

EXPENSIVE WHIPS.

SOME COSTLY ARTICLES OWNED BY WEALTHY DRIVERS.

Whips That Must Be Regarded More as Ornaments Than as Instruments of Usefulness for Urging Slow or Fractious Animals—A Vanderbilt Possession.

The Vanderbilt family owns a valuable whip. It was presented to the late W. H. Vanderbilt by the Jackson & Wooden Car company, of Berwick, Pa. The design was made by Fritz Kaldenburg, the sculptor, at a cost of \$2,000. The whip and ivory stock, before any carving was done, cost \$600. It was seven feet long. Above the stock the whip was made of solid whalebone, then worth three dollars per pound, now scarce at ten dollars. Over this solid whalebone was the finest braiding of split tapered whalebone ever attempted.

The braiding of the whip and making of the snapper occupied one whole month. The case for the whip cost \$100. The handle of the whip was of the purest ivory, 21 inches long and 1 1/2 inches thick at the butt end, which is an ornamental capitol, from which a floral pattern emanates, emblematic of power, truth and perpetuity, which encircles four panels. In each panel is a wonderful piece of carving—on one side a locomotive and a train of cars; on the other a steamboat, symbolizing the foundations of Cornelius Vanderbilt's great achievements.

On the third and fourth panels are the achievements of W. H. Vanderbilt's genius, the Grand Central railroad depot on one and on the other himself in a buggy driving his celebrated fast horses on the road. On the end of the handle are two portrait busts in high relief of Cornelius and W. H. Vanderbilt, father and son. This whip is sacredly kept in a glass case among the art treasures of the Vanderbilt gallery, and in future generations will be treasured as a work of art, even though it is simply a whip.

Jim Flisk had a driving whip covered with silk thread, heavy carved ivory handle, handsomely engraved, gold mountings, with the owner's name in diamonds. The whip, with its velvet lined case, cost \$800. W. K. Vanderbilt has a fine whip, costing \$550.

SOME FAMOUS WHIPS. Jay Gould has a whip, made for him twenty years ago, at a cost of \$100. He has had it repaired only once.

Mr. Hammond, of the Murray Hill hotel, New York, had a whip worth \$75, and Harry Hill, the famous New Yorker, had one worth \$50.

Hon. Arthur Siedler, of Morristown, N. J., has an ivory handled whip, beautifully mounted with silver. On the ivory is carved his monogram. The whip cost several hundred dollars.

The late Theodore Stewart, of New York, had a whip that cost him \$300.

Pierre Lorillard, of New York, has a fine whip, with a handle of ivory, richly carved and encircled by twining leaves of tobacco, into which his monogram is deftly carved. It was presented to Mr. Lorillard by friends, and is valued at \$500.

It is quite a fad with ladies who ride to have a couple of fine gold mounted whips, tied with their favorite color of ribbon and laid in the form of an X on their beds.

Many thousands of dollars is expended every year in fine driving whips, costing from \$25 to \$100, as presents to prominent men in clubs, societies, railroad and steamship companies, etc. Fine whips share with the gold headed canes in their use as gifts. As nearly every gentleman keeps a fine horse, he must needs have a fine whip.

For female riders, a large variety is made. As the country grows more densely populated, and richer and finer goods become a larger part of regular trade, new and novel designs are continually brought out by manufacturers.

THREE KINDS OF WHIPS. There are three kinds of whips—the straight or buggy whip, the lash whip, and, for riding, the English crop. The crop is a handsomely mounted, short, straight stick, with a flat leather thong at the end, into which may or may not be fastened a lash.

America leads the world in whips, and the Englishmen have found this out long ago. A year ago a number of noblemen sent a man over here to pick out some whips. Now, the American whip is a straight whip, while the English, French and German whips are all lash whips.

A New York lady has a driving whip which she values at \$5,000. In the stock of the whip are forty-seven diamonds.

One of the costliest whips ever made in this country was made in Connecticut for a Frenchman. It was paid for by an American and cost \$1,500. The stock was carved ivory, gold and jewels. The whip itself was whalebone, braided with tapering whalebone thread. It took two weeks to braid the whip.

A farmer living near New York has a whip over 100 years old. He bought it at a country auction for thirty-six dollars. He has been offered \$100 for it as a curiosity. He refused it. It is a very thick, heavy ivory, clumsily turned stock. The ivory alone is worth twenty-five dollars, and is a beautiful piece.

A whip dealer in New York has a very old whip stock that has carried off prizes in London and Paris, and will be on exhibition at the World's fair in Chicago. It was made in 1792.

Bismarck and the German emperor have their whips made in this country. Many costly whips are made here for English and French actors, who take them home to present to friends. Most of the swell guardsmen in England who drive tandem send here for their whips.—National Harness Review.

He Made Room. Lady Mallard was rather fond of crowding her dinner table. Once when the company was already tightly packed, an unexpected guest arrived, and she instantly gave her imperative orders: "Lettre, make room!"

"It must certainly be made," he answered, "for it does not exist."—All the Year Bound.

A Swell-Boston Shoemaker.

For several years there has been a colored shoemaker on School street. He has owned his little shop, which is big enough for about four people to stand in without noticeable discomfort. He is a good looking young fellow, and there isn't anything remarkable about him at first sight. He has a very good trade for a small place, and his income is sufficient to enable him to live comfortably. If you go into his shop any time of the day between 7 o'clock in the morning and 5 o'clock in the afternoon you will find him seated on a little stool with a leather apron on. His sleeves will be rolled up, and he will be pegging away for dear life.

If you go into the place at 5 o'clock and wait a few minutes, you will presently behold a novel spectacle as may be witnessed in the city anywhere. You will see that a gorgeous light overcoat has been hanging on a peg in the wall in a corner of the shop, and that a pair of flashing patent leather shoes have been reposing in the same corner on the floor, and that near by a big silver knobbed walking stick has been standing, while on a little shelf has been resting a glossy silk hat. When this young man's work is done in the evening he doffs his leather apron and attires himself in his swell apparel.

He may be seen on Washington street in the neighborhood of the Adams House an hour later, silk hat, patent leathers, spring overcoat, silver knobbed cane and all. He goes to his shop in this dress in the morning and leaves it similarly garmented in the evening. He moves in the swellest colored society of the city, and is looked on by his acquaintances as a person of quality. Yet he makes no disguise of his business.—Boston Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Rival of the Yosemite.

In the vast Sierra wilderness far to the southward of the famous Yosemite valley there is a yet grander valley of the same kind. It is situated on the South Fork of King's river, above the most extensive groves and forests of the giant sequoia and beneath the shadows of the highest mountains in the range, where the canyons are deepest and the snow laden peaks are crowded most closely together. It is called the Big King's River canyon or King's River Yosemite, and is reached by way of Visalia, the nearest point on the Southern Pacific railroad, from which the distance is about forty-five miles, or by the Kearnsarge pass from the east side of the range.

It is about ten miles long, half a mile wide and the stupendous rocks of purple gray granite that form the walls are from 2,500 to 5,000 feet in height, while the depth of the valley below the general surface of the mountain mass from which it has been carved is considerably more than a mile. Thus it appears that this new Yosemite is longer and deeper, and lies imbedded in grander mountains than the well known Yosemite of the Merced. Their general character, however, are wonderfully alike, and they bear the same relationship to the fountains of the ancient glaciers above them.—John Muir in Century.

How Ancient Builders Built.

The builders of Babel built well. Tradition relates that it was only a confusion of tongues that checked their aspiration. There can be no doubt that the foundations of the celebrated tower that was designed by its architect to reach "heaven" were of the broadest and heaviest sort; let us say vast walls of the most solid granite, bound and knit together by that most excellent insoluble cement that is one of the lost arts to modern constructionists. Yet if latter day engineers be not hopelessly in error with concern to the conclusions they have drawn as respects ancient masonry, ancient builders counted only on the law of gravitation, which they knew in an empiric way, for the safety of the works they wrought. The projector of the Nag-on-Wat, whose walls and roof might have sheltered a St. Peter's and a St. Paul's and still have had room for a building like the Equitable in Broadway within its vast inclosures, would never dream of setting his masons to begin the laying of his walls say at about fifty feet from the ground.—Harper's Weekly.

Her Views.

Charlie B— is a board of trade man. His wife has ideas of her own. A few days ago she told Charlie at dinner: "Reciprocity is a great thing." "When did you find that out?" asked Charlie. "A lady stepped on my dress today and never offered a word of apology." "Of course not," chuckled Charlie. "But she smiled." "Oh!" "Then I smiled. You see that smile produced a smile in return." "A man would have smiled, too, under the circumstances," remarked Charlie. "That was reciprocity," said Mrs. Charlie, ignoring the remark. "Almost as satisfactory as if you had slapped each other." "And she answered in a dreamy voice: 'Almost.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Feminine Superstition.

The elevator in one of the big newspaper offices was filled with men. One woman, fashionably dressed, was a passenger. Next her stood a hunchback—an aged man, neatly dressed and shrinking as far as possible out of notice. The woman looked at him with a thoughtful air as if weighing vast possibilities. Suddenly she leaned over and with the tip of her white gloved finger daintily touched the hump of her neighbor. "What was that for?" one man asked another in an undertone. "Don't you know? For luck," was the answer. "Touch a hunchback and bring good fortune, is one of woman's pet superstitions."—New York World.

At the present day the Persians call asafetida "the food of the gods," the Russians delight in caviare and the Eskimo in train oil.

FOOLED BY MOSBY.

The Confederate Guerrilla Got the Federal Password and Made a Raid.

"The man with the coolest nerve I ever met," said Colonel A. E. Seifert, who was in a reminiscent mood, "was Colonel John S. Mosby. I was a high private at Harper's Ferry when that place was captured by Stonewall Jackson in 1862. After waiting for some time for our exchange we were ordered down to Fairfax Court House, Va., where we were on the lookout for Mosby.

"One cold, clear night in February, 1863, I was on picket duty on the Warrenton road. I had post two. I was walking my post almost on the double quick, trying to keep warm, when I heard a troop of cavalry coming down the Warrenton road at a quick trot. They were stopped by the man on post one all right, and then came down on my post. When they came close enough to me I halted them.

"Friends with the counterign,' was the answer to my challenge. "One man dismount and advance with the countersign,' was my next command.

"A well dressed officer dismounted and advanced to the point of my bayonet and gave the countersign 'Jamnicia.' "Countersign correct,' I shouted. "Pass on."

"There were about three hundred of them; a motley crew in appearance, but they were a jolly lot, singing, talking and laughing. They passed on, and in due time I was relieved and soon was sound asleep.

"Early the next morning the sergeant of the guard roused me up and told me I was wanted at headquarters. In charge of an orderly I went. When I got there the man who was on post one was ahead of me. He was ushered into the presence of General Alexander Hayes, our commanding officer, and when he came out I went in.

"You had post two at—last night?" demanded the general.

"I had, sir." "Tell me about the troop of cavalry that passed your post." "I told him what had happened.

"Well," he said grimly, 'you did it, and he dismissed me. "I discovered pretty soon that the men I had passed were Mosby's command, with Mosby at their head. They had ridden through the entire camp, taken the tent of one of the general officers, mounted it on a mule and escaped with it to the Confederate lines.

"How did he get the password? We found out that afterward. At one of the outposts was the rawest kind of a raw recruit. While he was on picket duty a man dressed in a captain's uniform, with the red sash of the officer of the day across his breast, approached him. He challenged and the officer responded.

"Officer of the day with the countersign."

"Advance and give the countersign." "The officer advanced and gave a word which was not the correct one.

"That's not right," said the sentinel, and you can't pass."

"After considerable wrangling, the officer insisted that his word was right, he exclaimed angrily, 'What word have you got?' The man said, 'The sergeant of the guard gave me the word, 'Jamnicia,' and nobody can pass without it."

"The officer was no other than Mosby himself. He had all he wanted, and, waiting for night, got his men together and made the successful raid.

"For cool nerve it beat anything I ever heard of."—New York Herald.

The Best Joke.

As I was leaving Pittsburg I was approached by a young man who, after giving me his card, thanked me most earnestly for my lecture of last night; in fact, he nearly embraced me.

"I never enjoyed myself so much in my life," he said. "I grasped his hand. "I am glad," I replied, "that my humble effort pleased you so much. Nothing is more gratifying to a lecturer than to know he has afforded pleasure to his audience."

"Yes," he said, "it gave me immense pleasure. You see, I am engaged to be married to a girl in town. All her family went to your show, and I had the girl at home all to myself. Oh! I had such a good time! Thank you so much! Do lecture here again soon."

And after wishing me a pleasant journey he left. I was glad to know I left at least one friend and admirer behind me in Pittsburg.—Max O'Rell.

A Little Like an Insult.

"See many of my paragraphs or stories in the exchanges?" asked the funny man of the exchange editor. "Haven't noticed," returned the exchange editor. "I've seen a good many things credited to the paper, but haven't looked to see whether they were dog fights, weather items or some of your genre. Want me to cut yours out and lay 'em aside for you?"

"Oh, no; I wouldn't put you to so much trouble," said the funny man. "No trouble at all," asserted the exchange editor.

The funny man went back to his desk, thought over the matter for a minute and then threw a paperweight at the exchange editor.—Chicago Tribune.

Gloves Not Made of Rat Skins.

It has often been said that the glove-makers of Paris make use in their trade of the skins of rats which are caught in the sewers, but this is denied. Certainly the material would not be strong enough to successfully counterfeit the kid, unless it were for the thumb parts only, which are generally of a thinner and different kind of leather from the rest. Suggestion has been made that a trade might be opened with the Chinese for the skins of the rats which they eat.—Washington Star.

Smoke is finding its champions in England, notwithstanding the efforts made to prevent its diffusion in the atmosphere. It is claimed that the carbon in the smoke is a powerful deodorizer, and as such is a blessing rather than a nuisance.

A Question for English Lawyers.

A correspondent raises the question whether a retired judge can practice at the bar, and goes on to say: "The point is an interesting one, and if report speaks truly it is not unlikely to be raised by the action of Mr. Justice Hawkins, who, on his retirement next month, it is said, will resume his old role of advocate. There is no precedent for an English judge appearing again at the bar after retirement, but it is not an uncommon thing for an Indian or colonial judge to resume practice when he has left the bench. These officials, however, are in an entirely different position to their English brethren, and their example counts for very little."

"The absence of an English precedent is much more to the purpose, and it would probably be considered conclusive by the bar committee if not by the judges before whom the question might be raised. Anyway, it would be decidedly unfair for a judge who had received a handsome pension to enter into competition with his struggling professional brethren who had yet a career to make, to say nothing of the awkwardness of the situation which would be created."—Yorkshire (England) Post.

The Allanthus Tree.

The first allanthus trees grown in America were brought from the far east and planted in the garden of Burns' coffee house on lower Broadway, opposite Bowling green, New York. They were much admired by the New York beaux and belles of seventy-five years ago, from which the conclusion is drawn that fashions in odors also change.—Exchange.

Surveyors at work on the Gila river in New Mexico claim that they have discovered a mountain of pure alum a mile square at the base and 3,000 feet high.

CONSTIPATION.

Half the American people yet there is only one preparation of Sarsaparilla that acts on the bowels and remedies this important trouble, and that is Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. It relieves it in 24 hours, and an occasional dose prevents return. Write for permission to C. E. Elkington, 125 Loewis Avenue, San Francisco; J. H. Brown, Petaluma; H. S. Wain, Geary Court, San Francisco, and hundreds of others who have used it in constipation. One letter is a sample of hundreds. Elkington writes: "I have been for years subject to bilious headaches and constipation. Have been so bad for a year back have had to take a physic every other night or else I would have a headache. After taking one bottle of J. V. S., I am in splendid shape. It has done wonderful things for me. People similarly troubled should try it and be convinced."

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