

## 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 magnificent perversity and shrewdness that have preserved the Herald as a historic example of incorruptible journalism. When Gen. Crespo undertook to overthrow the rotten and tyrannical government of President Palacio, he had thirty badly-armed Venezuelans to follow him. The revolution was sanctioned 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. Palacio 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 Palacio 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 little the revolutionary cause, and so stimulate the confidence of bankers in the government bonds, the transaction would be worth two or three hundred thousands 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.

"It is worth \$1,000,000 to support the other side."

"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 fail. 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 their fight with the revolutionary army and the weakness of the government. These dispatches were reproduced in all the European capitals, and Palacio'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 every body.'"

"Yep."

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

"Well?"

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

Special Offer to General Stores, Dry Goods Stores, Dealers in Notions.

We wish to establish in every town on the Coast an exclusive agency for the A. M. W. WATER-PROOF DRESS FACING AND BINDING. Best seller on market. For terms, samples and particulars, address at once PACIFIC COAST AMERICAN WATER-PROOFING CO., 819 Market street, rooms 23 and 24, San Francisco, Cal.

## HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL!

### MME. A. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH.

New York,

Boston,

Philadelphia,

Chicago

AND

Portland, Or.

MME. A. RUPPERT says: "I appreciate the fact that there are thousands and thousands of the ladies of the United States that would like to try my World Renowned FACE BLEACH, but have been kept from doing so on account of the price, which is \$2 per bottle, or 8 bottles taken together \$16. In order that all of these may have an opportunity, I will mail free a sample bottle, safely packed, plain wrapper, on receipt of 25 cents. FRECKLES, pimples, moles, sallowness, black heads, acne, eruptions, oiliness or roughness, or any discoloration or disease of the skin, and wrinkles (not caused by facial expression), FACE BLEACH removes absolutely. It does not cover up, as cosmetics do, but it is a cure. Send for my book 'How to be Beautiful,' free on application. Address all communications or call on

MME. A. RUPPERT, Room 8, Golden Rule Building, Portland, Or.

## OLD-TIME FORTUNES.

There Were Millionaires Then and They Knew How to Spend.

When reading of the large sums possessed by modern millionaires, it is interesting to recall the notable fortunes of ancient days. Croesus, whose name has become a byword for excessive wealth, could certainly not have bought up a Vanderbilt; his whole fortune did not exceed three millions. A far greater sum was left by the infamous and miserly Tiberius, who was worth \$118,125,000 at his death, and it is said that his successor, Caligula, squandered this immense wealth within a year. Seneca had a tidy little fortune of \$17,500,000, which could hardly have been the case had his philosophy been pure and unalloyed. Aspius, discovering that his treasury contained only \$400,000, committed suicide from fear of poverty; a single repast cost Lucullus \$100,000, and at one of her banquets Cleopatra made Antony drink a pearl valued at \$50,000. In extent of fortune, certain living millionaires may beat the ancients, but in the matter of extravagance we think the balance is on the other side.

### Milking a Zebu.

Mrs. Braddock gives in the Independent the exciting story of her attempt at milking a zebu, or Indian cow, a weird, uncanny little creature like all her kind, with a hump and long ears "sewed in crooked" so that they point backward. One morning the guala, or cowherd, informed his mistress that the calf had died in the night, and that the cow would not allow herself to be milked unless the calf's skin should be stuffed and set up before her; moreover, he suggested that if certain rupees should be given him for the purchase of material, he would stuff the skin himself.

In America I had milked more than one kicking cow. Calmly, not to say loftily, requesting the guala to bring his pail, I marched down to the cowhouse, inwardly resolved to see the reason why that cow should not be milked, and more than that, meaning to illustrate what an American could do when an Indian had failed.

Outside the cowshed the zebus were tethered in a row. They paid no attention to the half-naked brown guala, but at my approach each, with wild eyes and uplifted head, snorting and trembling, seemed, but for the restraining tether rope, about to bound away into the jungle.

The guala called a second man to his aid. With a new rope they lassoed the hinder legs of the bereaved, holding them in a slip-noose. One man held the end of the rope, while the other with the pail cautiously approached her.

In a twinkling the pail was a rod away, the man with the rope was pulling as for his life, the man with the pail was with it still.

I was gasping to regain my breath, while that zebu was kicking as nothing unpossessed could kick. She appeared utterly indifferent as to whether there were ground under her, as all four feet seemed continuously in the air. The adept who was declared able to dance with

One foot six inches off de groun', de eder not quite touchin'.

Thankful that my valorous resolutions had been mental, I meekly gave the guala exactly one-third the amount he had requested, and directed him to stuff the calf's skin.

This having been accomplished, I was again summoned to the scene of action. There stood that remarkable cow, contentedly licking and fondling her offspring, and occasionally lurching scantly upon the hay stuffing which protruded through her progeny's hide, while the native milked merrily away, sitting, as is customary, on the wrong side.

### A Remarkable Oak.

There is a wayward white oak tree near Laporte, Ind., that may well puzzle naturalists with the vagaries of its growth. The tree is nine feet in circumference at the base, and there are no branches of any size below fifteen feet from the ground. There the great bole divides into a number of limbs. Two, leaving the trunk about twenty inches apart, grow west, their lines diverging for six feet, and then each bending toward the other. Twelve feet from the body of the tree they unite again, making a perfect oval, and out of this grow two smaller branches. As if not satisfied with that expressed disregard for the laws of nature, this old tree has performed another feat. Six feet from its base grows another white oak, less than half its size, and no sooner does the smaller tree arrive at the charmed circle of those branching limbs than one of them grows right into it and is absorbed. The second tree is very much larger twenty feet from the ground than at its base.

### Frugality.

"There are men, I suppose," she remarked, pensively, "who are engaged to more than one girl at the same time."

"Yes," he answered, "but I am not one of them."

"I am glad to hear you say that. It is so frivolous and insincere."

"Of course. And there's no reason why a man shouldn't make one engagement ring go all the way around if he only takes his time."—Washington Star.

### Forethought.

Irate guest—You scoundrel, why didn't you bring me that hot water at 6? Boots—Ye see, sorr, I was afraid of oversleepin' meself—so I stood it out side overnight.—Funny Cuts.

By the time a man is able to buy all he wants to eat, he has no stomach.

## 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.

"Yesser, I was married one time," replied the negro.

"Well, where's your wife?"

"She wuz dead, fudge, de las' time I heered fum 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, fudge; 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, fudge," 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, fudge."

"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 fudge doan' tak an git married hisself, das wat 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 \$35,000 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 NEEDED 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 measures 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—For all kinds of work furnished free on short notice. Address Higley's Employment Office, 142 Third Street, Portland, Oregon.

The total population of the earth is estimated at about 1,200,000 souls, of whom 35,214,000 die annually—an average of 98,848 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 their firm.

WAT & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. 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.

A Schilling & Company San Francisco

## 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 annually 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.

Decatur, 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.

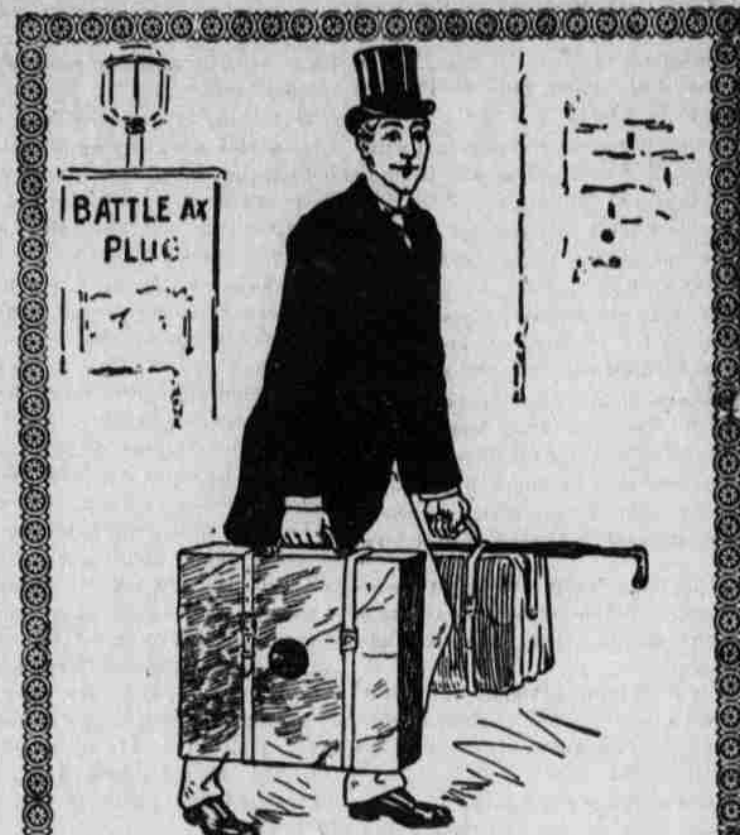
One newspaper for each of her birthdays is the odd collection which a young woman of Hiawatha, Mo., owns.



BEST with a big 25. Blackwell's Genuine Bull Durham is in a class by itself. You will find one coupon inside each two ounce bag, and two coupons inside each four ounce bag of

**Blackwell's  
Genuine Durham  
Smoking Tobacco**

Buy a bag of this celebrated tobacco and read the coupon—which gives a list of valuable presents and how to get them.



Off for a Six Months' Trip.

**Battle Ax  
PLUG**

No matter how much you are charged for a small piece of other brands, the chew is no better than "Battle Ax." For 10 cents you get almost twice as much as of other high grade goods.

## 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 Scrofula, 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 forced out the poison matter permanently. We will send to anyone our valuable books. Address Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

**SSS**

FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK or "Just Don't Feel Well," DR. J. C. WINSLOW'S LIVER PILLS are the One Thing to use. Only One for a Dose. Sold by Druggists at 25c., a box samples mailed free. Address Dr. J. C. Winslow, Med. Co. Phila. Pa.

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

## SURE CURE FOR PILES

DR. B.-B.-B.-B.-B. REMEDY. Piles, Hemorrhoids, Stricture, etc. Write for full particulars. Best of reference given. Several years experience on the Chicago Board of Trade, and a thorough knowledge of the business. Downing, Hopkins & Co., Chicago Board of Trade Brokers. Offices in Portland Oregon and Spokane Wash.

## WHEAT.

Make money by successful speculation in Chicago. We buy and sell wheat there on margin. Fortunes have been made on a small business by trading in futures. Write for full particulars. Best of reference given. Several years experience on the Chicago Board of Trade, and a thorough knowledge of the business. Downing, Hopkins & Co., Chicago Board of Trade Brokers. Offices in Portland Oregon and Spokane Wash.

MAILED FREE To any address, our Special Price List of HOUSEHOLD GOODS, ETC.

This circular is issued for the benefit of our country customers who cannot avail themselves of our daily Special Sales. Send us your address. You will find both goods and prices right. WILL & FINCK CO., 815 2nd Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

## FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Free from Animal Oils. GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY OREGON AND WASHINGTON MERCHANTS and Dealers generally.

## AMERICAN TYPE FOUNDERS' CO.

Electrotypers Stereotypers...

Merchants in Gordon and Peerless Presses, Cylinder Presses, Paper Cutters, Motors of all kinds, Folders, Printing Material.

PISO'S CURE FOR GOUT WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Gout Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. FOR SALE BY OREGON AND WASHINGTON MERCHANTS and Dealers generally.

N. P. N. U. No. 673.—S. F. N. U. No. 750