choate was asked:

"You have had long years of distinction and comfort; do you find that success brings content and happiness?"

"Well," he answered, contracting his brow with legal severity, "constant labor is happiness, and success simply means ability to do more labor—more deeds far-reaching in their power and effect. Such success brings about as much happiness as the world provides."

"I mean," I explained, "the fruits of that which is conventionally accepted as success; few hours of toil, a luxuriously furnished home, hosts of friends, the applause of the people, sumptuous repasts, and content in idleness, knowing that enough has been done."

"We never know that enough has been done," said the lawyer. "All this sounds pleasent, but the truth is that the men whose great efforts have made such things possible for themselves are the very last to desire them.

"You have described what appeals to the idler, the energyless dreamer, the fashionable dawdler, and the listless voluptuary. Enjoyment of such things would sap the strength and deaden the ambition of a Lincoln.

"The man who has attained to the position where these things are possible is the one whose life has been a constant refutation of the need of these things.

"He is the one who has abstained, who has conserved his mental and physical strength by living a simple and frugal life. He has not taken more than he needed, and never, if possible, less.

"His enjoyment has been in working, and I guarantee that you will find successful men ever to be plain-mannered persons of simple tastes, to whom sumptuous repasts are a bore, and luxury a thing apart.

"They may live surrounded by these things, but personally take little interst in them, knowing them to be mere trappings, which neither add to nor detract from character."

FUN ENOUGH.

If you would enjoy your work, go about it as if it were a game you were set on winning. According to the Detroit Free Press, a certain old farmer learned this secret—which is not a new one—while watching two "city fellows" playing chess.

The game was long and the farmer ventured to interrupt it.

"Excuse me," he said, "but the object of both of you is to git them wooden objects from where you are over to where they ain't?"

"That partly expresses it," replied one of the players.

"And you have to be continually on the lookout for supprises and difficulties."

"Constantly."

"And if you aint mighty keerful, you're goin'g to lose some on 'em.'

"Yes"

"And then there's that other game that you dress up odd fur, an' play with long sticks an' a little ball."

"You mean golf."

"I think probably that's what I mean. Is that game amusin'?"

"It's quite interesting, and the exercise is very beneficial."

"Well, I reckon it's a mighty good joke no me."

"To what do you refer?"

"The way I've been having fun without knowin' anything about it. If you gentlemen want to reely enjoy yourselves, you come over an' git me to let you drive pigs. You'll git all the walkin' you want, an' the way you have to watch for surprises, an' figger so's not to lose'm, would tickle you 'most to death."

DID THEY DO HIM GOOD?

Among the stories of absent-minded professors, none is more amusing than that told of an Oxford don who called one day to see a sick friend. The friend had been seriously ill, but was convalescent. The professor brought him some delicacies, among which was a fine bunch of hothouse grapes.

The two, professor and convalescent, were so on deep in a discussion, and of course forgot everything else. As he talked, he absent-mindedly began picking the grapes off the bunch, one at a time, and eating them. This he persisted in until every grape was gone.

At last he arose to take his leave, and as he passed out of the door, he turned and said to his sick friend:

"Now mind you eat those grapes; they'll do you a world of good!"

A German naval critic remarked that the 13-inch guns on our ships at Santiago failed to score a hit. He should remember how they splashed water all over the enemy and droped thunderbolts so close to the Colon that she headed for the beach and struck her colors

A force of 800 blue jackets will be sent to Manila to take charge of the three vessel added to the American navey by the wonderful skill of Admiral Dewey as a marksman and angler.

The Vernacular. "Don't you think he puts on too much side?"

"Yes, and a good deal of front, but I don't think it has any backing."

EPITOME OF THE DISPATCHES

A Complete Review of the News of the past Seven days.

A BIG PRICE FOR HAY

There is Thirteen inches of Snow in Gilliam County.

SMALL FIRE AT PENDLETON

Burned part of the Railroad Station, The loss was about $3,000—no Insurance.

Benton county is supposed to be entirely free of sheep affected with scab,

During December residents of Gilliam county bought $11,200 of the forfeited lands of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company

La Grande has selected W. Cowgill, W. G. Hunter and William Miller to represent it at the immigration meeting at Portland on January 21.

Sherman county is buried under 13 inches of snow. But the people are not complaining. Deep snow in winter means bountiful crops in summer.

Baker county owes $200,000, because, according to local authority, she "has too much government in proportion to her taxable property."

Isaac Ennis, of Heppner, manager of the Blue Mountain Telephone Company, has just completed putting in several telephone exchanges at interior towns along the line.

The railroad station building at Pendleton caught fire on the morning of the 12th. The structure is a long narrow building and one end was burned causing a loss of about $3000 Nothing is known about the origin o the fire.

The enrollment for the farmers' short course at the Agricultural college, Corvallis, has reached 60, and in number 15 counties of the state are represented, Lake and Klamath being among them. The enrollment about quadruples that of any former year.

Abram Underhill is 74 years of age and resides at Philomath. He took a notion to visit relatives twelve miles from his home, and lit out afoot on Sunday last. Several with teams overtook him on the way but he poleitly declined every invitation to ride.

Dist. Attorney White has returned to Baker City from El Paso, Tex., where he went to bring about the extradition of Eugene L. Giroux the mine salter. White was a month winning his case. Giroux had plenty of money and friends and the newspapers created sympathy for him.

Continuous reports come to us of work at the Nehalem coal fields and the prospects of a railroad running from Forest Grove to the head of Pebble Creek. The coal lands have been taken and smuggled long enough. It is time the coal company is doing something.—Columbia Co. News.

Geo. A. Massie, ex-populist sheriff, of Columbia county, who absconded from St. Helens in 1893, was located about 20 miles from Pomeroy, Wash. where he has been for the past three years. He was brought back by W. W. Blakesly the latter part of last week. His bail was fixed as $3,000. He will be tried in May,—Columbia Co. News.

Stockmen, at Long Creek, offered as high as $12 per ton for 100 tons of stacked hay January 12th, and were unable to buy any. This is the highest price offered for hay in the stack for many years. Very few farmers have any hay to sell, and those who have, in anticipation of a continuance of the prevailing bad weather, are asking more than stockmen can afford to pay. However, if the weather does not soon moderate, hay owners may get their price.

The report of the local land office, at the Dalles, for December has just been made public. The amount of business for the last quarter has been unusually large, due principally to the final payments on railroad forfeiture lands, the time for which expired January 1. During December the receipts from all sources were $33,605; from testimony and other fees, $89; unearned fees in cases suspeded' $5285; amount forwarded from office, $56,074. Seventy-four homestead entries were made, covering 11,279.07 acres, and 30 final homesteads, 6 timber entries, 5 original desert-land entries, 160 cash entries, overlapping 25,558.81 acres.