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THE RODEO.

Down, down the dark canyons we ride in a flurry; The cedars sweep by in their mystical hurry; Gone into the west with the phantom moon. Hal there is the lord of the hills and the valleys; It is he that leads in the midsummer salies; High into the steeps where the gray chaparral is; It is he that leads to the low lagoon.

Where the wild mustard splashes the slope with yellow, He has turned at bay—oh, the powerful fellow! See the toss of his head—hear the breath and the bellow; How he tears the ground with his angry hoofs! Now he breaks a wild path thro' the deep, plummy rushes; (A loud bird high on a tamarack bushes) Light on thro' a glory of crimson he crushes, On into the gloom under leafy roofs.

Oh, the joy of the wind in our faces! We follow The cattle—we shout down the poppy-hung hollow; Feel out of the cliff we have startled the swallow; And started the echoes on rocky fells. Hot what was it passed—were they pigeons or sparrows? That whispered away like a huddle of arrows? The rose odor thickens; the deep gorge narrows; Now the herd swings down thro' the scented dells.

Speed, speed, leave the brooks to their pebbles and prattle; Sweep on with the thunder and surge of the cattle; The hurry, the shouting, the wild joy of battle—The hills and the wind and the open light. Now on into camp by the cypressones yonder; Now o'er the quartz let the light fingers wander; Let thoughts in the high heart grow peevish and fooder; Then stars—and the dreams of a summer night.

—Charles Edward Markham in Overland Monthly.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

In South Africa the muti amanzi, or rain doctor, is next in position in the Kaffir tribes to the chief, and has perhaps the most influence. He is looked upon as possessing supernatural powers, and is supposed to stand high in favor with the Incest Pesulu (the Great Spirit) or Inkulukulu (God), but to judge him by his appearance one would conclude that he was a chosen minion of his satanic majesty rather than an angel of the gods. He and his assistants are of course frauds, as they cannot possibly produce what they claim, but as they continue the services until rain comes they are looked upon by the ignorant savages as actually possessing this power. They demand many gifts and cattle for their "influence," and are never refused, as a refusal would, as is supposed, bring dire results on the guilty one. If rain is needed the chief of the kraal calls the local muti to him and requests that they bring rain, accompanying his request by a gift of several cattle. The incantations are at once commenced and continued until rain falls, for the muti never give up, and if asked why no rain has come say that the anahlozi (spirits) are angry with the people and that more sacrifices must be made. About this stage of the service the chief becomes uneasy and sends for the muti amanzi of all the tribes and makes known his wants.

I arrived at the kraal (village) presided over by Chief Matokwa, a very intelligent man and quite friendly to the whites, during a drought, and learned that the chief muti was to arrive next day and bring the long wished for rain. I concluded to remain and see the old rogue go through his magic and sacrifices. As the sun came up next morning I was awakened by a terrible din, and upon arising found that the chief muti amanzi had arrived. Preparations were made for the next day, and I found that the chief muti had expressed his opinion that nothing short of a human sacrifice would put the gods in good humor and cause them to let the rains fall. I went to Matokwa and told him this was all humbug and not to allow any of his people to be sacrificed, and after a long and hot argument he promised that none of his people should be killed. The muti amanzi became very angry at my interference and would not speak to me, but I cared nothing for this, as I had, as I supposed, nothing to fear from him.

The next morning broke clear and bright and not the least sign of rain. All assembled in a cleared spot just outside the kraal and formed a semi-circle. The muti soon appeared, followed by twenty servants. He was painted in a most diabolical fashion; his neck and arms were bedecked with snakes, lizards and other loathsome reptiles, and his hair was stuck full with long crow feathers. Fires were kindled and ten oxen were led in one by one by the servants and slaughtered by the muti, the servants all the time repeating some unintelligible jargon. As the long keen knife of the muti was driven into the poor brute the blood would spurt out, which was caught in vessels and scattered in the air and to the four winds, the muti contorting his features and wallowing in the blood which fell to the ground.

The poor brutes, while yet alive, were ripped open, their entrails torn out and flung hot and smoking on the fires; this to have the smoke and smell of blood reach the angry gods and cause them to relent and pour out the rains. The flesh of the animals was then roasted and eaten by the people, the muti all the time brandishing his knife and chanting a wild and unearthly song. Still no rain, and I could see that something devilish was working through the mind of the muti. I called my two servants to me and told them what had occurred the day before in reference to the human sacrifice, and they said that if the chief said his people would not be sacrificed we could look out for the lot to fall to one of us. I bade them stay near me and have their (Continued on third page)

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL.

HOFER BROTHERS, - - - Editors.

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PUBLISH THE PROCEEDINGS.

The Marion county court and commissioners ought to see that they do themselves and the taxpayers of this county a great injustice in refusing to comply with the law requiring publicity of their proceedings. This is not a personal matter with the JOURNAL, but it would afford protection to the gentlemen who are interested most, in laying the record of their work before the people who pay the bills. They must see to it that their action subserves public interest.

Let us illustrate the matter a little: Polk county never paid its \$12,000 balance on the big Salem bridge, and never will. The counties were sued jointly and when it was shown that Marion was not liable, Polk got out too. But Marion had already paid, and can never recover what was paid without warrant of law. If the orders of the county court had been made public in that matter, the officials would have been enjoined and the county would never have had to pay what it never contracted and was not legally liable for. There could be no stronger argument for publicity of the proceedings of county courts than this, and it was one of the main arguments that carried the Marion county grange unanimously in favor of this reform in favor of publicity, and was one of the main reasons why the legislature enacted and the governor signed the act. Only those who have an interest in obscurity are opposed to this publicity.

The Oregonian copies the JOURNAL's comment on the Marion county court refusing to comply with the new law requiring publication of its doings and bills allowed. It is a fact that the county courts of Multnomah and Marion counties have been subject to charges of extravagance, loose management and corruption since years. That impression is strengthened when the court refuses to comply with a law that would let the people know what it is doing.

PERSONAL BRAVERY.

Last night a group of veterans of the late war, including General Alger, Judge Fitzgerald and Captain Seamans of Los Angeles, sat in the corridor of the Palace and exchanged experiences, says the San Francisco Call.

"The question of personal bravery is always one of peculiar interest," said General Alger, "but many a man who bore the reputation of having a charmed life owed it to the admiration of his opponents. As a rule a soldier will never fire at a man who displays unusual courage. I know this from experience."

"It was in the fall of '63 that I was transferred from the Army of the West to the command of a regiment in the Army of the Potomac. About that time the rebels moved across the Rapidan and I was sent to drive them back. It turned out that it was a reconnaissance, but at the time we believed they were seeking to make a lodgement on the mouth of the river. We drove them back to the bank of the stream, but there they made a savage stand, and re-inforcements were thrown over to aid them. Their position, owing to the formation of the ground, was a very strong one, and ours greatly exposed. While preparing for the struggle my attention was attracted by a courier approaching. He was on foot and availed himself of the numerous gullies, worn by the rains, to protect himself from the enemies fire. Volley after volley was fired at him, but he remained unharmed. He bore orders for me to report at once to General Kilpatrick. In order to reach the latter I would be compelled to pass over an almost open plain for fully three-quarters of a mile and exposed to the fire of the rebels. It flashed upon me that the attempt would result in certain death, and I was on the point of refusing to obey when it occurred to me that I dared not display any indication of cowardice in the presence of my command. Leaving my horse and command, which were stationed behind a small rise in the ground, I started on foot. The moment I appeared I was greeted with a volley, and the dirt flew around me, but I was unhurt. At this the rebels cheered, and in a moment the shot flew thick about me for a second time, but not one touched me. There was another cheer from the rebels, and I kept going. I was so badly frightened that I dared not even look to the right or left. Every moment I looked for another volley, and felt that I could not escape again. Not another shot was fired, and during the fifteen minutes that elapsed while I was in range of their guns round after round of cheers greeted me, but not a bullet was sent after me. I reached

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MISCELLANY.

THE AMERICAN HCG.

LONDON, July 16.—In an interview with a representative of the International Telegram company, the secretary of the Russian Bacon company, which has recently established markets in London, Hamburg, Havre and Barcelona, stated that the company was confident that it would out American pork from the European market. Germany and France, which disfavor the American article, not only permit but encourage the sale of Russian bacon within their territory. The secretary gave an interesting history of the inception and growth of the enterprise which bids fair to become so important. It seems that some time ago twenty expert workmen were sent by Russia to Chicago, Omaha and Kansas City, who obtained employment in the great packing houses of those cities and also managed to learn a good deal about the general status and method of business in America. In due season the men returned home and made their reports, and upon the strength of their representations the government proceeded to erect an immense factory near Graize, 200 miles from Moscow, at a cost of \$150,000, and leased it at a nominal figure to the company for two years. The government also afforded the company special railway privileges, whereby it is able to deliver its product in London in ten days, at 9 pence per cental less than the freight costs from Chicago. Deliveries are made in Hamburg in seven days. The company employs fifteen Irish dressers, who receive £2 per week. A host of other employees, all Russians, receive but 9 pence per day, so that the cost of labor is much less than in American cities. Graize is situated in the center of a pleasant farming country, and commands a product of 18,000,000 hogs immediately, with double that number in prospect for the near future. The company will open markets in all the cities of Europe soon. The company's bacon sold in the London market today at 41 shillings per hundred. Your correspondent afterward interviewed a member of the firm of the Hudson Bros., the largest dealers in bacon in England, as to the effect of the new departure. It was stated that a Russian agent had some time ago approached the Hudsons with a proposition looking to the firm handling the Russian company's goods, but the firm refused to consider the matter. They do not care to express any opinion as to the probable outcome of the new competition, but admitted that the Russian company seemed to have a formidable backing.

THE DESERT COVERED.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 16.—The Examiner prints a communication from its correspondent at Salton who made the trip by boat from Yuma to Salton over the Colorado river and the flooded Colorado desert. Six miles below Hanlon's the party left the Colorado river and turned northwest into the wide slough and after proceeding about twenty-five miles ran into a lagoon of the Colorado river. This was the first place where they saw the water leaving the Colorado river on its way to the desert. It seemed to be breaking out of the river in many places. There was a bar forming, and the correspondent expresses the opinion the river will probably eventually change its channel and throw a great volume of water into the desert. There is water all over the bottom lands, which is a great calamity, and in one of the channels from the river the water was twelve feet deep. The current continued north and the party followed it, the extent of the flooded district becoming greater as they advanced. At a point about ten miles from Adams, another stream 100 feet wide and twelve feet deep joined theirs. For miles from here their course was through a succession of lakes connected by channels from 200 to 400 yards wide, and all very deep. A number of waterfalls were met with where the stream cut its way through the sandhills. At some distance after they entered the so-called Salton lake proper, they entered another stream, supposed to be Carrasco creek. This and the channel are the only streams flow-

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