

Thundering Spring.

In the county of Upton, fourteen miles west of Thomaston, three miles from Flint river, among the hills of the Pine mountain, says the Flowering Branch (Ga.) Journal, is a most remarkable spring known as the Thundering spring. Forty to fifty years ago I was familiar with all the surroundings of that locality, and as I have never seen a description of the spring and (so far as I know) it is not mentioned in any history, I propose to give a brief outline of the spring as I saw it forty-two years ago.

At the foot of a steep hill some 200 or 300 yards from the public road, it bursts out of the ground in a sufficient volume to run a mill. The spring is about four feet across, constantly boiling up fine sand, which is thrown off every way, forming a dark circular ring the size of the aperture. The most remarkable thing about it is that the sand all stops about sixteen inches below the surface of the water. The water for sixteen inches is just as clear as glass, below that as dark as a soap pot boiling, which it very much resembles when at rest.

Occasionally a large bubble bursts at the surface, stirring up the sand, which soon settles back to the same position. The depth of the spring is unknown. The bubbles make a peculiarly rattling sound before reaching the surface, hence its name. The water is said to be efficacious in the cure of many diseases, and a great many people resorted thither in the summer time to bathe. The force of the water upward was so great that one could not sink deeper than to the arm-pits, even by jumping in a feet foremost. It took some practice to stand erect in the spring. I will close this description by relating a legend about the spring as handed down by the Indians.

On the top of the hill, and near the public road, is a hole in the ground some fifteen feet deep and ten feet across, the banks overgrown with trees. This was once the thundering spring. Some white man put up a doghouse, where he sold "fire water" to the Indians. One day the chief of the tribe got drunk, mounted his pony, and seemed to want to ride over every thing and everybody he saw. He had ridden into the doghouse, much to the consternation of its keeper and the delight of the Indians. After trying of this kind of sport he concluded to ride into the spring. His friends tried to dissuade him, but he, with a great oath, (for the whites had taught him to curse), said he would ride his pony into the spring if he sunk to h—l in a minute. His friends, his wife and children, among them, ceased their efforts to prevent him, and in he plunged. As the pony struck the water it ceased to boil upward, and went down in a whirlpool—Indian, pony and all out of sight. The water burst out in a short time at the foot of the hill, where it now is; but the Indian and his pony were never heard of afterward.

Another British Investment.

There is a young son of an English lord at the Riechellu who would have no trouble in driving the Germans from Africa, could solve the Irish problem, and would not be over half an hour in adjusting the American fisheries troubles. At least that is what he claims. "What is America?" he asked last evening. "Nothing." He always answers his own questions. "The United States will all be owned by a chain of English syndicates," he went on. "The British own your breweries, flour mills, manufacturing establishments, railroads, business blocks, and nearly everything else. In a short while they will own your government." "Enterprising people, the English," remarked Colonel W. A. Thompson. "They will own the commerce of the world before long."

"You are right," exclaimed the future lord, who was delighted to find one friend in the little audience. "Do you know," continued Colonel Thompson, "that an English syndicate has just concluded a deal with the government of Peru, by which 10,000 young dogs are to be shipped to London. These dogs of Peru are small hairless beasts, and are valuable, although it took Englishmen to see a big profit in such a venture. The first shipment will be started in a few weeks, and the entire 10,000 will be in London before autumn."

"English syndicates are so busy that one cannot keep track of their doings," interrupted the young foreigner. "I hadn't heard of that dog scheme. Pray what is it for?" "So that Peruvian bark will be cheaper next winter," answered Colonel Thompson. The Englishman walked away, wearing a different expression on each side of his face.

Philosophy of the Couches.

A room without a couch of some sort, says the New York Times, is only half furnished. Life is full of ups and downs, and all that saves the sanity of the mentally jaded and physically exhausted fortune fighter is the periodical good cry and the momentary loss of consciousness on the upstairs lounge or the old sofa in the sitting-room. There are times when so many of the things that distract us could be straightened out and the way made clear if only one had a long comfortable couch on whose soft bosom he could throw himself, boots and brains, stretch his weary frame untroubled of tidies and drapery, close his muscles and give his harassed mind a chance. Ten minutes of this soothing narcotic, when the head throbs and the soul yearns for endless, dreamless rest and the hands involuntarily reach out for cold lead or rat poison would make the vision clear, the nerves steady, the heart light and the star of hope shine again.

Joaquin Miller, the gifted cranks and poet, has built three quaint cottages in the mountains back of Oakland, Cal. In one of these he shelters his wife and such of his children as live under his influence, in another his aged mother lives and the third he occupies himself. It may be said for him, however, that he is not writing much poetry now.

Mystery of a Blizzard.

A group of old timers were talking about the weather, and the conversation carried them back to the great storms of years ago, says the Minneapolis Journal. The queerest combination I ever knew, said the judge reflectively, was a blizzard death, suspected murder and attempted lynching that only miscarried because the victim missed a train.

The winter of 1879-80 as you all recollect, was a very severe one, and many persons living on the prairie were frozen to death. Some time before one R. Crandall had moved from Morris to a farm in southern Dakota. One day a big storm came up and Mrs. Crandall, who happened on the plain with her youngest child, was caught in the blizzard and both were frozen to death. Mrs. Crandall's parents lived in Morris and when the sad news of her death came her father started for Dakota to bring back the remains of his daughter and grandchild. Crandall and his wife had not got very well together, and in some way rumors of foul play crept out. The next day the bereaved father arrived in Morris with his dead. The bodies were frozen solid, and arrangements were made to thaw them out. When this was done Mrs. Crandall's body was examined. A deep wound in her side was found. It didn't take the people of Morris long to make up their minds that murder had been committed. Crandall, it was thought, had arrived that night with his surviving child and gone to the house of his mother, who lived near the village. A lynching party was organized in short order and armed with ropes, etc. The house was visited and thoroughly searched, but Crandall was not to be found. His mother insisted that he had not arrived, but she was not believed. Finally the crowd gave up the search and went home disgusted.

The next morning the body of Mrs. Crandall had been thawed entirely out and another examination was made. There was no sign of the broad gash that horrified the people the night before. There were no bruises—no signs of foul play. There's mystery for you! But it developed after awhile that the flesh had faded together, giving the appearance of a long and horrible gash. When the body thawed out the gash disappeared. I tell you the would-be-lynchers of the night before felt pretty cheap. In an hour or two Crandall arrived on the morning train. He had missed the train of the night before. That was all that saved him from a lynching. Of course he could not help hearing what had been going on, but what he said or thought I never knew, but you can guess."

A Lost Car.

Many queer stories are told of the wanderings of freight cars and the trials of car accountants in keeping track of the equipment of their road. An incident given in the Marquette Mining Journal relative to this subject is worth reproducing.

For months a box car, that for present purposes may be known as No. 1,458, had been bothering the man who keeps track of the cars on the South Shore road. He had traced it to a certain station and there all track of it was lost. In the mountainous regions of the far west a car has been known to tumble down a precipice and thus become lost, but here such a thing could not happen. The subject of the mysterious car grew upon his mind to such an extent that he determined to find that car or perish in the attempt. Accordingly he went a few weeks ago to the station at which the car was last heard from, and started after the trunk box car. Coming down the line to a point a few miles above Ishpeming he went in on a branch to a mine that is a small shipper, and where the track is not kept open in winter. Getting a mile or so out on the branch he suddenly ran into No. 1,458. Upon investigation he found that a farmer who lived in the vicinity had been, and was still using the car as a barn, there being six horses in the car at the time. It is needless to say that the track was plowed out the next Sunday, and the farmer's barn is now engaged in the wheat trade.

This doesn't equal the story told in our last issue of railway mismanagement in Russia, which permitted several hundred cars to stand on a side track for ten years until they were completely rotted to pieces.

Sentenced to Death.

Although the days are over in Europe when a monarch could command when he suspected a minister's loyalty, "Off with his head!" is nevertheless a fact that a number of the leading statesmen of Europe of the present day and of recent times have been under sentence of death for political offenses, says the Youth's Companion.

Count Andrássy, prime minister of Austria-Hungary, who died recently, was condemned to death after the failure of the Hungarian insurrection in 1848. This did not prevent him from afterward becoming the head of the Austro-Hungarian ministry. Signor Crispien, now prime minister of Italy, was condemned to death after his first revolutionary attempt against the Bourbon king of Naples. Senor Sagasta, prime minister of Spain, was twice proscribed and would have been shot as an insurgent if he had been caught. France contains in MM. Rochefort and Frane two men who have been condemned criminals and members of the government, according to the turn of the political tide.

This has been the situation indeed of many Frenchmen. When M. de Polignac in 1830 was condemned to "imprisonment for perpetuity"—the legal phrase for life imprisonment—he exclaimed: "I am condemned to imprisonment in perpetuity, eh?" Let me see; how long does perpetuity last in France?" In this case it lasted six years. He was liberated in 1836.

President Harrison and his private secretary went out for a drive one night last week. Going into a section of the country with which the driver was not very familiar, they became lost and wandered about for some time. They finally found their way back to the city where anxious friends were considering the best means of organizing search and relief expeditions.

PONDEROUS MACHINES.

The Modern Tendency is Toward Huge Powerful Engines.

There is a notable tendency in industrial enterprises in recent times, says the Engineering and Mining Journal, not only to concentrate capital into large concerns, but to have structures and machinery of the largest possible kind, and to drive it with extreme rapidity. This is prominently the day of big things, using the word in its ordinary sense to mean large, massive, heavy and bulky. Ocean steamships are growing larger and more powerful. Locomotives, cars, railway tracks, bridges are all made heavier. Blast furnaces are increasing in size, and their output has increased enormously, so that a product of 300 tons per day is no more uncommon than one of 300 tons a week was twenty years ago. A Bessemer steel works has recently made the record of 30,000 tons of steel in one month. Open hearth furnaces are now erected with a capacity of thirty tons, or three times the capacity of those of ten years ago. In rolling mills the same progress has been shown. A plate was rolled in Pittsburgh thirty inches wide by eighty-five feet long and seven-eighths of an inch thick, weighing 7,480 pounds.

In steam and electric engineering the same tendency is seen. At the Homestead Steel Works, Pittsburg, there is about to be placed one of the largest Corliss engines in the world, with a horizontal cylinder 54x72 inches. The fly wheel will weigh 200,000 pounds. The whole weight of the engine will be over 500,000 pounds, and it is expected to develop 3,500 horse-power of the vertical type, and stands 8 feet high. It is designed to drive the Ferranti dynamo, forty-five feet in diameter mentioned below. The West End Electric Railway Station in Boston is to have thirteen engines of 1,000 horse-power each. They are to be triple-compound, with cylinders 21, 36 and 52 inches in diameter. The power is transmitted by two belts for each engine, each belt five feet wide. Steam will be furnished by 24 water tube boilers, each rated at 500 horse-power. The new cable railway station of the West Side Cable Railway in Chicago, has two Greene engines, each 30 inches by 72 inches; each engine weighs 338,000 pounds, and has a capacity of 1,200 horse-power. We recently described the large Belpaire boilers and Leavitt holding engines at the Calumet and Hecla mines, and now we have a description of a new water-tube boiler designed by T. F. Morrin of Jersey City which is located at the Westinghouse electric light station in Twenty-fourth street, New York City. It contains 600 three-inch water tubes of a bent shape, expanded at each end into an internal cylinder forty-eight inches in diameter. The aggregate length of the tubes is 7,200 feet, or about a mile and a half, and the boiler has 6,000 feet of heating surface, and is said to be capable of developing 1,000 horse-power.

In foreign countries the same tendency toward bigness is shown, and in electrical engineering they have even surpassed us. The Ferranti dynamo used in the Deptford light station near London weighs 500 tons, and stands 45 feet high, run at 60 revolutions per minute, and can each supply about 200,000 incandescent lights.

Two dynamo of 100,000-lamp capacity are being made for Berlin, each of which will require about 1,000 horse-power. There are no data now existing which will enable any one to predict what will be the size of boilers, engines dynamo, steamships bridges, cars locomotives, office buildings and other structures ten years hence. Everything in the engineering line seems to be changing at a more rapid rate than at any previous period. Certainly the limit to increase of size does not yet appear. When the single engine reached its limit in ship-building the compound engine came in. When shafts and screws seemed to have grown as large as they could be made, twin screws and shafts were used, and at the same facilities for making still larger shafts and screws were perfected. So it is in every branch of engineering; as soon as a limit is fixed some one finds a way of over-leaping it, and the limit is placed further ahead.

Fancied Himself a Child.

The doctors said it was no unusual thing in delirium, but it seemed strange and pathetic to the loving watchers that the middle-aged, careworn man tossing wearily on a sick bed should suddenly fancied again a child at his mother's knee. The green grave far away in a country village where he slept had no existence as far as he was concerned. She had never died, but was with her boy again. The many trials of life that had worn those deep lines in his face had passed from his memory now, and boyish words and confidence alone were on his lips.

When his weeping wife laid her hand upon his fevered brow he looked up and smiled and called her "mother." The hand that held the medicine to his lips, that smoothed the pillow, was "mother's" and in all the faces that passed by, he saw the face he saw but hers, which had been about the little baby eyes had known, and over which the dew and snows of twenty years had lain.

He had forgotten her, oh, so many years. He had been too busy to yearn to lean his tired head upon the faithful, tender breast, and a thousand transient worldly things had clouded the image of that kind old mother, but as death's mighty hand set aside those perplexing fretting distractions, all so little now, clear and sweet to his parched soul came the memory of an innocent child, hood and a mother's love, and all the phases of life imprisonment—he exclaimed: "I am condemned to imprisonment in perpetuity, eh?" Let me see; how long does perpetuity last in France?"

In this case it lasted six years. He was liberated in 1836. President Harrison and his private secretary went out for a drive one night last week. Going into a section of the country with which the driver was not very familiar, they became lost and wandered about for some time. They finally found their way back to the city where anxious friends were considering the best means of organizing search and relief expeditions.

The Nude in Real Life.

A most delicate and distressing incident is reported from a police court in St. Louis, says the Kansas city Star. It appears that a party of ladies and gentlemen was enjoying an excursion when the struggles of a drowning man were observed at a certain number of points of the lake. Hasty arrangements were perfected to rescue him, when the ladies objected. They pointed out very properly and forcibly that the man was devoid of apparel; that his appearance on board would be a gross violation of the customs and habits of good society, and would tend to cheapen a rule of decorum which is positive in its expression. The argument was so prolonged and heated that the man was going down for the last time, when a coarse, brutal deckhand, with no regard for polite amenities, threw him a rope and he was hauled on board, whereupon the ladies fled blushing to the cabin.

While offended modesty will be glad to learn that the fellow was carried off to jail and fined \$5 and costs for going in swimming without clothes and without a license, it is plain that something must be done to meet such emergencies in future. A naked man in a gilt frame may be a work of art in a salon or a picture gallery but he is not a suitable subject for a select evening party in the higher walks of life. At the same time it seems a pity to allow a human being to lose his life merely because his clothes happen to be where he could not conveniently get at them. There ought to be a way of arriving at a compromise satisfactory to all parties interested. For instance, it might be possible to lass a man in such a way as to keep his head above water, and in this condition to tow him along until the ladies have retired to the cabin or until sufficient clothing has been provided to make him presentable. Of course it is not pleasant to be pulled through the water like a catfish, but it is infinitely preferable to drowning and the inconveniences are assuaged by the reflection that a solemn social duty is being punctiliously observed.

Ingenious minds may in time contrive a better means of meeting this difficulty, but at present the tow-line appears to be the only hope. And it will be an agreeable reflection to the ladies as they sail pleasantly down the river that the gentleman in tow is fully alive—if he is alive at all—to the conservation of the properties.

Pat and the Henroost.

The many thefts of poultry and produce from farmers in the small north Atlantic seaport towns by the crew of the man-of-war Powhattan some years ago had caused the officers to take action toward punishing the offenders, says the New York Herald. The men were all notified that dire punishment would be inflicted upon them if they continued their nefarious practice, and for a while a chicken could stroll along the beach with the utmost impunity while the vessel was in port. This did not last long, however, and one day while the ship was anchored in a small seaport some of the men asked to be allowed to go ashore. When the officer of the deck was importuned for permission he replied: "Yes, you may, but if I hear of you robbing a henroost I will put you in double irons for twenty days."

"Pat" Harvey, an Irishman who acted as spokesman, promised that no henroosts would be robbed and they left the ship. Early next morning an irate farmer came on board and swore that the men had entered his barn and carried off his several hundred pounds of poultry. All who went on shore were called up, and the officer of the deck, who happened to be the same who let the men off, pounced upon "Pat."

"Didn't you," he cried, "promise not to rob a hen house if I'd let you go on shore?" "Sure O'ed, sur," replied Harvey. "We didn't take a hen, sur; they're all ducks."

Harvey was right. There were eighteen ducks found when the mess chest was searched but there was not a single chicken among them.

A bit of Russian Tyranny.

The curious instance of a man having to serve two terms in the army is reported in the Listok of Minsk. A man of the name of Levin was to present himself for military service in 1885 but he did not appear, and the local authorities did not know where to look for him and accordingly he was stricken from the list of that body. But two years later he was found in Odessa, and singularly enough, he had his regular passport and had never tried to conceal his whereabouts. He is a married man and has three children. When the police found him and brought him to his native city, the military authorities of that city acting under a senatorial law put him in the army and deprived him of the privileges that are granted to married soldiers, because he had absented himself at the first call. Levin, however, proved to be a good soldier. He passed the military school with credit, and was made a sub-officer for excellent service and good behavior. His term expired this year. Now the local authorities put in a claim that he must serve a new term as a citizen of their government, since his name had been stricken from the list in 1885 as absent. The term which he had served did not count, since he had been put in the army by the order of military authorities and not in the regular order as a citizen. He was accordingly initiated as a new recruit with all the formalities of the law, his previous attainments as a good soldier counting for naught. Levin must now begin again for the very bottom of the ladder, since his present enlistment is under a law from which there is no appeal.

The Opoanax.

One of the most fashionable perfumes of the day is known as opoanax, but probably few readers are familiar with the plant from which it takes its name. This is the acacia furnesia of the botanist—a shrub fragrant with the odor of its little globular balls. A correspondent of American Garden makes the following novel and interesting statement about it: "What the origin of this name is and where the plant came from originally are, so far as the writer knows, unanswered questions. Webster describes a plant by this name, but not belonging to the acacia family, and this has misled many people into calling it a Persian shrub. It has been asserted that it will grow only in South Carolina and in only three places there—Charleston, Beaufort and Walterboro. If this is a fact, it is a most singular one, and certainly deserves investigation. Should others succeed in making it thrive elsewhere, they will find themselves amply repaid in the possession of so charming a shrub. It has the distinguishing marks of the acacia family; foliage delicate in color and texture; blossoms crowded masses of fluffy golden stamens. The perfume is like that of no other plant, in America at least, delicate, delicious and wonderfully persistent. This should make it of great value to perfumers. It blossoms freely all through the fall and early winter months and will stand a fair amount of frost and cold.

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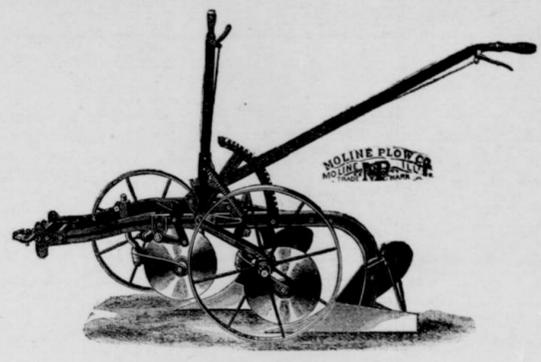
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Sailing Dates. The Steamer Willamette will sail from YAGUINA, OREGON, to SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., on August 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

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Passenger and freight rates always the lowest. For information, apply to Agents, HULL, HAN & CO., Freight and Ticket Agents, 209 and 212 Front Street, Portland, Oregon; or to Geo. S. Taylor, Ticket Agent, Oregon Pacific R. Co., Corvallis, Oregon.

Acting Gen'l. Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R. Co., Corvallis, Oregon. H. H. HULL, J. H. HULL, Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Development Co., Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

FOR SALE—A span of well broken young horses. See Wm. Galloway.

East and South Southern Pacific Route SHAFTA LINE.

Express Trains Leave Portland Daily. LEAVE PORTLAND: 6:40 p.m. San Francisco 7:45 a.m. San Fran. 9:50 p.m. Portland 6:25 a.m.

Above trains stop only at following stations north of Roseburg: East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Albany, Tangent, Shedd, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene.

Roseburg Mail Daily. LEAVE PORTLAND: 8:00 a.m. Roseburg 6:00 p.m. Roseburg 6:00 a.m. Portland 4:00 p.m. Albany Local, Daily, Except Sunday.

LEAVE ALBANY: 5:30 p.m. Albany 9:30 p.m. Albany 5:30 a.m. Albany 9:30 a.m.

Pullman Buffet Sleepers, Tourist Sleeping Cars. For accommodation of second class passengers attached to express trains.

WEST SIDE DIVISION. Between Portland and Corvallis. Mail Train Daily, except Sunday.

LEAVE PORTLAND: 7:30 a.m. McMinnville 10:10 a.m. McMinnville 10:10 a.m. Corvallis 12:30 p.m. Corvallis 12:30 p.m. McMinnville 2:50 p.m. McMinnville 2:50 p.m. Albany 5:30 p.m.

Express Train Daily, except Sunday. LEAVE PORTLAND: 4:40 p.m. McMinnville 7:25 p.m. McMinnville 3:45 a.m. Portland 6:20 a.m.

Through Tickets to all Points EAST AND SOUTH. For tickets and full information regarding rates, maps, etc., call on the Company's agent at McMinnville.

R. KOEHLER, Mgr. A. E. ROGERS, Manager. Asst. G. F. & F. Agt.

ARE YOU GOING EAST?

If so be sure and call for your tickets via the Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

THE "FAMOUS RO