

AT THE STATE PRISON.

One Convict Received Yesterday—A Force Begins the Work of Making Brick.

Sheriff Alexander Orme, of Jackson county, arrived in Salem yesterday, having in charge one Young Harry Griffin, convicted of the crime of larceny, and sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of three years.

Griffin's arrival at the penitentiary brought the number of prisoners incarcerated there to 238, of which number 120 are employed in the stove factory, and fifty-one as trustees; of the latter eleven are employed inside the building, while forty are at work on the grounds outside the stockade, and in the brick yard.

At the stove works in the prison the work of manufacturing continues. Julius Loewenberg, of Portland, president of the company operating the plant, made an inspection of it yesterday and, it is said, that some extensive improvements are contemplated in the establishment, though the plans have not assumed tangible shape as yet.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE WORK.

Election of Secretary Confirmed and an Office Established.

Another meeting of the board of directors of the Salem Chamber of Commerce was held in the office of P. R. Anson yesterday afternoon. The election of H. B. Thielson as paid secretary, was confirmed and the chamber decided to establish an office at No. 232 Commercial street.

Secretary Thielson will go to Portland within a few days to take up the matter of arranging for a visit to this city by the National Editorial Association in July.

J. B. Maher, representing the Oregon Editorial association souvenir committee, and George L. Peaslee, chairman of the same committee were in attendance and presented their proposition to the directors. While the directors took no formal action in the matter, they were convinced of the expediency of the scheme and its practical worth and commend the proposition to Salem's business men.

AT THE ASYLUM.

A Patient, Brought There in 1892, Passed Away Yesterday.

John Hanson, a patient at the Oregon asylum for the insane, died yesterday afternoon, aged 40 years. This man was not an ordinary patient, but was the member of a prominent family in Norway, and came to the United States in 1892, to observe the country, learn its customs and manners, and enjoy recreation in travel.

One patient was received yesterday afternoon, Sheriff W. W. Withers bringing down Frank Heinrichs, from Eugene. The man is 21 years old, and a resident of Cottage Grove. He is suicidal and has been deranged but two weeks.

FACETIOUS FINLEY PERRINE.

The Humorous Supreme Court Bailiff Addresses a Letter to Sheriff Durbin.

Sheriff F. W. Durbin daily receives a considerable amount of correspondence relative to tax payments and the affairs of his office to answer which it requires considerable time. In yesterday's mail was found a letter addressed to the sheriff, from Finley Perrine, the jovial and popular supreme court bailiff. The letter is reproduced below:

"Hon. Frank W. Durbin, sheriff of Marion county, Oregon: My dear friend of boyhood days when you had dogs to sell:

"Enclosed you will find the price of Mrs. Irene Perrine's taxes. If there is not enough in said check to pay said taxes, reach down in your jeans, and get the amount and charge to me. If there is more than the law requires, you, first, and Derby and Ben take some 'juice' on me. Yours in tears, F. Clay Perrine, of cocked hat fame. It

THE U. E. CONFERENCE.

Convened at Lafayette on Thursday of This Week—A New Presiding Elder.

The members of the Oregon conference of the United Evangelical church convened in the United Evangelical church, of Lafayette, Oregon, on the 13th inst., at 9 a. m., to hold their fifth annual conference session.

Bishop W. M. Stanford, D. D., of Harrisburg, Pa., called the session to order and opened with devotional exercises.

C. C. Poling was re-elected secretary and chose as his assistants, Benjamin Hartman and A. F. Bittner.

After routine work the following standing committees were appointed: On Boundaries, on Letters and Docu-

ments, on Appropriations—W. M. Stanford and C. C. Poling; On Education—D. M. Metzger, A. F. Bittner, J. C. McFarlane, H. A. Deck and E. E. McVicker; On Moral Reform—Benj. Hartman, P. Bittner, R. W. Overlin, Guy Phelps; On Statistics—H. A. Deck, L. M. Boozer, John Smith, E. S. Launer, Thos. Cowling; On Quarterly Conference Records—B. J. Kelley, J. Watson, H. H. Burling and C. T. Crow; On State of Missions—T. A. Yost, L. M. Boozer, S. Jackson, H. F. Hancock and — Hawkins; On Worship—C. C. Poling, J. Bowersox; On Resolutions—M. J. Ballantyne, Benj. Hartman, J. A. Renshaw, E. E. McVicker and C. T. Crow; On Ways and Means—J. Bowersox, H. L. Pratt, C. C. Poling and H. Barendreck.

An adjournment for dinner was then taken. The conference reconvened at 2 p. m., and after prayer and singing, Bishop Stanford conducted a very enthusiastic and profitable reading on the following subject: "What Does God Expect of Each of Us as Christians?"

After bible reading, a communication from Bishop Dubbs, counseling the members of the conference to their Christian duties, was read and very much appreciated by all present.

H. A. Deck, L. M. Boozer, Guy Phelps and J. A. Renshaw were ordained as deacons.

Guy Phelps was advanced as an itinerant deacon.

S. E. Launer was granted a license to preach.

M. J. Ballantyne, in his report as a presiding elder, reported excellent work being done in all lines during the past year and the church has much to be encouraged at.

C. C. Poling was elected presiding elder for the ensuing four years.

NEW LIEU LAND REGULATIONS.

T. W. Davenport's Statement—Oregon Will Benefit Little by the Rule Lately Adopted.

Ex-State Land Agent T. W. Davenport yesterday gave a statement to the press, regarding the lieu land selections and giving in detail the regulations, prescribed by the commissioner of the general land office, for the federal land officers in those states having forest reservations in which class Oregon and Washington are included. Following is the text of the statement:

"In pursuance of the decision of the secretary of the interior, dated January 3, 1899, in the case of the state of California (28 L. D. 57) the commissioner of the general land office has prescribed the following regulations to the federal land officers in the states having forest reservations:

"1—Applications for indemnity lands in lieu of school sections 16 and 36, which have been embraced, after survey, within the boundaries of a forest reservation, must designate by specified legal subdivisions the lands in lieu of which indemnity is desired. The more designation of forty, eighty or other number of acres, will not be accepted as a sufficient description.

"2—The state will be required to file with each list of sections a relinquishment to the United States, by the officer or officers charged with the care and disposal of such state lands, of all its right and title in and to the lands designated as bases; and also a certificate by such officer or officers that the state has not incumbered, sold or disposed of, nor agreed to incur, sell or dispose of, any of the said lands, and that none of them are in possession of any third party under any law or permission of the state.

"3—The said relinquishment must be executed, acknowledged and recorded in the same manner as conveyances of real property are required to be executed, acknowledged and recorded by the laws of the state; and therewith must be filed a certificate by the recorder of deeds or official custodian of the records of transfers of real estate in the proper county, that no instrument purporting to convey or in any manner incumber the title to any of said land is on file or of record in his office.

"4—All applications pending at date of the receipt hereof by the respective local land offices must be made conform to the foregoing requirements, and for that purpose a reasonable time will be allowed for amendment.

"This decision of the secretary of the interior, allowing the state of Oregon to take indemnity lands for the surveyed sections in the Cascade reserve, comes too late to benefit the people of the state, for the reason that last summer these sections, amounting to some 40,000 acres were sold to speculators at \$1.25 an acre, just half of the amount that could be realized for them now. In this case the machinery of government did not promote the general interests.

TWO HOP CONTRACTS.—Only one deed was filed in the office of County Recorder J. H. Roland yesterday. By it 30.77 acres in townships 9 and 10, s r 2 w was transferred by Walter B. Peacock and N. Pearl Peacock to H. N. Peterson. Two hop contracts were filed, T. A. Livesley & Co. being the contracting firm in both instances. J. G. Myers, of Brooks, has contracted 5,000 pounds of this year's crop at 10 cents per pound 4 1/2 cents to be advanced at picking time. W. P. Massey, also of Brooks, will deliver to the same firm 5,000 pounds of 1899 hops at 10 cents, 4 cents to be forwarded at harvesting time.

OPERATION PERFORMED.—Mrs. R. A. Kirk yesterday afternoon submitted to an operation for appendicitis at the Salem hospital, Dr. W. H. Byrd, assisted by Dr. R. Cartwright, performing the delicate operation. Mrs. Kirk was taken seriously ill Wednesday night and her condition did not improve. The afflicted woman came out from under the influence of the anesthetic and at a late hour last night was resting easily, the operation, to all appearances, having been quite successful.

The teaching of English is to be made obligatory in the Russian commercial schools.

GOVERNOR T. T. GEER'S ANSWER TO AN INQUIRY

In Which He Gives the States of South Dakota and Nebraska a Timely Lesson.

(From Daily April 15th.)

Gov. T. T. Geer yesterday received a telegram from the Chicago Tribune, saying that the "governors of South Dakota and Nebraska are demanding the recall of the volunteers, from their states, from the terms of enlistment expired when the ratifications of the peace treaty were exchanged, and that the present conflict in the Philippines is in opposition to liberty, and in the interest of capitalism."

The Chicago paper asks whether the people of Oregon demand the return of their volunteers for the same reason. Gov. Geer, in replying to the question last evening, sent the following telegram: "There is quite a general wish among the people of Oregon that the volunteer soldiers of the state may soon be returned from Manila, but not for the reason indicated by the governors of the state you mention to wit, that the present conflict in the Philippines is in opposition to liberty and in the interest of capitalism. There is some justice in asking for the return of the volunteers, which they enlisted, has been honorably concluded, and that the spasmodic difficulty yet lingering in the Philippines should be suppressed by the regular army of the United States, which is amply equipped for the purpose. It is believed, however, that this wish is confined to those of us who are at home, as the Oregon boys at the front quite generally express a desire to remain there until the difficulty is settled.

"Our people take no stock in the declaration that the conflict in the Philippines is 'waged in opposition to liberty, and in the interest of capitalism.' The very men who make this charge now are the ones who, little more than a year ago, were loudly accusing President McKinley of 'cowardice,' and of delaying the war with Spain in the 'interest of capitalism' as represented by Spanish bondholders.

"The seizing of the Philippines was an incident of that war wholly unforeseen by anybody, applauded by every patriotic citizen at the time, and they could not now be relinquished without a stain on our national honor and a confession of national weakness.

"The charge that the American flag is waving over a conflict in the Philippines in opposition to liberty, and in the interest of capitalism, savors very much of a spirit of demagoguery, to which the people of Oregon are habitual strangers, and which finds no lodgment in their minds at this time."

Gov. T. T. Geer yesterday remitted the unexpired sentence of Hollarz Hansen, a boy, convicted of stealing a newspaper valued at 5 cents, and sentenced to the county jail, on January 30th, to serve eight months. The remission of the unexpired portion of the sentence was recommended by the district attorney for Multnomah county, the presiding judge, Judge Hennessy of the Portland municipal court, and the representations of a number of prominent residents of Portland, who consider the sentence passed upon the boy as an excessive one, in view of his tender years and the small value of the property taken.

In the executive office, yesterday, a copy of an order, issued by the war department, was received, providing for the discharge of Wm. T. Allen, a private of company L, Second Oregon volunteers, who is now on his way from Manila to San Francisco. This soldier is to be discharged upon his arrival at San Francisco, by the commanding officer of the department of California, and he is entitled to travel pay to the place of enlistment.

Gov. Geer has appointed two notaries to serve in their respective counties for the term of two years, and their commissions will be forwarded immediately upon their bonds being filed and approved. The gentlemen so named are: P. C. Reed, of Astoria, Clatsop county, and John R. Ely, of Curriamsville, Clackamas county.

State Treasurer Chas. S. Moore yesterday received \$5000 from G. W. Dirnwick, treasurer of Douglas county on account of state taxes for 1898. This is the first payment made by Douglas county on this account, the entire debt being \$27,339.56. This county also owes on account of the tax for former years, \$2,075.34, divided as follows: Interest on 1893 tax.....\$223.73 Interest on 1894 tax.....168.29 Interest on 1895 tax.....219.23 Interest on 1896 tax.....662.32 Interest on 1897 tax.....261.42

The other counties owing taxes on former years are the following: Clackamas.....\$ 194.40 Clatsop.....13,254.28 Gilliam.....269.99 Jackson.....2,034.50 Lake.....541.79 Lane.....977.13 Lincoln.....19.23 Linn.....2,917.91 Marion.....4,884.51 Morrow.....149.55 Multnomah.....13,715.62 Polk.....638.65 Tillamook.....6,523.43 Union.....13,649.80 Washington.....9,257.30 Yamhill.....849.49

TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.—The Willamette Presbytery which was in session at Coquille this week, elected commissioners to the general assembly of the Presbyterian church which meets at Minneapolis, Minnesota, on May 18th, they being Rev. G. H. Whitman, of Independence, and G. A. Rockwell, of this city, with Rev. I. G. Knotts, of Florence, and Hon. Robt. Glass, of Crawfordsville.

(With apologies to Buchanan Read.) Out from the harbor at break of day, Decks all cleared for the coming fray, Guns all shotted and fired high, While battle-flags at each masthead fly.

The fleet of Spain comes speeding fast, Like the hunted tiger that turns at last To make the hunter's mangled prey— And Sampson is seven miles away.

And faster still those ships of war Steamed boldly out from the sheltering bar, And swifter yet from their turrets came, With echoing roar and the bursting shell That round Columbia's vessels fell, As westward their flying course they lay— And Sampson is seven miles away.

But there is a ship on the Carib wave, And on her deck is a hero brave; And there through the flush of the morning light, The Commodore with eager sight, Has marked the smoky pall that lay An inky cloud o'er the land-locked bay; And watchful not with anxious eye That cloud spread southward along the sky.

Till it shrouds the tops of the mountains gray— And Sampson is seven miles away. "The foe is coming." The trumpet's peal Thrills each vessel from truck to keel. The masts leap up from the funnels tall, While hearts beat high at duty's call; And the ready tars with ringing cheers Spring to the guns as the foe man nears. Every nerve and muscle in perfect play— And Sampson is seven miles away.

Eyes to the west, where the Brooklyn rides, As to prompt to her helm each warship glides; Where Schley's bright pennant is waving free, "Close on the foe and follow me!"

What though he knew that every gun In the Spanish fleet was aimed at one And he the focus of that dread storm Where the King of Terrors in awful form Swept o'er the wave in that deadly chase, He stood erect and with smiling face, Calmly he led to the welcome fray— Though Sampson was seven miles away.

Now swift Vizcaya's angry prow Swings toward the Brooklyn's foaming bow. Intent to spring at her coming foe And crush her side at a single blow. Only the Brooklyn of all the fleet In speed with the Spaniard may compete: Here are the guns of all the rest Served the swiftest and aimed the best. "Port hard your helm," the captain cries, And round in circle the good ship flies As the eagle wheels in his lofty flight Ere he sweeps to his prey with conquering might.

One moment she turns from the coming foe; Swings swiftly out from the pending blow. The next she parts the foaming tide And charges straight for the Spaniard's side. While deadlier yet her fiery rain Beats ceaseless down on the ship of Spain.

Till the guns and sailors of proud Castile Are swept by the torrent of fire and steel A mingled mass o'er her bloody deck, And stranded she lies, a sinking wreck. But there still was work for the conqueror gray— For Sampson was seven miles away.

"Glorious, pride of the fleet of Spain, Far in the offing speeds again. Or to the chase or the game's away To shame the pride of this glorious day.

Open the hatches and turrets free; Welcome the breath of the open sea, But ply the furnace and urge the speed. For never before had ship such need; Faster and faster her engines play— And Sampson is seven miles away.

Lo! what warship comes bravely on Right on our wake? 'Tis the O. Oregon. God of battles, how swift she runs. "Try her, Clarke, with your heavy guns.

Wide, but you have her range at last. Try another, but crowd her fast. We to the headland will veer away, And stranded she lies in the circling bay." Down before the fiery hell Heroes labored and heroes fell, But swifter beats her foaming screw And louder cheers her loyal crew, While the foe is filled with wild dismay— Though Sampson is seven miles away.

"Now a shot from the forward guns, Hurrah, to her masthead the white flag runs. 'She's yours, my lads, and bravely won. God's vengeance falls on the haughty Don."

But lo! what ship comes yonder, pray— 'Tis Sampson—only four miles away. They cheer the hero with honors due, The Brooklyn swift and her gallant crew.

The Oregon and her glorious fight—Pride of Columbia's new-born night, And Clarke is climbing the steel-clad side Of the foe who bows his stubborn pride.

When lo! to seaward a signal flies; It chills the heart with pained surprise, For it claims the fruit of the splendid fray— For Sampson—still three miles away.

Honor shall be where honor is due, The heart of the nation still beats true, And congress may quarrel and boards may slight, But the people know who won that fight And earned forever the victor's bay, While Sampson was seven miles away. —Geo. D. Emery in Minneapolis Times.

J. E. BAKER WRITES FROM FORTY MILE, N. W. T.

His Experience in the Mining District—Driving Dogs and Prospecting.

(From Daily April 15th.)

Frank W. Hollis, of this city, is in receipt of a letter under date of March 8th, from J. E. Baker, of Salem, now an employe of the Alaska Commercial Co., at Forty Mile, N. W. T. He says among other things:

"I spent part of December and all of January and February in the mines prospecting for the company (Alaska Commercial Co.). I had five others and myself to look after, but I got along fine, and found some fair prospects for them. I have been all over the Forty Mile district, and think I could draw almost a correct map of it offhand. While mining we lived in a tent; 60 degrees below zero is the coldest weather we have had thus far, this season, and I have been out every day. I have seen many winters that were worse, in the Dakotas. Never will these old 'sour doughs' score me again about cold weather in Alaska. This is March and so far during this month, in the mornings, the mercury has registered from 30 to 42 degrees below zero. So you see we have very heavy frosts here yet, but I am erecting a building for the company and commence at 7 a. m. and quit at 6 p. m., but I have to wear gloves and keep my cap over my ears, then I am quite comfortable. I have also traveled, for the company, with dogs, and it would please you to see me driving them. I think, though, that I can out-travel any dog team in Alaska; but to drive dogs with a heavy load tries one's patience and endurance. A freight team is supposed to have 150 pounds to the dog, but my experience teaches me that the smaller the load the better the dog.

"Sunday I start on a trip with the agent here, C. L. Hall, 110 miles down the Yukon. We are going down to locate some claims. If we find the ground as represented to us, I want nothing better, but this is a great place to fool fellows off on wild goose chases, but when we go on those trips we always take plenty of 'grab,' go fixed comfortably and have plenty of dogs (as good as any in Alaska) to haul our outfit. One robe each is all the bed we use, a small tent and a Yukon stove, provisions, fish for dogs, and one change of footwear. Then we are fixed 'or anything in Alaska. Our footwear consists of two good pair wool socks, one pair German socks, and moccasins. The clothing that I have found to be sufficient for my use this winter consists of footwear as above, one good wool suit of underclothes, one pair medium wool pants, one wool overshirt, and a drill 'parka' with hood, faced with fox tails, one good pair Fivash mitts, one beaver cap Yukon style, and I think I can stand any weather that has ever been recorded here.

"It is hard to tell just what the output of gold will be this season. I don't think anyone could have any basis to make an estimate from. The Dawson district claims that it will double the amount of last season. While I see men that come from all parts of that country and they say, very little is being taken out. The Forty Mile districts have some good creeks where good wages will be made, but no fortunes of any amount will be taken out so far as I know. J. W. Cherry, of Eugene, has a claim that promises to be one of the best in this section of the country. Parties that are working on it, or rather getting ready to work on it, claim they have dirt that will pay from 150 to 275 per day to the shoveler, and I have investigated it myself and I think they are right.

"Prospecting for the pay streak is all done here from January 1st to April 1st, as the ground then is frozen so the water won't bother in sinking holes. "I sank one hole twenty-two feet deep, and when I got to bedrock I found the bones of a buffalo (Alaska buffalo). The head is about double the size of the buffalo of the plains, so I suppose in ages past this has been a warm climate.

"Ernest Wagner called on me last evening. He had received a letter from home and I learned quite a lot of news from Salem through him. He left this morning for Dawson, where he intends to remain for a while. Messrs. Griley and Craven left for home about the first of the month. When in Dawson this December I saw most of the Salem people, and I had a very nice visit with them.

"There will be a large exit from this country this month, and the tales of woe you will hear will satisfy you, if you have not got over your Klondike fever yet. If I don't make anything here, I will be out nothing. A fellow will work in the states for thirty or forty years and never get enough ahead to buy a year's supplies and not say a word, but if he comes to Alaska and finds he has not made himself rich in a few months, he curses, hitches himself up to his sled and marches out. I never expect to get rich, but I have always wanted to see this country, and I think by fall my curiosity will be satisfied, as I intend to come home, if I have money enough; if not, I'll stay longer, as there is some very rough walking between here and Salem."

From letters recently received here from the Alaskan gold-fields it is learned that many Salemites now in that region, are preparing to make the return trip, and in fact, several are now enroute home. Albert M. Griley and Charles M. Craven are expected to arrive in this city any day. J. M. Cullen is also on the way home to this city, and E. C. Wagner may return during the summer. E. C. Cross received a letter this week from John Farrar, in which the writer reports himself enjoying the best of health. Mr. and Mrs. Farrar will return to Salem this summer. In his letter Mr. Farrar speaks rather discouragingly of the luck that has attended Salem's gold-seekers in the far north. He says

THE OLD HYMNS.

There's lots o' music in 'em, the hymns of long ago, An' when some gray-haired brother sings the ones I used to know I sorter want to take a hand—I think o' days gone by, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wistful eye."

There's lots o' music in 'em—those dear, sweet hymns of old, With visions bright of lands of light, and shining streets of gold; And I hear 'em singin'—singin', where Mem'ry's dreamin' stands, "From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands."

They seem to sing forever of holier, sweeter days, When the lilies of the love of God bloomed white in all the ways. And I want to hear their music from the oldtime meetin's rise Till "I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies."

We never needed singin' books in them old days, we knew The words—the tunes of every one the dear old hymn book through! We didn't have no trumpets then—no organs built for show; We only sang to praise the Lord "from whom all blessings flow."

An' so I love the old hymns, and when my time shall come— Before the light has left me, and my singing lips are dumb— If I can only hear 'em then, I'll pass without a sigh "To Cannan's fair and happy land where my possessions lie!" —Atlanta Constitution.

MY MA, SHE KNOWS.

My Pa, he scolds me jes, becuz He says I'm a'tin' "tough," He says my face is never clean, My hands are always rough; I'm not behavin' like I should, An' goin' wring, I s'pose, But Ma, she takes an' pats my hand An' smiles, becuz she knows!

My Pa haint got no use for boys, He wants 'em always men, I wonder if he's clean forgot The boy he must 'a been; Or Ma, she says they're all alike 'Bout face an' hands an' clothes, An' Ma, I guess, she knows!

My Pa, he says I ain't no good At doin' anything, I'd ruther fool away the time An' whistle, play, an' sing; But Ma, she smiles an' says I'm young, An' then she shup an' goes An' kisses me an' shows me how; For Ma, you bet, she knows!

My Pa, he says I'll never be A business man like him, Becuz I haint got any "drive," An' "get up," "pluck" and "vim;" But Ma, she says, so solemn like, A man's a boy that grows. An' boys must have their play'n' spell; An' Ma's a trump, an' knows!

My Pa, he shakes his head an' sighs An' says he doesn't see Where I get all the careless ways That seem jes' born in me; An' Ma, she laughs, an' laughs, an' laughs, Till Pa's face crimson glows, An' then she says, "Tis v'y queer," Eut somehow, Ma, she knows!

My Ma, she knows most ev'rythin' 'Bout boys an' what they like; She's never scoldin' 'bout the muss I make with kites an' bike; She says she wants me to be good An' conquer all my foes, An' you jes' let I'm goin' to be, 'Cuz my sweet Ma, she knows! —Birch Arnold, in Detroit Journal.

WINTER RESORT OF CROWS.

Miscouri Birds Break Timber by Their Weight and Try to Devour Hogs.

In southwest Missouri and southeast Kansas is the most popular winter resort in the world, a cording to the residents of that part of the country. What becomes of the greedy birds in the summer no one knows. If all the crows that winter in this part of the country were to stay here during the planting season they would devour every tender shoot of corn as fast as it sprouted. The biggest crow roost in the United States was near Bois d'Arc, Mo., this winter. It was like a pigeon roost, in the respect that the weight of the crows broke the timber over acres of woodland. Millions of the birds gathered there every night. During one of the heavy storms this winter some stock shippers had a singular experience with the crows at Ash Grove, Mo. The trains were delayed on account of the snow, and a lot of hogs could not be shipped for several days. The crows were starving, for the snow and sleet prevented them from getting their usual food. They attacked the hogs, lighting on the backs of the fat animals and pecking holes in the bodies of the helpless porkers. The owner of the hogs bought a lot of ammunition and employed all the boys he could secure to shoot the crows. But for the work of the gunners many of the hogs would have been devoured at their feet.

NOT RECOGNIZED.

"I could tell you an amusing incident about my visit to the British museum," said a friend who had traveled, "which you are welcome to publish if you don't use my name." "The British museum," coldly replied thindly, "is a s'ly n' at the editor of the Bloomville Terror, has never sent me any complimentary, so far as I can remember, and it isn't going to get any free advertising in this paper."—Chicago Tribune.