

THE TIMES-MOUNTAINEER SUPPLEMENT.

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PATERNAL COUNSELS.

What Alexander Philologus's Sire Said to Him When he Left Home.

"Alexander Philologus," said the parent, in a voice of sad yet stern, "you are about to go forth into the wide world to carve out your fortune. No doubt you have beautiful dreams of what you will achieve. In your mind's eye you see yourself coming home home a year from now clad in velvet and fine linen. I trust that you may come home that way, but I fear that your garments may be composed of burlap. You confidently expect to drive homeward down the sunlit road in a gorgeous equipage with servants and retainers; I trust that you will not be obliged to walk homeward on the ties and get turnips from hired men to keep soul and body together. You scoff at the idea, and you may scoff until the clangor of brazen bells announce that the cows are coming home. I have heard young men scoff before at words that were spiced with wisdom, and I have seen them in after years driving street cars and sawing wood.

"The fact of the matter is, Alexander, that you have a rashly exaggerated idea of your own importance in this dreary world. You foolishly entertain the idea that if you were to die to-night the earth would shudder and wheel backward. But it wouldn't. The sun would rise just the same, the stars would gleam as brightly as ever, the creek would gurgle merrily on its way, there would still be marriage and giving in marriage. You would be laid carefully away in a nicely-fitting grave, my boy, and the grass would grow over you, and the brunette cow would eat the grass, and there wouldn't be a single jolt in the whole world because of your death. It is unfortunate that you have made up your mind that you know it all."

"When you have been jostled about a little while you will want to go to a scheduled graveyard and weep. You will be convinced that instead of knowing it all that you don't suspect anything. Man is like a ground-hog in the path of a landslide, Alexander. If the ground-hog has sense enough to get out of the way it is all right; but if it cocks itself up on its hind legs and looks wise it will be everlastingly squelched. The bowlder may be a great deal bigger than the pebbles about it, but when an idle stranger fires into the water it doesn't take any longer to cover it up forever than it would one of the pebbles. I knew a man once who could converse fluently in more languages than you could shake a cord of wood at; what he didn't know about astronomy wasn't worth knowing; there wasn't a science or an art on which he was not an authority; his knowledge was simply sublime. He forgot more every day than you can ever hope to know. Yet this remarkable man perished miserably in a creek ten feet wide because he had never learned to swim. Go forth into the world, Alexander, but not with the idea that you know it all.

"Try to convince yourself that other people may have heard a thing or two themselves and don't expect that they will herald you as the coming man. The prodigal son was rather fly when he left home, and you have heard how he returned. He went back on his uppers, without enough wealth to buy a bowl of soup at a fourth-rate chop houses, and hundreds have had a similar experience. Go forth unostentatious and without any drum-major business. If you are not immediately offered a situation as president of a bank go to work hoeing corn, digging wells or feeding threshing machines. The world is full of golden opportunities, but the young man who is so mashed on his dignity that he will not grasp them is liable to be left in a most deplorable and emphatic manner."

Mrs. Florence Maybrick,

Great Britain is now convulsed over the Maybrick trial in which a wife, young and handsome, has been condemned to death for having poisoned her husband. The trial has also worked great interest on this side of the Atlantic, where Mrs. Maybrick is known to a large circle of friends, having been born in this country, where she resided up to time of her marriage.

Mrs. Elizabeth Maybrick is the daughter of Whilliam G. Chandler, a banker of Mobile, Ala., who died suddenly in 1860. A year afterwards his widow, Mrs. Carrie E. Chandler married Colonel Frank Du Barry, a Confederate officer, with whom her name had been unpleasantly coupled before her husband's death. In 1863 Col. Du Barry was ordered to Europe for the purpose of making contracts for ordnance stores. He took his wife and step-daughter with him and embarked on a blockade runner. The steamer had been at sea only a few days when the Colonel suddenly expired and at the command of the wife he was buried at sea. Subsequently Mrs. Du Barry married Baron von Rogue, a German officer, then a member of Crown Prince Frederick's staff. James Maybrick was then a cotton broker doing an extensive business in Liverpool. He seems to have been a very impressive man, for on nearly every visit to the United States he managed to fall in love with some fair

pas-senger, and there were two or three engagements. Meeting Florence Chandler on board of a steamer in 1861 he proposed to her and was accepted. The marriage took place in the fashionable St. James Church, Picadilly, London. At that time the residence of the bride was given as Norfolk, Va. Mr. and Mrs. Maybrick appear to have lived amicably together for some years, although the husband was twice as old as the wife; her fondness for display and somewhat reckless gaiety led to disputes and finally culminated in a quarrel. Mrs. Maybrick has confessed that she wronged her husband with a gentleman by the name of Brierly, but insists that her husband forgave her. The ill matched couple resided at Grassendale House in the best part of Liverpool and they had two children. Last April Mr. Maybrick took very ill. On May 8th Alice Yapp, the children's nurse, took a letter which she received from her mistress to the post. Alice says the baby dropped the letter in the mud, which soiled it. Fearing the mother's anger, the girl decided to place it in another envelope, but being curious read the contents. This letter was addressed to A. Brierly, Huskisson Street, Liverpool, he being also a cotton broker and Maybrick's friend. This letter said "He was sick unto death" and "Doctors have held consultation, all depends upon how long his strength will hold out." Another sentence was "I have been delirious since Sunday, and I know he is ignorant of everything, even the name of the street." The signature, "Florie," showed the intimate relations, between the writer and Brierly. Instead of mailing letter, Alice Yapp gave it to Edwin Maybrick on the day of his brother's death. Edwin showed no suspicion, but allowed the funeral to take place, though he kept a strict watch on the widow. A day or two afterwards she was arrested, the body was exhumed, an inquest held and great quantities of arsenic were found in the stomach. During the trial it came out that Mrs. Maybrick had bought arsenic some of which was hidden away in her bedroom. She persisted in saying she had bought this for the purpose of preparing a lotion for her face. It was found that Mr. Maybrick often had ordered arsenic powder from the drug store. The defense was that Mr. Maybrick was a habitual arsenic eater. Doctors who gave evidence disagreed in a most remarkable way, and it was generally thought she would not be found guilty, as the evidence was all circumstantial. The judge, Sir James Stephens, one of the greatest English judges, however, summed up strongly against her, and the jury, after a short deliberation, unanimously found her guilty, her letter to Brierly doing more than anything else to impress the jury with a sense of her guilt. There is no appeal from her death sentence, and the English law requires that only three Sundays shall intervene between execution and sentence. Sir James Stephens is blamed for having shown bias against her, and the jury is blamed for having too blindly followed his instructions. Monster petitions are being signed, both publicly at the center of population, and professionally inside the limits of laws, medicine and chemical science. A very short time will suffice to show the result of this action.

Postmaster-General Wannamaker.

Daily Graphic.

The visit of Postmaster-General Wannamaker to the New York postoffice and his inspection of it in connection with the commission recently sent here by him to investigate its needs, indicate that like a sound and capable business man he recognizes that the centre of any business system must be sound and healthy or it will all become demoralized. New York as the metropolis of the country, and as its great Atlantic port, is the heart of the postal service of the country. If the heart becomes affected all the arteries suffer similar affection. I was in the postoffice building Saturday while Mr. Wannamaker was going through with the commission and Postmaster Van Cott. It was gratifying to hear the comments of the employes upon both gentlemen. Of Mr. Wannamaker, the most frequent remark, as he asked questions or made suggestions, was, "well, he's business all over." Of Mr. Van Cott, I heard an old mail clerk say: "Thank God for a postmaster who thinks we are human beings. Why it is like a sunbeam from a cloudy sky to have Mr. Van Cott come around."

Any one who, in travelling, has come upon a mother in charge of a babe, or of two or three worried and worrying children, while herself taxed to the limit of endurance by heat and lack of comfort, will rejoice that several steps have been of late taken to render travelling comfortable to those too poor to pay for first class accommodations. I am told that the Pullman Company has arranged for cars with berths curtained and provided with a table and a comfortable bed which can, for a very moderate sum, be secured by those who are limited in means. This is honorable to the company and should become the rule on all roads. It is no wonder a woman was recently made insane by travelling in ordinary cars from Oregon to the Eastern States.

QUEEN VIC'S GREAT DAY.

Prince Russell, of the United States, Honors Her With His Presence.

"Mr. Harrison—" "Oh, call me Rus. Pop always does and I like it better, you know, anyhow." The queen raised her eyebrows slightly and smiled in her kind, motherly way. "Well, Rus, then—" she began again, when he interrupted her and said: "That's right. What's the use in being formal at a little family party like this? I hate formality, at any rate. I often tell pop that he's too formal. (Waiter bring me a little more of that soup, will you?) But, as I was about to say, he doesn't let any of the starch drop out, even when I tell him he's overdoing it. Between you and me, queen, he's scared half out of his wits for fear he'll not say just the right thing or slip up somehow and hurt his dig. Now, out in Helena, we don't have any nonsense of that sort. The boys just waltz in and do as they please, dig or no dig. But you were going to say something. What was it?"

Queen Victoria seemed a little bit annoyed and for a moment did not answer. Then she said:

"Why, I was about to remark that—" "Excuse me, but do you know that at times you remind me of ma! Yes, you do. Just now, for instance, you had an expression that I've often noticed on her face when she's been talking to me." "Ahem!" said the Prince of Wales. "Oh, it's a fact, Bert," said Russell, turning quickly to the prince, who sat on his left. "The resemblance is positively striking. Well, I don't know but what it's natural. You know, prince, both you and I come of old families. We naturally have a sort of aristocratic air in common. There's nothing like blood, after all."

"Your father's premier, Secretary Blaine—" "Oh, Jim!" exclaimed the lineal descendant of Pocahontas, "he's a lollah, he is. But pop's onto him. He's got to do as pop says, and don't you forget it. There are no flies on our administration. 'Ahem!' said the Prince of Wales.

"Anything the matter with your throat, Wales?" kindly inquired Russell. "If there is, I've got the dandy stuff to cure it. Sure cure, and no nonsense about it. Uncle Jerry gave it to me before I started across the pond. Uncle Jerry's our secretary of agriculture, you know, ma'am. He's a good natured old granger, if he does talk too much to suit pop. I guess we'll keep him."

Again there was a painful silence of several minutes, during which Russell devoted himself to some roasted pheasant. After a while the Prince of Wales said: "The hunting in America is—" "Oh, I know what you are going to say," exclaimed Russell, "but you are wrong—dead wrong. All you Britishers have an idea that buffaloes and grizzly bears run wild in the streets of New York, and that wild Indians keep the citizens of Chicago awake every night with their war whoops. That's all a fake, and if anyone tells you such stories you just tell them that you've cut your eye teeth. They'll try to work the racker on you if you'll let 'em, but you must just tell them it's a chesnut, my boy, and that I said so."

Once more that painful silence began and was going on in the even tenor of its way when Russell suddenly looked at his watch and said, as he rose hurriedly from the table:

"By Jove! I'd no idea it was so late. That only goes to show how time flies when persons are engaged in pleasant conversation. I must ask you to excuse me, as I have a positive engagement with a man at 9 o'clock sharp. Too bad, too, because I hate to break up the party. Oh, never mind about my dessert, queen; I really have eaten all I want now, and I seldom take dessert anyhow. Now don't get up. I can find my way out of the palace all right alone. Don't bother to come to the door, Bertie. See you tomorrow, old man. Ta, ta! Good night, queen; I've enjoyed myself immensely. Good night."

When Russell had gone there was another interval of silence. Then the queen said:

"Mr. Harrison seems to be a thorough American, Albert."

"Yes'm," said the Prince of Wales, and he added in a stage whisper: "Ahem!"

Bob Lincoln's First Fee.

Robert T. Lincoln likes to tell the story of his first fee as an attorney. Old Judge Logan, under whom he first read law, had always told him not to be afraid to charge big fees for his services. "People do not respect a cheap lawyer," said the judge.

One day soon after Mr. Lincoln had been admitted to practice he sat alone in his office when a messenger brought a note from a Chicago agent of one of the wealthiest insurance companies in America asking to have the title to certain piece of property looked up. The young lawyer spent about half an hour looking into the title and then sent his report to the insurance office. Pretty soon the messenger came with another note. This requested Mr. Lincoln to send his bill by the bearer. The young lawyer had no idea what to charge. At first he thought

it would be good policy not to charge anything, "for," said he to himself, "I should like to get that company's work regularly." But he knew Judge Logan would not approve that sort of thing, and he did not want the judge to think he was headless of his advice. So he figured that, since he had worked only half an hour, \$10 would be a good, stiff price, for it would be at the rate of \$200 for a day of ten hours. The words of Judge Logan, however, rang in his ears, and with a stroke of audacity that almost frightened him Mr. Lincoln finally made his bill \$25. He felt that this was an outrageously high fee and was hesitating as to whether he would give it to the boy or make out another for ten dollars, when Judge Logan chanced to come in.

"You are just the man I want to see," said Mr. Lincoln, and he told him of his dilemma.

"I knew it was outrageously high," said Mr. Lincoln, "but judge, you always told me to make big bills, and I did this more to please you than myself."

"Nonsense," said the judge; "give me a pen," He sat down and wrote out another bill, and gave it to the boy.

In a few minutes the boy returned with the insurance agent's check for \$250, and a little note to Mr. Lincoln thanking him for his promptness, and saying the company's other work of this character would be sent to him.

"Great Scott!" said the young lawyer to the old one, "did you make out a bill for \$250?"

"Of course I did," answered the old judge. You don't want to be a d--d eleemosynary institution for insurance companies, do you?"

An Alliterative Romance.

Simeon Sykes, silver-seller, strayed slowly southward, steadily seeking satisfactory sales, soberly sauntered, swinging satchel, systematically showing solid silver spoons, sugar shovels, small silver salvers, superior spectacles, scissors, sewing shields. Somber skies sent soft showers, soaking Simeon's satchel, shoes, stockings, shirt, skin.

Suddenly something seemed softly saying: "Sweet Sally Slater Simeon soon shall see."

So Simeon straightway strode stupendous strides, seeking Sally's sunny shelter.

Simeon soon saw sundry stately sycamores standing sentinel; shading said spinster's spacious shelter: spied Sally, sitting soles, sewing silk stockinett, slyly snuffing sweet-scented Scotch snuff. Sudden surprise seized Sally's soul seeing Simeon's swift strides: Sally's sanctity soon skeddaddled shamefully.

She, somewhat sensitive, suspiciously started, suddenly spilled some snuff, soiled stockinett, stammered, stuttered, said, "s-s-sent a sir."

Simeon shivered, shook, said, "Smart showed."

Sally said: "Slightly so." Simeon's shin seemed sore: so Sally sought some soothing salve (Sawyer's), supplied some soft-soled slippers.

Square shouldered, slab-sided, spindle-shanked Simeon seemed satisfied.

Sally said: "Sold some silver since Sunday, Simeon."

Simeon scolded savagely.

Sally suggested supper.

"Sartin, Sally!" said Simeon: "something sufficiently strengthening. Some strong stimulant."

So Sally sent some sausage sirlion steak, savory stew, some soothing sangaree.

Simeon's stomach seemed satisfied; so Simeon smoked several "Spanish segars," sat stupefied, soon slept, snored sonorously.

Sally, sitting, solemnly stitching stockinett, suddenly sneezed! Simeon started—scared—suspiciously surveyed surrounding space, shutters, shades; seemed secure.

Sally stopped sewing, said she saw someone slyly sneaking, stealing Simeon's silver.

Simeon, slightly susceptible, seemed suddenly smitten, sought Sally's side, sacrilegiously surrounded sanctimonious Sally Slater's smooth symmetry. She, somewhat suspicious, said, "Soft-sickish!" Simeon stared significantly, said, "Sweetest, surely such solitary souls should sympathize."

Sally stopped Simeon.

Simeon seemed snubbed.

She seemed sorry, showed some softening symptoms supinely sought Simeon's sturdy shoulder, sh! sh! sh! Sim smacked Sally! So straightway surrendering she smacked Sim.

Simeon said: "Set some suitable season." Sally said: "September." Simeon, shrugging Sim's shoulders said: "Sooner! Surely Scripture sanctions such strong sympathy: say Sunday."

So Sally succumbed.

Seven supernal seasons softly, silently slipped somewhere. Seven small scions sprung, successively shedding sunshine, singing, shouting, seldom sick, squalling sometimes, still sweetening Sally's solitude. So, succeeding summers serenely spent, Simeon's seven stalwart sons seized soldiers' swords—successively subdued southern secessionists—subsequently settled south.

Simeon still sells silver, supplying substantial subsistence.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Miscellaneous News Items as They Come Over the Wires.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—So numerous were the offerings ordered for the funeral of John L. Sullivan's mother that a well-known florist kept his shop open all night last night in order to fill orders. Watchers by the coffin still continue their vigils and the house was to-day crowded by friends of the family. It is said that the death of Mrs. Sullivan will postpone John's sparring tour.

THE GATHERING OF THE DELEGATES AT WALLA WALLA.

WALLA WALLA, Sept. 1.—This evening finds the hotels overflowing with guests. The lobbies are full, and citizens and strangers are in the main discussing the political situation, which shows almost as many phases as there are groups discussing them. The Hoyt-Kinnear crowd have a representative here in the person of Colonel Paul D'Heiry, of Seattle, who is here for the purpose of endeavoring to form a coalition between the forces of King county and the Allen crowd, but thus far has been unsuccessful.

SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 1.—Australian papers say that about June 26 the *Sano* a small trading vessel, was boarded by natives at Maylayta and one of them shot the mate, Laddin, dead, while another beheaded a trader named Cooper with an ax. Keating, owner of the vessel, and several others on board, were badly injured, but drove off the natives, killing twelve of them. It is reported Keating has since died.

A BRAVE SHERIFF.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 1.—A *Chronicle* special from Greenville, Cal., says: Sheriff Cady, of Lassen county, caught the man yesterday who robbed Wells, Fargo & Co., in Lassen last week. The robber resisted and shot the sheriff three times. The sheriff shot him once and then closed in on him with his pistol. The wounds are not serious. The sheriff recovered about \$1000.

MRS. MAYBRICK'S FRIEND.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—Albert Brierley, the Liverpool merchant, who has gained a world-wide notoriety through his connection with the Maybrick murder, was a cabin passenger on the Cunard steamer *Cynthia*, which arrived at East Boston this morning.

To a reporter he said: "I have no statement to make. When I left England I told all there was to say. I came to America to escape notoriety and do not want to figure in the newspapers' journals."

He said he had heard of Mrs. Maybrick's reprieve at Queenstown.

"Is it true that you paid the costs of the trial, amounting to \$2500?"

"Yes," he answered, "that was the sum."

"Do you care to say anything regarding your relations with Mrs. Maybrick?"

"Nothing more than I have already said. All I can say is that I have figured more prominently in the case in print than any real connection with it warranted. Besides this I have nothing to say as to where I am going in Boston or after I leave there. I have nothing to say regarding anything, and you will oblige me by bringing your questions to a close."

He then went below, refusing to talk further. After leaving the steamer all trace of him was lost.

PARLIAMENT PROROGUED.

LONDON, Aug. 30.—Parliament has been prorogued until November 16. The queen, in her speech of prorogation said: "Our relations with other powers continue to be the most cordial. Since the beginning of the session nothing has happened to diminish our confident expectations of unbroken European peace."

STORMS IN THE ORIENT.

LONDON, Aug. 30.—Advices from Yokohama state that disastrous storms have recently occurred in Walyama. Ten thousand persons perished in the floods following the storm, and 20,000 were rendered homeless. The loss of property is enormous.

Coke to Run a Fast Train.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 21.—The Baltimore and Ohio limited express was drawn from Washington to Philadelphia yesterday by an engine which used coke for its heating and steam generating purposes.

The train leaves Washington every morning at 8 o'clock, making the run into Philadelphia in three hours. From Canton to Philadelphia the time is just two hours and five minutes. The distance is about ninety-two miles.

Besides the locomotive that has been running for over a month, another one has been altered to burn coke, and for the last ten days has been making some very successful trips. "The weight of the coke used," said Mr. Smith, "is just about the same as that of hard or soft coal, only judging from appearances it looks a great deal more."

During the run from Canton to Philadelphia, an investigation was made to see if there were any cinders flying, and after several vain hunts for a cinder the search was given up.