

WALLOWA CHIEFTAIN.

HOUSE & ROE, Publishers.

ENTERPRISE OREGON.

Bernhardt is getting fat. She now eats a shadow.

Beware of the bed-ridden gentleman who is willing to sell his mining stock at a sacrifice.

King Christian of Denmark is 84 years old, and has reasonable hopes of being able to die a natural death.

Prof. Starr makes a serious charge against our barbarian ancestors when he says they introduced the swallow-tail coat.

A shocking case of cruelty is reported from New Jersey. A resident of the State deserted his wife, leaving her an original poem.

The city of Tokio has 800 public baths. Japanese cities compare favorably with the more enlightened ones on this side of the ocean.

A woman's head is to adorn one of the new issues of postage stamps. It is to be presumed that this will exert a good influence on the mails.

The Louisville health officer who announced a few weeks ago that Limburger cheese was dangerous is now endeavoring to prove that the wiener-wurst is a deadly thing. He must be a Frenchman.

The publishers of the Gentlemen's Home Journal take especial pride in announcing that Miss Stone has not been engaged to write for it, and that under no circumstances will anything from the pen of that lady be admitted to its columns.

Professor Loeb states that "Enzymes (which seem to be the controlling germs or forces of life, which do not nominally exist in the human frame, can actually be created." And then he adds: "Enzyme is a term we use to cover up our temporary ignorance." Thus is the mind again allowed to drop off an eight-story building.

A number of cases of relics, toys, musical instruments, models of houses and facial masks were recently delivered to the American Museum of Natural History in Washington. They were collected by the Jessup expedition in northeastern Siberia. Among the boxes was one which contained several dozen phonograph cylinders on which the natives had been induced to record their speech and songs. That is certainly exploration up to date.

The appropriateness of Indian corn as a national emblem is urged by members of various women's clubs who think that the country should have a botanical symbol, so that Uncle Sam may wear a posy in his bonnet and attract attention in the tournaments of the world, as the first Plantagenet did with his sprig of broom. But if corn should be selected it would be necessary to decide what kind. We certainly should not want it to be popcorn, which goes off with a bang when heated. Some quieter and more dignified grade would be more suitable.

Working one's way through college is to be commended; yet it is possible that some persons desiring to appear as "self-made" do an injustice to the parental aid which was actually theirs. The new Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Moody, whose parents were known to be New England farmers of slender means, was recently asked if he had "worked his way through college." "No," was the prompt reply. "My parents sent me to school and through college, decently and in order." How gratifying to the father, who at the age of 81, watches his son's career with interest, must be such an acknowledgment!

Instead of buying outright the acres over which famous battles have been fought, the government is adopting the policy of arranging with the landowners, on payment of a small rental, to keep things exactly as they were on the day which made the spot famous. The woods are to cover the same area, the plowed lands, orchards and fields to correspond, and as far as possible buildings to retain their relative positions. This preserves the naturalness of the scene much more than would its conversion into a great park, and the cost to the government is much less. Many an aged man grieves that the scenes of his youth, with their days of abounding pleasure, cannot be preserved against the changes of time and the so-called march of improvements.

No broad-minded observer will overlook the significance of the interest with which the people of German birth or descent regarded the recent visit of Prince Henry. They have made their home here, yet they still look back with fondness to the fatherland. The sentiment is altogether admirable and praiseworthy. It assumes an objectionable form only when the foreign-born citizens become clannish, when they set themselves in groups apart from the general body of the people among whom they live, and transfer the politics of the old country to the new. The love for the land of their nativity which persists in the breasts of the foreign-born does not differ from the sentiment that has made successful reunions in various parts of the country in Old Home Week. Migration from Massachusetts to Montana differs only in degree from migration from Italy to Illinois, and the emigrant

from Russia to the United States has done on a large scale what appeared in a small way to the man who moved from New Hampshire to North Dakota. We should despise the New Englander who should put behind him the tender memories of his boyhood home when he removed to the West. Therefore we cannot blame, but we ought to applaud, the European who has a warm place in his heart for the country of his birth, the customs of his youth, and the people who speak his native language. He is all the better for cherishing such sentiments, and as those sentiments do not exclude true loyalty to the country of his adoption, he may be, and if his love for the old home is of the right quality, he is, among the best of our citizens.

It is stated by Dr. Alfred Hillier in an article in The Fortnightly Review that the deaths from consumption throughout Europe are estimated at more than a million annually. In England and Wales alone more than 60,000 people die of the disease every year, and this annual mortality exceeds by 10,000 all the ravages of the "Black Death" during the time of the Great Plague which is so terribly celebrated in English history. Tuberculosis is in fact the Plague of today, and the doctor speaks of it as a "classic" disease along with the leprosy of the middle ages and the smallpox of the time before Jenner. It is thus ranked as one of three great scourges of the race, but the very classification is a source of encouragement. Leprosy has practically disappeared from Europe owing to improved conditions of living and the incidental assistance rendered by the isolated leper houses. Smallpox, most contagious of diseases, has become but the shadow of its former self owing to vaccination. "Were vaccination and revaccination practiced with the persistence and regularity which nearly a century's experience has shown to be desirable, it is probable that it would be practically extinguished." So, too, tuberculosis may yield to sanitation and other branches of medical science, and the method of prevention is exceedingly simple. Taking the figure of seed, soil and plant to represent the disease germ, mankind and the disease, the writer differentiates as follows: "In leprosy, the mere sowing of the seed, the exposure to contagion, has rarely any result except under most favorable conditions of soil. In tuberculosis the exposure to infection is usually but by no means so certainly as in the case of leprosy, without result except where predisposing conditions exist, that is in favorable conditions of soil. In smallpox almost any unprotected, unvaccinated person exposed to infection runs the greatest risk of contracting the disease." Like leprosy tuberculosis has been affected by the improved conditions of life, the British death rate having declined from 3,800 in the million in 1838 to 1,305 in 1896, but though the soil is more resistant the seed is found everywhere, and prevention can be secured only through its control. That means the control of the expectoration of infected persons which contain the tubercle bacilli, and though the task seems a large one the co-operation of the patients and the public would make it easy. The patients themselves might solve the difficulty by regulating expectorations, and their ignorance and carelessness might be corrected by notification of the disease to the health authorities, which is made compulsory in Norway. With a public educated to the necessities of the case and proper treatment of patients in Sanatoria Dr. Hillier thinks that not only the prevention but the absolute suppression of tuberculosis would be possible.

MANY SPIES OF THE SULTAN.
Turkey Growing Demoralized Under the Present Vicious System.
In no country and at no time of the world's history has the spy system been developed to the point it has attained in Turkey today. It is a most elaborate organization and costs an immense amount of money. There are spies and counter-spies, and counter-counter-spies to the fourth or fifth degree. Their number is legion, and they are to be found in all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest. Besides the minister of police, almost every high dignitary has his own service of spies, says the London Chronicle.
These are all rival organizations, and spend most of their time in spying and denouncing each other. All prominent persons are closely watched, and followed even while shopping, and should they meet another person of note and exchange a few words, the fact is carefully noted. Turks no longer dare assemble in parties of five or six for the purpose of spending their evenings together. It is impossible for three or four of them to sit down at a table in a coffee house without having a spy at the next. On such occasions they always speak very loud, so that everybody may hear them. Should a European converse with a Turk in the street, a spy will follow them and try to find out what they are saying.
The result of all this is that the Turks avoid one another's company as much as possible, and whenever they do come together the conversation is on the most futile subjects, and quite childish. The Turkish nation is growing more and more demoralized under the present system.

Protecting Bridge Draws.
To prevent trolley cars and trains from running through open draw-bridges a rod is placed close to one rail and ends in a lever at the outer end, which is displaced by the bridge as it swings open, drawing the rod toward the opening and throwing one of the rails in connection with a switch to turn the car off the track.

YOUTHFUL GRAY HAIR.

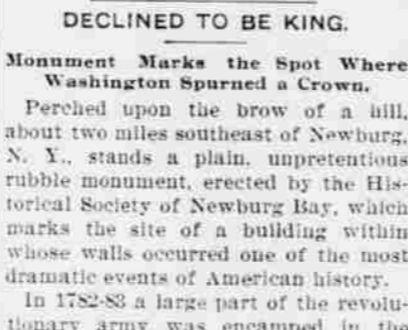
A Hairdresser Gives Her View of Its Cause.

"Have you noticed that so many young women have gray hair nowadays?"
"Have I noticed it?" repeated the woman hairdresser in a scornful voice. "Maybe I haven't any eyes. And let me tell you," she continued, "if it wasn't for the enormous sale of hair dyes, I actually believe there'd be ten times as many gray-haired women as we see now. I laugh often over the regular announcements that women have quit using hair restorers (which are usually dyes) and have decided that gray hair is becoming. 'It is my experience, in a pretty extensive observation, that nine women' out of ten dread gray hair, and fight its approach as they would a plague. Gray hair makes anybody look older, and we all know it. I admit, it is often charming, and softens a face wonderfully, but it adds years, all the same. When you see a fresh-faced, white-haired woman what do you think? Why, naturally, what a young face that old lady has. Not one observer in twenty-five reflects that there is a young woman with white hair."

"But there are a great many?"
"Oh, dear, yes. I have plenty of patrons whose hair is gray at 25. The reason of it is plain enough. Nervous prostration, overwork, overexcitement, worry, all those things are prime hair bleachers. Women now try to learn everything. And they are crowding into professions, where they overtax themselves. There isn't any need of it, either. A woman can work every day in the week, moderately, eat a wholesome luncheon, leave her cares at the downtown office, and grow young on it, as I do. Nerves are the cause of wrinkles, mind you, and gray hair, and about everything that destroys beauty. If a woman discovers that she is getting gray or hair is falling out, she must use her hair brush vigorously. The scalp must be kept healthy and full of blood by friction. Then she ought to have a tonic, something from the doctor, to put her system in order, and some local treatment from her hairdresser. There are plenty of good, reliable hair tonics, which do not contain a particle of coloring. Hair grows, you know, from delicate bulbs or roots. It is perfect nonsense to talk of doing anything for the hair as long as these are not in an absolutely healthy state."

"Oh, well," said the doctor, "one reason that so many young-faced, gray-haired women are seen is that it is a peculiarity of some nervous diseases that they make people look younger. It's a fact. One of my patients, who is suffering from nervous prostration, appears ten years younger than she really is. The face is relaxed, the muscles are not tense, and the mind is unimpaired. The least exertion brings a spark to the eye and a bright color to the cheeks. At the same time the hair becomes quite gray. In fact, the woman is old enough to have gray hair naturally, but she doesn't look it. In the main, I think that women are becoming gray earlier than they used to, and I think it is caused by nervous strain."

DECLINED TO BE KING.
Monument Marks the Spot Where Washington Spurned a Crown.
Perched upon the brow of a hill, about two miles southeast of Newburg, N. Y., stands a plain, unpretentious rubble monument, erected by the Historical Society of Newburg Bay, which marks the site of a building within whose walls occurred one of the most dramatic events of American history. In 1782-83 a large part of the revolutionary army was encamped in the



NEWBURG MONUMENT.

fields around this hill, under the command of Gen. Washington, who had his headquarters for a time in the Ellison house, at New Windsor, and later in the Hasbrouck house at Newburg. The building whose site is now marked by the monument was a sort of meeting hall, or public building, for the use of the officers and soldiers, called the Temple.

In 1782, owing to lack of pay, etc., discontent with their lot, distrust of a republican form of government had gained a formidable foothold among the rank and file of the army. Matters had reached such a pass, indeed, that a secret meeting was called, urging the army to appeal from the justice to the fears of the government, make demonstrations of power and determination, arouse the fears of the people, and so obtain justice for themselves.

The outcome was a letter addressed to Gen. Washington by Col. Nicola, an officer of the army, which, after a recital of fulsome praise of the commander-in-chief, said, in part: "Owing to the prejudice of the people it might not at first be prudent to assume the title of royalty, but if all things were once adjusted we believe strong arguments might be produced for admitting the title of king."
Of what avail would have been Bun-

HORNED MEN AND WOMEN.

They Actually Exist in Modern Life as Well as in Ancient Fables.

Men and women endowed with horns are not by any means unknown in the world we live in today.
A short time ago Surgeon Lamprey of the army medical staff met with and studied three horned men in Africa, each having a horn on either side of his nose.

"While serving on the Gold Coast," said he, "I had opportunities of making drawings of these people. The first horned man I had an opportunity of observing was a Fantee named Cofen, aged about 32 years, from the little village of Amaquanta, in Wasuu territory."

"The second horned man was a long-faced youth, aged about 18, named Quassie Jabbi, from the Gamlin territory, and not a kinsman of the first one."

"From a statement made by him through a Fantee interpreter, I gathered that this hornlike growth had been in existence as long as he could remember."
"The third case was that of Cudjo Danso, aged about 20. He stated, through an interpreter, that so far as he was aware this hornlike knob had grown of itself. It certainly had grown larger as he had grown older. It gave him no inconvenience. He could see and smell perfectly."
Hundreds of cases more remarkable have recently been collected in an interesting report by Drs. George Gould and Walter Pyle, both well-known pathologists.

"Human horns," say they, "are far more frequent than ordinarily supposed. Nearly all the older writers cite examples. Many mention horns on the head."
"In the ancient times horns were symbolical of wisdom and power. Michael Angelo, in his famous sculpture of Moses, has given the patriarch a pair of horns."

There is a greater frequency of horns among women than among men, according to these authorities.
The combination of horns and tall on a human being would naturally give rise to extravagant superstition.

There is a description of such a case in a recent medical report. The creature, said to have been dubbed the "Hoodoo of Plato," was born eight years ago in Minnesota.
He was a boy 5 weeks old when described. He had hair two inches long all over the body; his features were fiendish and his eyes shone like beads beneath his shaggy brows. He had a tall eighteen inches long, horns from the skull, a full set of teeth and claw-like hands. He snarled like a dog, crawled on all fours and refused the natural sustenance of a normal child. The country people considered this devil-child a punishment for a rebuff that the mother gave to a Jewish peddler selling crucifixion pictures.

Fabricius, the famous Italian anatomist of the fourteenth century, records that he saw a man with horns on his head and who chewed the cud.
Human rumination, or cud chewing, has been recognized as a fact by medical men for years, according to Drs. Gould and Pyle.

A Swede of 35, living in Germany and apparently healthy, was observed, they say, by a Dr. Winthier to retire after meals to some remote place where he might enjoy his bovine habit.
Dr. Chatard some years ago, says the London Express, reported that he had seen in Baltimore an old woman with a horn on her nose. It was "more than an inch long and nearly shaped like that of the rhinoceros."

Dr. Saxton reports that he has cut several horns from the ears of patients. There are further reports of such protuberances found on the eyelid, the nape of the neck, the lower lip and the chin.

On the Firing Line.
Bardlet—Do you know, my friend, that I have become a firm believer in the mysterious transference of impulse? You recall that spring day of mine, when you said was an inspiration? Well, as I told you before, when I wrote that I was fired by an irresistible impulse.
Friend—Yes, I remember.
Bardlet—Well, sir, I submitted that inspiration to the editor of the Bombarrier, and would you believe it, sir, I was fired again, but this time the editor had the impulse.—Richmond Dispatch.

Cultivated Criticism.
There are times when a little learning is by no means a dangerous thing. Two ladies were looking at a picture entitled "His Only Pair." The artist has depicted a poor boy sitting up in bed while his hard-working mother mends his only pair of trousers. The boy, although obliged to stay in bed while the repairs are under way, is contentedly eating an orange.
One of the visitors looked at the picture with searching gaze, and then remarked to her companion: "His Only Pair!" I don't call that a pair at all! It's an orange that he's eating."

Modified Eggs.
The "drummer," whose route took him to the lumber districts of Maine, went down to the breakfast table at the hotel one morning to find that the chief dish was to be scrambled eggs.
The rosy cheeked waitress was gone a long time after his order and finally appeared with cheeks rosier than ever.
"Please, sir," she said, hesitatingly, "the eggs are not quite fresh enough to scramble, but will you have 'em boiled?'"—New York Mail and Express.

Low Fare on Siberian Road.
The Siberian Railway makes the low fare of \$12 for a distance of 4,500 miles to settlers.

Eggs in Cold Storage.
The number of eggs in cold storage in the United States on Oct. 15 last was 720,000,000; in value about \$10,000,000 worth.

An Irish Whisper.
"An' sure, Dinis, it's crazy O'Ve been all day to hear ye till me that ye loved me."
"Arrah Mavourneen, come close to me till I whisper it in yer ear."
"Beggin' yer pardon, Dinis, but it's hard of heart! Oi am wit me ears, but ye'll jist have the kindness to whisper it on me lips it'll rache me comp'hension in a jiffy, so it will."—Boston Courier.

Sam's Choice of Brides.
Former Lieutenant Governor John C. Underwood, of Kentucky, told a story at the Canadian Society dinner at the Arkwright Club Tuesday night about a negro in his employ who was married four or five times, every time receiving as a gift \$5 from his employer. The sixth time the servant appeared Mr. Underwood said: "This thing has gone too far. Sam; this time you have got to get married in the regular form. I will get you a license from the County Clerk which will cost \$1.50, which sum I will deduct from the \$5 I am going to give you."

Sam demurred, but finally consented to have the license procured. He came to Mr. Underwood's house in the evening and when the certificate was read to him it contained the name "Mary Ann Jones," the name of a woman to whom Sam had been paying attention.
"Land's sakes, Marsar, Mary Ann Jones ain't de woman. It's Sarah Jenkins I wants to marry."
Colonel Underwood replied that he would arrange it all right, says the New York Times, and would take out another license, costing \$1.50, which sum he would deduct also from the \$5.
"This is getting too expensive," cried Sam. "I think you better leave de paper like it am. I did wanter marry Sarah Jenkins, but dere ain't \$1.50 difference 'tween dem, so I reckon I'll take Mary Ann Jones dis time."

LITERARY LITTLE BITS.

"David Harum" has proved itself a phenomenal seller, the sales having reached the enormous total of 650,000 copies.
Edna Lyall says it is not uncommon for her to have fifty books at least by way of preparation in writing. "I do not say I read them all thoroughly," she adds, "but I poke about in them."

The first edition of Miss Johnson's "Audrey" was 125,000 copies, of which the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. had already, one week before publication day, received orders for 97,000 copies.

It is timely to note that Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country" has passed the half million mark. To-day there is scarcely a school library in the land which does not have this American classic on its shelves.

The name of Miss Mildred Howells, daughter of William Dean Howells, is attached to a book called "A Little Girl Among the Old Masters." Mr. Howells wrote down the little girl's impressions of famous painters and she illustrated them with her pencils.

The life of the paper covered books that collect on everybody's hands, and among which are found a few that one would like to keep, may be prolonged by this process: Cut a piece of gingham or print a trifle larger than the cover. Paste it to the covers and trim the edges. Dry under a weight and letter the title on the cover. The cloth should be one piece.

It seems that after all the religious novel is the one that retains its hold on the public, and is therefore the best investment for a publisher. Quite likely the reason is, that many people who have doubts about reading a regular novel have no scruples as to stories of a religious nature. Figures show this. The "Prince of the House of David," by Bishop J. H. Ingraham, has had an enormous sale, and so has "Ben Hur," with its sales still increasing. Dr. Van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man" sold better last year than it has in any year since its publication.

"In Tales of the Cloister," by Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan, there is one story, "The Girl that Was," in which the Catholic "Cross of Honor" figures prominently. The significance of this is very interesting. Miss Jordan, who is a graduate of Notre Dame, Milwaukee, received this much-prized order. Its possessor is entitled to special privileges all over the land. Wherever she may find herself, the Cross of Honor will permit her to enter any American convent, however strictly guarded. Wherever this cross is shown the wearer is greeted as a sister. Miss Jordan was for ten years on the editorial staff of the New York World, and is now editor of Harper's Bazar.

HER 111TH BIRTHDAY.
Aged Brooklyn Colored Woman Who Saw Washington.
Sitting in a rocking chair, puffing at an old clay pipe, Mary Ann Van Dyke, familiarly known as "Aunt" Van Dyke, of Brooklyn, recently celebrated her 111th birthday. Friends, white and black, visited the venerable old woman and extended their congratulations at her home, 188½ Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn.

She is enjoying excellent health, and was delighted at the thought that she was entering on another year. She told her friends that she attributed her long life to the kindness of her good old master, Isaac Cortelyou, on whose farm she was born and reared in the old village of New Utrecht, near the site of Fort Hamilton.

When a child, "Aunt" says she saw General Washington ride up to Master Cortelyou's house, in New Utrecht, on a fine gray horse. General Washington she said, dined with her master. She described him as a handsome man, of dignified and courtly bearing.

Since 1875 she has lived with Mrs. Sarah Brown, at her present home, and her declining years have been made as comfortable as possible. She is still able to walk about, but is somewhat feeble, and the sight of her left eye is impaired. She tottered downstairs the other afternoon, says the New York Herald, to pose for her picture at the front door of her home, and several times insisted that her position be changed, so she could be photographed at her best. Of the few presents received, "Aunt" was pleased most by a pouch of good tobacco.

Japanese Growing Taller.
The increase of stature among the Japanese is very perceptible, and the subject of tepid and even cold water for the hot baths among many of the people is responsible for an increasing floridity of the complexion. Athletic development during the past twenty years has also added greater aviridipolis, inasmuch as a more generous diet and abstention from parboiling is bringing its reward in an accumulation of muscle and tissue.

An Ideal Church.
Mrs. Newcome—Yes, our new house is delightful, and there's such a nice church right near it.
Mrs. Moven—Indeed? What denomination?
Mrs. Newcome—I declare I don't know, but the pews are so arranged that you can see every one who comes in without the slightest trouble.—Philadelphia Press.

The biggest talked on earth does not tell all he knows.