

RIGHTS IN ANTWERP.

Changes That Have Taken Place in the Old Flemish City.

In walking about Antwerp, writes a correspondent of *The New York Mail and Express*, it was disappointing to find the appearance of the city so modern; my mind had always pictured the ancient Netherlands capital as peculiarly quaint and rich in the old-style architecture of the low countries, but evidently the demon of improvement has a strong hold in Belgium. Near the docks, along the Schelde (from which the city obtained its name—*Antwerp*—on the wharf) a few of the narrow streets still retain some of their old-time Dutch quaintness, but much of their characteristic picturequeness was swept away early in this century, to make room for Napoleon's grand quays and basins, that were constructed at a cost of 13,000,000 francs; an enduring monument to the utilitarian greatness of the master of Europe. I approached the river by the way of the "Grand place," in which rises the Hotel de Ville; here are to be seen several ancient guild houses, dating from about the year 15,000; the hotel itself is considered a fair specimen of the architecture of the Renaissance of the middle of the century. A few blocks beyond brings one to the quay Van Dyke, facing which is the fish market, where abundant supplies of fresh fish are sold each morning at public auction. The salesman names a high price in sous for each lot, and then gradually descends until a bidder calls out "mya," and thus becomes a purchaser. The good advantage of this "Dutch auction" is that a single bid decides the matter and prevents much confusion. Most of the buyers are women dressed in the odd garb of the Flanders fish-wife, who afterward retail their purchases in the market. These fish transactions are conducted in the Flemish language, a tongue that differs but slightly from the Dutch, both being branches of the same family of Germanic languages. Flemish, although rich and expressive, can not be called a cultivated tongue, being used by the uneducated only, and possessed of but little literature. Notwithstanding the centuries of Spanish, Austrian, and French domination, the language remains unaltered because never printed, except in prayer-books, catechisms, etc., for the use of the lower classes. French is the language of the government, legislature, the army, of most of the newspapers, of public traffic, of literature, and of polite society. This little kingdom of Belgium, which is less than two hundred miles long, and about half as broad, and is considered to be one of the most densely populated countries of the globe, has still a third language—the Walloon; it is a Celtic-Franconian Romance patois, not entirely without a literature, there being a dictionary extant, and a tongue occurring occasionally in ancient documents and poems. The Walloons, who embrace about two-fifths of the population, occupy the country lying between the Prussian frontier and a line drawn south from Liege. They are a busy people with many manufacturing industries, and in crossing their portion of the kingdom the traveler at once notices the contrast between their industrial enterprises and that of the highly cultivated and smiling agricultural district of their more plegmatic Flemish neighbors.

Among the many odd and interesting structures in this older part of Antwerp one of the most important, historically and architecturally, is the most ancient "Steen," whose grim walls and flanking corner towers originally formed a portion of the antique castle. In the history of the city it has played a tragic part, for it was here that Phillip II. located the seat of the inquisition during those terrible six years that the duke of Alva established a tyranny in the low countries, which for extent and ferocity is almost unparalleled in history. The blood that was shed by orders emanating from the dread interior of these dark, uncharitable stones was not in vain; it brought upon the Spaniards the revolt of the provinces, the loss of the Netherlands, and the loss of the Dutch republic. The building is now used as a museum of antiquities, the collection including weapons, armor, fragments of old buildings, and ancient furniture from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries. And so I passed the day, tramping about the busy thoroughfares, looking up at massive and venerable buildings, inspecting the "Porte de l'Escant," an ancient gateway embellished with sculptures, admiring the many bronze statues of poets, painters, and heroes that beautify the city, and in driving through dark, narrow, winding streets, lined with dirty and repulsive houses, though bearing on their facades those quaint facial expressions peculiar to the houses fronting on the back streets in all European towns. Among the many public and private buildings visited that day not the least interesting was the richly decorated dwelling of Rubens, planned by himself, and though nearly three centuries old appears as if erected within a few years. Here Rubens spent the happiest years of his life, surrounded by his treasures, pictures and friends; and here he died on the 30th of May, 1640.

People Who Buy Pets.

"What sorts of people are most for pet animals?" asked a reporter of a dealer.

"Such a variety of persons like pets," said he, "and they like them in so many ways and for so many reasons, that it is hard to say which ones have the call. Perhaps the good-hearted people, and then perhaps it isn't. The biggest price I ever got for a cat was \$30, and that was from a man who would feel sore about giving 30 cents to a blood relation. He was a widower. One morning he came in here to collect a bill, and a fine Maltese of mine kept rubbing against his leg. The widower made believe not to notice the cat, but at last he looked up to me quite suddenly and said: 'I suppose a man has got to love something.' He said it as though it was a sort of hardship. Then he paid the price without grumbling.

"The wisest old chap that ever came into this store bought a terrier

for a grandson of his who was a sort of an invalid.

"My grandson's mighty irritable," said the old gentleman, "and he is hard to live with, but if he gets interested in this pup, he's going to get well." And sure enough he did get well. I have had quite a number of customers among people in poor health. They were mostly ladies. Some women take to pets because they think no one else will care for them, or because they have been disappointed in love and want to care for something that will show affection.

"There is one curious difference between men and women about pets. A man will sometimes sell one when it gets sick, but a woman will hold on to it until it gets well or dies. Women that have the genuine love for animals seem to care all the more for pets that are sick. I have often sold them sick pets that they would not have fancied had the animals been well. A woman came here for a pug last winter, when I had advertised some very fine ones, but she concluded to take a spaniel that looked as though he wouldn't live a week. The dog got well and became the most affectionate animal I ever saw.

"I am coldly distant to anything in the nature of a watchdog. I couldn't sell a watchdog if I allowed him to show too much familiarity on short acquaintance. Dogs intended to sell for pets must be kept just on the ragged edge of affection, as it were. If they show too much love for the dealer some ladies won't want them. I have had a tender-hearted lady remark that she wouldn't take a dog of mine because it would be cruel to part us. Of course, a circumstance of that kind injures a dealer's business.

"Artists prefer cats to other pet animals, and they are first-rate judges. A large, finely-marked tortoise shell suits them well. I took in \$20 from an artist one day for a superbly-marked mottled gray. It had what we call the night and day stain. Artists go strong on having a graceful cat. Now, all cats are graceful, but some have more of an easy movement than others, and some have more style. There are lots of people who think it makes things look more comfortable to have a large cat around. Some of my biggest tabbies have been sold to people who cared more about getting a cheerful effect in their rooms than they did for cats.

"Dogs do not seem to be in favor with musicians. A violinist once told me he couldn't keep them because their barking grated on his ear. But musicians don't seem to care for singing-birds any more than for dogs, and there is a belief in the trade that the only pet that goes well with musicians is a monkey. Monkeys and parrots are not genuine pets; they are curiosities. I have known monkeys to show great fondness for each other. But they do not care for human beings. A lady customer of mine has three of them. She says that none of them has shown any affection for her. She likes them, partly because they amuse her and partly for a queer idea she has. She said she couldn't love a pet that returned her affection.

"People learn to dislike pets from queer causes. A woman came here to swap off a pet terrier because he barked one day when she took off her wig. Another woman gave me back a monkey at half price because, she said, he made faces behind her back—she saw him in the glass. I told her that monkeys had a habit of making faces, and that it was necessary to their nature. And so it is. I've seen them go into a corner and make the most outrageous faces, without any apparent cause. But the old lady declared it was disrespectful. I had a parrot that had been educated by a sailor. When I told her about it she took a strong fancy to the bird because, she said, she thought she could reform it.

"I know a man that spent a year in teaching a monkey how to use eyeglasses. He assures me that every time the monkey hops up on his library table with a newspaper or stretches out in a chair with the glasses on he excites irresistible laughter. I didn't understand how the fun could be so lasting, until one day, when I went up to doctor the monkey. One look at him was sufficient. When you consider what awful faces a monkey can produce, even in his most serene moments, and then imagine what he would be capable of developing with 25 eyeglasses, you can gain an idea of the intrinsic value of such an animal."

—New York Sun.

He Had Him There.

A man, who looked as if he might be a stockholder, walked into the office of President Ingalls, of the "Big 4," and after saying "good morning," he remarked, inquiringly:

"Does your railroad ever give any passes?"

"No, sir," replied the President, promptly, "it issues no passes whatever."

"Never passes anything, eh?"

"Never, sir."

"I thought maybe it did. I heard so up town."

"You did?"

"Yes I did. I heard it passed a dividend last week."

Mr. Ingalls took a header into a pile of papers on his desk, and the man sighed heavily and went out like a tallow candle in a draft.—*Merchandise Traveler*.

High Price for Literary Labor.

The highest price ever offered for any American for literary labor is said to have been made last year by Allen Thorndike Rice, of the *North American Review*, to Gen. Grant, for six articles, from eight to ten pages each (475 words to the page), about the battles of the civil war in which he had been engaged. The articles, if written, would probably have averaged 4,000 words, or 24,000 in all, and the price named was \$12,000, being at the rate of \$500 per 1,000 words, or 50 cents per word. The proposal was not accepted by the General, who had already agreed, without the knowledge of the proprietor and editor of the *North American*, to furnish the series of war papers of the *Century*, which have since been published.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

DOWN BELOW.

Measurements of Temperature at Various Points Beneath the Earth's Surface.

It is supposed that it is very hot in the middle of the earth; and the Germans, like a philosophical people, are now going to some expense in order to find out how hot it is. Not that we are without some of those clever guesses called scientific inductions. The French have their own views on the subject, so have the Austrians, so have we. But in these cases the information obtained, such as it is, has been arrived at in the pursuit of something else. It is more noble to go to the cost of obtaining knowledge for its own account; and it strikes us as almost unfair to the Germans that the heat indicated by their boring should be less than that calculated on any other data.

It is generally held that at a depth of fifty feet an underground zone is reached in which the temperature is the same all over the world and at all seasons of the year. And this temperature is said to be 50 (or, to be more accurate, 50.5) degrees of the thermometer of Fahrenheit, 180 of which degrees measure the difference between the temperature of boiling and freezing water under ordinary conditions.

A well sunk to the depth of 1,802 feet at Grenelle, a suburb of Paris, took seven years and two months of difficult labor to complete; and, when the water-bearing stratum was reached, the water rushed up with such force as to rise 120 feet above the surface. This water was observed to have a uniform temperature of 81.8 degrees Fahrenheit, showing an increase of temperature at the rate of 1 degree of Fahrenheit for about every fifty feet below the neutral zone above mentioned. At Kissingen, in Bavaria, a brine well has been bored to a depth of 2,000 feet. But the water has only a temperature of 66 degrees. In Algeria the temperature of 79 degrees Fahrenheit is shown by water springing from borings of not more than 280 feet. But this was said to be a miracle. The artesian wells in Chicago are 700 feet deep, and have a temperature of only 57 degrees Fahrenheit.

Measurements of temperature not absolutely dependent on the flow of water are more consistent in their results than the above. In the Cornish mines the temperature increases one degree for every sixty feet. In the Dukinfield lead-mine the increase is one for every sixty-three feet. At Rosebridge, near Wigan, a temperature of 92 degrees Fahrenheit is found at a depth of 2,376 feet. At La Mouille bores, near Creuzot, at a depth of 3,017 feet, the temperature recorded is 110.2 degrees Fahrenheit. The new German boring is made near Schladebach; the depth reached is 4,566 feet, and the temperature note 120 degrees Fahrenheit. The respective increase of temperature in the last three cases is a degree in 56, in 53.5, and in 65 feet; so that the earth is much cooler near Schladebach than in England and France, or for some other reason the result of the German boring indicates a slower rate of increase of temperature than either of the above cases cited.

At the Cornish rate of increase, which is pretty nearly a mean of the various estimates, the temperature at which water boils will be prevalent at a depth of less than two miles below the surface. At a depth of fifty-four miles, which is less than one-seventh part of the distance to the center of the earth, the temperature of the combustion of ordinary coal must prevail if the law of the increase of temperature with depth remains constant. To go any further, to indicate in degrees of the thermometer the theoretic heat at the center or any other point, is nothing but scientific trifling. Nor is any great practical good likely to result from experiments to show whether, in any given spot, temperature increases with every fifty-three feet or with every sixty-five feet that we burrow in imagination below the soil.

There is, however, a certain object in attempting to discover the approximate law of increase of temperature with depth. In 1871 a report was presented to parliament from the commissioners appointed to inquire into the several matters relating to coal in the United Kingdom. The commissioners took the eminently practical view that, "looking to possible expedients which the future may elicit or reducing the temperature, they considered that it might be fairly assumed that a depth of at least 4,000 feet might be reached." At this depth the temperature probably exceeds 122 degrees Fahrenheit. As to its "reduction," it is to be remembered that the heat, whatever it is, is not that of the air alone, but that of the earth on and within which the miner has to stand or lie; and that, as to "reducing" it, it is fed from reservoirs of the capacity of the globe.

At the temperature of the blood, which is 98 degrees Fahrenheit, continuous exertion is impossible to the European. This temperature is reached apparently at a depth of about 2,690 feet; which is 314 feet lower than the deepest colliery in England. But long before the impossible is attained the costly and the difficult commenced. A temperature of 80 degrees Fahrenheit is probable at a depth of 1,800 feet. Far within this limit, in the Monkwearmouth mines, at a depth of 1,640 feet, shorter hours are required for the miner, the cost increases in proportion. These considerations reduce the rationally probable contents of our coal measures (those known to exist in the United Kingdom) from the 96,000,000,000 of tons estimated by the commissioners to 39,000,000,000 of tons extractable with our present means; and we are bringing it to the surface at the annually increasing rate of 160,000,000 of tons per year. The supply will last our time, no doubt, but centuries are but small periods in the life of a people. And it is easy to see that, on such information as we have, it is not for centuries in the plural that our coal-supply will hold out, if we continue its ever-increasing extraction.—*St. James's Gazette*.

The Russian Peasantry.

I can see many signs of change and improvement since my previous visit to this country in 1872, writes a correspondent from Moscow to *The San Francisco Chronicle*. For centuries the Russian peasant had scarcely any idea of personal liberty. He was liable to be worked to death, to be unlawfully and excessively taxed, to be torn from his family and sent into the army or to Siberia, and to see his children similarly treated. In 1768 a Russian serf-owner, a woman, was convicted of having done to death by human tortures during a course of ten years no less than one hundred of her serfs, among them several young girls of not over 12 years of age. Another female fiend pricked a boy to death with a pen-knife because he had neglected to feed her rabbits. All this is now changed. The serfs have become independent of their lords, whose authority is replaced by communal self-government. The rural communes have gradually acquired the lands formerly held by the nobles, and have distributed them among the families which compose the commune with great impartiality and due regard to their several claims and abilities. The nobles have not failed to accommodate themselves to the change. Formerly they passed their lives in idleness, gambling and sensuality, despising commerce and finding their only career in the army. Since the emancipation many of them have become practical farmers and others have gone into business or into the legal profession and helped swell rising middle class. The peasant has of late years fallen heir to new privileges and new duties. The administration of justice has greatly improved, and trial by jury has usurped the place of the nobles' fiat. The peasants make very good jurymen. They are uneducated, but do not lack in shrewdness and common sense. Sharp dealing in trade, assaults and battery, and drunkenness they look upon as venial faults, but burglary, arson, high-way robbery, and the graver crimes are dealt with sternly and, upon the whole, very fairly.

Flowers Now in Fashion.

For the evening, jacquemot, Marechal Niel and other kinds of clematis roses are the thing. Brides wear white roses, lilies of the valley and myrtle now very generally in place of orange blossoms. "Made bouquets" are not carried. The flowers are just carelessly knotted together and tied with satin ribbon. No other flower is so much worn as the rose. For the street, ladies usually select the pink and the cream roses. The correct mourning bouquet is strictly purple and white. A feathery fern or two or a little smilax may be used, but no other green.

Roses are always the most popular flower in the world. Other flowers may be sometimes in fashion and have a brief popularity, but the rose is the flower of all time.

Tulips, carnations, pinks and geranium blossoms are more used for table and mantle decorations than anything else. Palms are a great feature for household ornamentation now.

The majority of persons choose bright-colored blossoms, instead of purple, white, and faint tints for graves. The most brilliant geraniums are planted on and around the resting places of the dead. The flowers laid by guests' plates at elegant entertainments are usually in loose bunches—roses or something of the kind. Ferns, balloon-plants and palms are used about fountains and in aquaria. No funeral is now correct without a plentiful supply of ferns.

There is very little "made" work for fashionable funerals at present. Yards upon yards of satin ribbon are now required for tying flowers at a really stylish funeral. Such "made" work as is used is of solid white, with the introduction of little or no green. The "broken wheel" is a favorite emblem for grown persons.

Trying to Save the Property.

"In case of fire carry me out," is painted in large yellow letters on a cumbersome and valuable looking chest in a Chatham street shop. The shopkeeper, as if happily conscious of a great achievement on his part, stood back of the center of attraction, smoking a full grown Connecticut cigar. A seedy looking piece of humanity came aimlessly along the street and stopped to gaze at the queer looking letters on the chest. Then, as if propelled forward by some diabolical motive, he rushed in the store and began to lift the chest with all his might.

"Get out there! Vat you want?" excitedly exclaimed the proprietor, rushing forward.

"Why, sir, I's doin' jist as that box said. I seed this sign and that fire—"

"What fire?"

"Why that fire there," and he pointed to where the cigar of the excited man, which he had dropped in his hurry, was burning a hole in the carpet. With one stamp of his shoe it was extinguished. But the tramp still lingered.

"Moses," again said the proprietor, after glancing at the tramp and then at his clerk, "give that feller one of them cheap cigars—the cheap ones, mind—and then put him out."

The tramp took the cigar and walked out without any unnecessary helping, and with a beaming smile upon his dirt-begrimed face.—*New York Tribune*.

Milking a Left-Handed Cow.

A clever lady, now living in the Cove, was once caught in the wrong, yet extricated herself gracefully. She was trying to milk her first cow, her husband's gift, and in her ignorance had stationed herself on the left. It was near the public road. A man riding by stopped at the novel sight and blurted out: "Madam, you are on the wrong side of that cow." It was news to her, but her ready mother wit came to her aid. "Yes, sir," was her pleasant reply. "But this isn't a common cow. She was raised by a left-handed woman." She came off conqueror.—*Walker (Ga.) Messenger*.

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