

### THE POOR BARMAID.

A Curious Bill Now Pending Before the Parliament of Victoria.—Seeking to Make it Illegal to Employ Barmaids in Public Houses—Liable to Become a Law.

A bill "for the abolition of barmaids," says the *London Telegraph*, sounds like a joke from "Alice in Wonderland," or from one of Mr. Gilbert's burlesques. Nevertheless it is a serious legislative proposal now pending before the parliament of Victoria. It is actually in print, and makes it penal for any keeper of a public house to employ women behind the counter. Of course, the advocates of this astonishing idea have their arguments. They do not go quite so far as Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who would disestablish not only barmaids, but bar-men and bars; they would shut up all dramshops, but they would make them as dreary as possible, so as to repel impressionable young men. In Gothenberg the spirit-drinker is served by a policeman, who keeps an eagle eye upon him that he may know him again, and refuse him a second glass if he asks for it before a certain interval has expired. The Victorian reformers have a corresponding idea of diminishing the attractions of intoxication by surrounding the initial stages with repellent rather than enticing accessories. Instead of the smiling Hebes who have fascinated the golden youth of the colony, men will serve as tapsters, and without note or comment hand across the counter the required draught. The effect may be considerable, as male drinkers do undoubtedly take a delight in the pleasant looks and bright talk of the young ladies who, as the French say, "preside" at these establishments. But should not the Victorian apostles of abstinence go further? It is well to replace girls by men, and thus subdue the bar to masculine dullness, but could not the act of parliament go on to declare that none save plain, grim-visaged should be tolerated as assistants? The most inveterate toper might hesitate to enter twice if he were always met by the ugly aspect of some dark, forbidding countenance. A kind of competition might take place for the posts, which might be given to the most repulsive people the government could select. Fearful squints would be at a premium; scowls would be valued according to their blackness and depth; a ghastly grin would be desirable; while a general cadaverousness might be utilized as suggesting to drunkards the probable end of their career. The Gods of Olympus laughed loudly when the swart, ungainly Vulcan for once replaced Hebe as their cup bearer. It would be no joke for the young idlers of Melbourne to find stern, grim men frowning over the counters where once they were received with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

We presume that there must be "mashers" in Victoria, for the "masher" is the great cause of the barmaid. Just as Darwin has told us how the absence or presence of certain insects determines the dying-out or growth of certain flowers, so it may be said that, until there arose a class of young men to whom lounging across a bar and talking to a young lady seemed the supreme felicity of life, the existence of barmaids could not be sustained. In primitive times and in primitive places men served men, who silently took their glass, and as silently stole away. Then came a "clubhouse" of public houses, who pondered over the problem how to retain these transitory visitors. Suddenly it flashed across him that there were young men "whose only books were women's looks," and who could be drawn and retained by a library of such volumes prettily "bound," and offered for inspection. Then the desired result was secured. The youngster who came for one glass remained for two. To see some young ladies is to admire them; to admire is to address them. Talking and laughing are dry work, when the most dumfounded young man when at a loss for a new remark can always keep the ball rolling by asking for another drink. Some philosophers opine that it was not the "masher" who caused the barmaid, but the barmaid has, so to speak, developed the "masher." This is probably the idea of the Victorians. They are followers of Sir Wilfrid in a limited way. He believes that if there was no strong drinking there would be no vice; they believe that if there were no barmaids there would be no strong drinks. They foresee a bright future—all the frivolous youth of the colony turned away from saloons and bars, pursuing not counter-venches, but noble aims, and devoting to stock-raising, gold-digging, or money-making the hours now wasted on giggling girls. We only hope that this bright anticipation will be fulfilled; yet we gravely doubt. The barmaid will be turned out of work, all on account of her too potent influence over young men, and the "masher" must cease to cling to that bar which hitherto has principally supported his youthful and attenuated form. Barmaid and "masher," however, will still exist; they will live in the same colony; there is no law forbidding them to meet on sidewalks or at festivities; while starry-eyed girls deprived of their only means of livelihood, can say with truth to every masher they meet: "But for you I might still be drawing beer at the Red Lion or snuffing sweat at the Blue Boar. Oh, why did nature make me so lovely and you so susceptible?" Such an appeal from the lips of disestablished beauties sent begging because they were too attractive might have a very fascinating effect on young men deprived at the same time of their accustomed amusements and haunts. The colonial legislature should look to it, and if they pass their act they should, we think, supplement it by some clause borrowed from old puritan legislation discouraging the meeting of all young people excepting under the supervision of elderly men or parish officers. Or a comprehensive scheme for the expulsion of all barmaids and all mashers to separate colonies would more thoroughly secure the end in view. Moderate measures are of no avail when we see two such dangers as "blue ruin" and bright eyes combined be-

hind the same bar. If, as Victorians think, barmaids are the origin of evil—and, as they are daughters of Eve, perhaps they are—the most thorough and drastic measures for their extermination are the best. We may yet see the masher and the barmaid expelled together from the paradise of Victoria, where virtue, sobriety, and industry will henceforth reign. Hand-in-hand they will go out, and like our first parents, drop some "natural tears" over their past delights—"wiping them soon," as they flit to England or America, to "hold their heads to other stars," and resume across other counters, in other lands, their interrupted philandering.

Barmaids are not only traceable to mashers; they belong to our mechanical age. The drawer of old, the pot-boy of newer times, was a strong-armed man or lad who could descend to a cellar, draw beer, and emerge balancing a miraculous number of full pots. This was rough, hard, dirty work, not suitable for elegant young ladies. Somebody, however, invented a means by which a handle pulled on a counter drew up from below the right kind of liquor, and then white-armored Hebes became possibilities. Young women soon learned the tricks of the trade. As servants they found good looks little advantage; as barmaids all their attractions were part of their outfit. Other employers frowned on their "female hands" wasting time in talk; but the more a barmaid smiles or chats, or makes the place lively, the more her employer values her. Here, then, was a new profession for girls unskilled in anything but that platonic flirtation which nearly all women, even the most innocent, dearly love. Then the barmaid has several advantages over her sister of the same rank—the parlormaid or the cook. She is called "miss," she can dress becomingly, and is not obliged to wear a cap. Her work is lightened by social converse, sometime by anecdotes and jokes; she hears plenty of chaff, and sees many faces come and go. On the other hand, her work is very hard. She can seldom or ever sit down; the hours are cruelly long, and few can stand it after 30. The pay, too, is seldom high enough to permit saving. It seems a pity that while the ranks of this avocation are overcrowded—for every vacancy there are ten applicants—domestic service has few competitors. The life of even a hard-worked London servant does not involve one-fourth of the physical labor of a barmaid's toil, for she has her kitchen or pantry to herself and whole hours for rest. But then her time is rarely quite her own, and she misses independence that attaches to the brighter business. What the unemployed girls of Victoria will do when turned out nobody seems to know. Out there domestic servants have liberties so large that they may even become maids-of-all-work without much loss or possibly the marriage market may absorb them in a community where men are in the majority, and therefore can not all command wives. The banished barmaids may, therefore, become the happy mothers of future generations who will solve the social problems with the light hearts of their male ancestor, the Australian "masher."

### A Judge Who Caved.

As we rode out from a town in Mississippi to view a plantation a commercial traveler for a New York house expressed a desire to go along. He procured a horse and joined the party, and his company was welcomed. A mile and a half from town we came to a written notice, posted on a board, and everybody stopped to read it. It was a notice of sheriff's sale, and the colored man who tacked it up was still on the ground. The notice was badly written and worse spelled, and the drummer laughed loud and long over "caff" for calf, "det" for debt, and "sheriff" for sheriff.

"What's wrong wid dat notice?" asked the colored man in a very edgy voice.

"It's too funny for anything," was the reply. "Someone had better go to school."

"Dat's me, sah. I'm a Constable and I writ dat oil."

"Oh, you did? Well, I hope the ca-f will be sold."

"Yes, sah. You come along wid me, sah!"

"With you?"

"Yes, sah. I rest you, sah!"

"What for?"

"Contempt of court, sah! Come right along."

"Where?"

"Befo' de Justiss, sah! We'll see about dat caff!"

The drummer was advised against resistance and finally permitted himself to be taken before a colored Justice nearly two miles from the spot. The Constable had picked up a colored man on the way, who made and swore to a complaint, and the drummer was duly arraigned on the charge, although his Honor seemed very uneasy about it. The colored acted as counsel for the prisoner. When the case was ready he said:

"Your Honor, who is this court?"

"I is, sah. This is the dignified reply."

"Has this man shown any contempt for you?"

"No, sah."

"Then how can you try him for contempt of court?"

The old man scratched his head, opened a law book wrong side up, and finally replied:

"De prisoner am discharged, but will hev to pay \$1 costs."

"But if he is discharged because of his innocence, where do you get the right to put costs onto him?" asked the Colonel.

"Where do I? Why, in de law book."

"Which one?"

"De one at home."

I take exceptions, your Honor, and shall carry this case to the Supreme Court," said the Colonel.

"Umph! Dat alters de case. De prisoner am discharged from his fine of \$1, an' de constable am fined \$2 for making a fool of hisself an' gettin' dis court all twisted up in a hard knot afore white folks!"—*Detroit Free Press*

Several nights on Lake have been since come ably I see of the past summer

### THE SULTAN AT HOME.

A Terror on the Throne and in Constant Fear of Death—Progressive and Anxious to Introduce Modern Inventions—A Visit to the Mosque.

Abdul Hamid, the reigning sultan of Turkey, is 37 years old. He is about the medium height, wears a full beard after the manner of the east, has a rather prominent nose, dark eyes and complexion, and a slight figure. For an Oriental, writes a *New York Mail and Express* correspondent, he is progressive in his opinions, and would like to introduce into Turkey some of the modern inventions that exist in European countries. Hitherto, however, the ministers of the sublime porte, from motives of selfish policy, have opposed all progress and every innovation. Abdul Hamid is very unpopular, and is regarded as a usurper. When his uncle, the late Sultan Abdul Aziz, was killed, his eldest nephew was called to the throne, but owing to overexcitement he became temporarily insane, whereupon his younger brother, Abdul Hamid, assumed the reins of government, promising that, should his brother be restored to reason within three months, he would retire in his favor. His reason was restored within the given time, but the usurper still retains the throne. He lives in the constant fear of sharing the fate of his uncle, who made himself unpopular by acts of extravagance and eccentricity, which amounted to madness. He spent in capricious follies and personal luxuries the enormous sum of 800,000,000 francs a year—say \$150,000,000. His harem contained two thousand women, an army of cooks and other servants. All the other expenses of the government amounted only to 300,000,000 francs, or \$60,000,000. The present sultan has to limit his personal expenses to 60,000,000 francs a year, and he has only 250 wives. His black eunuch, Kishlar-Agra, enjoys the snug little salary of 24,000 francs a year, only a little less than the president of the United States. Kishlar-Agra, bears the serene title of Gardien de la Porte de la Felicite, and is addressed as "Son Altesse." He is the only person really trusted by the sultan, whom he attends on all public occasions.

An immemorial custom prevails in the east called the Mayloud, the ceremony of the sultan going to the mosque. This occurs every Friday, which is the Turkish Sabbath. It is done that the people may know that their emperor is alive and has not fallen by the secret assassination which has been the fate of so many of the sultans. The ceremony is attended by all that splendid display which pleases the Oriental imagination. A glittering guard of ten thousand soldiers, horse and foot, surround the sultan's sacred person, followed by a retinue of ministers, viziers, pashas, courtiers, etc. The sultan generally rides upon horseback on these occasions, descends at the door of the mosque, puts on the sandals, which are required of all who enter a Turkish temple, enters the sacred edifice, remains about twenty minutes, during which he listens to the reading of passages from the Koran, and then returns to the palace. An immense crowd of people lines the street through which the procession passes.

When ex-Gov. Stanford, of California, visited Constantinople last year the sultan expressed a wish to see him. Gen. Lew Wallace, the American minister, accompanied him to the palace and presented him to the sovereign. Gov. Stanford afterward gave me an account of the interview. He said Abdul Hamid wore a military uniform, with but one decoration, but his sword blazed with precious stones. He wore the felt cap now almost universal in the east. The visit was entirely informal, and the sultan spoke frankly about his wish to make reforms and improvements in the material development of Turkey. He spoke of the extraordinary progress of the United States in wealth, population, and general development in so short a time, and wished to know how it had been accomplished. Mr. Stanford informed him that in America everything was done to save time and labor, and by using machinery one man did the work of 500. The sultan next spoke of our railroads and the part they had taken in building up the country. The ex-governor replied that the railroads had done more than anything else toward developing the west, that we ran railroads through unsettled territory and the population followed the iron horse, and thus towns were built and the land improved. The sultan was deeply interested in this, and asked how turkey could be improved by a railway system. Gov. Stanford suggested a line running from Constantinople to the head of the Persian gulf, the construction of which should be begun at both ends at the same time, by which means it could be finished in three or four years. Such a road would draw to Constantinople the rich products of the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, together with the valuable commerce of the East Indies, and make his capital the great distributing center of Europe and Asia; that city could then gather all the commerce that now flows to and from the east and west through the Suez canal, it would be the grand center of exchange between the two hundred millions in Europe and the three hundred millions in Asia, and passengers could go from London to Bombay in nine days, instead of three weeks, the time now required. The sultan was much struck by the idea, and asked the governor whether he would undertake such a work should it be approved by the council of ministers. The governor, without committing himself, said he did not feel inclined to undertake so vast an enterprise at the age of three scores, especially as he had money enough. During the interview coffee was served in exquisite golden cups studded with gems.

The sultan, though extremely jealous of his rights as sovereign, is obliged to exercise much prudence in dealing with the many nationalities that make up the Turkish empire. The recent attempt of the sublime porte to limit the privileges of the Greek church is a case in point. These privileges were conferred by Mohammed II, the conqueror of Constantinople, and have

been confirmed by repeated firmans, and respected during four hundred years, down to the present time. The privileges were in general ecclesiastical jurisdiction over all religious matters, the question of succession and descent as affected by marriage, and the control of the Greek public schools. When the porte attempted to restrict these ancient rights of the patriarch of Constantinople the latter, after protesting in vain, resigned his high dignity and retired to private life. The attitude of the government aroused the liveliest indignation among the five millions of Greeks scattered through the sultan's dominions in Europe and Asia. A general civil commotion became imminent, and had not Abdul Hamid put an immediate stop to the misunderstanding by declining to accept the patriarch's resignation, and reinstating him in all his ancient rights and privileges, a civil war might have taken place. The Greeks look to such an event as an opportunity to secure the restoration of the Greek empire, with its ancient seat in the city of Constantinople.

### A Neglected Engagement of the War.

From Mark Twain's "Private History of a Campaign that Failed," in the *Century*, we take this incident: "For a time life was idly delicious, it was perfect; there was nothing to mar it. Then came some farmers with an alarm one day. They said it was rumored that the enemy were advancing in our direction, from over Hyde's prairie. The result was a sharp stir among us, and general consternation. It was a rude awakening from our pleasant trance. The rumor was but a rumor—nothing definite about it; so, in the confusion, we did not know which way to retreat. Lyman was for not retreating at all, in these uncertain circumstances; but he found that if he tried to maintain that attitude he would fare badly, for the command were in no humor to put up with insubordination. So he yielded the point and called a council of war—to consist of himself and the three other officers; but the privates made such a fuss about being left out, that we had to allow them to be present, and for they were already present, and doing the most of the talking too. The question was, which way to retreat; but all were so hurried that nobody seemed to have even a guess to offer. Except Lyman. He explained in a few calm words, that inasmuch as the enemy were approaching from over Hyde's prairie, our course was simple; all we had to do was not to retreat toward him; any other direction would answer our needs perfectly. Everybody saw in a moment how true this was, and how wise; so Lyman got a great many compliments. It was now decided that we should fall back on Mason's farm.

It was after dark by this time, and as we could not know how soon the enemy might arrive, it did not seem best to try to take the horses and things with us; so we only took the guns and ammunition, and started at once. The route was very rough and hilly and rocky, and presently the night grew very black and rain began to fall; so we had a troublesome time of it, struggling and stumbling along in the dark; and some person slipped and fell, and so did the rest, one after the other; and then Bowers came with the keg of powder in his arms, whilst the command were all mixed together, arms and legs, on the muddy slope; and so he fell, of course, with the keg, and this started the whole detachment down the hill in a body, and they landed in the brook at the bottom in a pile, and each at was undermost pulling the hair and scratching and biting those that were on top of him; and those that were being scratched and bitten scratching and biting the rest in their turn, and all saying they would die before they would ever go to war again if they ever got out of this brook this time, and the invader might rot for all they cared, and the country along with him—and all such talk as that, which was dismal to hear and take part in, in such smothered, low voices, and such a grisly dark place and so wet, and the enemy may be coming any moment.

The keg of powder was lost, and the guns too; so the growling and complaining continued straight along whilst the brigade pawed around the pasty hillside and slopped around in the brook hunting for these things; consequently we lost considerable time at this; and then we heard a sound, and held our breath and listened, and it seemed to be the enemy coming, though it could have been a cow, for it had a cough like a cow; but we did not wait, but left a couple of guns behind and struck out for Mason's again as briskly as we could scramble presently among the rugged little ravines, and wasted a deal of time finding the way again, so it was after nine when we reached Mason's stile at last; and then before we could open our mouths to give the countersign, several dogs came bounding over the fence, with great riot and noise, and each of them took a soldier by the slack of his trousers and began to back away with him. We could not shoot the dogs without endangering the persons they were attached to; so we had to look on, helpless, at what was perhaps the most mortifying spectacle of the civil war. There was light enough, and to spare, for the Masons had now run out on the porch with candles in their hands. The old man and his son came and undid the dogs without difficulty, all but Bower's; but they couldn't undo his dog, they didn't know his combination; he was of the bull kind, and seemed to be set with Yale time-lock; but they got him loose at last with some scalding water, of which Bowers got his share and returned thanks. Peterson Dunlap afterwards made up a fine name for this engagement, and also for the night march which preceded it, but both have long ago faded out of my memory.

It is estimated that 50,000 American colleges are seeking present students. A presidential course of (r. i. a. t.) should be added to the curriculum.

A Pennsylvania young lady significantly added to her wedding invitations the line: "No pickle dishes as presents."

THE  
**Union Milling Co.'s**  
FULL ROLLER FLOUR  
**TAKES THE LEAD**  
Wherever it has been tried.  
For Sale by all the Leading Dealers Everywhere.

Geo. Wright, President. W. T. Wright, Cashier.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
—OF—  
UNION, : : : OREGON.

Does a General Banking Business. Buys and sells exchange, and discounts commercial paper.

Collections carefully attended to, and promptly reported.

—COMMERCIAL—

**Livery and Feed Stable.**  
OPPOSITE CENTENNIAL HOTEL.  
JOHN S. ELLIOTT, PROPRIETOR.

Having furnished this old and popular hostelry with ample room, plenty of feed, good hostlers and new buggies, is better prepared than ever to accommodate customers. My terms are reasonable.

**GOVE TANNERY.**  
ADAM CROSSMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Has now on hand and for sale the best of

HARNESS, LADDER,  
UPPER and  
LACE LEATHER,  
SHEEP SKINS, ETC.

**PORTLAND PRICES**  
Paid for Hides and Pelts.

**WALLA WALLA BEER DEPOT.**

Corner Main and A Streets, Union.

E. MILLER, Proprietor.  
Keeps always on hand the finest brands of WINES, LIQUORS, and CIGARS.

The very best Lager and Pilsener Beer in the market, at 25 cents a quart. Beer and lunch 25 cents.

A fine billiard table for the accommodation of customers. Drop in and be sociable.

—RAILROAD—

**FEED AND LIVERY STABLE**  
Near the Court House.

A. F. BENSON, Proprietor.  
Union, Oregon.

Fine turnouts and first-class rigs for the accommodation of the public generally. Conveyances for commercial men a specialty.

The accommodations for feed cannot be excelled in the valley. Terms reasonable.

—BLUE MOUNTAIN—

**Brewery and Beer Hall.**  
Main Street, Union, Oregon.

HENRY STRICKER, Proprietor.

Orders from any part of the valley will receive prompt attention. I have on hand some very fine BOCK BEER. Drop in and sample it.

—NORTH POWDER—

**Restaurant.**  
PONY STEVENS, PROP.

The traveling public will please take notice that, in addition to my saloon in North Powder, I have opened a first-class RESTAURANT, and respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. The tables will always be supplied with the

BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS, and no pains will be spared to make my patrons comfortable.

Call on me, eat, drink and be happy.

**Tonsorial Rooms**  
Two doors south of Jones Bros.' store, Union, Oregon.

J. M. JOHNSON, Proprietor.  
Hair cutting, shaving and shampooing done neatly and in the best style.

**CITY MEAT MARKET**  
Main Street, Union, Oregon.

ROBINS & BENSON, Proprietors.  
Keep constantly on hand BEEF, PORK, VEAL, MUTTON, SAUSAGE, HAMS, LARD, ETC.

**CENTENNIAL HOTEL.**  
Union, Oregon.  
DAN. F. MOORE, Proprietor.  
A well stocked bar in connection with the house, and none but the best brands of liquors and cigars kept. LARGE SAMPLE ROOMS for the accommodation of commercial travelers.

HOWLAND & LLOYD,  
Manufacturers of  
**FURNITURE,**  
Main Street, Union, Ore.  
Keep constantly on hand a large supply of Parlor and Bed Room sets, Bedding, Desks, Office Furniture, etc.  
Upholstering Done in the Best Style  
Lounges, Mattresses, and all kinds of Furniture made to order.  
PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

**PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY!**  
Corner Main and C Streets, Union.

All kinds of photographic work done in a superior manner, and according to the latest and most approved methods.

Views of residences taken on application.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.  
JONES BROS., Props.

**MASON & HAMLIN**  
Organs  
AND  
Pianos  
are

Unexcelled  
You can save from \$50 to \$100 on the purchase of an instrument by buying through  
W. T. WRIGHT, Agent, Union, Ogn

Buy the Hayward  
**HAND GRENADE**  
Fire Extinguisher.

Everybody should have them. Men, women or children can use them. Thousands of dollars worth of property saved every day. They don't freeze, are not injurious to flesh or fabric, and are always ready. You cannot afford to be without them.

G. J. Becht, Gen. Agent, 124 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. Cook & Dwight, Agts., La Grande, Oregon.

D. B. REES,  
Notary Public

—AND—  
Conveyancer.

OFFICE—State Land Office building, Union, Union County, Oregon.

SMOKE OUR  
**"PUNCH"**

Best Havana Filled  
5 Five Cent Cigar. 5

Jones Bros., agents, Union.  
E. GOLLINSKY & CO.

SMOKE THE  
**"ESTRELLA"**

KEY WEST Imported Havana Cigar.  
NONE BETTER.

**JONES BROS.,**  
Corner of Main and B streets, Union.

—Dealers in—  
**GROCERIES,**

CANNED GOODS,  
VARIETY AND FANCY GOODS,

TOBACCO  
—AND—  
CIGARS

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,  
WATCHES,  
CLOCKS,  
and JEWELRY.

Glassware, Musical Instruments, Picture Frames and Pictures, Moulding, Bird Cages, Baby Carriages, etc.,

Candies and Nuts,  
Stationary, School Books, Periodicals, Novels, etc., of every description.

ALL KINDS OF FRESH FRUITS  
Always on hand.

We keep constantly on hand everything usually kept in a first class variety store.

Orders from any part of the country will be promptly attended to.