

**YAMHILL REPORTER.**  
SNYDER & WARREN, PROPRIETORS.  
McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

**WHY!**  
The guns were banging in the street:  
The drums were beating loud:  
The crackers snapped, the cannon boomed,  
Hurrahed the merry crowd.  
"What's this!" cried grandfather, looking  
glum  
(Of course 'twas all in fun),  
"Has Fourth-July got round again?  
There goes another gun!"  
He put his glasses on, to look,  
He held his ears, to hear:  
"What is this racket all about?  
Just hear those youngsters cheer!"  
The children laughed in merry glee:  
"This is—now don't you know?  
The day that Washington was born—  
So many years ago."  
"And why," asked grandpa, puzzled still,  
"Though he is seventy-nine—  
Should you his birthday celebrate  
With better cheer than mine?"  
Then upspoke honest little Ted:  
"Grandpa, I'll tell you why,  
Because—because in all his life  
He never told a lie."  
YOUTH'S COMPANION.

**NELL AND CHRIS.**

There were only seven of us, all girls, in the dear old parsonage at Wrayburn, where papa had lived for thirty years.

Under the daisies in the pretty country churchyard dear mamma had slept since Kate was a wee baby, and Aunt Jane had come to care for the motherless children of her brother as soon as the calamity fell upon him.

We are a rosy-cheeked, healthy set of girls, rather good-looking, Nell being our beauty, and I the only invalid. I am a cripple, but I am not going to bother you with my story, excepting as my observations are recorded. It was in the spring, and my sisters and Aunt Jane were very busy with housework.

I was in my room, knitting; papa wandering about, disconsolate at the invasion of his study, and consequent interruption of his literary work, when the murmur of voices from the porch floated up to me, and I mentally exclaimed, "Dear me! Chris is proposing to Nell again."

"And nobody ever 'ill, or ever can love you as I do," Chris was saying, when Nell's voice struck in.

"There, that window fairly dazzles you! Who says I can't clean glass? Oh, I beg your pardon, Chris. No, of course!"

"But, Nell, do listen to me!"

"Chris, did you ask me to marry you when I was in my cradle? I am sure you have asked me once a week ever since. I won't, you know, or ought to know, by this time. Why can't you ask somebody else, just for variety? I am sure any of the other girls will make a much better wife than I will; that is," said Nell, with a sudden spasm of loyalty for the rest of us, "if any of them would take you."

"How can I care for anyone else when my whole heart has been yours all my life!" said Chris disconsolately. "It is cruel to trifle so with true love."

"Don't be an idiot," said Nell, sharply. "I never trifled with you! I told you that you were a horrid boy, and I would never marry you, when you used to steal apples to present to me, and I never, never told you anything else."

"No," sighed Chris.

"Then why don't you let me alone?"

Here Aunt Jane, her head tied up in a manner that defies description, came upon the scene with, "Oh, here's Chris! Chris, do run over to Smith's and get me a paper of carpet tacks!"

Chris departed.

Presently Smith's boy brought the carpet tacks, and Nell was left alone for the remainder of that day, as far as Chris was concerned.

The next day the cleaning went forward briskly, but it was still early in the morning when Nell came to my room equipped for a walk.

"Any letters?" she asked, carelessly. "I am going down the street."

"None," I said; "I did not think you could be spared."

"Aunt Jane is rather grumpy about it," said Nell, adjusting a coquettish wreath of apple-blossoms upon her hat, "but I want to get the smell of soapuds out of my nose. I may stop at Gilmore's; have you any message?"

"Only my love to Mrs. Gilmore."

Now, Mrs. Gilmore was the mother of Nell's persistent adorer, Christopher Nelson Gilmore, and the families had been intimate for years.

Still, for Nell to take the middle of house-cleaning week to call on Mrs. Gilmore was a little out of order.

She flitted away, her sunny curls dancing on the soft May breeze, and I, putting two and two together, remembered that Chris had not been in the house for twenty-four hours.

Vainly, I tried to recall a similar interval when he was in Wrayburn.

School, college, business had called him out of the village, but his home hours were always fairly divided between his mother's house and ours.

Something must be the matter!

I thought of all possible and impossible catastrophes till I was not surprised to see Nell coming in at the gate in a subdued frame of mind, apparent upon her pretty face.

She came directly to me, as they all do, even Aunt Jane and papa, in emergencies.

"Belle," she said, in a low, grave tone, "Chris has gone to Cape Town."

"Gone!" I cried. "Why, he was here yesterday?"

"He has gone to visit his uncle, the one who offered him a business opening some time ago. Chris did not want a business opening as he had plenty of money; and, Belle, Mrs. Gilmore says it is all my fault that she is left alone and childless."

"Scarcely your fault, dear," I said, my heart aching for the piteous strain in the sweet voice, the pain in the bright eyes. "You were right to refuse to marry a man you do not love."

But Nell only grew whiter, and went slowly to her own room.

After that, in all the family lamentations for Chris, so many years a sort of adopted brother in our midst, Nell never spoke of him.

The next winter, Meg, our eldest, was married; and, as if matrimony was a contagion, Janey followed her example; then Maudie, Lizzie, and even Kate, our baby.

Nell, the prettiest, smartest, sweetest of all, had offers in abundance, spent two winters visiting Meg, and, by all account, captivating hearts by scores, but coming back to be the life and brightness of our home.

"There must be one old maid in every family," she said; and when I suggested my eminent fitness for the position, she smiled loftily, and said, "Mr. Brooks says you are the household angel, so please let us hear no more nonsense."

"There is Aunt Jane, too," I said, mildly.

"Belle," she said severely, "will you stop talking nonsense? Aunt Jane, indeed!"

It really did seem as if Nell was in earnest about a single life; but, after all, she was only twenty-four, and looked about seventeen, when, one day, who should walk into the Parsonage parlor, as coolly as if he had left it the day before, but Chris.

We were all there as he came in, but before he had spoken to Aunt Jane I saw that Nell had vanished.

Did Chris see her run out of the door as he entered the front window? I think he did.

There was a subdued twinkle in his eyes as he inquired for my infirmities, not at all consistent with his words of sympathy.

Presently Nell came in, with a quiet smile of greeting, and a perfect composure of manner, but Chris was a match for her.

It was as good as a play to watch those two, so completely did they ignore the fact that he was a discarded lover who had been sent away by her cruelty.

They conversed easily and gracefully—Christopher's African experiences, varied by descriptions of the family weddings, the new homes, and a thousand other details, in which our caller expressed the greatest interest.

After that he dropped in as of old, making himself agreeable and useful to everyone in the house, especially tender, as he ever had been, to me.

Indeed, I found myself wondering, sometimes, if he was going to take Nell's mocking advice, and all the others being appropriated, offer himself to me.

He took me for long drives in his mother's pony-carriage, and was always ready to hear of Nell's con quests, showing no jealousy, but a great deal of amusement, over her coquetries.

"She was born a coquette!" he said, once; "and yet nobody can call Nell vain. It has been a matter of course with her to be admired ever since she could run alone."

"She is our beauty, as of old," I answered; and Chris assented cordially.

"I have seen no face so winsome since I left home," he said; but he spoke with the frank admiration of a brother, and gave no token of a love-sick swain.

Had he outlived his love, I wondered, and come home to prove to Nell that her days of tyranny were over?

I think Nell suspected that he had. Always even-tempered, Nell became fitful and capricious; bright and laughing when Chris was with us, often silent and sometimes gloomy when she thought herself unnoticed.

She lost her color, and I caught her more than once rubbing her cheeks when going down-stairs to see Chris, and she was snappish and deeply repentant therefore a dozen times a day.

"What ails Nell?" Aunt Jane asked me, anxious for her darling.

"She eats nothing, Belle, and I am sure she does not sleep well. I wonder if it would do her any good to spend a few weeks with Kate?"

Nell, on being consulted, caught eagerly at the suggestion, and hurried her wardrobe into a trunk, as if answering a sudden life or death summons.

She made no farewells, but flitted off so abruptly that it made us all stare with surprise.

"Elmer was always impulsive," papa said.

And Aunt Jane only answered, "But bless me, I didn't mean to drive the child out of the house!"

Chris said nothing, but I was certainly convinced of the reality of his whiskers, so ferociously were they pulled all the evening.

But the next day Mrs. Gilmore sent over a wee note of dire distress.

Chris had been thrown from his horse, and the doctors feared some spinal injury.

Aunt Jane went over at once, and came back with a grave face.

"He is badly hurt—entirely unconscious," she said.

If Nell's departure was sudden, her return was not less so.

"Did you take off your hat at Kate's?" I inquired, with mild sarcasm, but regretted it when Nell's arms stole around my neck, and a face wet with tears was pressed against my own.

"Will he die?" she whispered. "Oh, Belle, what shall I do if he dies?"

Then, as if ashamed of letting even my loving eyes read her secret, she rushed away and locked herself in her room.

Such restless misery followed that my heart ached for her.

She made Aunt Jane spend almost all her time at Mrs. Gilmore's and undertook the housekeeping herself, letting papa miss nothing of his sister's care.

But she seemed to live in a sort of breathless expectation of the news from Chris.

Worse! worse! very low! such were the disheartening tidings day after day, until there came one dreadful night of agonized watching, and Chris changed for the better.

Convalescence was slow and tedious; but one day, when we were all in the drawing room, there was a soft rush across the room, on the porch, down the garden, and a joyous ring in Nell's voice, crying, "Oh, Chris!—dear Chris!—are you really here again?"

Then, I saw him leaning one hand on her shoulder, one on his cane, as he came feebly up the path, pale, thin, and weak, but Chris restored to us.

Spring came round once more, and Nell and Aunt Jane busied themselves with the usual extra housework.

Once more voices floated up to me from the porch.

"You were cleaning those windows when I went away, Nell."

"Please, Chris, don't!" Nell pleaded.

"Don't repeat the offense for which I was banished, Nell. But I must, darling. It is for the last time."

"Hush!" I whispered at this crisis, as Aunt Jane entered my room.

"Chris is proposing to Nell."

"Well," said my aunt, "that is an old story."

"But she has accepted him," I said, exultingly, as a faint, "Yes, dear Chris; I know now you are the only man I could ever love," stole up to me.

"Ahem!" said Aunt Jane. "You and I, Belle, will be the old maids of the family, after all."

And Aunt Jane was right.

Dear papa says—I know it was only his kindness, but it is pleasant to hear—that he could not spare the last of his girls to any husband.

**BE COURTEOUS.**

The influence of gentle, courteous words upon those unused even to words of common comfort may be learned from an incident, which also shows that it pays to be polite even to a street Arab.

One day, in suddenly turning the corner of a street, a young lady ran, with great force, against a little ragged boy, and almost knocked him down. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned, and said very kindly to the boy:

"I beg your pardon, my little fellow; I am sorry that I ran against you."

The poor boy was astonished. He looked at her a moment with surprise; and then, taking off about three-quarters of a cap, he bowed very low, and said, while a broad smile spread itself all over his face:

"You can hev my parding and welcome, miss; and the next time you may run again me, and knock me clean down, an' I won't say a word."

After the lady had passed on, he turned to his companion, and said, "I say, Jim, it's the first time I ever had any one ask my parding, and it kind a' took me off my feet."

That poor boy will never forget those gentle, loving, peaceful words.

Never believe, much less propagate, an ill report of a neighbor without good evidence of its truth; never listen to an infamous story handed to you by a man who is inimical to the person defamed, or who is himself apt to defame his neighbors, or who is wont to sow discord among brethren and excite disturbance in society. Never utter the evil which you know or suspect of another, till you have an opportunity to expostulate with him. Never speak evil of another while you are under the influence of envy and malevolence, but wait till your spirits are cooled down, that you may better judge whether to utter or suppress matter.

"You say that he would not submit to an interview," said the city editor to the reporter. "That's all right, if he refused. The interview would have made about a column and a half. Don't call him a thief, but say that his dishonesty has been eminently established." It is unnecessary to say that a captured state treasurer was the man in question. At present in the south, state treasurers are more important than bank cashiers. They leave with more money and are consequently more entitled to respect.

—Arkansaw Traveler.

All during my stay in Chicago and St. Louis I never saw the sun, and it was six hours after we left St. Louis before I caught a glimpse of real sunlight. When I saw the sunlight I clasped my hands with joy and when I saw the cotton near Memphis I was in ecstasies like a child. I went up the river in a boat and we got out on the land and I picked some cotton and will send it to my friends in England.—Mrs. Langtry to an Atlanta Interviewer.

The Rev. W. F. Smith tells of a horse he once knew that would always refuse to pull if three persons, no matter of what size or weight, were in the vehicle to which he was hitched, but he never refused to draw two of any size. This is a horse that can count.

You smile when you see a child trying to grasp its own shadow; but how many have been grasping shadows all their lives, and will continue to reach out and grasp as long as breath and eyesight last.

**INSANE PEOPLE.**

Comparatively Few Persons Who are Thoroughly Sane.

A PATIENT WHOM THE DOCTOR DID NOT CARE TO SEE AGAIN.

An interesting lecture was recently delivered by Dr. Ball in his course at the Paris Faculty of Medicine. The generally received opinion that folly and reason are separated by a strictly drawn mathematical line is, according to Dr. Ball, quite erroneous. There is a broad frontier, he says, between sanity and insanity, which is peopled by millions of inhabitants. Dampasippus, in Horace, laid down the doctrine that all men are mad—"Insanus et tu, stultique prope omnes." Dr. Ball without going quite so far as this, holds that the number of persons perfectly reasonable on all points throughout the entire period of their existence form but a minority of mankind. The world abounds with people, he tells us, whom a strict scientific diagnosis would condemn as mad or more or less "touched," yet at no time of their life would it be permissible to put them under restraint. Such people are to be seen occupying honorably and successfully every position in life and society; we brush against them when we take our daily walks abroad; we see them in the mirror which reflects ourselves.

Dr. Ball having stated the thesis of his discourse, proceeds to a classification of these "sane madmen," and assigns the first place "in the order of merit" (from what point of view he does not specify) to those who suffer from unreasonable and in most cases irresistible impulses. Naturally enough, the lecturer referred to the case of Dr. Johnson and the curious impulse which prompted him to touch each post as he walked along the streets—an impulse so strong that if he accidentally passed one by without the usual tribute of a touch, he felt irresistibly compelled to return and repair the omission. The overpowering impulse to laugh on occasions of peculiar solemnity is one of which even the most serious persons have experienced. A still more morbid impulse is that which sometimes urges pious people to indulge in blasphemous or profane language. A great English divine, Bishop Butler, was tempted all his life long by this temptation, which he only mastered by strong and sustained efforts of the will. The impulse sometimes assumes a suicidal form.

Dr. Ball was recently consulted by a young man who was engaged to be married, but who found it impossible to visit his intended bride because it would involve a journey of some length in a railway carriage, and he could never enter one without feeling a desire to jump out as soon as the train was in motion. He was advised to accustom himself gradually to this mode of traveling by taking short journeys on the suburban line, but he could never get beyond Antwerp; there he had to leave the carriage for fear of accident. Homicidal impulse is likewise met with. Thouviot's case is one of the oftenest quoted. For years this unpleasant person was tortured with a burning desire to kill some woman or other, but he never felt the slightest wish to take the life of a man. He battled with the impulse for years, but at length it got the better of him. One day he murdered a young girl, a perfect stranger to him, whom unfortunate chance threw in his way in the kitchen of a restaurant. Dr. Ball was consulted some time ago by a painter of considerable talent who was a prey to these murderous impulses. He had married early in life, his family was large and his cares and anxieties in proportion. At about eight and thirty, without special unfavorable turn in his affairs, his mind began to be affected. If he saw a mirror he experienced a desire to smash it; near a window he felt a temptation to jump out; he never got a bank note in his hand that he did not feel inclined to tear it in pieces. These morbid promptings presently assumed a more formidable shape; he began to be assailed with a temptation to strangle his children. His little daughter was dying of croup, and he spent night after night by her bedside nursing her with the utmost tenderness. "Yet," said he to the physician, "at the moment when I was praying, with tears in my eyes, that the child's life might be spared, I was tormented with a horrible desire to take her out of the cradle and throw her into the fire. Even now," he added, "as I speak to you, I feel a most intense desire to strangle you; but I check myself." The Doctor never saw this patient again; a circumstance which he has perhaps no reason to regret, for as he was a man of powerful build he would have been an exceedingly "ugly customer" had his sanguinary impulses proved beyond his control. But up to that time, as the Doctor remarks, he had kept them successfully in check. His nearest friends did not even suspect that he was subject to them. He filled all the duties of life in a correct and exemplary manner. No doctor could have certified to his being insane. Yet assuredly he was on the "borderland" of insanity.

A North Carolina Railroad which is to be twelve miles long, and which is now in course of construction, is to be owned and operated solely by colored men.

Hypocrisy becomes a necessity for those who live scandalously.

**THE HOUSEHOLD.**

**BEWARE OF PNEUMONIA.**—The large number of deaths from pneumonia this winter has attracted universal attention and alarm. But the alarm seems to be vague and general, and not special enough to be applied by each man to his own case. When a man catches cold he thinks it is a slight matter which will soon pass over, and very likely takes no extraordinary precautions against its further progress. A conspicuous instance of this carelessness was the case of Governor Jewell. He was a man of robust frame, and apparently good for twenty five years more of life. The particulars are briefly these: He was taken with a chill on February 2 while in this city. He immediately went home and was threatened with pneumonia.

By the following Tuesday he felt so much better that he got up. On Tuesday evening he moved from an uncomfortable warm room into a cooler one. This brought on a chill and sent him to bed again. On Thursday he was again up, took a bath and sat for several hours in his dressing-gown. That night his symptoms were alarming, and he died on Saturday night.

The history of this case is the history of scores of others which do not find their way into print, and is likely to be the history of hundreds more before next summer. People will not seem to learn by anything but dread experience, the necessity of constant care, and the applicability of the old adage about an ounce of prevention. A cold, at this season of the year, is something that ought to be attended to immediately on its appearance, and special care should be taken against exposure for some days after the apparent cure. Relapses are apt to be much worse than the original disease. We hope there may be a few people to whom the experience of others is of some use.—[N. Y. Mail and Express.

**A GRAPE CURE IN AMERICA.**—One of the beneficent institutions of the Old World is to be introduced into our country. No less than the grape cure. And where could this be situated more suitably than in Hammondsport, N. Y., the village of vineyards? Foreign travelers tell us of the grape cures of Germany, and how every year, as the vintage time arrives, the dwellers in the regions where the grape is not grown, come flocking to the cures, remaining during the grape season, going home refreshed and invigorated for the labors of another year. Hammondsport is to be, from the first of September through the fall and winter, to all intents and purposes, a grape cure.

There will still be found the fishing, boating and delightful drives, and in addition to these attractions, is that of the grapes. First, during the latter end of August, comes the delicious and delicate Delaware and the succulent, luscious Concord, then in quick succession ripen the other varieties, many of which remain upon the vines until late in the fall, the more durable kinds being preserved in their freshness by a process practiced nowhere except upon Lake Kenka. An inquirer asked a French gentleman of culture, who had spent many years in Germany, for what disease the grape cure was thought most beneficial. He replied for all, especially those of the liver and stomach, and acting, as it does, upon these organs, the body is refreshed, the brain made clear and a healthy tone to the system generally the result.

**CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.**—A gentleman of West Newton is content that he knows of a certain cure for rheumatism. A few years ago he was severely afflicted by the disease, which affected his whole system, and finally settled in the sciatic nerve. He suffered intensely, often being deprived of sleep. He tried many remedies without avail, till finally a physician prescribed gum guaiacum and sulphur mixed in equal parts, to be taken in small doses three times a day. He found that one dose was all that he could bear, and took it at night. At the end of ten days he was entirely relieved of his rheumatism. He has since had touches of the complaint, but the above remedy always proves efficacious. He thinks he has recommended it to at least two hundred sufferers from rheumatism, and in every case it effected a cure except one, and in that instance the person continued the use of intoxicating drinks; yet he was benefited. A plenty of exercise in the open air should accompany the use of the prescription.—[Boston Journal.

**BOILED HAM.**—To boil a ham, scrape and wash carefully in plenty of cold water. Put it to cook in boiling water enough to cover it entirely, hock end up; let it remain on the front of the stove till the ham begins to boil; then put it back, and let it simmer steadily for three hours. Take it off the fire, and let the ham remain in the water it is boiled in till cool enough to handle; then skin it, put in a baking pan and sprinkle with about three ounces of brown sugar; run your pan into a hot oven and let it remain a half-hour, or until the sugar has formed a brown crust. This not only improves the flavor of the ham, but preserves its juices.

**FAVORITE SNOW CAKE.**—Beat one cup of butter to a cream, add one and a half cups of flour, and stir very thoroughly together; then add one cup of corn starch, and one cup of sweet milk in which three teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been dissolved; last add the whites of eight eggs and two cups of sugar well-beaten together; flavor to taste, bake in sheets and put together with icing.

**TO EASE THE PAIN OF A BOIL.**—Bind on fresh figs.

Winter finds out what summer's hidden. Kidney-Wort cures in winter what summer found who will not be greatly benefited through course of Kidney-Wort every day. If you cannot, prepare the dry lay the it has the same effect.

A Good Thing.—Enterprise and good qualities in business, but you will find it up-hill work to succeed. There are many patent medicines for coughs, some of which are first-class and do all that could be expected of them. We have never heard of any cough medicine so successful in winning its public favor as Ammon's Cough Syrup. It is having an immense sale, and our friends use it speaks loud in its praise. (Editor, San Jose, March 25th, 1892.)

People's intentions can only be decided by their conduct.

"When the foundations of life are corrupted and enlivened by suffering; when functions of womanhood are strictly as womanly life, like a delicate and sensitive organ, and the vital and organic harmony, but who suffer from vital and organic disorders have found immediate relief and permanent cure by using Mrs. Lydia E. Han's Vegetable Compound.

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This remedy is an absolute specific for the diseases of women, for the nervous troubles of youth, and for the debility which precedes old age. As statistics show that all diseases arise from the kidneys or liver, we can guarantee the freedom from disease by reason of the power of this our safe Kidney and Liver Cure possesses over these organs. For Diabetics ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE. The only one.

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