

The sensations of the day: the Terry murder, Maybrick sentence, and Brown-Sequard's elixir of life.

JUSTICE FIELD was arrested, relieved by a writ of habeas corpus, bail fixed at \$5000. The Federal government took Nagle from the State government, removing him secretly before day-break from Stockton to San Francisco by a special train and car.

An important question arises for discussion in the legal fraternity as to Federal rights, vs. State rights, in this case.

EXCHANGE: There are saloon keepers who labor under the false impression that when their liquor license expires, they have ten days grace within which to step up to the treasurer's office and pay. This is a mistake. The new license is due and payable immediately on the expiration of the old, and any person discovered transgressing the ordinance is amenable to fine and imprisonment. Any contrary misrepresentation on the part of an officer who may wish to profit by the lapse, is wrong and punishable. This has been done frequently, but it is hoped after this warning it will not again occur.

SUNDAY WELCOME: From what has leaked out in respect to the British spy system in America, traced through the alleged Cronin "mystery," it is no wonder that the British lion roars at the way that the Yankeeified Parnellites are twisting his tail in Ireland. It is almost an open secret that the British spy system in the United States costs that government over five million of dollars per annum, by which its detective service seeks to permeate every important Irish organization in America; and it is hinted that even here in Portland there is a "Scotland yard" detective playing Irish patriot among us.

THERE is no office of trust in a county so small that there is no applicant to fill it. This is as it should be. It is the duty of each American citizen to help in every way to keep the necessary machinery of government going. The trouble generally is too many offer themselves, so many, in fact, that, if it were not for the guard thrown up in the shape of party conventions, the voters would be worse than confused as to whom to select. But for once in the political history of a county an office goes begging.

The stock inspector of Crook county, Geo. Nutting, mysteriously disappeared while out in the vast waste of that country some three months ago, and no one is found willing to accept the position. The Prineville News says "We believe the county court must appoint an inspector even if compelled to do so by mandamus."

"Somebody is evidently making something by the non-existence of the presence of an inspector for a quarter of a year," says the horseman to the cattleman, "and it aint you, nor it aint me, either."

THE HERALD emphatically denies the truth of the statements made by the Ochoco Review, Grant County News and other newspapers to the effect that the drought in Harney county has "starved the settlers out," that they are "leaving Harney daily," etc. The only settler that we have heard of as having left the valley is one that owns property West of the Cascades, and lives a part of the year there and part of the year here. He left here a few weeks since with his teams, but will return in the spring.

Could our cotemporaries in adjoining counties see the quantities of grain being delivered in Burns for shipment as we see it daily, they would be compelled to disbelieve the tales told them by some of the disappointed would-have-been squatters, that will just as surely give a similar report of Crook, Grant and Baker when safe on the other side of their borders.

If there's a starving human being within the boundaries of Harney county, let it be known at once. We have neither seen nor heard of a case this year, and furthermore, we will assert there has never been

a pauper in Harney county, and if you can say the same of your counties, fellow-journalists, hold up your hands.

"In California under the code last adopted," says the Examiner, "there is no such thing as an accessory before the fact. Any one with the knowledge of a contemplated crime, or any one advising the commission of such a crime, is a principal in the eyes of the law."

A warrant sworn out at 4 o'clock, Aug. 15th, by Justice Swain, of Stockton, on complaint of Mrs. Terry on charge of murder of her husband was put in the hands of Sheriff Cunningham, who served it at noon the next day on Justice Fields, who will be prosecuted by District Attorney White as a principal in the case.

There is no evidence brought forward to show that Terry's presence on board the same train with Fields was premeditated; the Judge and Mrs. Terry were simply on their way to attend circuit court to answer to the charge of resisting arrest by Deputy Marshal Franks in court last September, for which offense they had both served six months in jail by order of Fields.

There is every reason to believe that Terry felt nettled against Field for using his court and his power as a judge against him to humiliate him and he intended to humiliate Fields in turn by slapping him publicly in the face and then prove that officer a coward when off the bench.

As for Deputy-Marshal Nagle's readiness to shoot under cover of "official duty," this case will most likely show that there is no authority under the laws of the American Republic, that can empower one man to act as an armed body-guard for any of its citizens with instructions "from the department of justice" direct or implied to kill in defense of said incompetent citizen.

Is intoxication contagious? It certainly appears so. Not only is intoxication catching in the case of men who get together and drink, but men who never drink find themselves experiencing an undue exaltation, if they happen to fall in with a crowd of men who are drinking. Men who seem to look at the bowl have been known to go home with a company of rather mellow friends, in a state of intoxication not distinguishable from the real article, after a few hours in which they have drank nothing but seltzer and lemon.—Welcome.

For instance: Husband comes in after midnight, dumps his hat in the coal-scuttle, hangs his boots behind the door, kicks his spittoon over thinking it the cat.

Wife—"Here's the bed! that's the wardrobe you're trying to climb into!"

Husband—"No such a thing. This is the bed. Guesh I know what it doin'."

Wife—"You don't either. You'll wake the baby—take your leg out of that crib! I do despise a drunk man."

Husband—"Drunk man! No such thing. Met three, four friends 's I'm coming down street. All uv um tight, an' I caught it from 'um. 'Toxiation's contagious. Women don't know nothin'. Go to sleep an' mind your babizhe. Seltzer and lemon don't make me drunk. Caught this here drunk from my friend-sh"—[snore].

Peterson for September is already on our table. The steel engraving, "Pick a Back" is a charming picture; the wood illustration "The Young Family" is exceedingly pretty. The illustrated articles, gives a variety of head dresses and costumes, and describes them in a charming way. Miss Bowman's serial "In St. Tammany Parish," ends most touchingly while the continued story, "Ted and I" concludes in as sprightly manner as it commenced. The short stories are exceptionally good and the fashion and household notes are as complete as ever. The "Talk by a Trained Nurse" gives useful and much needed directions for "Lifting and Moving a Helpless Person." Altogether this number thoroughly maintains "Peterson's" high reputation. Terms: two dollars a year. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

General Boulanger now appears as a possible factor in the religious movement in France. M. Edmond de Pressense, in an article in Harper's Magazine for September, incidentally explains the General's relation to a fraction of the Catholic party.

COMMUNICATIONS BY OUR READERS.

A cordial invitation is extended each and every reader of THE HERALD to contribute to this department of the paper, on any subject of general interest. We claim the right to accept or reject any part of the whole, but not to change the ideas presented. We prefer articles over the writer's own signature, but some are anonymous. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions advanced by writers under the above caption.

Round Island Farm.

EDS. HERALD: A few items from my observations made during my recent visit to "The Reefs" between Harney and Malheur lakes, may be of some interest to your readers. In company with my family we first passed the "Red-S" settlement and up the north side of Malheur lake to the Reefs, keeping on the east side.

We found the channel dry between the two lakes; crossing the channel we then hugged as close to the Malheur lake as it is possible for a team to travel along the south side, until we came to "The Narrows" a distance of some eight miles from the Reefs. The point of interest that I wish to call the public's attention to, is that a body of country embraced between the rim-rock, the lakes and the Narrows, all lying west of the Narrows.

This is all unsurveyed and there is over a township of it, much of it appears on our maps as "lake," and at times, it is overflowed, but is certainly the best body of meadow-lands in Harney valley. There is not a settler on it, and up to date no claims are against it, only, as a common range for the thousands of cattle and horses that occupy this tract every fall and winter.

The above is given in contradiction of the assertions that there are no lands to be had by settlers in the Harney country except those upon which stockmen have claims.

It is certain that much of this country has been overflowed of late years, but I find ample evidence to prove that thousands of acres of land was at one date in the past, dry land upon which grew sagebrush and grease-wood for a number of years in succession. There is a mud-flat near the Reefs on the Malheur side, that embraces thousands of acres that is thickly studded with sage-brush and grease-wood stumps that evidently at one time was dry land.

I can show any man or any body of men in Oregon or the United States, large sage-brush stumps standing in the ground as they grew right among the tules.

This shows that Harney valley has been subject to years of drouth as well as overflows.

The Malheur lake is dried up for miles and can be crossed by horsemen at many points, and with teams at the Narrows. This lake is fed by springs in its main bed. The bed of the lake is the best of a dark rich loam, and is yielding a rich growth of weeds and grass.

This lake can all be surveyed this fall and winter, and ought to be. It should be sectionized and then a swamp agent sent out to select it for the State as swamp land, then some corporation can buy it all up and fence it in, then the public will appreciate it as a good body of land, and will be willing to settle on it.

Some may claim that this country cannot be settled because of the prospective high waters—when that country is drowned out, there will be many other sections submerged, for with the meddlers and dabblers with the waters that supply Malheur lake I have doubts whether the border lands of the Malheur lake will ever be submerged again.

The country I write of lies parallel and from eight to ten miles of the now located line of the Oregon Pacific railway.

There will be a county road established from Blitzen to Burns with a bridge at the Narrows. This country will one day make the great hog growing region of Harney valley. All that is wanting to make it a thrifty land is intelligence, industry, and "grit" to go to the front and open up.

T. V. B. EMBREE.  
8-25-'89.

In Harper's Magazine for September William Dean Howells enters into a friendly controversy with William Sharp in regard to the latter's belief that "there is a romantic revival imminent in our poetic literature."

In Harper's Magazine for September George William Curtis pays tribute to the late John Gilbert.

In the September Number of Harper's Magazine James Lane Allen traces the evolution of Kentucky Fairs.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

Prineville News: A number of men will leave here next Monday to make another search for the body of George Nutting.

On Thursday night a seedy sheep herder who had not been hair-brushed or curried since Heck was a little dog, came to town to get on his annual spree, and to have "a good" time blowing in his wages, singing smutty songs, and changing drinks until he was most too drunk to lay on the ground without danger of rolling off. This fellow managed to get to bed in the Fossil Hotel, but evidently he did not know whether he was lighting a cigarette or the bed-tick, and it happened to be the latter. The fire was detected in time to save the building, but not until the bed-clothes were injured considerably. Mr. Sheepherder paid \$7.50 for the damage to the bed. It was a close call for the hotel and in fact the principal part of the town.

Prineville News: Ad Perham and family left for the cool shades of Deschutes on the 21st, to try their luck at fishing for three or four weeks.

Portland Times: A. Meier, of the firm of Meier & Frank, of this city, fell dead at the breakfast table at his residence on Friday morning last. Mr. Meier was one of the most successful and liberal business men in Portland, and his sudden death is felt by many warm friends. He leaves behind him the glorious record of an honest and upright man.

The Highbinders are at it again. Notwithstanding direct orders from the officials to disband, the Chinamen have again met, and passed a sentence of death upon Pon Sec, one of the whitest Chinamen in the city, and also upon Lee Tong. This sentence is passed because the two individuals saw fit to not perjure themselves in order to save the neck of one of the most blood-thirsty highbinders that ever stretched hemp. These highbinders are the very ones who are howling about the rights of Chinamen who come here and obey the laws, and yet they have no more respect for American laws than Seid Beck had for the emancipation proclamation.

A SKEW of LEGS and a streak of Fat. Oregon Times:

A five-year-old child at Monson, Me., is said to speak three languages.

Lebanon, Pa., boasts of a cat that has raised a family of sixty-eight kittens.

Tom Wilson, of Ashville, N. C., has slain 356 bears in the mountains of that region.

At Wickford, R. I., one day last week, it rained small toads, much to the confusion and disgust of the inhabitants.

A horse that ran away in West Newbury, Mass., wasn't caught until it reached a town twenty-two miles distant, six hours later.

Guthrie, with its suburbs, now has 15,000 inhabitants, six banks, eight newspapers, thirty-seven lumber yards and hundreds of stores.

It has been computed that the average growth of the finger-nail is one thirty-second of an inch per week, or a little more than one and one-half inches per year.

A family of three persons named Cramer, living in Braddock, near Pittsburg, will become, by the law of entailment, possessors of a vast estate on the borders of Cape May.

Henry Hodges, of Lampasas, Tex., is claimed to be the oldest living Mason and Democrat. He is said to be 109 years old and to have cast his first vote for Jefferson.

John McDonald, who has been blind for thirty years, suddenly recovered eyesight while ill at Waterbury, Conn. His case is attracting great attention in the medical world.

The income of a professional rat catcher averages \$1,500 per year, and there are only ten of them in the United States. The average income of a lawyer is only \$700 a year, and the ranks are overcrowded.

In a St. Louis hospital a man had a dream that covered 10,000 miles of travel and six months' time, yet he was only a minute and a half covering the whole business. If the body could move with the brain how would we whizz!

A hen owned by John Seal, of Swarthmore, Pa., which has supplied his family with spring chickens and eggs for nearly fourteen years, was recently tied to a trestle to prevent her setting, when she committed suicide by hanging herself.

A young man at Buenos Ayres quarrelled with his mother-in-law and left her house. To be revenged he advertised in the papers that at the house were she was living "a domesticated crocodile" was for sale, and for days the poor old lady was besieged by hundreds of hidlers for the curiosity.

The Pittsburg Law and Order League, which has been trying to stop the Sunday sale of cigars, is confronted with a new automatic machine which sells them to all who drop a nickel in the slot. The first machine was started last Sunday, but worked awkwardly for a while, throwing out a whole box of cigars for a nickle.

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