

STATE AND COAST.

Taken From Our Exchanges Through-out the Northwest.

The local excitement at Nehalem is a sheet and pillow-case ball.

Farmers of West Chehalis complain of many sheep being killed by dogs.

Marion county commissioners have reduced bounties for wild animals one-half.

Application has been made to the Pendleton city council for a telephone exchange franchise.

The Lostine Flouring Mill company has been incorporated, and citizens of that place are subscribing the stock.

The Southern Pacific will build a hope warehouse at Salem 40x100 feet. Last season 8240 bales were shipped from that point.

A few days ago John Wyatt killed thirteen skunks, young and old, near Corvallis, and still is not quarantined by his neighbors.

The Hillsboro mill has filled an order for nineteen cars of rolled oats the past month, and has another order for seven more.

Albany has taken hold of the creamery matter in a business way and appointed committees to report at a meeting January 23.

Thomas O'Leary has secured a judgment for \$5000 against the Puget Sound & Alaska Steamship company for damages, at Seattle.

It is reported that Colonel Jay P. Lucas, county clerk of Gilliam county, will resign his office in March and remove to Monmouth.

The Tacoma Poultry Association's first annual show began in that city Tuesday with more than five hundred birds on exhibition.

Dr. Y. C. Blalock, retiring fire chief of Walla Walla, was presented with a cane by the members of Tiger engine company Monday night.

Mrs. Caroline B. Showers died at Forest Grove January 13, aged 61 years. She came to Oregon in 1877 from Iowa, and was a native of Pennsylvania.

Wallowa county has the privilege of footing the bills of a legal contest growing out of a dispute about ten cents in adjusting an account at Joseph.

The highest water ever known in Dairy creek, Washington county, occurred a few days ago. Portions of the Greenville and Centerville bridges were swept away.

J. A. West, superintendent of the Sumpter Valley railroad, was severely injured Saturday by a velocipede car on which he was riding jumping the track.

News has been received in Tacoma from the East that Paul Shulze has succeeded in placing \$1,000,000 bonds of the Yakima ditch, in the Yakima country.

The Newsboy's Union of Spokane has boycotted the Chronicle because it will not take back unsold papers at cost price. Everybody who buys one is to be listed as a "scab."

Deckhands of the steamer Hoag saw in the river near Half-Moon bend an object they took to be a human body a few days ago. It is surmised that it may have been the body of Pryor Scott.

Hilda Johnson, a girl fifteen years of age, living at Olalla, Kit- nap county, took strychnine Sunday morning, and died in two hours in great agony. She wanted to live in Seattle if she staid on earth at all.

The peculiarities of the Chinook wind are shown in the region south of The Dalles. All of the snow on the high ground, from Tygh ridge to the Blue mountains, has disappeared, while winter still reigns in the lower altitudes.

A petition being circulated asking the legislature to appropriate \$10,000 for a state wagon road into the Bohemia mining district, the road to run from Sharp's Creek, Frank Asford's, to Fairview gap 11 miles from 2800 elevations.

DOWN IN A CRATER.

Wonders Witnessed by a Mountain Explorer.

Indian Legends of a Famous Extinct Volcano in the West - Strange Animals Found in the Subterranean Caverns.

Crater mountain is one of the Umatilla Indians' great spook depots from ancient time, says the Baker City Democrat. Ruels that are now white with the hoary frosts of many winters recede hanging in the trees tightly strapped to their nursing boards, while their mothers roamed the forests in search of game for the lords of creation or wood for the tepees, and from infancy love to relate how the great spirit spoke to them with the awful voice of terrific thunder in the bowels of the earth. Many are the stories and legends of Indian lore told of Crater mountain. One of the favorite ones is told of a great war between the Shoshones and Umatillas. When the Umatillas had conquered their foes they proceeded to slaughter old and young, regardless of sex. One beautiful Shoshone maiden, seeing that death was inevitable from her pursuing foes, plunged headlong into the burning crater, and instantly the volcanic eruption ceased, much to the consternation of her pursuers, who on the following day found, on looking down the chasm of inky darkness, a resplendent light with the form of the Shoshone maiden in the midst of the apparition. They told it to their dusky warriors—and to this day Crater mountain is looked upon with reverence from an Indian point of view.

The following is from the diary of J. A. Wright: "Crater mountain is located some eleven miles from the Camp of Cornucopia, on the south side of the range whose peaks are tipped with eternal snow. Many chasms and fissures have in the misty past cleft the mountains and left them in the most fantastic shapes. Vegetation ceases to grow after a certain height is reached, and close under the base of one of the great peaks is the famous extinct volcano. Ashes and lava are found in great profusion and in such indescribable masses that it makes the ascent one of peril and great difficulty. However, once at the top, a peek down into the blank, fathomless abyss supplies the most morbid minds with all the sensationalism necessary for a lifetime. A favorite amusement was to throw rocks down and listen to the sounds as they struck on the projecting sides of the dark chimney until the sounds died away, leaving nothing but for the mystified explorer to guess it had reached the bottom."

Many have been the stories circulated of the wonderful cavern that extended from the sides of the great chimney. A stout cable was provided and a basket swung from a pulley. Hon. Joseph, with camera and notebook, was carefully lowered some three hundred and seventy-eight feet, when he noticed an aperture in the side of the chimney, and, by signals agreed upon, a halt was called in his downward career, and he crawled through a cleft in the great chimney, and the work of exploration began. The first sight that met his astonished gaze was a most stupendous chamber, from whose mighty dome hung stalactites of great beauty, which were enhanced by the light of the candle, and fairly struck terror to his heart, as the flickering candle seemed to possess the power of some unseen hand that made millions of the brilliant stalactites dance in resplendent beauty. A great snowy owl blinked at the astonished Joseph.

The explorer groped his way to the far end of the chamber, where he thought he heard the sounds of falling water—nor was he mistaken, for squeezing himself through an opening he found himself in another chamber of great beauty, with a stream of hot sulphur water running into the earth. The incrustation from the sulphur water had transformed the cavern into a coral-like substance and left it in such fantastic shapes. He found in the water some lively little lizards and some frogs that change color on the slightest provocation and two large rats, who eyed the explorer with a curiosity that seemed to bode no good, and he longed for his little gun.

New Terror for French Convicts. Life in the French penal colony at New Caledonia has been pictured as so agreeable, both by reason of the climate as well as the leniency with which convicts have been treated, that transportation seems to have lost most of its terrors. Criminals do not conceal their preference for a long sentence in the beautiful Pacific island to a much shorter term with hard labor in one of the penitentiaries at home, and when perpetrating a misdeed have sought as a rule to render their offense as serious as possible, so as to entail transportation if captured. It is with a view of putting an end to this sentiment that the French government has now decided to stop sending convicts to New Caledonia, and is making arrangements to deport them instead to Gaboon, the fever-stricken and most pestilential of all districts of French Congo and in Africa.

Things Learned in the Morgue. The old keeper of the morgue in this city, who has seen hundreds of unknown bodies exhibited for identification, has arrived at some interesting conclusions, says the Philadelphia Record. If the face of the dead person is perfectly composed and natural, of course, intimate friends or relatives recognize them immediately. But, he says, if the face is distorted through pain or disfigured by injuries, a casual acquaintance can identify the body much easier than the closest relation. He explains this by saying that people who have known a person well for a long time lose sight of the features and see rather the personality reflected in the lines of the face. A casual acquaintance notes the features, and can identify them without any other aid.

STRIPPED BY LIGHTNING.

The Startling Experience of a Montana Man, Who Still Survives the Shock.

Charles R. Hoffman, of Butte, Mont., was standing at the mouth of a mine not long ago when he was struck by lightning. The thunderbolt, he thinks, first struck the straw hat he was wearing, and it tore a hole in the hat that was part of the rim. Then it tore his clothing into shreds and left him naked. Both his overalls and the shirt he was wearing presented the appearance of having passed through a saw-mill. Nobody can tell him why he was not killed by the lightning. The bolt, he says, after passing through his hat, struck him on the shoulder and ran the full length of his body, burning the skin to a crisp on the side and legs. It also cut his left foot on the side and bottom, breaking the bones of the foot.

"My clothes were torn to pieces and thrown from my body," said Mr. Hoffman to a writer for the New York World, "and my shoes were torn from my feet." He became unconscious as soon as he was struck by the lightning and did not revive for an hour and a half. When he regained his senses Hoffman was in great pain and he was confined to the hospital for nine weeks. When Hoffman's clothing was examined after the accident it was seen that in many places the lightning had cut the cloth as easily as if it had been done with a razor. Some of the cuts were long and straight. The lightning took his clothes off quicker than he could have undressed himself, and it threw them in a pile on one side of the track, with his shoes carefully deposited beside the pile. The clothes seemed to have been neatly folded until they were examined and found to be a pile of rags. Hoffman's "pants" had been yanked off him without the formality of pulling them over his feet. This seemingly impossible task was accomplished by the lightning first cutting one leg open, and then it appeared to have taken them by the seat and dropped them on the seat, and to finish the job by depositing Mr. Hoffman's straw hat on top of all. After it got through with Hoffman this remarkable streak of lightning ran along a metal track into the Glenary mine, at the mouth of which he had been working, ran to the end of the shaft, which is four hundred feet below the surface of the ground, and then it ran along a "cross cut" two hundred feet where it branched off and for sixty feet followed a "winze." There were several men at work at this point, and all were more or less stunned. The bolt of lightning went into the earth when it reached the end of the "winze." Hoffman is now known in Butte as "the human lightning rod."

SHAVING IN JAMAICA.

It is Usually a Very Primitive Proceeding.

The natives of Jamaica have no need to buy soap, for the woods abound in plants whose leaves and bulbs supply very well the place of that indispensable article. Among the best of these is the soap tree, so called, though it is more a bush than a tree. Its botanical name is Phalangeria Pomeridiana. Its bulb, when rubbed on wet clothes, makes a beautiful lather, which smells much like the common brava soap.

The Jamaican negroes, some of whom are great dandies in their way, make a soap out of coconut oil and homemade lye; and a fine soap it is, smooth and fragrant. This coconut-oil soap is used for shaving.

When a man wishes to shave in the morning he starts out with his coconut-shell cup and birdonkey-tail brush and a bottle. It is never any trouble to find an empty bottle in Jamaica, even in the mountains. At least twenty generations of thirty people have lived there, and thrown away the empty bottles.

The man carries no mirror, because he has none to carry. Not one negro cabin in a dozen has even a cheap looking-glass. But nature provides the mirror as well as the soap. The man goes to a convenient pool in the mountain stream, where the water is still, and there is his mirror. He breaks his bottle on a stone and picks out a good sharp piece. Then he lathers his face profusely and begins to scrape away with his piece of glass, which works almost as well as a sharp razor.

WORK WITHOUT PAY.

Well-Known Authors Who Decline to Accept Money for Their Works.

This is true of Count Lyof Nikolievitch Tolstoy, the famous Russian author, who, while in the army as a member of the staff of Prince Gortschakoff, was present at the storming of Sebastopol in 1855. Leaving the army, and already a famous poet and novelist, he devoted himself to literature, and spent a short time in the most brilliant literary and social circles of St. Petersburg. Since his marriage he has lived more or less in retirement, and during the Russian famines of 1891 and 1892 made great efforts on behalf of the peasants on and in the vicinity of his estates. In the latter year Count Tolstoy resigned all social standing and privileges of his rank, and he now devotes most of his time and money to good works, while living as poorly as any of the peasantry. He insists that the literal interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount is the only rule of Christian life, and he has expressly declined to avail himself of any copyright in his works or in translations of them into other languages. Dr. John Charles Ryle, bishop of Liverpool, has written above two hundred tracts on religious subjects, many of which have been translated and reprinted in French, German, Dutch, Portuguese, Italian, Russian, Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Hindustani, and Chinese, and it is said that he will take nothing from the publishers for them and will make no

A FOREIGN INDUSTRY.

We Use Millions of Split Steel Rings, But Don't Make Any.

"I've handled and sold forty thousand gross of split steel rings since 1867," said the little man in an overcoat and a white sweater, "and not one of them was of American make." "Why, how is that?" asked a New York Sun reporter. "Because there're no 'home' made in this country," replied the little man, with a smile that lifted one corner of his gray mustache. "No, sir," he continued, "the making of split steel rings is an art that we haven't got hold of yet, somehow, and I must say I often wonder at it." "Where are they made, then?" "The best, sir, are made about fifty-seven miles outside of Paris, at a little manufacturing town whose name I can't just now recall. The next best rings are made in Sheffield, England, while rings of inferior quality, made from Swedish iron, are manufactured in Alsace. I don't know that the steel in the French rings is any better than that used by the Sheffield manufacturers, but the Frenchmen in this, as in so many things, have got the hang of making their things look well. The Sheffield rings are polished with oil and emery, and that gives them a dull sleeky look, while the French rings are polished by the dry process, with what they call 'rocous powder,' a sort of coarse rouge."

"What are the extremes in size of split rings?" the man was asked. "The smallest that I ever handled," he replied, "were three-sixteenths of an inch across. They are gilded when they reach this country and are used in cheap jewelry. The largest key rings I ever sold were two and a half inches in diameter, and those I sold to the wardens at Sing Sing. In fact, they are called pri-n-rings. That key ring with the two little knobs or bosses through which you slip the key, is also a French manufacture, and indeed I have never seen an American key ring except that clumsy little thing where you have to move around a small round double plate with a notch in it, and then spring out the open end of the ring through this notch. I must say," concluded the little man, musingly, "I often wonder why we don't make rings over here. Even now there's a forty-five per cent duty on them, and they could be sold at half their present price and still bring a good profit. Why, just think, I sell over one hundred and fifty thousand rings a year, and there must be millions of them handled every year in this country."

MACHINE-MADE SPEECHES.

Turned Out with Marvellous Rapidity by a Recent English Invention.

There is no doubt that both the typewriting machine and the phonograph are very ingenious and useful inventions, but the chief difficulty with them, says the New York Times, is that they cannot be made to act automatically. It is in order to fill this want that a distinguished inventor, whose name is for the present withheld, has invented an automatic writer, and, judging from the private exhibition of the machine which was recently given in London to a committee of members of the Royal society, it bids fair to prove the greatest invention of this or any age.

In appearance the machine is said to be not wholly unlike a typewriting machine. It, however, is provided with a sort of hopper, in which are placed sheets of type-metal, each one of which is provided with a complete word, instead of a single letter. When this hopper is filled and the small electric engine which furnishes the motive power of the machine is set in action it instantly begins to print. Of course, what is printed depends in a good degree upon the selection of words which are placed in the hopper, but it is understood the machine can be used for almost any sort of composition.

At the exhibition already mentioned the hopper was filled with a supply of words relating to the English political situation, and in ten minutes after the engine had been started the machine had printed two full columns, each of about the length of an ordinary column of a newspaper. When these were read they were instantly recognized to be a speech on home rule in the general style of Mr. Gladstone. The hopper was next filled with a choice selection of the very finest words in the language, and the machine thereupon printed what was at once perceived to be an essay after the manner of Mr. Ruskin on political economy. More words were added and three pages of what any critic would have unhesitatingly accepted as a passage from a new novel by Mr. Meredith delighted the committee. The last experiment was made with the hopper filled with words taken from the Slang Dictionary and the result was a story in dialect which was held to be superior to almost any dialect story hitherto published.

More Pathetic Than Humorous.

An aged couple living south of Brazil, Ind., who had devoted their three score and ten to rural life and the making of a farm, sold their possessions for the snug sum of sixteen thousand dollars. When the purchaser called with a notary to close up the deal by taking the deed of title, the husband having signed and passed it to the wife, she positively refused to sign without a consultation, saying she had spent her life in making the farm, and had never realized anything she could call her own and now was her opportunity. The husband failed to satisfy her and secure the signature. Then the purchaser asked to know what he would take and sign the deed, fearful that she would be exacting beyond his inclination to comply. After a good deal of hesitancy she said she thought she ought to have two dollars, which he promptly handed her, and she signed the title. She turned over the two dollars time and time again, looking over her good luck. She said: "Well, well, this is the first money I have ever had in my life that I could call my own and spend it as I please to do as I wish myself."

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