

A LEADER OF JOURNALISM.

Upright Character of James Gordon Bennett in the Newspaper World.

The character of James Gordon Bennett as a leader of journalism is admirably summed up in an interesting article by James Creelman. As an editor, says the writer, Mr. Bennett is impatient of political control or partnership. He scents danger in every approach, and he will deliberately attack a party to prove that he is not under its influence. According to him, an editor should be a man in a watch-tower, out of sound and out of reach. Otherwise there would be conspiracy and compromise. Private promises are to be broken in the public interest. Friendships are to be regarded as traps for the editorial conscience. So Mr. Bennett is a lonely man in a crowd, a hermit in the midst of bustling life.

I can tell one story that illustrates the magnificence of the man and shrewdness that have preserved the Herald as a historic example of incorruptible journalism. When Gen. Crespo tyrannized over the rotten and tyrannical government of President Palacios, he had thirty badly-armed Venezuelans to follow him. The revolution was snuffed by the people, but they were afraid, at first, to join Crespo's standard. Gradually, however, he gathered together a small army, and advanced upon the government forces. Palacios and his friends had looted the treasury, money was needed to crush the revolt, and a sum great enough for the purposes could only be had in Europe. About this time an old friend of Mr. Bennett called upon him in Paris, and explained that the Venezuelan government desired to place loan bonds for many millions of dollars in the London market. He informed Mr. Bennett that he was to be the agent of Palacios in the matter, and would make a fortune out of it. Then he asked for the co-operation of the Herald, on the score of old-time friendship, and finally he announced that if the Herald could be the revolutionary cause, and so stimulate the confidence of bankers in the government bonds, the transaction would be worth two or three hundred thousand dollars to Mr. Bennett. At this Mr. Bennett smiled grimly.

"It is worth a million dollars to the Herald to know these facts," he said. "I do not quite understand you," said the friend.

"Why, Mr. Bennett, am I too late? Have the other men seen you?"

"No; not at all. But you have given me proof that the government of Venezuela deserves to fall. It is worth \$1,000,000 to the Herald to be on the right side. I shall back up the revolution, and let the truth be known to the world."

In vain the friend pleaded that his conversation was confidential, and that a newspaper had no right to take advantage of facts communicated under the seal of secrecy. Within an hour, a cable message set the wonderful machinery of the Herald in motion, and day after day its columns were crowded with dispatches from special correspondents in Venezuela, describing they yiwout the revolutionary army and the weakness of the government. These dispatches were reproduced in all the European capitals, and Palacios's bonds could not find a purchaser. Without money or credit, the tyrant fell; and the first act of Crespo, after he entered Caracas at the head of his victorious army, was to send a long cablegram, at the public expense, thanking the Herald, over his own signature, for its services in the cause of liberty and constitutional government.

An Exceptional Case.

"You know old John Goodner?"

"Yes."

"Never called anything but 'Honest John' for forty years."

"Um."

"County treasurer for twenty-eight years and guardian for half the orphans in the country. 'Trusted by everybody.'"

"Yep."

"Dead three weeks and experts have gone over his books."

"Well?"

"They found that he was honest to every way."

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HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL!

W. A. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH.



It was the Way It Was Put "I presume you gave the prisoner some occasion to strike you?" "Why, your honor, we were talking about the coinage, and he made some statement that called me to remark that he had been misled and was arguing from the wrong premises, and then he struck me." "Is that what he said to you, prisoner?" "Yes, that was the substance of it, your honor, but not the language. What he said was that I didn't know enough to pound sand in a rat hole, and was talking through my hat like a jackass full of thistles and bull-nettles."—Indianapolis Journal.

Same Thing. "Your daughter says that if she cannot marry me she will marry no one." "That's just what she would do should she marry you," roared the old gentleman.—Detroit Free Press.

How many pretty girls there are, and how wretchedly poor they are!

HISTORIC MACKINAC CHURCH.

One of the Few Remaining Unchanged from Pioneer Days.

The old Mission Church on Mackinac Island is one of the few Protestant temples that have come down to the present time unchanged from pioneer days. It was built in 1820 when the inhabitants of the island were fishermen. It fronts on the main street and looks across the narrow road just as it did when its builders put the finishing touches to its roof. Before the mission are clustered several cottages with low eaves. These were built in the old days, too, and served as homes for the hardy fellows who caught fish in the lake. Two great elms half hide the view of the building from the shore. The edifice was put up under the direction of Rev. Dr. Ferry, whose son has since risen to eminence as a United States Senator. It was built firm and strong. In spite of the fact that almost seventy northern winters have beaten upon it, the old timbers are as staunch as when they were put together, and the tin on the tower shines as lustriously as the day it was smelted. Along in the '30s, when the fur company dissolved, Mackinac lost its character as a field for mission work, and the building and the grounds about it were sold. The old church passed through a somewhat precarious existence until some of the cottagers and islanders bought it. Now every Sunday morning services are held in it, and the pews are filled with fashionably attired women and modern men.



MISSION CHURCH ON MACKINAC ISLAND.

A BICYCLE FIRE ENGINE.

The Unique Machine That Was on Exhibition at a Paris Show.

A bicycle fire engine was recently exhibited at a Paris cycle show. The machine has the appearance of two tandem wheels coupled with a single steering post. Hanging between the two bicycle frames are the hose reel and a rotary pump. The whole outfit weighs less than 140 pounds, and four experienced wheelmen can push this along faster than any other fire engine ever went.

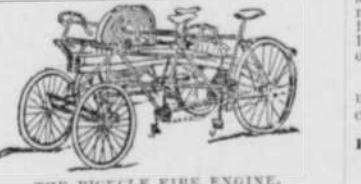
The foot power of the four men propels the machine to the scene of action, and when once there the same power



PUMPING 450 GALLONS AN HOUR.

jumps the water. After the arrival at the scene each man is assigned to some part of the duty of making the change. One raises the back of the machine on a leg, allowing the rear wheels to revolve freely. He also throws the pump into working order, and the others have unreeled the hose and made the coupling connections. Then jumping into the saddles again the energies of the men are directed to pumping. About 4,500 gallons of water per hour can be thrown between 75 and 100 feet in the air.

The rapidity with which this machine can be propelled to a fire and



THE BICYCLE FIRE ENGINE.

also with which it can be put into action are its two great advantages. In two or three minutes after its arrival all the necessary changes can be made and the machine is putting a stream over the roof.

NORA AND BILL WERE WED.

Bride Comments on the Lonely Lot of the Judge.

"Bring in Nora Reeves and Bill Drake," said Judge Berry of the Second division of the city court, and a look of solemnity settled upon the face of the young judicial officer as he prepared to perform his first marriage ceremony.

"Your honor," said Mr. D. R. Keith, one of the lawyers present, "I think this occasion should be made as brilliant as possible, and I hope your honor will appoint the attendants."

"You are right, Mr. Keith," replied the judge, "and I think it would be nothing but proper for the sheriff to act as best man and for the clerk and Mr. Walker to act as attendants."

These preliminary arrangements having been completed, the door was opened and Bill Drake, a simple-looking negro, who wore drab-colored pants and a faded jacket of blue much too short for him, came snickering into the room, followed by Nora Reeves, a great mountain of black flesh that loomed formidably above the little negro in front of her.

"Have you ever been married?" asked the judge, turning to the man.

"Yes, I wuz married one time," replied the negro.

"Well, where's your wife?"

"She wuz dead, jedge, de las' time I heered fuh her."

"And you haven't heard from her since?"

"No, sah; nair wurd."

"Have you ever been married, Nora?" asked the judge, turning to the woman. She snickered, shook her head and laughed to herself.

"Nora, take the arm of Bill," said the judge.

"Oh, g'way, jedge; I doan wan'ter tek de arm er dat ole nigger," said the woman. There was much laughter at this throughout the court room, but Judge Berry repeated his command: "Take the arm of Bill."

"Have you got a license, Bill?" asked the judge, and Bill, from the inside pocket of his vest, pulled out a license.

"Bill," said Judge Berry, in his most ministerial tone, "do you recognize the wise dictates of Providence that it is not good for man to live alone, and also that it is the duty of man to multiply and replenish the earth?"

"Yasser, jedge," said Bill, fervently.

"Do you?" continued the judge, "take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife, to protect and cherish, to care for her in sickness and in health until death you doth part?"

"Yasser, jedge."

"Nora," said the judge, turning to the woman, "do you agree to take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband for better or for worse, to care for him in sickness and in health, to love, honor and obey until death you doth part?"

"I now pronounce you man and wife," said the judge, and some irreverent bystander said, in a low tone of voice: "And may the Lord have mercy on your souls."

The woman puckered up her mouth and pouted as she went out, and reaching the door, said: "I dunno why in de name goodness dat jedge doan' tak an' git married hisself, das war I dunno, an' him a talkin' 'bout de wise dictates er Providence."—Atlanta Journal.

Hirsch's Hoodoo.

Baron Hirsch, shortly before his death, sold his very beautiful estate at St. Jean, because it was too damp to be healthy. He purchased another through an agent and started to erect a magnificent chateau upon it. After he had expended about \$50,000 on the new property, which he intended to endow as a children's hospital after his death, he was informed that it was even damper than St. Jean. He went in person to see, and finding the report true, and that the property was of no use whatever for his benevolent purpose, added to the thought that he had been swindled, caused him to fly into a violent rage, which was the direct cause of his death.

REFORMS NEED MORE THAN A DAY

To bring them about, and are always more complete and lasting when they proceed with steady regularity to a consummation. Few of the observant among us can have failed to notice that permanently healthful changes in the human system are not wrought by abrupt and violent means, and that those are the most salutary medicines which are progressive. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the chief of these. Dyspepsia, a disease of obstinate character, is obliterated by it.

The British admiralty is about to take up the work of training carrier pigeons for conveying messages at sea.

HANDS—Fur all kinds of work furnished free on short notice.

Address Hilday's Employment Office, 12 Third Street, Portland, Oregon.

The total population of the earth is estimated at about 1,250,000 souls, of whom 321,000 die annually—an average of 95,845 a day.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.—Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, '95.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him in this form.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Wanted. Your tea trade from now on.

Schilling's Best wants it—your money back if you don't like it.

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PORTLAND LETTER.

Politics the One Absorbing Topic of Conversation in State Metropolis—Another "Moral Wave."

Special Correspondence.

Portland, Or., Oct. 28.—Perhaps the funniest thing in all this campaign is a paper in favor of silver written by a wife in answer to a paper in favor of gold by her husband.

Rufus Mallory is a distinguished lawyer of this city. He is the partner of Joe Simon, the famous politician. The firm used to be Dolph, Mallory & Simon. Since the senator's defeat he has withdrawn from the firm, and organized a new firm composed of himself and his son and his son-in-law.

Mr. Mallory is a forcible speaker, and he is an ardent gold man. His wife, Mrs. Lucy S. Mallory, is a friend of silver. She publishes a bi-monthly called "The World's Advance Thought and the Universal Republic."

In the September-October issue, the editor, Mrs. Mallory, publishes a paper by her husband, Rufus Mallory, entitled "The Gold Standard;" and in the same issue Mrs. Mallory replies to her husband in an editorial under the caption, "The Silver Question."

It is not for me to say who gets the best of the argument, but it is no favoritism to say that the wife "argues" pretty lively against "her august lord and master," as the queen speaks of the king.

This letter is sent to several papers, and probably before it appears in some of the papers to which I sell it, the election will have come and gone, and many hopes on one side or the other will have been blasted. This much it may however, be permitted me to say: that whichever side wins, this republic will live, and times will be better for us, because owing to short food crops in many parts of the world, there will be a stronger demand for our abundance, and, consequently, much better prices for food products. Other misfortunes will benefit us. Whilst I am sorry for those other, I needs must be glad for "we uns."

The latest "big gun" to talk politics in Portland was Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, and member of the house of representatives of congress. By the by, why is it that a member of the house is always spoken of as a congressman? A senator is also a congressman. Congress is composed of the two bodies, the house of representatives and the senate; and a member of either body is a congressman. In old times whenever one spoke or wrote of congress, he always prefixed it with "the" —"the congress."

That's a side remark. Mr. Boutelle is a man of fine presence and excellent voice. When I heard him debate in the house, he was rather "vigorous," and he is a great waver of the "bloody shirt." Those Maine men are very Union, and they have hardly yet forgotten the war. There was an immense crowd to hear the son of the Pine Tree State. Probably five thousand people were crowded in the Exposition hall to hear him. He made a dignified, argumentative speech, but he lacked the smoothness of Ben Butterworth, nor was he so "hale fellow, well met," as was Ben Tillman.

Do you ever have a "moral wave" in your town? Every now and then, we have one here. Just now there is a great clamor for the rigid enforcement of the law which says saloons shall close at 1 A. M. It seems that those saloons that have no business after midnight have become awfully virtuous, and they have organized to spy on those who have business later. Of course, every law ought to be enforced; but I modestly confess that I am not very warm in my sympathy for the "motive" that inspires the new move in behalf of "good citizenship." Jealousy is truly an ugly toad, whether it be as to love or to liquor.

It is not known much outside of Portland that the public library here has a very fine set of plaster casts of the best pieces of ancient statuary. It cost \$10,000, and it is the gift of ex-United States Senator H. W. Corbett. The casts are in a beautiful gallery on the second floor of the magnificent library building, also a gift to the city, by a lady now dead. Yet I doubt if over a thousand Portlanders have seen those statues, although admission is free several times a week.

Portland is getting to be quite a club town. We have the Arlington, an exclusive aristocratic affair with rather limited membership of the upper ten—which leaves me out. Then there is the Multnomah Athletic Club, which like the Arlington, has a building exclusively for its own use. The Arlington Club owns its building, but the Multnomah leases its. The Concordia Club is comprised exclusively of Hebrews. It has an entire second floor of a handsome two-story building facing the Oregonian's tall tower. The Commercial Club is composed of business men, and it occupies the entire top floor of the Chamber of Commerce. This is a gastronomic affair. It is composed of business men and professional men. It is the club that usually entertains distinguished visitors, though when I came here there was nothing said to indicate, as far as I am concerned, that the club knew anything about what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina. EZEKIEL.

Tandem Records Broken.

Denatur, Ill., Oct. 28.—Two tandem unpaired records were broken here today by Loue Rogers and J. Frank Fairrs. They made a third of a mile in 0:35 2-5, the former record being 0:37. They made a half-mile in 0:57 2-5. The record was 0:57 4-5. Official referee and timekeepers were present.

One newspaper for each of her birthdays is the odd collection which a young woman of Hiawatha, Mo., owns.

Advertisement for Blackwell's Genuine Durham Smoking Tobacco, featuring a large 'B' graphic and portraits of men.

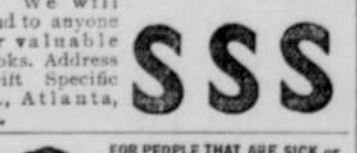
Large advertisement for Battle Ax Plug, featuring an illustration of a man in a top hat carrying a suitcase, and the text "Off for a Six Months' Trip."

Rheumatism

Is a blood disease and only a blood remedy can cure it. So many people make the mistake of taking remedies which at best are only tonics and cannot possibly reach their trouble. Mr. Asa Smith, Greencastle, Indiana, says: "For years I have suffered with Sciatic Rheumatism, which the best physicians were unable to relieve. I took many patent medicines but they did not seem to reach my trouble. I gradually grew worse until I was unable to take my food or handle myself in any way; I was absolutely helpless. Three bottles of S.S.S. relieved me so that I was soon able to move my right arm; before long I could walk across the room, and when I had finished one dozen bottles was cured completely and am as well as ever. I now weigh 170."

A Real Blood Remedy.

S.S.S. cures Scrofania, Cancer, Eczema, and any form of blood troubles. If you have a blood disease, take a blood medicine—S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is exclusively for the blood and is recommended for nothing else. It forces out the poison matter permanently. We will send to anyone our valuable books. Address Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.



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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEething. For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

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