NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

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NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

VOL. 2. NEWBERG, YAMHILL CO., OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1890. NO. 32.

NEWBERG GRAPHIC

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year.....$1 50
Six Months.....75
Three Months.....50

Subscription Price Payable Invariably in Advance.

Address, GRAPHIC, Newberg, Oregon.

CHURCH NOTES.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Services will be held at Jones' Hall on the second and fourth Sundays of the month, at 4 p. m. by the Rev. William Travis of Lafayette. Sabbath school every Sunday at 3 p. m.

FRIENDS CHURCH.—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m., and Thursday at 10 a. m. Sabbath school every Sunday at 10 a. m. Monthly meeting at 10 a. m. the first Saturday in each month. Quarterly meeting the second Saturday and Sunday in February, May, August and November.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.—Regular service first and third Sundays of each month at 10 a. m.; second and fourth Sundays at 7 p. m. Sabbath school every Sunday at 11 a. m.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

Y. M. C. A.—Devotional services every Sunday evening. Young men earnestly requested to attend.

I. O. O. F.—Sessions held Saturday evening in the rooms over Moore's Drug store.

Y. W. C. T. U.—Business meeting the second Saturday in every month.

G. A. R.—Sessions held first and third Thursday evening in each month.

W. C. T. U.—Business meeting held the third Saturday afternoon in each month.

OFFICAL DIRECTORY.

United States.

President.....Benjamin Harrison
Vice-President.....Levi P. Morton
Secretary of State.....James G. Blaine
Secretary of the Treasury.....Wm. Windom
Secretary of the Interior.....J. W. Noble
Secretary of War.....Redfield Proctor
Secretary of the Navy.....B. F. Tracy
Postmaster-General.....John Wanamaker
Attorney General.....W. H. H. Miller
Secretary of Agriculture.....Jeremiah Rusk

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Congressman.....Binger Herman
Governor.....Sylvester Pennoyer
Secretary of State.....G. W. McBride
State Treasurer.....G. W. Webb
State Printer.....F. C. Baker
Supt. of Schools.....E. B. McElroy
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Judge.....L. L. Lowery
Sheriff.....T. J. Harris
Recorder.....Wyatt Harris
Clerk.....J. W. Hobbs
Supt. of Schools.....L. H. Baker
Treasurer.....P. P. Gates
Surveyor.....J. C. Cooper
Coroner.....E. B. Fellows
Commissioners.....Brutscher, Kingery

City of Newberg.

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Recorder.....Frank P. Bann
Treasurer.....Moses Votaw
Marshall.....A. M. Hoskins
Street Commissioner.....Milton Nickleson
Councilmen.....N. C. Maris, B. C. Miles, A. W. Rees, Calvin Stanley, J. D. Carter, Geo. Grayson

THE PACIFIC COAST.

Deaf Mutes of Portland Organize a Benevolent Society.

The Demand for Gypsum From the Point Sal Mine Increases the Force About One-Fourth.

Victoria, B. C., is closing up all its gambling places.

The Lyon clothing house at Seattle has been seized by creditors.

The Rocky Mountain carnival at Ogden is declared to be a success.

The trestle on the Union Pacific road near Mosier, Or., 500 feet long, has been burned.

The carpenters at San Jose demand $3 for eight hours, and will enforce their demands if necessary.

The Petaluma Water Company is to build a reservoir on Sonoma mountain to hold 50,000,000 gallons of water.

The Treasury Department has ordered a thorough investigation into the smuggling of opium and Chinese from Victoria.

United States Inspector Edwards has seized the steamer Lillian for plying between Yaquina bay and Siuslaw without a proper license.

The new Courthouse in San Diego will be turned over to the county in two weeks. It has absorbed $120,000 of the taxpayers' money.

Nevada City's population according to the last census is 2,659. The population of the township is 4,051, a falling off of 2,750 within ten years.

The Seventy-six Land and Water Company has sold its canal and water rights to the irrigation district in the southeastern portion of Fresno county, Cal.

The street drill of the Seattle chaingang is one of the sights of the place. Forty stalwart men are in line daily cleaning the streets and public squares.

The Astorian says: The deaf mutes of Portland are organizing a society for protective and beneficent purposes, to be called the Knights of Silence of Oregon.

The Rush has received her orders and will leave Port Townsend at once for the Behring Sea. The orders are said to be to proceed at once to Onnalaska and then to patrol Behring Sea, seize all vessels found in the sea with sealskins aboard, or any other prima facie evidence that the vessel had been poaching. The cutters are then to take the papers and instruments and leave on board only a sufficient quantity of food to keep the crew until the vessel reaches the nearest port. If any resistance is offered, the poachers are to be fired upon and compelled to submit.

The San Francisco Chronicle states that the Alaska Commercial Company, which until recently had the exclusive right to capture seals in the American waters of Behring sea, has now secured a contract with the Russian Government granting them the exclusive right to capture seals on the Siberian Coast. The number of seals to be taken is limited, but it is not known. It is believed to be very large. The steamer Karluk, owned by the company, has recently sailed for Petroffsky to capture seals there. The competition of the Alaska Commercial Company will be very severe for the North American Commercial Company, which was recently awarded by the United States the sealing privileges in Behring sea, and it is believed the effect will be to greatly reduce the price of skins.

EASTERN ITEMS.

Rev. Father Mollinger Reported to be Dying.

Philadelphia's Growth Retarded by Emigration to Suburban Towns to the Number of 75,000.

Three hundred changes were made in the House tariff bill by the Senate.

Several Kansas original-package cases are to be taken to the Federal Supreme Court.

The World's Fair Commissioners have decided to have a single head—a Director General.

St Paul charges Minneapolis with padding the census to the extent of 50,000 to 60,000 names.

By the will of Lawyer Charles M. de Costa of New York Columbia College will be $100,000 richer.

A monument to Alexander H. Stephens is at last to be erected over his grave at Crawfordsville, Ga.

The Missouri State Board of Equalization has increased the valuation of railroad property for taxation $2,500,000 over last year.

At an election at Cuyahoga Falls, O., it was decided by a vote of 292 to 271 to have open saloons. They have been closed for two years.

Last year there were 3,545 election districts in New York State. This year, under the operation of the new electoral law, there will be 5,000.

The Postmaster-General of Japan and the Postmaster-General of Canada have signed a convention for the essablishment of a parcels post between the two countries.

Of the 156 applicants for admission to the Military Academy at West Point twenty-four failed to pass the required examinations on account of physical defects.

Mr. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy, has issued an order to the Marine band when it plays in public to always "close the programme with one of our national airs."

An order has been issued by the General Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service discontinuing the Sunday morning dispatch from San Francisco, to take effect on July 6.

The growth of Philadelphia in the past decade was apparently retarded by the emigration to the suburban towns of about 75,000, according to the railroad commutation table.

If the reports of the money earned by Henry George during his Australian lecturing tour are true, every inhabitant of the Antipodes has paid at least a "single tax" to hear Mr. George speak.

A number of owners of property on Michigan avenue, Chicago, have filed a bill in the Chancery Court to restrain the World's Columbian exposition from erecting any buildings on the lake front.

Supervisor of the Census Wright estimates the population of Maine's principal cities as follows: Portland, 54,500; Lewiston, 21,000; Biddeford, 13,500; Auburn, 10,100. The gains in each case are very small.

It is shown that on the basis of the imports of 1889 the duties collected under the McKinley tariff bill would be $205,344,977, while the Senate amendments would reduce the amount to $201,689,907, or $4,655,070 less.

It is reported that a mythical building and loan company of Philadelphia has been victimizing Western people. The name of the concern, which is alleged to be without legal existence, is the Eastern Building and Loan Association.

It is estimated at the Treasury Department that there has been a decrease of about $20,000,000 in the public debt since June 1. The total decrease for the fiscal year is $87,800,000, as against $114,000,000 for the previous fiscal year.

On the great Pennsylvania road certain trains are supplied with stenographers and typ writers, for the use of passengers who wish to conduct their correspondence on the wing. Another idea is a bulletin of the stock market.

The investigation committee to examine into the charges against the West End railway of lobbying with members of the Massachusetts Legislature finds that carriages and dinners and hotel bills were paid for by the company, but no money for corrupt purposes was spent to their knowledge.

The House Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds has decided to report favorably the bill providing for the purchase of the building south of the Capitol owned by Benjamin F. Butler, providing a good title be obtained and the cost does not exceed $275,000.

The convicts at a coaling camp sixteen miles south of Rusk, Tex., assaulted and killed the guard, then visited other camps and liberated three squads. A large force of officers is in pursuit, and bloodshed will follow, as the convicts obtained firearms from farmhouses.

The Second Comptroller of the Treasury has made a ruling adverse to the claims of several hundred army officers, aggregating nearly $250,000, for longevity pay for service either at the Military Academy or as enlisted men, based on the decision of the Supreme Court in the Watson case.

Among the 82,984 immigrants into the United States during the month of May were 15,163 from Germany, 14,114 from Ireland, 11,527 from Italy, 10,148 from Austria, including Hungary and Bohemia, 9,561 from Russia and Poland, 8,767 from Sweden and Norway and 7,118 from England and Wales. The total from these countries was 75,338, or 91 per cent. of the grand total.

The House lottery bill in the Louisiana Legislature will be passed by the Senate in the form of a constitutional amendment, to be voted on at the next State election, but a primary election will be held before, at which only whites shall vote on the question of accepting or rejecting the lottery proposition. If the vote is against the lottery, the company will withdraw its offer and leave the State when its charter expires.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A Project on Foot to Connect Berlin With the Sea.

Turkish Engineers Report That the River Euphrates Can Be Made Navigable the Year Round.

O'Connor will make no further rowing matches in Australia.

A nobleman is feeding daily 1,000 victims of the famine in Tokio, Japan.

Soudanese soldiers are being recruited in Egypt for the Congo Free State.

The cholera is increasing in Valencia, Spain. Cases are reported at Oporto, Portugal.

Herr Mignel, the new German Finance Minister, favors an increase of the income tax and corn duties.

The British Cabinet has decided to drop the tithes bill and after the supply votes adjourn Parliament.

Italy is trying to divert the flood of Italian emigration from America to her newly acquired colonies in Africa.

The real sum which Mr. Stanley received in cash for his latest book is said to be in the neighborhood of $70,000.

Turkish engineers say that the river Euphrates might be made navigable the year round by an expenditure of $100,000.

Tripoli is being devastated by locusts. The decomposed bodies of the insects fill the wells, rendering the water unfit for use.

President Barillas of Guatemala wants to interfere in the selection of President of San Salvador by choosing a person whom he can control.

The coal porters of Dublin, 2,000 in number, have struck in consequence of the employment by the masters of a number of a non-union men.

The highest military authorities have determined to build in the neighborhood of St Petersburg a large factory for the manufacture of smokeless powder.

The distillery of Glenlivat, the oldest of all the distilleries of the Scottish Highland whisky and the only one with a history, has recently been burned.

The experimental telephone line between Paris and Calais has proved a success. Another line will soon be constructed between Paris and London.

The Mexican press have called upon Guatemala to explain what it intends to do with respect to San Salvador, as the belief is that the revolution in the latter place was fostered by Guatemala.

It appears that the National Bank of Buenos Ayres has not suspended, as was telegraphed. The bank only suspended payment of the quarterly dividend, which was approved at the last annual meeting.

The Italian Deputies raised such an uproar in the Chamber over the Municipal Council bill that an adjournment was necessitated. Picotti resigned his seat.

Serious disturbances have occurred at Angoene, near Mozambique. The natives attacked the Governor's residence but were repelled with great loss of life.

Holland's action will lead to the dissolution of the anti-slavery conference, in which event the efforts to suppress slave trade will have been completely wasted.

Dispatches from Chardjui, Turkistan, say that hundreds of bales of Afghan cotton have arrived there from Kelif. This is the first direct sale made by the Afghans to the Russians.

There is a decided sensation at Madrid over the statement of Senor Robledos that during five years the Liberals have been in power 450,000,000 reals of public money have been stolen by officials.

General Ignacio Martinez of Laredo is accused of causing the uprising along the borders of the Rio Grande. He was formerly of the Mexican army, but was dismissed and has since edited a revolutionary journal.

It is stated that the French Minister of Foreign Affairs has addressed an inquiry to its representatives abroad for information as to the condition of labor in the respective countries to which they are accredited.

The project to connect Berlin with the sea by means of a canal is causing great excitement in Germany. It is proposed to extend the canal as far as Stettin. Frederick Scheck, Official Commissioner of Buildings, is in charge of the affair.

It is reported that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts has advanced Agnes Huntington $125,000 with which to form an opera company of her own. It is also reported that the time held for Sara Bernhardt next season in this country will be filled by Miss Huntington's company.

London merchants are pointing out to Salisbury the serious results of the extension of German territory north of Damara, and the establishment of a German barrier between Bechuanaland and the North; also, the necessity of maintaining English influence in Madagascar.

Lord Salisbury's solicitors threaten to take action against Mr. O'Brien for the recovery of the costs in the recent action for libel and the subsequent proceedings thereon. If Lord Salisbury insists on this measure, he may drive Mr. O'Brien into bankruptcy, the effect of which will be to prevent him from sitting and voting in the House.

The bill recently before the British Parliament to regulate the rum traffic has opened up a discussion that is interesting to all classes of society. There are three classes of licenses granted at present: The publican's license, which allows the sale of all kinds of liquors, distilled or fermented; the beer license, and the wine license, taken out by the keepers of eating houses and hotels.

The German Emperor has summoned before him for investigation a young negro Prince, known as Alfred Bell, from the Cameroon country, West Africa, who had been sent to Bremen to learn the trade of carpenter, and who is alleged to have joined a gang of Socialists and Anarchists. If Bell should turn out to be really a Socialist, he will not be allowed to return to the Cameroons for fear of corrupting the natives.

PORTLAND MARKET.

WHEAT—The milling demand is light, and there is little trading. Quote, nominally, $1.22½ for Valley; $1.20 for Walla Walla.

OATS—The market is firm. Quote: 50c per bushel.

MILLSTUFFS—The market is firm. Quote: Bran, $15@17; Shorts, $17@19; Ground Barley, $29@30; Chop Feed, $25; Middlings, $22.50@25.00 per ton.

HAY—The market is steady. Quote: $11@20 per ton.

VEGETABLES—The market is firm. California cabbage has fallen 10@25c a cental. There are no chafiges in other vegetables. Quote: California Cabbage, $2.15@2.25 per cental; Oregon, 75@85c per dozen; California Cauliflower $1.25 per dozen; Oregon Green Peas, 5c per pound; young Onions and Lettuce, 15c per dozen bunches; new California Onions, 2½c per pound; String Beans, 8c per pound; California Cucumbers, 25c; Oregon, 40c per dozen; California Carrots, $1.25; Oregon, $1.15 per sack; California Asparagus, $2.25 per box; Oregon, in bulk, 10c per pound; California Beets, $1.50 per sack; California Turnips, $1.50; Oregon, $1.25 per sack; California Tomatoes, $2.25 per box; California Squash, 75c@$1 per box; Wax Beans, 8c per pound; new California Potatoes, $2@2.25; new Oregon, $2.25 per cental.

FRUITS—California Fruits have advanced 50c a box. Quote: Riverside Oranges, $4.50@5; fancy Navels, $6 per box; California Lemons, $4; fancy sicily, $6.50@7 per box; Oregon Cherries, 50@65c per box; California Apricots, $1 per box; Oregon Currants, 4c per pound; Pineapples, $5.50 per dozen; California Peaches, $1.25 per box; Oregon Raspberries, red, 4@5c; black, 8c per pound; Bananas, single, $3.75; double bunches, $6; California Apples, $2.25 per 50-pound box; California Plums, 80c per box.

CHEESE—Quote: Oregon, 11@12½c; California, 9½@10c; Young America, 13@14c per pound.

BUTTER—The market is firm. Quote: Oregon fancy dairy, 22½c; fancy creamery, 25c; good to fair, 17½@20c; common, 12½c; choice California, 18@20 per pound.

EGGS—The market remains the same. Quote: Oregon, 20@22½c; Eastern, 18c per dozen.

POULTRY—The market continues the same. Chickens are gradually going down in price. Young Ducks are beginning to come in. Quote: Old Chickens, $4@4.25; large spring, $3@4; small spring, $2@2.50; old Ducks, $4.50@5; young, $5@6; old Geese, $6; young, $8@9 per dozen; Turkeys, 18c per pound.

The Merchandise Market.

The different markets continue firm, with no change in prices. Business in all lines is very good, and dealers have all they can handle.

SUGARS—The market is steady and demand good. Quote: Golden C, 5c; extra C, 5½c; dry granulated, 6¼c; cube crushed and powdered, 7c per pound.

BEANS—The market is steady. Quote: Small Whites, $3; Pink, $4; Bayos, $4.50; Butter, $3; Limas, $5.50 per cental.

DRIED FRUITS—The market is steady. Quote: Plummer dried Pears, 10@11c; undried and factory Plums, 5½@6c; Peaches, sun dried, 10½c; evaporated Peaches, 16½@17c; Smyrna Figs, 14@16c; California Figs, 9c per pound.

CANNED GOODS—The market is steady, with the following quotations: Table Fruits, 2½c; Peaches, $2; Bartlett Pears, $1.90; Plums, $1.65; Strawberries, $2.25; Cherries, $2; Blackberries, $1.85@1.95; Raspberries, $2.2 @2.50. Pie Fruit: Assorted, $2.50, per dozen; Peaches, $1.25@1.30; Plums $1.25; blackberries, $1.65; Tomatoes, $1.10@3.50; Sugar Peas, $1.40@1.60; String Beans, $1.

RICE—Quote: 6¼c per pound.

HOPS—The market is steady, with nominal prices. Quote: 10c per pound.

HIDES—The market continues the same. Quote: Dry Hides, selected prime, 8@9c, ½c less for culls; green, selected, over 55 pounds, 4c; under 55 pounds, 3c; Sheep Pelts, short wool, 30@50c; medium, 60@80c; long, 90c@$1.25; Shearlings, 10@20c; Tallow, good to choice, 2@3½c.

WOOL—The market unchanged. Quote: Eastern Oregon, 10@16c; Valley, 16@18c per pound.

NAILS—Prices have advanced 10c. Base quotations: Iron, $3.20; Steel, $3.30; Wire, $3.90 per keg.

The Meat Market.

The market is firm, and no change in prices. Quotations:

Beef—Live, 3¼@3½c; dressed, 7c.
Mutton—Live, 3¼@3½c; dressed, 7c.
Hogs—Live, 5c; dressed, 6c.
Veal—5@7c per pound.
Spring Lambs—$2 each.
Receipts the past week were: Cattle, 448; Sheep, 1,672; Hogs, 690 head.

SMOKED MEATS AND LARD.

The market is firm. Quotations: Eastern Hams, 12½@13½c; Breakfast Bacon, 12½@13½c; Sides, 9½@9¾c; Lard, 9½@10½c per pound.

Trouble from the Nose.

A Dutch physician has recently declared that a close connection exists between the exercise of our mental faculties and disorders of the nose. The opinion is expressed that if it were generally known how many cases of chronic headache, of inability to learn or perform mental work, were due to chronic diseases of the nose many of these would be easily cured, and the number of child victims of the so called overpressure in education would be notably reduced. According to the above mentioned authority, it would seem that breathing through the nose is absolutely indispensable in order to secure the full value of the mental capacity.—Exchange.

New Method of Killing Rodents.

A young electrician of Omaha has a very ingenious way of killing rats. The rodent is caught in an ordinary oval trap, the bottom of which is covered with tin. One wire connected with a dynamo is fastened to the tin lining of the trap, and another is thrust into the prisoner's cell. The well known propensity of a caged rat to do battle asserts itself, and he seizes the wire between his teeth. In doing so he makes the mistake of his life. The circuit is completed, his jaws close on the wires with a death grip and without a squeak, and almost without a quiver he passes into a state of eternal desuetude.—Electrical Review.

Not Taught Right.

A somewhat unpolished mother of a very charming daughter was recently heard to say: "I don't intend lettin' Emily go back to Mme. Waring's school. They don't teach 'em right. Now, I don't know so very much myself, but I never would tell my child that IX spells nine. It's absolutely ridiculous."—Harper's Magazine.

Cruelty.

Dentist—Well, how do the new teeth work? Patient—Not very well. They seem to cut the others.

Dentist—That is perfectly natural. They belong to an entirely different set, you know.—San Francisco Examiner.

BELLA DONNA.

I never liked children much of any, the best of 'em bein' given to impish tricks of skeerin' a team of horses going down grade or a whoopin' onexpected at an elderly man that's some narvous from stage drivin' over twenty-five year; but she wa'n't never that er way. She was leetle, pale faced creatur', with the slimmest arms, the longest legs, and poor, shabby gowns allus too short fur her, she growed so fast, an' they wa'n't made with tucks to let down, as I told her they'd oughter be. She come to town—Miles Canon—that sets down at the foot of Mt. Sneffles like it was dropped there, along with her father, "Hard Luck" Stevens. He was drunk as usual, and she luggin' a big bundle done up in a red bandanna, a tiny sun bunnitted creatur' not more'n 5 years old.

"It's too bad," I says, "sissy, to let you lug that, and that old villain staggerin' as usual. What's he to you?"

"Just plain dad," she answers with a little sigh; "he's allus thater way, and they've put muver in the ground over to Leadville, and I've got ter live with him; but I'm goin' to be spectable allus, I promised my muver that."

"Bless yer heart," I cries, "if Mike Breen kin help you to the same he will. Them leetle old ways of yourn kinder chokes me up."

As they did every time I see her keepin' house fur that old reprobate, he pretendin' to be prospectin', but settin' around saloons loafin'. When she got to be knowed, there was allus some one to lug him home 'fore he got too fur gone to be hateful, as he done when deep in licker. Their vittles somehow got paid for, though "Hard Luck" never airnt nawthin'. Missy would thank a feller so cute, with such a mite of a curtsy, it was wuth a dollar's buyin' of pork or meal just to see her. She wouldn't answer to anythin' but Miss Stevens, though her name was Bell, fearin' it wa'n't high toned.

My road lay by her cabin a half mile from town, an' I got in the habit of breathin' my horses there, fur it's a steep pull up the grade, an' out she'd come to say "How de do," and arter a time to ride a piece with me. I could swing her up over the wheel like a bird, fur she weighed nawthin', an' there she'd set aside me, her leetle sun bunnit hangin' by the strings, her yaller hair blowing, her pale cheeks tinted a bit, and them big, black, sorrerful eyes full of a child's delight. Land, how purty she was then!

One day she says:

"Mister Mike, you an' me is acquainted a long time."

"Five year, missy," I answers, flickin' the off horse with the whip; he allus shirked.

"I've bin thinking we're such real frens you needn't call me Missy enny more. That's just fur the camp, you know."

"Better not change—I'm used to Missy."

"But I kin be 'spectable just the same an' I want to make you think I care a heap about you. Now, Bell is so short it ain't fine ernuff, an' I shall be a way up lady some day, so I got me a name to the drug store that hitches onto mine."

"Gimme suthin' easy; I can't get over no jaw breaker, Missy."

"You wun't laff," lookin' at me with them big, serious eyes.

"Not a grin, even."

"Well," breathless like, "it's—it's Belladonner. Ain't it butiful?"

One day when she rid up with me she told me, as she was going to be a great lady, she ought to be eddicated.

"I can't go to school in the canon, fur father would set hisself a fire or suthin', an' I hev to git our meals; but I kin read some, muver teached me a little, an' I've picked up more, an' I want you to git me some books."

An' if she didn't put a silver quarter in my hand, warm from her tiny fist. I took it, fur she was that proud she'd bin mad, an' I've got it yit, an' I worrited all the way to Silver City what I'd git. I let her think her money paid fur all. She ain't some mendin' fur miners, fur she'd set a patch wonderful with them leetle claw fingers, an' as she growed big wouldn't take no more gifts of vittles. A pal an' me explored Silver City fur them books, an' I brought her a book called "Monter Christer," a Bible, a volume of plays by Shakerspear that I thought wouldn't do her no harm, a fust reader an' a 'rithmetic. She was tickled, I tell you, when I dropped them inter her aprin, an' arter that I allus see Belladonner (as I keerfully called her, though I hed to laff inwardly—but law! I'd called her a hull drug store to please her) with a volume under her thin arm, an' the words she used ev'ry day was reg'lar double deckers.

She jest soaked up larnin' like a sponge, till I used to wonder that leetle head could hold so much.

So time goes on, an' the leetle gowns fits better, is long ernuff, an' is neat, made by her own hands, an' she gets more flesh on her, an' our leetle maid is a young leddy, an' a young civil engineer surveying for a railroad comes often to the cottage—a good chap, Jack—an' I liked him. She growed so purty, too, with her golden hair, and shinin' eyes, an' the pink in her cheeks, an' the sorter light on her face as young love gives.

Wal, one day as I drove down grade, she come runnin' outer the cabin, her eyes sparklin', her lips parted, her face as rosy—an' she generally quiet and pale—an' that yaller hair flyin' about her shoulders. Jack was with me, an' I see him color up an' look at her sorter hungry, as a man does when hard hit, but she barely spoke to him.

"They say pa's struck it rich," she cries. "Take me down to the Canon, Mister Mike; I'm wild to know."

The young feller helped her up beside us, an' I see his face had growed white an' sad, but she talked like a wild creetur.

"I told you I would be a great lady," she says.

"Hard Luck is one of them onery creeturs," says I, "as falls inter a fortin', an' I'll take odds it's true."

It was. That play prospectin' of his had tumbled him inter a mine, that hard workin' men might have worked a lifetime fur, an' don't get, which is fate, if you're one of them fate cranks. Days passed inter weeks, an' cap'talists see the bait, an' flocked to the town, an' Belladonner was a match fur 'em. She never let the old man outer her sight, ruling him with a rod of iron, an' as keen as a lawyer 'bout terms, so that 'rithmetic didn't go fur nawthin'. But she changed somehow; the pretty light faded from her face, there was a cold look in her eyes, an eagerness in her manner that crushed the youth out. But she never turned a cold shoulder to me, an' I drove her an' her father out of town when they went away never to come again. Hard Luck was inside, an' she out with me, them two the only parsengers.

At a turn in the road Mister Jack was a waitin' on his bronco to say good-by, so I pulled up.

"Good-by and God bless you," he says, kinder chokin'; "I think if the mine had not proved a bonanza an' made you rich you might have cared for me. I love you, an' shall all my life."

There were tears in his blue eyes, an' a man's tears means a sore heart wound.

"Good-by," she answers, holdin' out her hand that he took and put to his lips, an' there they parted, them two that loved each other, never in this world to meet again.

"Belladonner," I says, as I drives on, "you have given him his death blow."

"Hearts do not break," she says, sorter scornful; "he will soon forget me."

"The leetle gal I've loved fur fifteen year is dead," I says, sorrerful. "She ain't you, with that graspin' way, an' that hard, cold look; she's the leetle mite that wanted to be 'spectable an' that could keer fur one naterel an' frenly."

"Spare me," she cries, with a pitiful leetle sob. "Hearts do break, for mine is breakin' now."

She leaned her pretty head against my sleeve, as she used to years gone by, an' I couldn't speak no more. When I bid her good-by I asked her to send some leetle hopeful message to Jack.

"No, no," she cried, looking proud and firm, but white, too, as if it hurt her, "not a word. I mean to be a great lady, an' live in the life the books tell about."

"—— them volumes," said I. "Ef I'd knowed what they was puttin' in your hed never one of 'em should you have had."

She turned an' flung her arms 'round my neck, an' kissed by bronzed old cheek, my gray beard mingling with her golden hair, and that one spot where her lips rested I would like to think the decay of nature will spare when I am in my grave.

"Farewell, you, my dear, dear friend, an' the old life," she cried, an' I saw her no more.

Life passes somehow even in our mountains where so leetle happens, an' I knowed I was growin' old by the brake bein' hard to set an' the horses pullin' stiff, an' so havin' money saved an' some good investments in mines, one day I drove the old team for the last time, an' left 'em with a sort of dimness in my eyes, for I'd been considerate of 'em allus as a good driver ought, an' went down to Denver to loaf like a gentleman.

Five years after she went from Miles Canon I see old Hard Luck in the hotel in Denver. He was in company with a wizened up creetur lookin' like a monkey'an' signin' his name to the register as the Markee something in French, that I couldn't spell if I was a mind to write it out. They had stacks of trunks the porter was a-strugglin' with, an' he told me, with some swearin' at 'em, they was travelin' clean from Paris, an' he wondered they got along with all that truck an' some un didn't pulverize 'em—which, the travelers or trunks, I never knowed. Stevens knowed me an' introduced me to the Frenchman, an' we took champagne, the Frenchman growlin' at it, an' Stevens, who looked shaky an' old, agreein' with him, an' me laffin', knowin' Hard Luck's taste for ennythin' of old, even vinegar, ef there wan't no better drinks; an' then Stevens says: "The markeese is up stairs an' would like to see you. This is her husband." He took me aside to whisper: "Away up nobility, Mike, an' cost us two hundred thousand in cash. They come high, them real aristocracy, I tell yer."

I confess I fixed up a bit afore I went up to the fine parlor where my lady waited to see me, the old stage driver she hadn't furgot. But in the hansum woman in the trailin' gown of black lace, the shinin' dimunts, the proud air, I couldn't see the leetle child I knowed. The beautiful eyes was as hard an' cold as the glitterin' dimunts, that seemed to mock all feelin' with their grandness. Only the golden hair was like hers, an' I looked at that an' sorter smiled, thinkin' of the sunlight stored up forever, as I used to say. She was frenly an' kind, an' we set an' talked of old times.

"Jack died of mountin fever a year arter you left," I says. "His last words was, 'I love her, I pray she will be happy.' He died more because he didn't want to live." I finished kinder cruel.

You are crying my lady, on that fine lace handkerchief, an' the dimunts rise an' fall on your bosom, an' glitter cruelly, but your tears are more beautiful to me. Ay, hearts do not break; they are only wounded unto death. But you killed a good man, my lady—that stands ever against you. Tears cannot blot out my memory of the poor lad who loved you.

"Good-by," I says, "can I say Belladonner?"

"Do not think too hard of me," she sobs. "Remember me as that queer little friendless child who loved you."

"I will, an' I have seen the Markee. I'm glad you've got to the summit of your ambition, but to me it's as gloomy an' forlorn as some storm torn mountain peak where no green thing will grow. I'll think only of the child that wanted to be 'spectable, that waited to ride down grade with me, of the pale tiny thing with the wistful eyes an' the leetle hands claspin' my sleeve."

Is it any wonder that I could not see her then?—that the mists of my tears blotted out my last glimpse on earth of the Markeese Belladonner?—Patience Stapleton in Once a Week.

Munchausens Recall Cold Weather.

During the cold spell an old lake captain and a Hamburg farmer were swapping lies over a stove in an Elk street grocery.

"We don't have any cold weather these days," says the captain. "I remember the winter of '42. Winter hadn't fairly set in. It was in November, and I was coming down from Sandusky, thinking maybe I could make one more trip before layin' up, but off Presque Isle the weather changed, an' I'm tellin' you the truth, sir, when I say it got so cold that a two inch hawser—a new line the men was trying to coil on the deck broke square off like a pipe stem."

The Hamburg man looked as solemn as if he was trying to sell stock in the Hamburg gold mine. He expectorated in the box of sawdust and replied:

"'Forty-two was jest good snug wintry weather. It wa'n't nothin' to '38, which I reckon you don't remember about. I lived at Willink, an' was drivin' team that winter for Leander Roe.

"It was so cold that winter that one day—right in the dead of the January thaw it was, too—as I was drivin' a yoke o' steers into a wood lot, the off critter got lazy an' I up with my whip to touch him a bit, but I'm tellin' you, sir, he never felt the lash."

Old Hamburg paused for so long that the marine Ananias, though with evident reluctance, was moved to repeat:

"Never felt the lash?"

"No sir," with another long pause.

"Why not?" asked the captain when he couldn't stand it another minute.

"It was that cold, and all of a sudden, sir, that when I raised that there whip stock the lash got frozen in solid, in the air."

And just then the stove exploded.—Buffalo Express.

Pottery Colors.

There is a pathetic instance of genius unappreciated in Hugh Robertson, a venerable Scotchman who has devoted his life to reproducing the lost colors to pottery. No labor has been too arduous, no sacrifice too great, that he might achieve the choice tints under glaze, and yet for more than a year he has been too poor to fire his kilns. He lives in Chelsea, a suburb of Boston, and among the quaint, shambling buildings, where he sought the philosopher's stone, is his humble cottage, which holds a collection of rare ceramics. These represent his attempts to catch the coveted red—"sang-de-bœuf," that wonderful tint produced by the Chinese 500 years ago, and rediscovered once or twice since that far away Ming period. Only four specimens of the Chinese "ox blood red" are owned in America. Mr. Robertson's vases show the whole gamut of reds, from the dull liver shade through glowing tints to the perfect "sang-de-bœuf," and then descending through the scale to purples and browns. Professor Morse, of Salem, has one of the most complete collections of Japanese pottery in the world, which will probably be secured for the Boston Art museum. He pronounces some of the Chelsea ware as marvelous examples of the famous "ox blood red," and agrees with Mr. Robertson that its attainment is a happy accident, whose chemistry has not been formulated. I hope this may reach the eye of some connoisseur of ceramics, who will gladden the old potter's heart by appreciation, and his purse by buying.—Worcester Spy.

Why Do They Advertise?

The man who conducts his business on the theory that it doesn't pay, and he can't afford to advertise, sets up his judgment in opposition to that of all the best business men in the world. With a few years' experience in conducting a small business on a few thousand dollars of capital, he assumes to know more than thousands of men whose hourly transactions aggregate more than his do in a year, and who have made their millions by pursuing a course that he says doesn't pay.

If advertising doesn't pay, why is it that the most successful merchants of every town, large and small, are the heaviest advertisers? If advertising doesn't pay, who does the most business? If it doesn't pay to advertise, why do the heaviest business firms in the world spend millions in that way? Is it because they want to donate those millions of dollars to the newspaper and magazine publishers, or because they dont know as much about business as the six-for-a-dollar "storekeeper" in a country town, who says money spent in advertising is thrown away, or donated to the man to whom it is paid? Such talk is simply ridiculous, and it requires more than the average patience to discuss the proposition of whether advertising pays or not with that kind of a man. His complacent self conceit in assuming that he knows more than the whole business world is laughable, and reminds us of the man who prayed that the world doesn't revolve by placing a pumpkin on a stump and watching it all night.—Princeton Exchange.

A Tough Watch Story.

On his last birthday, a month or two ago, a youngster in knickerbockers who lives in the East End received from his father a silver watch, the price of which, it is safe to say, did not exceed $15. It will not surprise you to hear that the boy took the watch to pieces after it had burned in his pocket but three days. When every wheel lay in his hand the boy naturally fell to thinking how he might put the watch in running order again. He must be something of a mechanical genius, for he succeeded in getting the dismembered works inside the case in some sort of shape. It is hardly a reflection on the boy's skill, either, that after the mechanism was put together it failed to respond to the winding stem. But the boy persevered. He detected the root of the trouble in the balance wheel, which seemed to interfere with other parts of the setting. So at the balance wheel he tinkered, until to his unfeigned astonishment, after he had jacked up the wheel with a bandage of cotton thread, the watch began to tick again.—Pittsburg Dispatch.