

THE HOUSE OF CHESTERFIELD.

A Family That Has Numbered Among Its Members Many Gifted and Illustrious Men.

The London dispatches announce that George Philip Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield, is dead, aged 66 years. The casual reader of the brief notice will pause only to remember that it was an earl of Chesterfield who wrote the famous letters to his son, and made his own name the familiar synonym of grace and elegance. But the dead earl represented not only the nobility of a great family; he was the titled representative of a race of illustrious men, who were distinguished as statesmen, diplomats, soldiers, historians, authors, poets, and actors.

The wit and grace of the best known Chesterfield came through his mother from one of the most distinguished men of the time of William III. He was George Savile, marquis of Halifax, commonly known in history as Lord Halifax. Speaking of his death in 1695, Macaulay says: "He was the most accomplished, the most enlightened, and, in spite of great faults the most estimable of the statesmen who were formed in the corrupt and licentious Whitehall of the Restoration." His daughter married the third earl of Chesterfield, and their son was Philip Dormer Stanhope, whose letters to his son have made his name so famous.

The wit and genius of Halifax did not confine themselves to the legitimate line of descent, and the bar sister was no impediment to their rich inheritance. The accomplished statesman left a natural son, by name, Henry Carey, dramatist and poet, whose plays are no longer played, but whose anthem, "God Save the King," will likely be sung by millions as long as there are English people to sing it. And from this Henry Carey descended, still with the bar sister and the genius of his great ancestor, Edmund Kean, the famous actor. Here is a study in heredity and environment. Chesterfield, in his own language, "sacrificed to the graces;" Carey yielded to the muses, and Kean was a thespian votary. And here, too, is a study in possibilities. Henry Carey was the half-brother of Chesterfield's mother. Suppose their escutcheons exchanged. Carey would have been the marquis of Halifax, and might have been a great statesman, but likely enough English hearts would not now throb to "God Save the Queen." Edmund Kean, instead of being remembered as a great actor, would have been a respectable actor, forgotten probably with his death. Chesterfield, doubtless, would have had the run of the theaters and the company of men of wit, but we would have had no code of elegance and politeness, with generosity and morality eliminated, such as the gacious earl has bequeathed to posterity.

But something of credit is due to the Stanhope side of the house, of which Carey and Kean are no parcel. The Stanhopes boast of three peerages; Chesterfield, Stanhope, and Harrington. The Hon. Alexander Stanhope was a younger son of the first earl of Chesterfield, and was a distinguished diplomatist in about Queen Anne's time. His descendants were conspicuous in statecraft, literature, and war. The Halifax blood did not flow in their veins. An Earl Stanhope was created. The third earl married Hester Pitt, daughter of the great Lord Chatham. Their eldest daughter was Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope.

We all know "The Burial of Sir John Moore." His deeds deserved to be remembered, but he has been immortalized by verse. As the hero was dying he turned to Capt. Stanhope, of his staff, and said: "Stanhope, remember me to your sister." These were his last words. By the struggling moonbeams' misty light, and with only his martial cloak around him, they carried the lead warrior to the ramparts. Slowly and sadly they laid him down, and in the grave where their hero they buried it is supposed they also buried the love and expectancy of Lucy Stanhope. If Halifax gave to his grandson, Chesterfield, wit and eloquence, Chatham gave his granddaughter, Hester, and her stormy passion. The granddaughter of Chatham, the mistress of the household of her uncle, William Pitt, the object of the admiration of Sir John Moore, she displayed all the charming accomplishments that came with the Stanhope blood. But when misfortunes came, with her uncle dead and her over-cared, fresh and gory, from the field of his fame to his unseparated grave, the passion and bitterness of the stormy Chatham fell upon her, and she spurned and turned her back upon the world she had known.

She wandered about the shores of the Mediterranean for a few years, and then to get further still from civilization, she sought a home among the half barbarous tribes of Mount Lebanon. She adopted the faith, the manners, and the garb of the east, and for nearly a quarter of a century was the object of the curiosity and speculation of travelers and awe and reverence of her barbarian associates. Her lover had died surrounded by his friends, but with no time for the affectionate and impressive ceremonies with which soldiers testify their grief over a dead comrade. She died without an early friend near her, without even one of her own race to give her a sympathetic look, not a civilized hand to close her eyes. The uncouth people about her dug a grave in her garden and laid her away, giving no thought to the fact that she was Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope, of the blood of one of the oldest and proudest families of England, granddaughter of England's greatest minister, and beloved by one of England's most heroic soldiers.

But about the dead earl across the water: He is a dead pier of distinguished lineage and some public service, but among the many erratic and gifted people of his house he is not sufficiently conspicuous to be made more than a text for comment.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Italian Immigration.
There has been of late a slight improvement in the immigration business of this city, but it must have been noticed that this immigration has been

almost wholly from one country—Italy. During the past three months four-fifths of the immigrants arriving in New Orleans have been Italians. Friday another shipload reached here, and the number of arrivals from that country during the year has been unusually large.

New Orleans already possesses a large population of Italian birth or descent, which will be swollen by this new movement, as nearly all the new comers have established themselves immediately in this city, and few have left here to look for homes in the interior.

It is only of late years that the Italian has become much of an immigrant. Until the organization of the kingdom of Italy the population remained at home, where many districts were congested, with a population greater than the land would readily support.

The first tide of emigration from the peninsula was toward South America. Some few of the Italians established themselves in Brazil, but the great majority settled in the Argentine Republic and Uruguay. The prosperity of the former state—the most prosperous just at present in our southern continent—is due mainly to its Italian immigrants. They have made industrious, intelligent, progressive citizens, and have done well in whatever business they have engaged in—agriculture, stock raising or trade. They constitute to the chief element of the European population of the Argentine Republic, and the source of its greatest industry and wealth.

There has always been some Italian immigration to New Orleans and other portions of the Gulf coast; but the present tide of this immigration to the United States did not begin until a few years ago. It is said that the first Italians coming to New York did so under a mistaken idea that they were going to Buenos Ayres. However, that may be, they remained, and the tide soon set in earnest in that direction, carrying into the north thousands of Italians. Their trial was a hard one. The newcomers were generally poor, had few friends, were wholly unacquainted with the language of the country and unaccustomed to the climate. Despite all these obstructions the Italian colony in New York has grown and prospered.

It is quite evident that Italy is to become a source of large immigration in the future, for it is thickly populated, with a rapidly increasing population. Fifty years ago but few Germans had left the fatherland to seek homes in a new country; but the Germans have since proved themselves admirable immigrants; and so the Italians are proving to-day.

Italy has placed no hindrance in the way of emigration, but it has been the great aim of the government to prevent this loss of subjects by securing a possession in Africa or elsewhere to which an Italian can emigrate without losing his citizenship or forfeiting his tie to his own land. This is one of the chief aims of the present government; and should it succeed, there is little doubt of Italy establishing a strong colonial empire, after the manner of Rome of old. The Italians from the earliest times have been excellent colonists; and there is no reason to doubt the r coloring capacity to-day.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

VIVISECTING A CALF.

Prof. Curtis Performs the Operation in Order to Show the Action of the Heart.

In the presence of a big class of students which filled the amphitheatre of the upper lecture-room of the College of Physicians and Surgeons yesterday, Prof. J. G. Curtis, lecturer on physiology, made a novel vivisection to demonstrate the action of the heart, about which there is considerable diversity of opinion among the great physiologists.

Prof. Curtis holds that the heart shortens. It became old Janitor Mike's duty to keep his eyes peeled for any of Bergh's men who might be present in a disguise and put a stop to the demonstration in its most important stage. When the coast was clear and Mike satisfied himself that only those who had business in the lecture-room were there, Prof. Curtis began his lecture.

He discussed the merits and demerits of the famous physiologists and tried to show that the heart really shortened, by reading from accepted writers who had made a number of experiments to support their theory. Before he finished speaking four of his assistants clad in rough bed ticking gowns dragged in an unsuspecting calf. The calf was placed in a V-shaped trough with four stout slats nailed to the top and bottom, two on each side. Straps held the animal motionless. Sponges saturated with ether were clapped over the animal's nostrils and soon reduced it to unconsciousness. Then Prof. Curtis seized a long, keen-edged knife and made an incision extending from the head down to the belly. In a few strokes he cut away the hide, and with an instrument like a pair of pruning shears he cut out the breast plate, exposing the lungs and the heart in its sac. This was carefully removed and then the students made a rush to see the effect it had on the calf.

There lay the heart, bobbing about with every respiration the animal made. When the lungs were filled with air they almost entirely covered the heart, but during the expiration it came into view again and its action could closely be studied. With a pair of delicate compasses Prof. Curtis followed the jerky movements of the organ and measured it in several positions, showing that in systole the heart was a trifle shorter than during diastole.

The calf was kept alive just an hour, which was the time the lecture lasted, and just before it died Prof. Curtis tied the aorta, the main artery, at the point of its attachment, and, with a single stroke of the knife, cut the organ out and pinned it on a board between two rows of long pins. In this position, outside the body the heart made about a dozen beats, and it became even more plain than before, by observing its situation on between the pins, that it shortened when contracting, assuming its normal size at the end of the beat.—*New York World.*

IVING WITH A BROKEN NECK.

A Remarkable Case in a Brooklyn Hospital That is Attracting Much Attention.

The attention of medical men and experts all over Brooklyn and New York is being attracted to the extraordinary case of Joseph Somers, who has been living for over three months with a broken neck in the Homeopathic hospital on Cumberland street in this city. It is not at all likely that he will recover, but whether he lives or dies he will long serve as a most interesting illustration of the error of the widely prevalent notion that a fracture of the spinal column is immediately fatal. Somers was a laborer. On the evening of the 8th of last October, while under the influence of liquor, he stumbled backward down an arway. He was taken to the Homeopathic hospital in an ambulance, where, upon examination, it was found he had received severe injuries to the spinal column, near the nape of the neck. There was a deformity—a ridging of the skin—that showed that the bones of the spinal column had been displaced. This deformity was reduced, under pressure, in much the fashion of setting a broken finger. This appeared to somewhat relieve the pain, which was, before that, very intense. During two weeks Somers was completely paralyzed below his neck. After that he commenced to slowly regain sensation in his limbs, but only to a slight extent, so that he has never possessed what a healthy person would understand as feeling in his legs. So completely has the lower part of his body been overcome by this paralysis that the hospital physicians, in testing the condition of his nerves, have tickled the soles of his feet with pencils and have pricked the skin sharply with pins, without producing in the injured man any sensation of pain. He can just manage to distinguish which foot is being tickled or pricked and that is all. The doctors have made several unsuccessful efforts to find out the exact nature of the injury to the neck. Somers can move his eyes and tongue, can talk, can move his arms a little, and his digestive organs are not impaired, so that he can eat whatever food happens to strike his fancy. His brain has not been affected and he hangs fully conscious, in this condition, between life and death, waiting for the latter to put an end to his sufferings, which are severe. Dr. Persifer M. Cooke, one of the hospital physicians, says that the man cannot recover, but that he may linger along in this way for a long time. Dr. Lewis, the surgeon of the visiting staff, who has the case in charge, is of the same opinion. So is Dr. Willis, who was the surgeon of the visiting staff when Somers was taken to the hospital. There never was a case like it in the institution. A reporter yesterday sought Dr. John G. Johnson, the expert in spinal diseases, and asked him:

"How can a man live with a fractured or broken neck?"

"He can not," replied the doctor, "except under certain circumstances. If the spinal cord is much injured the person must die. The spinal column," picking up a huge medical work, and opening it at a cut of the human backbone, "is a very delicate and wonderfully constructed piece of mechanism. The top bone of the spine is called the atlas. On this the head rests. The next bone below is called the axis. It has a tiny projection, no bigger than a tooth. On this little projecting bone, that you could break with a slight blow from a tack-hammer, is pivoted the atlas and the head. Through these bones, starting from the brain, runs the spinal cord. All the nerves of organic life start from the brain through the spinal column. The backbone is composed of a good many small bones dovetailed in one to another. The slender cord," he added, pointing to a large colored chart, "which is called the spinal marrow, is a telegraph wire, as it were, carrying the current of life from the brain to the body. It is more than one telegraph wire—it is a bunch of wires. One wire transmits the power to see, another the power to feel, another the power to hear, and so on. Now, you can cut one wire without cutting the others. You can paralyze the lower limbs without removing the power to digest food. But it doesn't take much. I assure you, to injure the spinal cord that the heart suddenly ceases to beat and the lungs stop their functions. One of the nerves which forms the spinal column is what is called the pneumogastric nerve. Pneumo refers to the lungs and gastric to the stomach, and the nerve carries the power to perform their duties to both the lungs and the stomach. It is evident from the description of Somers' condition that his pneumogastric nerves has not yet been injured."

"Delicate as is the spinal cord, it can be laid bare to the air without receiving any injury. Pieces of the backbone have been removed exposing the cord, the place has healed and no harm has resulted. Even a temporary pressure, if it be not severe upon this life marrow, can be recovered from. Or it might be possible to expose the cord and insert the point of a needle in the marrow without producing fatal results. This would depend largely, however, upon what part of the spinal column was taken for the experiment."

The doctor, in speaking further on the subject, said that death, should it occur in Somers' case, would, it is likely, be the result of other complications arising from the patient's confinement, from his exhausted vitality, and from causes secondary to the original injury to the spinal column.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Sunny South Ahead.
Georgia man—Talk about cold! You folks don't know what cold is.

Omaha Man—Oh, come now!

"No, you don't. Why, down in Georgia the other morning I couldn't eat my breakfast for half an hour because my teeth were frozen up."

"See here, I'm not offering any prizes, you know."

"But it is true as preaching!"

Teeth frozen up! Where was your mouth?"

"The teeth weren't in my mouth; they were in a glass of water.—*Omaha World.*

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