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VOL. XIX. DALLAS, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1893. NO. 4.

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Full Line of Groceries,
Shoes, Lamps, Crockery, Queensware,
Fine Christmas Goods,
ALL VERY CHEAP FOR EITHER CASH OR PRODUCE.
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Grand Millinery Sale!
FOR 30 DAYS! $$$$$ FOR 30 DAYS!
For the month of December we will make sweeping reductions in our large and well selected stock of fine millinery.
$1.50 WORLD BEATERS! $1.50.
A pretty line of ladies and misses new and stylish trimmed felt hats, all in late designs of this season.
$1.50! $1.50! $1.50!
Send in your order for one of these hats and we will forward it to you.
Do not Delay---First Order---First Choice.
MRS. S. C. REED,
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Clothing, Boots and Shoes,
And a large stock of general merchandise
At - Cost for - Cash!
The crowds that throng the store every day prove that it is a genuine bargain sale. Come at once while the stock is full.
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Is that misery experienced when suddenly made aware that you possess a diabolical arrangement called stomach. No two dyspeptics have the same predominant symptoms, but whatever form dyspepsia takes
The underlying cause is in the LIVER,
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SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
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"For more than three years I suffered with Dyspepsia in its worst form. I tried several doctors, but they afforded no relief. At last I tried Simmons Liver Regulator, which cured me in a short time. It is a good medicine. I would not be without it."—JAMES A. ROANE, Philad'a, Pa.
See that you get the Genuine, with red Z on front of wrapper.
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Mr. Huntington's Two Houses.

The recent purchase by Mr. C. P. Huntington of Mrs. Colton's costly mansion on Nob hill, in San Francisco, has given rise to rumors that Mr. Huntington and his family intended to make the California metropolis their permanent place of residence. A report has also been freely circulated that Mr. Huntington had offered his new house, at Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, for sale. These reports, with gossipy elaborations, have been the talk of certain clubs and cafes for the past few weeks, and the names of two or three millionaires have been named as the probable purchasers of the unfinished Huntington palace in this city. When Mr. Huntington's attention was called to the manner in which Dame Rumor was dealing with his affairs, he authorized a denial of the report that he contemplated going to San Francisco to live.

He proposes to stay right here, and when his new house is completed he will move into it. There has been no intention on his part to sell the place. Mr. Huntington bought the Colton house in San Francisco because he is obliged to spend several weeks each year in California, and he is not particularly fond of hotel life. He thinks that he can afford to maintain two residences—one in New York and one in San Francisco.—New York Times.

Expense of the Peary Expedition.

The total expense of the Peary and the Peary relief expeditions was within $25,000, or, approximately, within one-tenth of the amount that was involved in the very much less successful British north pole expedition of 1875-6, and barely more than one-fortieth of the expense of the Austro-Hungarian expedition under Payer and Weyprecht of 1873-4.

The contributions of knowledge obtained in either one of the departments of geography or ethnology alone can rationally be considered to repay the moderate outlay of these two expeditions, a cost considerably below that which in modern times is sometimes paid for a painting.

It is interesting to place here by way of comparison the cost of previous explorations. One of the earliest—that of Willoughby—conducted 300 years ago, required for its expenditure £6,000; that of Moor, in 1746, £10,000; the second German north pole expedition was covered by an appropriation of 120,000 thalers, or £11,000, while the Franklin expedition and the various ones sent out to ascertain his fate to 1854 cost £833,333, or over $4,000,000.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Gas Well Beyond Control.

What is undoubtedly the strongest natural gas well ever found in the Indiana belt is a roaring monster north of Muncie, Ind., which cannot be gotten under control. A few days since Walley & Spellacy, contractors, drilled in a well on the Spilker farm. Next day it was discovered that the pressure had raised to an enormous degree, and it has since increased until it has become impossible to anchor the well or do anything with it. It is impossible to force a sledge hammer, crowbar or anything into the hole, and the gas roars until a man's voice cannot be heard within several hundred yards of the well. The earth trembles in a frightful manner. A great deal of fright is entertained as to what the result will be. The well is estimated at over 10,000,000 feet, and the apparatus used to anchor the monster Jumbo well at Fairmount is useless. Great caution is being used to prevent the gas from becoming ignited.—Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Singular Accident.

Arthur C. Moreland, who played the role of Colonel Risener, the tricky Indiana politician, in the play of "Blue Jeans," last season, was on Friday night the victim of an accident that may end his stage career. When on the road Moreland has a companion, Perry, a hybrid dog which appears in the play. After the third act of "Blue Jeans" at the National theater in Washington, Moreland picked up and fondled the mongrel. Perry's face was side by side with the actor's. The sawdust used in the mill scene was being swept up at the time. It caused the dog to sneeze, and his teeth came in contact with Moreland's left eye, destroying the sight. Yesterday morning the eye had swollen to twice its normal size, and Actor Moreland is now confined in a darkened room, with the prospect of losing the sight of the other eye.—New York Letter.

LIVE STOCK

GERMAN COACHER.

A Breed That Will Be Represented at the World's Fair.

The illustration, reproduced from The Breeder's Gazette, shows a fine specimen of a family of horses that promises to contest with the hackney for general popularity.

The picture shows a German coaching stallion 4 years old. These horses are of a build to fill the demand for the

GERMAN COACHING STALLION.

large, imposing carriage horse that is now the fashion. The animal looks as if he might well be descended, as he undoubtedly is, from the famous horses that figured in the tournaments of the Middle Ages.

Strength of bone and endurance are characteristic of the German coach horse. Germany is taking great pains with the breeding of these animals. The German coacher will be amply exploited at the Columbian fair.

Best Hog for Market.

Sanders Spencer writes from Great Britain to The Breeder's Gazette as follows:

I have no recollection of a time during the last thirty-five years when pig breeding and pork manufacturing were so profitable as at present. All kinds of feeding stuffs are very much cheaper with us than a year since, and the price of pork is some 60 per cent. higher. In nothing is the changed state of affairs more evident than in the price of pigs about 10 weeks old. Last year numbers of these were sold at 2s. 6d. each. Now a good strong store pig of the age is worth about eight times as much. Indeed we have well nigh reached the guinea pig—i. e., one sound and well over the operation of castrating or spaying. At this price the breeding and rearing of pigs must be profitable even if the cost of food were half as high again as at the present time.

In this country, as on the continent, particularly in those countries where considerable attention is paid to the dairying industry and as a natural sequence to the breeding and fatting of pigs, the battle of short, thick, heavy shouldered and fat jowled pigs versus the long, deep sided, heavy hind quartered and light fore quartered and jowled pigs is being as vigorously fought as ever, and I think I may add that the victory in favor of the latter style of pig is more pronounced than at any previous period. The curers in Ireland are loudly calling out for the much needed improvement in the form, length and substance of the Irish pigs, and do not hesitate to affirm that those foreign curers, such as the Danes, Swedes, etc., who have of late years freely imported large numbers of pigs from the best herds of Large White Yorkshires, are pressing the Irish bacon so closely as to render it probable that the premier position held by the latter for so many years on the English markets will inevitably be lost unless the Irish breeders of pigs take a leaf out of the books of the enterprising foreigners. Even in Holland a considerable amount of money has been expended to my knowledge by a firm of bacon curers whose factory is situated at Assen. Berkshires, Tamworths and improved Large Whites have all been tried for years, and the verdict is the usual one—that the long, deep sided, well developed hind quartered Large White answers by far the best both for breeding pure and for crossing on the Dutch pigs.

Improved Horse Stall.

The following is the description of an improved horse stall, the merit of which consists in its simplicity: In the center of the stall—a large box stall—a pit was dug eighteen inches in diameter and three feet deep. Into this was put cobble stones, the size of a horse's foot, until they reached the top. Three large flat stones were added, which just filled the top of the pit. A wagon load of ground limestone was spread around the outer edge of the stall and raked toward the center, giving it a gentle slope in this direction. Over this was spread two inches of yellow clay well tamped.

The stall when thus completed has the appearance of an oval dish and carries all the urine to the center of the stall and into the pit, where it gradually soaks away into the ground. There is no opening in the bottom of the pit, and therefore no bad odor comes back into the stable, as often occurs where a drainpipe is used to carry off the urine. Another advantage in this stall is the shape, which more nearly fits the horse while lying down and requires less straw for bedding.—Exchange.

Minorcas and Leghorns.

Minorcas, both white and black, lay larger eggs than the Leghorns, are equally prolific, but our experience would not lead us to think that they excel the latter breed. They are nonsitters. They were boomed largely a few years ago, but they never have obtained the popularity of the Leghorns and are not so well suited for a farmer's fowl, especially in cold climates, on account of their enormous combs and wattles, which become frosted easily. The breed is a good one with which to breed up common stock. Unless they are allowed to run at large one needs a 10-foot fence to keep them within bounds.—Rural New Yorker.

HOW MICE [illegible] NUTS.

They Appear to Waste a Deal of Labor and Get Very Little to Eat.

In front of me as I write I have a tray full of shells that have been rifled by the nut crackers of the avenue. Those with the large, irregular rent and some with the whole side ripped off with jagged edges are the squirrel's work, those with the round, oval holes, always near the big end of the shell, have been plundered by mice. But it is curious to note how often the same shell has another hole, much smaller and perfectly round, on the other side and nearer the small end. Why was this?

Did the mouse get all it could reach out through the big hole at the big end and then—like Isaac Newton with the large door for the cat and little one for the kitten—take the trouble to nibble a little hole in the very hardest part of the nutshell to get at the rest of the nut? The squirrel would have turned the nut upside down and let the kernel drop out. I wonder the mice have not given up eating nuts long ago. The labor they expend is enormous. But they do not care for trouble apparently. Note these walnuts. Each has two little round holes, one on each shell, nearest the sharp point end of the nut, and it is easy to see what happened. The mouse nibbled one hole, ate what it could reach—very little indeed—and then found that, for some reason or another, the walnut was fastened inside to the shell.

So then it tried the other side with exactly the same result, and then it left the nut in disgust. But this did not prevent it attacking the next walnut in precisely the same way, with precisely the same barren results, and the next, and the next, and the next. The partitions inside the nut prevented the mouse getting at the kernel, but it did not desist from trying. On the other hand, absolutely useless work is never, so far as I know, done by the mice. I never found an empty nut or a bad one that they had attempted. The squirrel, on the other hand, does not care how "high" his nuts are. But when we think that the squirrel relishes young fir cones, with turpentine oozing out at every pore, we can appreciate the durn like with which nature has blessed the merry little forester.—Contemporary Review.

Hypnotism Relieves St. Vitus' Dance.

At La Charite I saw a little girl suffering from St. Vitus' dance brought to the hospital for treatment. The child could not stand still or hold its hands still or even control its voice sufficiently to say, "Bonjour, M. Luys." A strong, well built woman was hypnotized, and the child's hands were placed in hers. By the aid of highly charged magnets the nervous twitchings of the child were passed into the woman till her strong frame was convulsed by them. She could not stand still, her hands were in continual movement, and strangest of all, when told to say, "Bonjour, M. Luys," she spoke in the same hesitating, jerking manner as the child had done. The youngster, on the contrary, was perceptibly relieved, but the doctor told me that such relief only lasted for a few hours at first, and that similar transfers would have to be made daily for weeks before the cure was complete.

I have seen the child several times since she has been following the treatment. She says herself that she is better, and certainly the convulsive movements of the body and members are less marked. Hysterics, partial paralysis and nervous accidents are successfully treated by such transfers as that described. The subject to whom the disease has been transferred is allowed to sleep quietly for a few minutes, and on being awakened neither feels nor remembers the sufferings undergone while in hypnotic sleep.—Paris Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

The Origin of the Use of "Sand."

"Do you know where the use of the word 'sand' for courage originated?" asked Thomas H. Wentworth of a crowd of philosophers at the Laclede. "Neither do I, for certain, but there are two explanations that have interested me. One is that based on the old expression among the boys of 'sand in his craw' (crop) which, applied to fowls or birds, indicated that they do not hesitate to take what comes, being satisfied they can manage with plenty of sand to help their gizzards, and hence have no apprehensions as to the future. The other explanation is the historical one you have all heard of, no doubt, which is said to have occurred at the siege of Toulon. While constructing a battery Napoleon wanted some one to write a letter for him, and young Junot offered his services. Just as the letter was finished a cannon ball struck near, covering the writer and his letter with earth and dust. 'Quite fortunate,' said he, 'we have plenty of sand,' referring to the common practice of drying the ink on a letter with sand. Of course his promotion was sure and rapid. But whether the incident gave rise to today's common expression may be doubted."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

American Crowds Are Good Natured.

Some one has said that the best natured body in the world is an American crowd. Those who have any doubts about the truth of this statement should make one of the crowd that gathers in Newspaper row any election night. Packed solidly from School and Milk streets to Court and state streets, it is as independent a body of humanity as one can anywhere find. The Darwinian principle of "the survival of the fittest" prevails as literally as one could wish. Every one is for himself, and he pushes, jostles and talks to maintain his standing place or to get a better one. Yet despite all this every one is in the best of humor, laughs as heartily at his own discomfiture as at that of the fellow at his elbow, and forgives the man who treads on his toes. Those who have ever had anything to do with a French or German crowd will recognize the difference between those transatlantic gatherings and the American one.—Boston Journal.

Monte Christo Outdone.

Alexander Graham Bell and the telephone have been synonymous terms for a dozen years or more. Bell's career presents one of the most remarkable Monte Christo romances in this country of rapid fortune making. Bell was a penniless boy in Edinburgh thirty years ago. He came to this country in 1872 and finally became a teacher in a deaf and dumb school in Boston. From boyhood the idea of speech transmission had been an undercurrent of thought with him, and he has frequently said that long before 1870 we would one day speak by telegraph. The telephone was the result of years of patient labor and investigation.—New York Herald.

Just as Well Left Unsaid.

A society youth whose presence in the fashionable world can hardly be regarded as a success in wondering why every one is laughing over a speech which Du Maurier would put down in the category of "Things one would rather have left unsaid." It was after some especially unhappy experience of social freezing out that the youth exclaimed, "The more I go out the more I am convinced that home is the best place."—Kate Field's Washington.

Paying Funeral Expenses in Advance.

Workmen put up a telephone some weeks ago in an office in a building near the Brooklyn navy yard, and later on other workmen carried in a number of coffins of various sizes and styles of finish and set them up in different ornamental positions. Neighbors looked on with a curious sort of interest. All this weird activity was the outfitting of a business that is something brand new in corporate enterprise. It was the practical beginning of a project of enabling citizens to provide while still alive for their own or their friends' burial upon the same system as life insurance is carried on, and at rates that are a slash at the "union prices" of the Undertakers' association. The coffins were samples of the cut rate wares.

The new business is done by a series of contracts with customers whereby the projectors of the burial business agree to furnish decent burial at prices that range anywhere from $30 for a child to $250 for an adult. A $30 interment, for instance, is obtained by paying 30 centson signing a contract and 30 cents monthly thereafter until the $30 is paid. At the $250 burial the rate is raised to $2.50 on signing and $2.50 a month.

The contracts contain this binding clause:

The preparation and preservation of the body for interment. One casket and name plate. Chestnut or oak outside case. Extra line shroud. Door band. Hearse and five coaches. Attendance of undertaker at funeral. Opening and filling the grave.—New York Sun.

Catching a Runaway Car.

As a freight train was pulling out past Sheridan Station, seven miles from Pittsburg, on the Panhandle railroad, a heavily loaded car, the last of the train, broke loose and started back on the down grade toward Pittsburg.

The operator at Sheridan telegraphed back over the line all the way to Pittsburg to look out for the runaway car. At Ingram station stood an engine ready to go out. When the operator there got word that a loose car was flying back over the track he notified the engineer and fireman of the engine, and they prepared to pursue the car. Within a few minutes the runaway came thundering along at the rate of thirty miles an hour. As soon as it passed the engine started after it.

Then ensued a wild and exciting chase. The car flew along and the engine after it. Over the long 90-foot high trestle at Temperanceville the two thundered, and the engine caught up to the runaway near the Point Bridge station. The engineer ran back over the tender, coupled onto the car and then began to slow up, but did not stop until he was at the Birmingham station in the city. There a large crowd of people had gathered to see the pursued and pursuer come in, greeting both with a cheer.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

A New Rose.

It is curious that the greatest attraction of the chrysanthemum show should be a new rose, magnificent clusters of which are to be found in the foyer. It is called the American Belle, and it is a sport from the American Beauty. John Burton, of Chestnut Hill, a great rose grower, while growing American Beauties found this variation, and this sport of nature will bring him a small fortune. It happens that as the American Beauty fades it grows darker, and therefore loses its delicacy. The sport is lighter, and as it fades grows lighter still—pales and pales, like a fading maiden dying with unrequited love or consumption.

It is an artistic rose, and has made a great hit. It has taken two silver cups—one at the New York show just closed. It got a silver medal at the Boston show, and it takes the medal in the show here. So of course it must be a beauty. Half a dozen firms of florists have offered to take all the flowers Mr. Burton has at his own prices. As yet he has made no cuttings for the market, so that he has a monopoly of the flower.—Philadelphia Times.

Opinions of a Dead Millionaire.

A disinterested citizen gathered some opinions touching a dead millionaire. A country clergyman asked, "He got his money by a species of gambling, didn't he?" A German barber's comment was, "Vell, he hadt to leaf his millions behindt him!" A naval officer was glad of the end. A young business man hoped that the country would never again see such a career. An elevated railway guard said: "He's dead, and I'm sorry for it. Mebbe he done them as tried to do him, but he wanted the company to give us two suits o' clothes a year or raise our pay."—New York Letter.

Urging a Canal System for Europe.

The president of the Vienna corn exchange in a recent speech said that grain growing in Europe has ceased to be remunerative, owing to the development of new agricultural regions and to the lowering of railroad rates. The only chance he could see for the European farmer was in the construction of a network of canals in central Europe. Cheap water transportation would help the European farmer against the competition of the United States, India and Australia.

Columbus on the Stage.

The English actor, Charles Warner, is among the players who intend to make a tour of the United States this year, and he will bring with him a four act drama written for him by Henry Hamilton, of which Columbus is the hero. The famous explorer, who of course will be impersonated by Mr. Warner, appears as the hero of a love story, and conducts himself with very little respect for history.—Detroit Free Press.

Loved His Grandma.

Grandma—And so you were real anxious to come and visit grandma? That's lovely.

Little Johnnie—Yes'm. I cried till mamma let me come.

Grandma—Why didn't you wait till Christmas?

Little Johnnie—I was 'fraid the mince meat would be all gone.—Good News.

GONE AWAY.

There are stones on the turf where but lately we passed
Bridle loose, velvet hoofed from the road to the sod,
Where the day's solemn work earned a canter at last,
And the Grange's trim yews gave a welcoming nod.

Nothing left—gone the old merry scamper today!
The lank herbage stiffened by cobbles and chalks;
The Grange is to let, and it sleeps in decay,
With the yews all awry in the brier strewn walks;

Trailing shrubs, tangled beds in unlimited woe;
The gray expanse blotted and choked by the leaves;
The only thing moving a jackdaw or so,
And the afternoon sun beaming faint on the eaves.

There the little face came at the window to look
When Jim's busy shoes sounded clattering near,
Little face, pretty head that the brown ringlets shook,
Till the old house was closed with the mellowing year.

Not any bright smile from the gloomy abode,
Nor any sweet face that the hope will decorate,
Great blinds staring white on the flint crested road,
And Jim sidles past with a tear in his eye.
—Clifford Kitchin in Temple Bar.

Misplaced Advertisements.

Alfred Waterhouse deserves cordial thanks for the vigorous way in which he has called attention to the inconvenience and annoyance caused to the public by a large class of advertisers. Against advertisement of the right kind and in the right place no one has a word to say. It is of genuine service, not only to the advertisers, but to every class of the community. But when we visit remote Welsh mountains and valleys, or walk along the seashore, or stroll in pretty country lanes, we do not want to be confronted by great staring announcements to the effect that some one is prepared to supply us at a moderate price with the best quality of soap or mustard or tea.

Nor is it pleasant to see in the streets of cities vast hoardings covered with jarring masses of detestable colors, consisting of the puffs of rival tradesmen and the boasts of persons who have provided some kind of public entertainment. Still less do we like when we are traveling to be so confused by advertisements that we can with difficulty make out the name of the station at which we may wish to alight. In these things there ought to be order and measure, so that people may learn how their various wants are to be supplied without being at the same time irritated by the display of all that is most vulgar and repulsive in the commercial spirit.—London Graphic.

Economical Celery Soup.

Many families of small means look upon celery as a luxury. The greenish half blanched stalks of the cheap bunch really are not very good eating, and the fine, white large crisp bunch costs too much for the workingman's everyday dinner. But there is an economical way of treating the large bunch of best celery which makes it cheap. Use the finer portions of the crisp stalks as a relish. All the tough portions and the root carefully cleaned are to be cut fine, covered with cold water and cooked slowly till nearly the whole can be rubbed through a strainer. Half an hour before dinner heat this liquid celery with an equal quantity of any kind of meat broth you happen to have in the house, and then add one pint of hot milk thickened like a white sauce, with two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour cooked together. Season with salt. If you have no broth after your soup is in the tureen stir into it slowly and smoothly the well beaten yolk of an egg, and you will not miss at all the richness of the meat.—New York Press.

Time That Men Waste.

"Talking of dudes," said Richard Grayson at the Lindell, "did you ever consider how much time a man expends to keep himself presentable? A man with any beard at all must shave at least three times a week. That means a waste of ten hours a month or twelve good working days in the year. Fifteen minutes a day at the bootblack stand will knock nearly ten more working days out of the year. Now figure up the time spent tying his cravat, fishing collar buttons from under the dresser and in various other ways pertaining to the general 'getup' of a man, not of fashion, but of affairs, and you will find that he sacrifices at least one working month in the year to his personal appearance. But it pays. Only the man who has his reputation or his 'pile' made can afford to neglect these little tributes of respect to the opinion of his fellow men—and women."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Wonderful Things in Heredity.

It is a fact well established by students of heredity that children are apt to inherit not only the physical, mental and moral traits of their parents, but to be influenced by their age as well. Children born of very young fathers and mothers never attain so vigorous a growth of mind or body as those of older men and women, while children of old people are born old.

One of the most surprising cases in medical history is that of Marguerite Cribsowna, who died in 1763, aged 108 years. When ninety-four she was married to a man aged 105. Three children came of this union, but they had gray hair, no teeth, were stooped, yellow and wrinkled, decrepit in movement and could eat only bread and vegetables.—New York Sun.

Why Grass Grows Hollow.

The stems of grass and oats are usually hollow, and the knots or nodes which occur at intervals and which have a peculiar degree of firmness, derived from the interlacing of fibers, give them a firmness and strength which they would otherwise lack. If the material of wheat straw were in a solid form it would make but a thin wiry stem, which would snap with great ease, but in the hollow form, with the intervening knots, the necessary support is afforded.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Nineveh was fourteen miles long and eight miles wide, the whole city surrounded by a wall 100 feet high, so thick as to furnish ample room for three chariots to be driven abreast around the top.

Fifteen minutes should be spent in light reading or conversation before severe mental labor is begun. A light cigar immediately after lunch aids digestion.

It is true that the close companion and friend of the great authors acquires often what might almost be called a special courtesy toward books.

Coins are classed, according to their state of preservation, as "proof," "uncirculated," "fine," "good," "fair" and "poor."

The King Chan (Court Transcripts) the Chinese official journal, has been published in Peking for many centuries.