

**"EMOTIONAL INSANITY."**

The wretched murderer who, being sober, and in the morning hour, with deliberate malice, beat to death his wife's sister by striking her upon the head with a hammer—not once and in passion, but coolly and continuously until he had accomplished his fatal work—is now in prison, dumb and sullen in his cowardly apprehension of death upon the gallows. We say to him: "Cheer up and be of stout heart, brave woman-killer. Do not despair of acquittal. Do not despond. Things look dark just now. The corpse is but just coffined, and the grave newly sodded where your victim lies mouldering. In a short time the warm rains will fall, the sun will shine, the grass will grow, the wail of the wakened will die out, and, save in one or two bruised hearts, the memory of the loved one will fade away and she will be forgotten. You have sent her all too sudden to meet her judgment, her sins unconfessed, and therefore unforgiven—her precious soul imperiled, lost, because at her last moments her bruised brain could not comprehend the dying consolations. You must bide your time until your victim is emancipated from purgatorial discomforts by the masses purchased for her soul's repose; then your friends, relatives, boon companions and co-religionists will feel at liberty to move heaven and earth for your release. In the meantime, the sheriff will permit your friends to supply you with such comforts as your means can afford—a private room, with private table, your pipe and mug. If your admirers do not organize a syndicate for your defense, and raise a fund to employ counsel and pay costs, the court will assign some eloquent and gifted young lawyer, who will move heaven and earth for your acquittal. He will pull the Grand Jury, and the chances are even that it will appear that some one or more of the inquest were unduly prejudiced in your case, and the indictment will be set aside and another jury empaneled, which will indict you, and perhaps for a less offence than murder. When your trial comes on he will move as many adjournments as human ingenuity can invent. He will be engaged in every important trial, and, when the last possible hope of an adjournment has gone by, his clerk will appear in court with the certificate of his physician that he is ill and unable to proceed with the trial. In the meantime your friends will be diligent, remove the witnesses and induce them to think more sympathetically and kindly of you. The plea will be 'emotional insanity,' and you will be surprised at the testimony given of your peculiar mental condition. Learned physicians will testify in words of astounding erudition that at the moment you were beating out the brains of your sister-in-law you were irresponsible and unconscious of your acts. It will be proven by incontestable evidence that from your boyhood you had been subject to just such mental emotions as characterized you at this time. You will probably succeed in securing one or more trial jurors who will not agree, for the jury will be chosen from the ignorant and stupid class, who do not read, or from dunder-heads who, having read, have formed or expressed no opinion as to your guilt or innocence; and while the lawyers are playing this solemn farce over the empanelling of a jury, some droll, scheming rascal will procure himself to be accepted as a juror, who is willing to sell his verdict for a price. On the second trial—perhaps on the first—you will be found 'guilty,' and sentenced to death upon the gallows. An appeal will be taken to the Supreme Court, and it will be certain to discover some error which will entitle you to a new trial. If you have money, you will secure about three new trials; and you may look forward for one or two years to a well-fed, fat, and idle enjoyment of prison life. The chances are favorable to your ultimate acquittal; but if the Supreme Court should do you justice, it will ultimately affirm the decree of the court below, and sentence you to strangulation by hemp. When this occurs, you will be subject to greater attention than ever. A class of sympathetic women will spring up around you—will visit your cell—send flowers to adorn it; you will be supplied with fruit and the choicest luxuries of the table; your friends, men and women, people you never knew before, never heard of—will enlist in your behalf; the Governor will be besieged to commute your sentence from death to imprisonment for life; the Sisters of Mercy or the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, with a priest or two if you are a Romanist—or a score of females of the soft-hearted Protestant kind, with a weak-headed preacher, if you are not a Roman Catholic—will be profoundly solicitous for your soul's salvation. They will hang about the jail, and pray with you, and stuff you with good victuals, and dress you in good clothes, and send you religious books and rosaries, and fasten up chromos of dying saints in your cell; and, if you are unmarried, some one of the old Protestant widows or advancing maidens will insist upon marrying you. The newspapers will be filled with communications in your behalf. When the last card is dealt, and no chance is found to rescue you from the gallows, and you feel fully convinced in your own mind that you are past hopes of pardon, or commutation of sentence, and the death-guard is set to watch you, and you hear the sound of the carpenter's hammer in the yard—you will then be converted, and find Jesus; you will forgive your enemies, including your dead sister-in-law; you will renounce the world, and turn your attention to the saving of your precious soul; you will then be so happy. You will confess your sins and receive absolution; you will be compared to the penitent thief upon the cross, and you will be certain of going at once to Abraham's bosom. You will be possessed of blissful visions of a happy immortality, with golden harps and golden stools, where through eternity you can bask in the sunlight of God's presence—a redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled, happy spirit. You will make a speech upon the gallows; you will give the young men the benefit of your experience; you will tell them to beware of becoming

addicted to the use of hammers, lest in a moment of unconquerable emotion they should use them upon the head of some unprotected female; and, as you 'swing off,' the women will cry, the priest will make the sign of the cross, and, happy dog, you will enter upon your celestial joys."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

**AUTOGRAPH AUTOPIESIES.**

**A Professor Who Pretends to Decipher Characteristics from Signatures.**

"Autopiesies held on autographs, fees moderate," is a small and neat office near Union square.

A semi-paralytic man got out of his carriage in front of the office, hobbled up the front steps, and rang the bell violently. An assistant autograph surgeon came to the door, and, with a bow, showed the paralytic old gentleman up to the main office, admitting a *Journal* reporter at the same time.

The professor was holding an autopiesy on a complicated and puzzling autograph in an adjoining room. He left the autograph on the table only half cut up, and walked in. He was a small and thin near-sighted man, with a remarkably large head, and his hair was gray.

"Do you dissect autographs?" asked the half-paralytic man.

"I make that a special pursuit," replied the gray professor. "I have held autopiesies on the autographs of some of the greatest men in the country. Give me a man's autograph and I can tell you his mental character."

"Well," said the customer, "here is the autograph of President Cleveland. What would you say of it?"

The professor turned the autograph upside down, sideways, looked at it first with one eye and then the other, and then with both eyes, and through a glass and under a microscope, and made four or five mental calculations, and then said: "President Cleveland! and then said: 'President Cleveland!'"

"What do you think of Secretary Everts' autograph?"

"It is the handwriting of a man of powerful and inflexible will. It shows a man somewhat pulegmatic and stolid, who is not easily moved. I should take it to be the autograph of an athlete or of a two hundred and fifty pounder."

"Here is the autograph of Hubert O. Thompson."

"A quick and nervous person, evidently. A man who can not keep still. Wiry and sinewy. Doesn't care for money or political power. Is fond of music. Plays base-ball and cricket well. Has a small appetite and eats little. Should take more rest and nourishment."

"Sympathetic temperament. Should adopt the banting system. Honest as the day is long. Could be trusted with any amount of money. Likely to cheat himself to avoid cheating others. Could be put in sole charge of the bonanza mines and wouldn't steal a speck of silver. Would make a good comptroller of New York or an excellent secretary of the treasury."

"Well, what do you think of this autograph," asked the paralytic man.

"Do you think the man who wrote it could be trusted?"

The professor took a little bit of paper with a name scrawled on it, looked at it, and said:

"I should say he couldn't be trusted. That was written by a man who would commit forgery, rob banks, swindle widows, steal from the blind. If he were the cashier of a bank there wouldn't be anything left in a few days but the chairs."

"Hold on," said the old paralytic; "I wrote that. That is my signature. I have been a bank cashier for twenty years, executor for half a dozen estates, and the treasurer of a base ball club and a silver mine, and I never robbed anyone yet."

"Ah, I supposed it was the autograph of some clerk whom you suspected of embezzling some money. Come to look at it more closely, it does look like the autograph of an honest man, an honest and truthful man. I should say that the man who wrote that would rather cut off his right hand than make a dishonest penny."

As the old gentleman entered his carriage he muttered something that had the sound of "humbug."—*New York Journal.*

**The Pigtail as a Brain Regulator.**

With a population of 300,000,000 China has not a single insane asylum. This fact does not prove that there are no lunatics among the Chinese, but it shows that they are not sufficiently numerous to make an asylum necessary.

To what do the Chinese owe their exemption from brain disease? Various explanations are given. It is said that the Mongolian enjoys mental repose. He does not fret and worry. As his religion has been established for thousands of years he lets it alone. He cares nothing about politics. There is no competition to stimulate him. All the business of life is regulated by the Government.

Doubtless all these things are conducive to mental sanity, but the Chinese man's equipage is probably due to his pigtail more than anything else. It takes good judgment and a nice sense of proportion to make and keep in order a first-class pigtail. It must hang evenly from the middle of the head between the shoulders. It acts as a sort of balance weight. Some mental concentration is required to keep a pigtail in order, and self-love, pride and methodical habits are all involved in it. This may seem a trifle, but the human mind is controlled by trifles. Our Chinese friends perhaps builded wiser than they know when they first twisted their pigtails.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Captain Burton, the traveler, speaks all modern languages.

In England one man in every 5,000 takes a university course.

**TEETH IN LOVE AND WAR.**

Jacayed Molars as a Cure for External Sentimentality—A Young Man's Heroic Rescue of His Twenty-Dollar Set.

There is, perhaps, no profession, unless it is journalism, says *The Boston Globe*, more suggestive of physical misery than dentistry. Even the mention of surgery jars less harshly on the ear; a fact due, no doubt, to a certain vagueness it possesses, from its practice not being confined to any one portion of the human frame. This is not, as will be seen, the case with dentistry. What man can listen to sales of dentistry without a shudder. He will listen with comparative complacency to a graphic account of the extraction of a tumor, and yet have cold chills run down his back at the mere mention of a tooth-pulling. Tell a story something like the following and see what effect it will have upon him:

"You know Brown. Well he's had a terrible time with his teeth. His dentist told him he must have three molars, two incisors, and four bicuspids extracted and five others filled. The dentist was a little hard up, you see, and knew that Brown had money. Well, in extracting one of the molars he broke Brown's jaw and slightly fractured his alveolus, thereby forcing one of the incisors through the cheekbone! Brown bore this with commendable fortitude; but that wasn't all. In cutting away a canine for filling the dentist encountered a live and active nerve, which he had supposed dead, and when the cold steel struck it Brown went crazy, and it took four men to hold him." If, at his juncture, your hearer does not turn pale, grit his teeth, and utter some exclamation of pity, he has no pity in his soul. Indeed, it may well be said: "A touch of toothache makes the whole world kin."

It is a well-established fact that teeth were extracted and dental operations performed by means of instruments long before the Christian era. See works of Hippocrates and Aristotle, and it is worthy of note that Heraculus of Tarentum, Herophilus, and Erasistratus were recorded as dental operators as early as 300 B. C. But it is in the works of Celsus, who flourished about 100 B. C., that the first explicit directions for extracting teeth appear. It may be well to state at this point a painful fact not generally known: George Washington wore false teeth! John Greenwood, who was at the battles of Bunker Hill and Trenton, and subsequently practiced dentistry, constructed several sets for him, one of which is, or was quite recently, in possession of Dr. John Allyn, of New York. It is also vouched for on good authority that Dr. Greenwood for many years wore George's natural tooth as a watch-charm! Shades of history! that a tooth of the father of His Country should dangle at the fob of an itinerant tooth-puller! It does not make it any the less startling to remember that that very tooth assisted George in pronouncing those never-to-be-forgotten words: "I can not tell a lie, father; I did it with my little hatchet." The thought is pregnant with sentiment.

Before the custom of manufacturing teeth from porcelain became general human teeth were held in highest estimation for supplying deficiencies. The oldest method of keeping them in place was to tie them with ligatures of gold or silver wire, silk, unbleached thread, sea-grass, or silkworm gut. As late as 1784 M. le Mayeur, a dentist, advertised in a Philadelphia paper to say two guineas each for sound teeth, to be obtained from "persons disposed to sell their front teeth, or any of them." Imagine what complications might result from such a custom. Jones, Brown, Smith, and Robinson are neighbors. Jones is rich, his neighbors poor. He trades on their necessities, gets a corner in teeth, and miles complacently at the world with four Brown molars, five Smith incisors, and three Robinson bicuspids! It will easily be seen that something of this kind might cause much feeling in a community. But what a lachrymose man might leave if he lied early in life. It is easy to imagine hearing a remark like this: "Brown did not leave much except his teeth; out they were in good, marketable condition. His wife gets the molars, and the others are divided among his three children." Or something like his: "There's young Robinson. Three years ago he had as fine a set of teeth as any young man in town, and now he's gumming it. Took to gambling, you know, and they went one after another." Or, "Smith took to drink, and now he hasn't a tooth in his head."

We would mention, casually, to anyone desirous of adopting this line of custom, that we know of a good set of teeth that can be obtained at the old rate, and we might do a little better than that if called for this week.

In this connection a true incident may not be out of place. In a well-known hotel in the western part of the state there boarded last summer a young man who was afflicted with false teeth. One evening he started up stairs, carrying a lighted kerosene lamp, and while passing through one of the entries stumbled and fell and scattering the blazing contents on the floor. To make matters still worse his teeth came out and fell in the blazing kerosene. At this juncture a door opened near by and a bewitching young lady appeared. The unhappy youth vaulted not to reflect, but seizing his teeth, covered as they were with blazing kerosene, clapped them into his mouth! No one knows what he suffered, but he made no sound. And yet people talk about the young Spanish boy who stole a wolf, concealed it under his mantle, and let it eat his heart out rather than divulge his guilt!

The forceps is probably the oldest tooth-extracting instrument known, a cadaver having been placed in the temple of Apollo at Delphos, by Erasistratus, 300 B. C. It was not materially different from the forceps of the present day, though it has from time to time undergone many changes. What was known as a tunkey was largely used in the early part of the present century. It had a handle like a cork-crow, and worked on the principal of a lever. In using it a dentist placed his patient on the floor and took his or her head, as the case might be,

between his knees. Imagine the dignified George stretched to a supine position on the floor, while Dr. Greenwood wrestled with his few remaining molars! The subject is not often touched upon by historians, but it is quite true that George displayed as much true heroism on this occasion as he did at any other time of his life.

Some of the more primitive methods of extracting teeth are worthy of mention. One was to attach one end of a stout string to the offending tooth, the other end to the handle of a half-opened door, and then suddenly close the door. The same object was sometimes attained by fastening the string to a window-sill, and then jumping out of the window. How high a window should be from the ground to perform this operation satisfactorily is not stated, though this is a question of but little moment to a man suffering with a raging toothache. Early in the present century dentists traveled from town to town, provided with a tunkey, a scraper, and some kind of dentifrice. The latter commonly contained acids, which not only removed the tartar from teeth, but destroyed their enamel. As one of Boston's most prominent dentists expressed it: "To use such a preparation is like setting a barn afire to kill the rats." In destroying exposed nerves a hot iron was used in place of a scalpel. A small nerve in the ear, connected with a network of nerves, extending to the median line, was sometimes destroyed with a hot iron to prevent toothache. In other words, the burning of that little nerve precluded the possibility of toothache on one side of the face. This was not a general custom, though the operation is known to have been quite frequently performed in Massachusetts.

Superstitions in regard to teeth were numerous. It was a common belief that if a man had an eye-tooth extracted he would lose the eyesight on that side. It was also said that if a human tooth was swallowed by an animal, as, for example, a cat, the loser of the tooth would have a cat's tooth grow in the place of the lost one. It was deemed best, therefore, in order to preclude such a possibility, to bury any teeth that came out. Dentistry has made rapid strides within the past few years, and the use of anesthetics has robbed it of many of its terrors. The teeth occupy a very important position in life—far more than many imagine—and neglect of them causes trouble in many ways. It is even quite possible that many cases of matrimonial infelicity could be traced directly to neglected or decayed teeth, for as a leading poet remarked: "It would seem as if bad teeth must necessarily destroy all sentimental relations."

**Biddy and Her Cow.**

Lord Palmerston, though a pugacious prime minister, whose foreign policy was hectoring to Europe, was genial and humane as a man. As a landlord, he acted as he did in debate, upon the give and take principle. A striking illustration of his kindness is given in the following anecdote, which also brings out some of the characteristics of the Irish peasantry: Lord Palmerston visited his Irish estate, and one morning, with a friend, walked many miles over it in search of game. They had, however, little sport, and became tired and hungry. In the distance Lord Palmerston saw a cabin, to which he made his way, in company with his friend and a keeper, and found the tenement occupied by an old woman and her pig. His lordship asked if she had anything to eat.

"God bless your honor! Sure there's praties and eggs at your service," was the reply. And while the old woman, without further ado, commenced washing the potatoes and putting them in the pot, his lordship told her he would return in half an hour. When he did so the old woman had prepared him a substantial meal of potatoes and fresh eggs.

Lord Palmerston drew from the old woman that she had been many years a widow, and worked hard for a livelihood, but feared, when her strength failed her, that she must go to the workhouse; but she added:

"If my husband had taken less whisky and kept the money to buy a cow, I would have got the agent to let me have the bit of waste land in the corner, and I'd have been as happy as a queen. But there's no helping it your honor. It's a poor, lone woman I'll be, and nobody will care whether poor Biddy is alive or dead."

"Suppose I were to speak to Lord Palmerston?" suggested the visitor.

"Oh, faith, your honor, it's not the like of you that Lord Palmerston talks to," said Biddy. "Isn't it himself that has dinner with the Queen, and tells her what she has to do; and don't he tell the house of lords and the parliament and all on 'em what they will do? Sure it's not yourself that will get within a mile of him. Take the country all over, and he is the biggest man in it; he's equal to the Prince of Wales, and perhaps he's yant him."

"Well," replied his lordship, "I am going to London, and I'll try to see him, because you are a deserving creature. So I shall not give you anything for your hospitality, but leave Lord Palmerston to reward you."

"Luck go wid you!" said Biddy. "It's the good-maung gentleman you are, but it's not the Lord Palmerston that you'll see."

His lordship shook the old woman by the hand and departed. In a few days the agent sent down a fine cow, and gave Biddy ten acres of land, free of rent, for her lifetime.

The old woman's delight knew no bounds, and when told that the person she had seen and shaken hands with was Lord Palmerston himself, her gratification was positively greater than in the acquisition of the land and the cow.—*Indian Magazine.*

**For Rheumatism.**

A certain cure for rheumatism is herein promulgated: Take a pint of pigeon's milk, put in a hog's horn, stir with a cat's feather, set on a cake of ice until it boils, and then apply internally, on the outside, every live minutes, and you will get a good night's rest.—*National Weekly.*

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