East Oregon Herald.

BURNS, OREGON.

COLONEL YERGER'S DREAM.

How the Terrors of Night Were Realized in Broad Daylight.

Some folks who have had dreams take great pleasure in describing them, and such a one is Colonel Yerger.

The other day the Colonel moved down one of the principal streets in Austin, wearing a troubled expression and a new suit of clothes. In his unwonted abstraction he very nearly collided with Judge Peterby.

"Why so pensive?" inquired Judge Peterby, "and why that haunted look?"

"Hello, Peterby!" exclaimed Colonel Yerger. "Excuse me; I did not see you. Well, well, I don't wonder that I look haunted. I have been hunted all night."

"Hunted, eh? 'Tis better to hunt than to be hunted. In what ferocious manner were you pursued? Snakes, savages or wild animals? Bad dream or a well-developed case of nightmare?"

"A dream. At least, it was partly a dream, partly a stern reality."

"What were the prevailing symptoms—any principal features, Yerger?"

"In the first place, I imagined myself at El Paso, and that small dog tried to scrape my acquaintance and introduce himself. Now, I despise mad dogs, and want none of their attentions, and consequently I struck right out for Galveston Bay, nine hundred miles distant, southeast. The dog still pursued me, like the villain in the play, and when I reached the Gulf I was not leading by more than two or three lengths at the best; but in I went, and the wide-mouthed case of canned hydrophobia plunged right in after me. And the brute actually waded, too, waded more than three miles. Those Galveston people never wanted deep water worse than I did. I don't know how much water the dog drew, but he got stuck on the bar, all the same, and I struck boldly out with a full arm, hand-over-hand stroke for Mexico. Pretty soon a playful but heavy-jawed shark got after me, and I was sorry then I had not remained in company with the mad dog. Finally I gained the land somewhere down on Campechy banks, and there I found myself gazing down into the open countenance of the biggest alligator I ever saw in my life. You could throw a Saratoga trunk right down into his hold and not overload him. The alligator smiled, and I bowed deferentially. I wanted to keep on the right side of him. That was the outside. But I did wish at that supreme and awful moment, that I had been desiccated by the shark. But just as the alligator had made all his little interior arrangements for my reception I awoke. My mother-in-law was looking down on me with the calm stony stare of a [illegible] had not jumped down the alligator's larynx, and gone into winter quarters. I learned, too late, that all the rest of my torments had been myths. Here was a stern reality. Was it not a horrible thing to be tortured all night and then at broad daylight be turned over to the enemy?"—*Texas Siftings.*

RAILROAD CONDUCTORS.

The Difficulties a Train Captain Has to Keep His Place.

"Railroads do not often reinstate a man after he has been bounced," said a veteran of the rail to me as we were thundering along his road. "A passenger conductor is generally one who has been promoted from the brakes. Sometimes an engineer is made a conductor, but you will find these things an exception. Companies like to keep good engineers at the throttle. They had rather give them more pay than to promote them. As a rule it is first a fireman on a freight, then to the same place on a passenger, then conductor on a freight and by and by to the passenger train by mighty slow combines. A passenger conductor has a [illegible] extra" for two years or more before he gets a train of his own. And then, when the coveted place is in sight, he has a wreck and if he isn't a mighty good case and occasionally influence he get bounced. Then he has to go to some other road and begin at the bottom.

"I know a man who has worked up this way for ten years. The very first run he had with a regular train there was a smashup, and after the investigation he was fired. He had saved up about $1,500. He took this money and went on the Board of Trade, and lost every dollar in less than a week. He went to railroading again, at the brakes on a freight, for another company, and has just been put on as conductor of a freight on a Western road that kills about six conductors every year. Barring the dangers of an engineer, his place is the best on the road. It is mighty seldom that a engineer, if he escapes, is held to account for an accident. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is the strongest and a nanchest organization on the face of the earth, and is the only one that a railroad directory is afraid of. But the place of conductor, especially passenger conductor, is the most ungrateful and uncertain that a man can hold."—*Chicago Mail.*

—"Papa, how do they catch monkeys?" inquired Willie, who had been to the menagerie. "The best way nowadays, I think, is by means of a double-barreled bustle and triple size cart-wheel hat and a fancy parasol." "Yes," remarked Willie's mother, musingly, "I used to be very much addicted to those little foibles before we were married."—*Washington Critic.*

—The Salt River Valley *News* says: "As an evidence of what civilization is doing for the Indians, we noticed last week one of our stores [illegible] wire bustle [illegible]."

DECAYING ROYALTY.

The Kings of Earth All Broken Up and Going to Pieces.

What is the matter with the royalty of the world? It is all broken up and going to pieces. Dom Pedro of Brazil has become almost a chattering imbecile and a regent is talked of. Queen Victoria is passing into decrepitude and second childhood, and it is no secret that the Prince of Wales does not expect to ascend the throne, believing that ere it shall be vacant Great Britain will have become a republic. Emperor William has one foot in the grave, and the Kronprinz is battling with what may prove an incurable disease. The Czar of all the Russias has faced three successive attempts at assassination in the last six months, and contemplates the probability—nay, almost certainty—that some one of the series still awaiting him will prove fatal. His eldest son and heir apparent is incompetent.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and Hungary, is beloved and honored by his subjects. But he is a feeble old man, and when he dies the bonds which unite Austria and Hungary are likely to snap asunder. The Crown Prince is very unpopular, and his mother, the fearless horsewoman, Empress Elizabeth, is almost hated. Spain has no sovereign. It is waiting for a clouted baby to grow up into a Queen. Servia does not know whether it has a King or Queen or not. Queen Natalie, a Russian officer's daughter, is in exile with the heir apparent. King Milan has ordered that she be never allowed to return. He himself is in Vienna, and Ristics, the Prime Minister, is lying awake nights pondering whether he shall not order both King and Queen to stay out of the country, and he himself run the Government.

There is our friend ex-King Theebaw of Burmah knocked out of his job at Mandalay by General Pendergast and some English soldiers. Then there is Abdurrahman, poor vexed soul, who can't for the life of him tell you to-day whether he is Ameer of Afghanistan or a mere English figure-head. Then, too, there is the fat, economical old Queen of the Netherlands, who has just scandalized Amsterdam by revoking her order for her gay dresses, lest the sick King should die and she have to wear black. The King of Corea has asked to be allowed to quit. The royalty of earth is sick, and the sickness is unto death.—*Cincinnati Post.*

HAPPINESS OF FLIGHT.

The Pure Enjoyment Which Birds Take in Their Aerial Excursions.

May we not infer that all animals whose muscular development is greater in proportion to their bulk than that of man should derive from its exercise a greater intensity of pleasure, greater absolutely in proportion to the attainments and less interfered with by the greater muscular ease with which they are accomplished. If this is so the majority of the mammalia and almost all birds should in their powers of speedy movements on earth or lofty flight in the air possess resources of mental pleasure intense beyond ours [illegible] pain of overstrained muscles. The power of flight is without doubt associated with pleasures which we can not directly gauge or estimate, but of the value of which our desires can give us some idea. That birds distinctly enjoy the exercise of their powers there can be no manner of doubt. Having once acquired the power of flight or inherited it from their sauropsidan ancestor, they have developed it far beyond all the requirements of their individual or specific life. If it were not pleasurable, then flight would be discontinued when it was no longer necessary. But, as a fact, bird life presents innumerable instances of the maintenance of the powers of flight in species to whose existence it is by no means essential. The skylark does not soar from mercenary motives; pigeons, domesticated for generations, fly about all day long, though they need to seek neither food nor shelter. It is not necessary to watch birds on the wing for very long to convince one's self that the act of flight is one of pure enjoyment, that it is cultivated and adorned with the refinements which characterize an "accomplishment." Such is the evolution of the tumbler pigeon, such the more refined and masterly hovering of some birds who possess the power of so balancing themselves on a slanting breeze as to remain motionless with respect to the earth, without apparently moving a wing or a feather, floating all the time, still and calm.—*Nineteenth Century.*

Suffering to Be Beautiful.

From their early youth the Burmese men tattoo their legs from the thigh down to the knees with designs both floral and animal, and puncture the upper part of their bodies with numerous round holes, into which they rub vermilion powder. This operation is such that opium is often administered to deaden the agonizing pain that it causes, and I have heard that deaths frequently ensue from gangrenous inflammation, the result of these punctures. But there is a proverb which says, "*Il faut souffrir pour etre bel,*" and the admiration and envy excited afterward may perhaps compensate these victims of vanity for the tortures to which the decoration subjected them. The tattooing is effected by the juice of a plant which stains the designs an inky black.—*Fortnightly Review.*

—Armand Carrel, to whom a monument has just been erected at Rouen, had a stormy career. He was adventurous from the moment that he left St. Cyr until he was shot by Emil de Girardin, who swore on the tomb of his adversary never to fight a duel again. When fighting in Spain in the Foreign Liberal Legion, which was composed of Frenchman and Italians, the Colonel, an Italian, thought he saw the French w[illegible] and said so. "You lie," retorted [illegible] charged with his [illegible] afterward [illegible]

AN INTEREST IN LIFE.

How Existence Can Be Made Attractive in Spite of Discouragements.

Half the illnesses and more than half the unhappiness in life come from the want of some active outside interest—something to take the person out of himself; chiefly though out of herself; and give her things to think of beyond her own sensations—things to sympathize with beyond her own vague disappointments and shadowy desires. The spiritual barreness of egotism and of illness makes life a very desert, where no green thing flourishes, which no dew from Heaven refreshes, nor living water rejoices. Self-centered and uninterested, life to such an one is but a poor entertainment for the senses; and the deeper emotions and affections have no share therein. The order of the day, with all its necessary circumstances of food, and gradual wearing of the morning through the noon to evening, and the sleep, which is only the culmination of the lethargy of the waking hours—is one long round of weariness and dissatisfaction. Like withered boughs which bear no roses, not an hour has its moment of delight, not an action has its hope of joy or fulfillment of pleasure. The dull day creeps sluggishly from dawn to close, and not a new thought has been awakened nor a new sensation aroused. Marion in the "Moated Grange" was not more dreary than the man or woman who has no outside interest, and whose life is bound up in self; and no prisoner ever hailed the free air of Heaven with more rapturous gratitude than would such an one if set in the way to make that interest and enlarge those boundaries. For we must never forget that many things which look like faults, and pass under the name of faults, are in reality misfortunes—the result of conditions made for us and not by us, and not to be broken by such energy as we possess.

In this one word indeed lies the heart of the matter. With energy we make an interest for ourselves, in spite of the poverty of our circumstances. Without it, opportunities of rich enjoyment pass by unutilized, and we let slip all chances for bettering our fate. It is a misfortune to be born one of the passive, the negative, unenergetic, who divide the world with the active and energetic. Most things in life that are worth having at all have to be sought and pursued, if they are to be captured and held fast. Neither fortune nor pleasure knocks persistently at any man's door, but each has to be at the least looked for up and down the street, and invited in if it is desired to entertain either. But the unenergetic take no pains to find these radiant guests. If they do not come unbidden they do not come at all; and the flowers and gems borne by the sluggish stream on its bosom are left to drift into the great ocean of things now impossible, because of the want of energy to seize them as they passed. The energetic, on the contrary, are of those who improve their holding. No matter how poor the soil—how unpropitious the surroundings—they know whence to gather rich material and fertile seed for the better harvest and the heavier crop. [illegible] they are of those whose circumstances preclude the need of exertion, they make some extraneous interest for which they have to work and think, and in a manner sacrifice their comforts, and break up the deadly monotony of their self-indulgence—that monotony which kills the finer nature when indulged in without a break, and which makes the very misery of the rich.

No matter what the interest so long as we make one for ourselves. From art to religion, and from philanthropy to needle-work, all is useful, if some forms are purer and nobler than others. Many people do very bad art—paint pictures that are caricatures; sing in voices to which tin kettles are as silver bells; write books, innocent of the very elements of composition—but all the same they have an interest which has lifted them out of the deadly dullness of the past. If they have no higher vocation, and their powers are not capable of attaining greater results, it is better for them to use them on these lower levels than not at all; and the world benefits, at least in so far that they are thereby rendered happier—with the consequent result of greater happiness radiated on to others. If they are well endowed they do good work in itself, and the world is the richer by the achievement.—*Chicago Standard.*

—Belgium is the great home of pigeon fanciers, containing, as it does, more than a thousand pigeon societies, which send away from a hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand homing birds every summer to different parts of Europe (mostly France and Spain), there to be let go and find their way back again. Races have sometimes been flown from Rome, nine hundred miles distant, but the *Athenæum* says that this long flight has proved too destructive to valuable birds, owing to the difficulty of passing the Alps.

A Medical Socrates.

A quack doctor recently removed to Austin, Tex., and is doing a flourishing business. He was employed to attend old Mr. McGinnis, who is in a pretty bad way with typhoid fever.

"Well, doctor, how is he coming on?" asked a member of the family.

"There is still hope to save him if he lives until to-morrow, but if he dies in the meantime he is a gone case."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"Gentlemen of the jury," once said an old time judge in Mobile, "the lawyers have been here two whole days discussing the constitutionality of the law under which this suit was brought. You have nothing to do with that. All you have to ascertain is whether the man got the money. If he did he ought to pay it. Take the case."

—Miss Hood—"Three in the gold, Captain! I've outshot you this time." Captain Angus—"Yes, but what has become of my sther arrow? I shot three." Voice of tramp in bushes—"When you folks git through counting your wild fowl, I'd jest come in an' skin this lively tree. I don't feel [illegible] it."

SUMNER'S STRENGTH.

The Remarkable Physical Powers of the Famous Senator.

Mr. Sumner stood six feet two inches high without his shoes, and he was so well built that his height was only noticeable when he was near a person of ordinary size. But there was a manner about him, a free swing of the arm, a stride, a pose of his shaggy head, a sway of his broad shoulders that gave to those who knew him best the idea that he was of heroic size. Then, too, there was something in the intent look of his deep-set eye, his corrugated brow, the frown born of intense thought, and his large head, made to seem yet larger by its crown of thick, heavy, longish gray hair, all of which gave the idea of physical greatness; but with his frequent smile the set frown passed, his whole appearance changed, and his face beamed like a dark lantern suddenly lighted. His smile effected a wonderful transformation in his whole appearance, and it set up a peculiar sympathy between himself and its recipient.

For one of his sedentary habits, he had extraordinary strength, and yet he was not an athlete. While in Washington his only exercise was walking, and as he believed it was the pace rather than the distance that tells, when opportunity offered he would go at a rate that amazed beholders. Some persons attempting to join and keep up with him soon succeeded by taking an occasional hop, skip and jump, such as children practice when walking with their parents. Up to the time of his injuries he walked much in Washington, for, as he said, he could outwalk omnibuses, and give them long odds.

He was hardly aware of his enormous strength, it was so seldom called into exercise. His books were packed in large boxes at the end of each session and sent from his rooms to the Capitol, only to be returned at the beginning of the next session. These boxes weighed nearly five hundred pounds each, and were difficult to handle in passages and stairways, and so were accompanied by four men. Once when he was living at Rev. Dr. Sampson's, one of these heavy boxes got stuck in the stairway. It could be extricated without damage to the walls only by lifting it over the banister. The four men failed to apply their strength to the most advantage, for they got in each other's way, and thus failed to move the box. The Senator, hatted and gloved, ready to go out, came down the stairs.

"Why don't you lift it over the rail?" said he.

"How can we?" answered one. "You have no idea of its weight."

"Let me try," said the Senator, and, leaning over the rail, he seized the rope becket at the end of the box and lifted the latter clear of its entanglements by one sure pull, splitting his glove, however, across the back. The men were amazed; and he, a little embarrassed, said: "I didn't mean to lift it, only to try its weight;" and then went back for fresh gloves.—*Cosmopolitan.*

DRESS WELL, NOT GAUDY.

Why Every Woman Should Array Herself in Neat and Tasty Garments.

"The day will soon come," says a well-known leader of fashion, "when it will no longer be a slur on a good woman, old or young, to say she thinks a good deal of dress; she attaches enormous importance to æsthetics." While it remains a good motive to give others pleasure and spare them disagreeable shocks, the rule must hold good in every department of life. "The day will soon come when it shall be a recognized duty to conceal what is offensive, when slight deformities of limb and skin shall be avowedly disguised by art and great and startling deformities shall cease to disgrace our public streets. It is one of the duties of life to grease the wheels on which we drive as far as ever that is consistent with other duties, and most people must judge for themselves how far that is.

"It is as easy to dress well as ill, since dress we must. Absolute unconsciousness as to how she looks is impossible to any woman, since every eye tells her unbidden; therefore, indifference to appearance is inculcated. It is natural to wish to please in all ways by kindness and a pleasant manner—or, at least, not to displease. How delicately Goldsmith distinguishes his two types of innocent and admirable womanhood! Differently lovely, Olivia was often affected from too great a desire to please; Sophie even repressed excellence from her fears to offend'—'one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successfully repeated.'

"Very beautiful women are seldom vain. They are so used to their own beauty that they do not think much about it, any more than a man thinks much about his own profession when not engaged in the duties. The vain woman is the one who [illegible] fairly disparaged. Under self-consciousness is the revolt against injustice and like all revolts is disagreeable. Were all women acknowledged to have each her points, personal as well mental, and allowed to cultivate them in a sensible and simple spirit, there would be less envy and malice and vanity and wasted time, and more innocent pleasure throughout life. But a pretty woman who leaves her mind uncultivated her mind and dirt for the sake of her body, that is a illustration of the 'jewel of gold in the swine's snout?'"—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Folks going off to the springs should remember that a promissory fifty cents will get more out of a water than one dollar cash.—*Macon Telegraph.*

—Some Washington ladies have introduced the fashion of wearing rings on their thumbs, as each, of course, thinks herself tapeody, in consequence.

—Old Lady (in a store, to small boy)—"What am to take this medicine in, sonny?" Sonny—"Take it in your mouth, mum. Taint to be rubbed on."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A two-story house fell on a Chicago reporter, and when they dug him out they found he had a two-column [illegible] about the accident.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

An Epitome of the Principal Events Now Attracting Public Interest.

A number of cases of scarlet fever are reported in Cole's valley, Southern Oregon.

Eighteen young army officers have been sentenced to various terms of exile in Siberia on charges connected with a revolutionary plot against the government at St. Petersburg.

Rev. Mr. Tate, while boat riding on a small lake, near Waisenburg, Col., capsized the boat and was drowned in the presence of his wife, children and several men standing on the bank, who were powerless to render assistance.

Kneeland's hotel at Shelton, W. T., was burned to the ground, and also a saloon adjoining. The hotel was rented by a man named August McLean, and it is thought by the people in that vicinity that he set it on fire from motives of revenge. An unknown man was consumed in the building.

A fatal collision occurred at Brenner station, on the Atchison & Nebraska railroad. A passenger train coming south crashed into the rear of a freight, telescoping the caboose, which was occupied by six graders on their way to Arkansas. John Worth was scalded to death. Wm. Robinson was seriously scalded and will probably die. T. McEldowney, Chas. Pullman and A. F. Wilcox were badly scalded.

August Spies, Adolph Fischer, Adolph Engel and A. T. Parsons, the anarchists, were hanged at Chicago. A petition with eleven miles of signatures was presented to Gov. Oglesby, praying that the condemned men be reprieved. The request was granted in the cases of Michael Schwab and Samuel Felden. Meantime Louis Linng had committed suicide by blowing his head off with a fulminating cap. The other four paid the penalty of their crime on the scaffold with remarkable coolness. Engel, Parsons, Fischer and Schwab were printers.

The Caradian Pacific overland sleeper, leaving Vancouver, and passenger car were thrown off the track, tumbling down an embankment thirty feet high at a place between Grassette and Otter, about half way between Port Arthur and Cartier. The cause of the accident was a broken rail and the fact that the train was trying to make up lost time. The drawing room car was full of sleeping passengers, and considering that the car was a complete wreck, it seems providential that beyond a few cuts and bruises all escaped uninjured.

A Montgomery, Ala., special tells a horrible story of the burning of two colored men. They had assaulted a young white woman, and were captured by a posse of farmers. The young woman identified them on sight. A trial was had and the people decided that the two men should be burned to death. A log pile was built on the side of a public road, and the negroes were chained each between two heavy logs and then the four logs were chained together, so that the wildest contortions of the wretches could not shake them. A fire was kindled, which soon blazed up and enveloped them. Their writhings and screams were not heard long, for the flames soon put an end to life.

The trouble with the Crow Indians is ended. Gen. Ruger gave them one hour and a half in which to consider his demand to surrender. They refused, and a red-hot skirmish then resulted, in which Corporal Charles Thompson was killed, Private Eugene Malloy slightly wounded, and Private Clark thrown from his horse and his shoulder dislocated. A running fight ensued, the Indians retreating, some to a peaceful gathering near the agency, and others crossing the river and taking to the hills. "Swordbearer" made a final stand at the crossing of the Little Horn, about one mile below the agency, in which he and probably three of his followers were killed. "Swordbearer's" body was brought into camp, but the other Indians are only reported dead. Most of the Indians circled about and returned to the agency, mixing with the other camps. There are now supposed to be from twenty to fifty on the outside.

At St. Louis an explosion of gasoline in the rear cellar of Michael Newman's grocery store, lifted the two story building from its foundation and dropped it back again in a mass of ruins, beneath which were buried twelve persons. They were Michael Newman, aged 52; Mrs. Newman, aged 40; Mamie Newman, aged 18; Nellie Newman, aged 15; Kate Newman, aged 11; Eddie Newman, aged 13; Charles Devere, Mrs. Charles Devere, Hattie Brown, of Columbus, Ky., Charles Elfferd, Miss Bryany, and Mrs. Bergeley. The extinguishing of the fire was a difficulty put out by the firemen. They then began the search for the dead. All of the upper part of the building was occupied as a tenement by Newman and his family, over the store. The force of the explosion was terrific. An entire block of buildings north of and across the alley from the building in which the explosion took place was gutted by the blast. The Newman block was crushed in and was covered by the roof, which had settled down upon the ruins and formed a barrier through which the rescuers had to cut away the beams and walls, which impeded their progress. In the same building lived Charles Devere, a traveling salesman, and his wife. Visiting them was Miss Hattie Brown, of Columbus, Kentucky. She was badly injured, but miraculously escaped death, and was the only person who passed through the horrible ordeal and lived to tell the story of her escape.

—Prince Ferdinand, whom the misguided Bulgarians chose for their leader, wears a bracelet on either arm and parts his hair in the middle.

—Jenny Lind Goldschmidt lives in an attractive suburb of London, and, though she is sixty-six years old, she feels young and is intensely interested in every musical event.

—Duke Charles Theodore, of Bavaria, the physician brother of the Empress of Austria, during a recent stay at Moran, made no less than two hundred and twenty successful operations at the eye infirmary of that town.

OREGON NEWS.

Everything of General Interest in a Condensed Form.

Over 400 pupils are now enrolled in the Eugene public school.

Grass is growing nicely on the ranges and stock of all kinds is doing well in Umatilla county.

Jos. Johnson, boatswain of the British bark Androsh, fell into the river and was drowned at Albina.

There is more mountain fever in this valley at present than ever before known, says the Wallowa *Chieftan.*

R. E. Marple, the murderer of D. I. Corker, was hanged at Lafayette. This was the second legal execution in Yamhill county.

A great deal of fall plowing is being done, and there is a constant demand for men to work on farms, says the Weston *Leader.*

In Umatilla county prairie chickens, grouse and pheasants never were so scarce. The cold rains in the spring killed the young.

Stockmen throughout Baker county are well supplied with feed for the winter, and there is every probability that stock will pull through the winter safely.

Sylvester, son of Wm. Black, while driving on a load of wood, near Harrisburg, was crushed under the beam of a wood-bed, inflicting serious, though not necessarily fatal injuries.

The Coos Bay Fishermen's Protective Union has filed articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State. Capital stock $1,000. Also the First Congregational Church of Albina. Value of property, $800.

Land Commissioner Sparks has rejected selections of the Oregon & California Railroad of about 62,000 acres of land in Oregon within the quadrant formed by restoration to the public domain of the forfeited portion of the Oregon Central railroad grant.

One by one Company B of the First Regiment of Oregon Volunteers, engaged in the Indian war of 1856, are passing away to join the great majority, says a Jacksonville paper. Of the eighty-four men that composed that company, rank and file, but seven remain.

The oldest editor in Oregon or Washington Territory is the editor of the Ellensburgh (W. T.) *Localizer.* He dates back to September 12, 1850, a little more than thirty-seven years, when he took charge of the *Spectator*, the only paper in Oregon, in the summer of 1850.

A few days ago a man was found at Rock creek, Grant county, under a wagon that had turned over on and seriously injured him. He was a German named Peter Howe, who had been deserted by his wife at Malheur, and with his little daughter was coming to Upper Ochoco to his friends.

Work has been resumed at the Cascade locks, and those in charge claim they have 240 men at work. The lower end of the canal is filled with sand which is being taken out. A gang of about twenty men are employed in recutting some of the stone which was cut several years ago, and another gang is putting up some buildings and repairing others.

C. C. Coffinberry, of Union, was thrown from a buggy by a frightened team in Grand Ronde valley, and so seriously injured that he died the following night. The La Grande *Gazette* comments on the accident as follows: The mortality caused by runaway teams and fractious horses in this county is something frightful, there being almost an average of two persons killed every year in this way, and the death rate from this source seems either on the increase than otherwise.

Alonzo Morris, engaged at a logging camp near Pine creek, Baker county, was killed instantly and horrible mangled and crushed by the falling of a tree. He had just commenced logging that day and had driven his ox team to a standstill near the tree he was about to fell. The tree was ready to fall, when the oxen started up, and fearing they would get in harm's way, he attempted to stop them. He had only gone a few steps when the tree fell on him, striking him in the back and head.

A young man named Cal. Winningham, aged about 18 years, met his death in a singular manner at the home of himself and brother, in Flounce River precinct, says an Ashland paper. His brother, about 21 years old, had a homestead claim there, and the two boys were chopping wood. Cal. had a very sharp ax, and in a fall backward over a log the ax struck his neck under the chin and severed the jugular vein. His brother ran to a neighbor's for help, and the young man was dead before [illegible]

In the case of the Secretaries of State, clerks of the following counties have filed copies of the assessment roll of their respective counties, and from them it is learned that the amounts of taxable property are as follows: Washington, $2,687,090; Morrow, $1,172,318; Clatsop, $2,120,380; Grant, $2,814,124; Tillamook, $290,633; Columbia, $699,371; Klamath, $1,015,559; Crook, $1,257,178; Baker, $1,617,683; Coos, $1,315,838; Lake, $1,636,294 36; Gilliam, $1,265,295; Douglas, $2,886,460; Malheur, $963,002; Josephine, $716,061; Curry, $470,222; Multnomah, $20,454,405; Benton, $3,772,571; Clackamas, $2,347,829; Linn, $4,076,579; Linn, $5,492,961; Polk, $2,822,188; Wasco, $3,085,360; Marion, $6,421,684, and Wallowa, $558,524. The amount of taxable property in the entire State will be in round numbers $86,000,000, against $79,000,000 last year. Multnomah shows by far the greatest gain, its increase being over $1,700,000.

William Kleinschmidt tried to kill his wife at Tacoma, and then committed suicide. He was arrested three months ago while trying to kill a police officer, and has been in jail ever since, after having had one trial with no result. The sheriff allowed him to go and see his wife and change his clothing, when he attacked her in her bedroom with a razor and cut her face [illegible] She broke away from him [illegible] When he was discovered he had cut his throat from ear to ear. He died [illegible] His wife is a young [illegible]

COAST CULLINGS.

Devoted Principally to Washington Territory and California.

M. Alexander, a clothing merchant, was found dead in his store at Bellevue, Idaho.

Nellie Ahart, a four-year-old daughter of Peter Ahart, was fatally burned at Lincoln, Cal.

There are said to be fifty-eight cases of measles on the Puyallup (W. T.) Indian reservation.

At the ranch of T. A. Hulan, near Visalia, Cal., Leroy (colored) shot and killed Henry Fridgeon.

Bears are said to be making very free with the orchards in the vicinity of Port Townsend, W. T.

Fred Numan, a young man of Seattle, was drowned near Coupeville, W. T., by the upsetting of a steam launch.

W. F. Borchers, an old resident of Sacramento, accidentally shot and killed himself with a breech loading gun.

Up to November 1 of this year, 1235 bales of hops, with aggregate weight of 226,000 pounds, were shipped from North Yakima, W. T.

Josephine Martin, a Norwegian woman, died from a dose of "rough on rats," at San Francisco. She took it in mistake for medicine she had been using, being in ill health.

The planing mill and the sash and door factory of the Madera Flume and Trading Company, was consumed by fire at Madera, Cal. A carpenter named Alonzo C. Collins perished in the flames. The loss is over $20,000.

The vegetables grown in Washington Territory are surprising to visitors from the East. Watermelons weighing 57 pounds, cabbages weighing 40 pounds, beets 24 and potatoes 8½ pounds are calculated to excite the wonder of any people outside of the Territory.

Prof. Cushman, who has charge of the Government [illegible] expedition in South America, has unearthed a whole city there and exhumed 2000 skeletons. The location is about eighty miles northwest of Tucson, near the junction of Salt river with the Gila.

A night watchman found the body of a laboring man lying at the foot of the embankment of the railroad track at Stockton, Cal. The corpse found a deep cut over the right eye, which it is believed resulted from being hit by a freight train which passed through there.

The bridge over the Columbia river, at Kennewick, W. T., is only temporary work, for use until the permanent bridge shall have been finished. It will be some time before the permanent one will be built. It is said the bridge will be similar to the one at Ainsworth across the Snake river.

Three children, all suffering from smallpox, were found in an old building separated by only two walls from the Broadway school house, where a hundred or more children attend school at San Francisco. The parents had seemingly attempted to conceal the presence of the disease. They are Italians.

Mount Constitution on Orcas island, W. T., is 2400 feet high, from the top of which some grand scenery is discernible. It has two fine lakes, pretty well up. A correspondent writes that a movement is being organized to grade a road to the top of the mountain in order to open a summer resort at the summit.

The residence of Emil Hansen, a butcher, with the contents, burned at Fresno, Cal. Hansen's two year old son, in the building, burned to death. The mother and two remaining children barely escaped with their lives. One boy four years old was badly scorched. The origin of the fire, it is supposed, was a defective flue.

John Cutler, a laborer engaged in whitewashing a store on Montgomery street, San Francisco, while standing on a board, and attempting to whitewash a corner of the room reached too far, his feet pushed the plank from under him, and he fell to the floor with a crash. He fell on his head, receiving a shock that caused concussion of the brain.

The boys on the day force of the Western Union telegraph messenger service struck at San Francisco for ten hours' work a day, instead of thirteen and fourteen and sometimes more. They also asked that regular "night boys" should be employed to work from 2 P. M. to 3 in the morning, thus doing away with the porter system of alternate "nights or [illegible]." The company's managers at first positively refused the fanciful strikers, but demands of the array of telegrams began to accumulate, with no applicants for delivery, reconsideration prospect then, and the company was soon [illegible] work victorious.

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