

PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

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Correspondence.

Paris Letter.

(REGULAR CORRESPONDENCE.)

PARIS, Sept. 5, 1879.

At ten o'clock yesterday morning the trial of the criminal band of which Abadie was the chief, was resumed at the court of Assizes of the Seine. The crowd present was as great as on the day before, and the place Dauphine and the steps leading to the law courts were thronged during the whole day. When the examination of the prisoners by the judge was over, M. Villetard de Laguerie, Advocate-General, took up the case on behalf of the prosecution. He drew a sketch of the antecedents of the prisoners. The parents had in all cases been honest people, and had given their sons the best education which they could afford. Abadie began life by robbing his brother, whilst Gilles ruined his aged father by making away with 10,000 f., which constituted his fortune. Charton and Farigoule were mere children. The first attempt of this band was to rob a couple of the name of Jullemiers. The whole troop was conducted with great regularity and silence, by Abadie, who had studied the locality well; he knew exactly where the money box was kept. All the band was armed in case of attack, and hammers were ready at hand to force open the chest. The plan failed however, because Charton who was told to open the door let the latch fall through nervousness. The Jullemiers were consequently awakened and began crying out, whereupon Abadie's band immediately decamped. Gilles and Abadie were alone concerned in the murder of Madame Bassengeaud the wife of a wine-seller. It was at the sixth attempt that they succeeded in finding their victim alone. They asked her for a glass of rum and wine, and whilst her back was turned Gilles seized her throat, whilst Abadie struck her with a knife. The latter then left her, in order to carry off all he could find, whilst Gilles killed her with twelve blows of his dagger. The Advocate-General concluded by demanding a verdict that would permit the penalty of death to be inflicted upon Abadie and Gilles. For the other prisoners he demanded imprisonment. At twelve o'clock the sitting of the court was suspended for half an hour, at the expiration of which the defence of the prisoners was heard. All had separate counsel. Abadie's counsel appealed *ad misericordiam*, arguing that his client had the prejudice of public opinion set against him by the press, that he was filled with remorse for what he had done—the prisoner meanwhile sobbing in the dock. Several letters were next

read from Abadie to his mother, and from this unfortunate woman to her son. The audience was much moved by this correspondence, which was occasionally very touching. Gilles's defender, M. Leon, took up another line of argument, attempting to prove that his client had all along been the dupe and the instrument of Abadie. Amongst other things he said that at a previous conviction years ago, if the magistrates had not sentenced one so young to prison, but had sent him to a reformatory, he would not, in all probability, be now accused of murder. In defending Claude, the barrister stated that the public prosecutor had been making jokes, upon which the judge invited him to moderate his language. But later on when reference was made by M. Comby to the conduct of the police, he was called to order in more severe terms. When the two younger prisoners had also been pleaded for, the president summed up, and it was nearly six o'clock when the jury retired. They were absent three quarters of an hour, and returned with a verdict of guilty against all the prisoners, admitting extenuating circumstances in favor of Claude, Charton, and Farigoule only. After discarding some technical objections on the part of the lawyers, judgment was pronounced. Abadie and Gilles were condemned to death; Claude to seven years' imprisonment and ten years police supervision; and Charton and Farigoule to detention in a house of correction for two years. Upon hearing their condemnation, Abadie fainted, but the other prisoners appeared unmoved. Gilles observed to Claude who was not condemned to death, "What a lucky dog you are!" Young Farigoule exclaimed, "To-morrow is Sunday; hurrah! we shall have meat instead of those horrid beans we have been fed upon for a week."

Our European Letter.

BERLIN, GERMANY, Sept. 1, 1879.

Our dog-days are fully making up for the *temps de chien* of which so many localities as well as individualities have of late had reason to complain. The consequence is that all the sickly folks, all the confirmed invalids and the crutches and well-worn convalescence walking-sticks are being turned out upon us to get a greedy snap at the highly favored oxygen and a dreamy nap in the luscious midsummer shade. The pale faces, the distorted features and the limping gait of the transient itinerants make up a woeful picture to contemplate, but one cannot help feeling extremely kindly for them, lest fierce and cruel fate mark us out for some kindred calamity. Let us hope, therefore, that the genial and invigorating autumn breezes which come playfully rolling down from the wood-clad mountains may heal and strengthen the weak, brace up the strong, cheer up the good and better the wicked.

Although the recent storms have done frightful havoc in the fruit orchards throughout the Empire, the markets of Berlin are literally jammed with excellent seasonable fruits at very low rates. Early plums are selling at six cents per pound, apricots nine cents per pound while tomatoes are worth five cents per kilo, and a fine delicately-flavored Frentino-melon can be purchased for four cents. On the other hand, the vine-growers are hopeful of bringing home an abundant and average good vintage. Now

you are fully posted on the chief topics that enliven the chit-chats of Berlin society of this time of the year, as it appears with its ranks thinned and needed of everything that gives light and shade, tone and color, to its versatile currents. Here and there Uncle Sam puts in a short appearance on the *Unter den Linden* in the shape of a big diamond shirt button or a solid gold-pommel walking-stick and some Yorkshire Johnses and Johnesses are met with, carrying huge scarlet Bae-deckers, and extensively-loaded and saddled with travel field-glasses, rolled up waterpooos, tidy umbrellas, and an occasional Picca-dilly "ladinette" 17 inches in length. Very few Russians, indeed, are seen, except two or three score detectives hunting after escaped Nihilists. Then besides a goodly crowd of long-nosed and keen-eyed Orientals, we get an occasional glimpse of thirsty groups of the the twenty-six rainbow nationalities which represent the homogeneity of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. All this, I can assure you, makes a very good show while it lasts, but it does not last long enough, and our eternal victualling beer-selling grumblers keep on crying aloud, "Mine gott! mine gott! help us! Kneuz Himmel millien domereter!" An all wise Providence, evidently moved by these earnest invocations has so far done its best that the Berlinese had come to the conclusion that somebody was playing the fool with them in the clouds when a week passed without a couple of honest thunderstorms. These long-winded tempests, generally followed by a couple of days of Scotch-like Danube mists or Styrgan mountain drizzles, have almost ruinously interfered with a variety of private interests, and especially with the midsummer "heurigen" business, which in its economical bearings upon the community is as indispensable to the population as daily bread. Some months ago I gave some brief description of this time-honored custom as indulged in late in the fall and directly after the first fermentation of the new vintage has subsided. And it is truly astonishing how the natives stomach it when in a state of sweet-sour effervances it serves to wash down bucketsful of young half-cooked sourkroust and yards of penny sausages, after a couple of hours country walk in a drip-November afternoon or through six or eight inches of mud-mixed Sunday-snow.

However, the midsummer acts of this popular entertainment are by far more interesting, and may even be freely indulged in by strangers. For by this time, the wine has completely thrown off all obnoxious acids and other unwholesome agents, young sourkroust is still prospering and growing in the kroust nursery of the kitchen garden, the penny sausage is replaced by aristocratic Salani, and instead of breathing the abominal atmosphere of a non-ventilated taproom like "Wirthshaus Saal," the "heurigen" holy day makers plunge head long into their bacchanalian jollifications under the cool shelter of some shady "Baumgarten," and here provided the company verges at all on decency and respectability, the thing assumes the proportions of a most entertaining musical pastoral fete, extensively seasoned with good wit and humor and screaming merriment. The fun is frequently carried on a good stretch into the small hours and perhaps the whole assemblage, some two hundred people of all ages, headed by the mu-

sicians, who naturally carry the heaviest load, start for home in a huge procession, compared with which the jolly "kernes," scenes of the Flemish painters sink into insignificance.

LOUIS.

The New York Hospital, the Finest in the World.

Acquiring its charter from King George and being favored by state grants as well as private contributions, the New York Hospital is secure against any indebtedness, and its new building on Fifteenth Street near Union Square is probably the finest in the world. "If you have seen New York, our place will not seem impressive to you," said Dr. Horatio Paine of the Roosevelt Hospital to us, and the Roosevelt itself is considered one of the best appointed hospitals extant. Starting out with two leading ideas—that it should be fire proof and present the greatest obstacles to the absorption of poisonous matter from an accumulation of diseased patients, the architect's design has embodied in the building not only every appliance for safety and comfort known but also a degree of luxury and beauty above any mere utility. For heat and ventilation, the methods employed are novel and ingenious. Fresh air of temperature required is introduced into all parts of the building by a fan-blower in the basement. Suction power for carrying off vitiated air is placed in the highest peak of the roof; and a constant circulation is effected without perceptible draught by air escapes in the ceilings and under each bed. Chilling draughts from the windows are met by upward currents of warm air from perforated window-sills. The heating is done by steam, and in addition to the Croton, water is obtained from an artesian well. All the kitchens and laundries are in the uppermost stories above the wards, and two elevators run from basement to attic. The only wood work used is in the doors and windows; the floors are made of tiles laid in cement on iron girders and the wainscoting is marble. Any vain or extravagant reaching after splendor is disavowed by the management, but it is certain that the New York Hospital eclipses all its congeners.

The building is seven stories high with a mansard roof and has accommodations for about two hundred patients with nurses and other employees. Stone, iron, and red brick are prominent materials in the facade, the many windows of which look out upon ornamental iron balconies. In the interior even such details as the files and gas fixtures are artistic, and the sunlight streams in everywhere. Near the roof is a large hall separated from the sky only by a translucent canopy of glass. This is the Solarium. Plants and flowers bloom in it and fountains bubble with liquid music; in the pale green depths of fresh and salt water aquaria strange and beautiful fish are seen, and on miniature island of cork, turtles are airing themselves or basking in the spray of the fountains. The Solarium is always pretty and warm, and it is a feature that might well be introduced into all hospitals. The kitchen and laundry on the upper floors are provided with all the modern improvements of a hotel, and the washing, rinsing, wringing and mangling, are all done by steam. The cots are of iron and fitted with adjustable bases by which the occupants can change their positions

without help. Each cot is also provided with an electric tube by which the patient can summon the nurse, whose private sitting and sleeping-room is at one end of the ward. In the dining-rooms the table linen is snow-white and the service is silver-plate. At each end of each ward there are lavatories with hot and cold water and bath rooms, all the patients being required to bathe once a week unless they are excused by the house surgeon. On the lower floors of the building there are two theaters, one for operating and the other for autopsies, each being filled with every appliance for the purposes that science has devised. The charge for board is seven dollars a week; few cases are treated gratuitously, and private patients are charged from ten to forty dollars a week.—*Good Company, Number One.*

Literary Notices.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for October.—The magazine has a hundred pages each month, and all this can be obtained for only \$1.50 per annum prepaid, and at club rates even cheaper. "A Picture of Quebec," "Camels and their Uses," "Memorial," "My Romance," "A Scene on the Bay of Naples," "Esther," "Storm and Hall," "Chasing the Moose," "A Successful Joke," "Buffalo Tom," "Kathie Stuart's Terror," "Sovereign of the Seas," "The Music of falling Leaves," "Hetty's Experience," "Recollections of Other Cays," "My Mother's Husband," "A Party in a Garret," "Ruthven's Puzzle Page," "Editorial Notes," "The Housekeeper," "Curious Matters," "Things Pleasant and Otherwise," "Our Picture Gallery."

"THE CHEAP ENCYCLOPEDIA."—Volume one of the new "Library of Universal Knowledge" is issued September 20th. It contains 736 pages of small but clear and beautiful type, handsomely printed on good paper, and is neatly and strongly bound in cloth, half morocco and half Russia, at 50 cents, 75 cents, and \$1.00 per volume. The succeeding volumes will appear about two each month, till the twenty volumes completing the work are issued. Specimen volumes are sent to any part of the United States (10 cents extra for postage), with privilege of return after ten days examination. Special terms are offered to early subscribers and to clubs, of which full particulars are sent free on request by the publishers, American Book Exchange, 55 Beekman street, New York.

That complete Encyclopedia, first class in character, and containing more matter than any heretofore published in this country at any price, should be made and sold for the trifling sum of \$10.00, seems so extraordinary, that many who wish it may be true, are very naturally incredulous. The same house publish a large list of standard works, all at similarly low prices, and the presence of some of them already in the hands of hundreds of thousands of lovers of good books in all parts of the land, is naturally rapidly transforming the incredulous into patrons and enthusiastic friends of enterprise. No mystery is made about the cause of low prices—they are the reduced cost of manufacture to about one-half what it was a few years ago, the method of sale, direct to purchaser, saving him the large commissions commonly paid to agents and dealers, and a very large sale. It is worth the cost of a postal card to see their catalogue.