

MID-WINTER FAIR LETTER.

CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION - DEPARTMENT OF PUBLICITY AND PROMOTION.

The California Midwinter International Exposition is now upon the last month of its existence. The grand closing demonstration of the exposition will take place Wednesday, July 4, when the city and county of San Francisco will unite with the exposition management in the celebration of the national holiday, such as has never before been seen on the Pacific Coast.

As has been stated in this correspondence, there was some doubt about the date of the official closing of the exposition. The six months from the date of the actual opening will not expire until July 27, but since the six months legal duration of the exposition expires on the first of July, it has been thought best to let the Fourth of July celebration be the closing official demonstration, though the gates will be kept up, and a 25-cent admission will probably be charged during the month of July, even though the removal of the exhibits and the tearing down of some of the buildings will then be in progress.

What is to become of the magnificent buildings which have proven so much more attractive to the public than the exposition management dared to hope is still an open question. Director General de Young, acting for the executive committee, has offered to the Golden Gate Park commissioners the two buildings known as the Fine Arts building and the Administration building. The first is offered to be used as a permanent museum for San Francisco. It is a durable fireproof structure and will withstand the tempered elements of San Francisco for many, many years.

An offer has also been made in this connection for the preservation of the Liberal Arts building as a place for the holding of big conventions, as a place for the band to play in on important occasions, and as an immense ballroom or assembly hall for gatherings which are frequent in cities as large as San Francisco, and yet for which there has been no place available.

The other buildings will undoubtedly be torn down some time during July, or a start will at least be made on the demolition. The grand court with its staircases, its pavements, and its landscape gardening will accrue to the park, and all the roadway which have been built will necessarily be undisturbed.

There still remain between now and the close of the exposition a number of very interesting days of celebration. The present week has been particularly prolific in this regard. It began with Italian day on Sunday, with Monterey county day on Monday, colored American day on Tuesday, state of Maine day on Wednesday.

On Sunday, June 16, the Germans own the exposition. During the rest of the month there will be the Hawaiian day, the Swiss day, the Scotch day, the commercial travelers' day, a Spanish day, and days celebrated under the auspices of countries which have not yet come forward for recognition, to say nothing of the grand double celebration by the Chinese contingent on the 15th and 16th of June.

The work of these official letters having been accomplished the Department of Publicity and Promotion will discontinue its weekly epistle.

LOU PARKS' SCALP.

Taken by an Indian, Then Graded Back In Place as Good as New.

A tall old man, with hair rapidly changing from gray to white, sunnied into the Arlington. A peculiar feature about his head attracted the attention of an observer. Shining through his thin locks and forming a semicircle on the back of the scalp was a bright red irregular line. The card that he twirled nervously in his fingers bore the name of Louis Parks, and an old gentleman in the lobby greeted him affectionately as Lou. When he went out his friend talked about him to a circle of interested loungers.

"That was old Lou Parks," he remarked, with an inflection of admiration. "He was one of us when we went up into the Bitter Root country, away back in 1853. Did you notice that red ring on his head? Well, gentlemen, the rugged edge of a Blackfoot's knife made that scar, and all the skin and hair inside of it were torn from the skull by a red scoundrel's muscular arm. The event occurred just about where Pocatello, Ida., now is."

"About half or three-quarters of a mile away they saw a man lying in some bushes and rode up to find Lou. He was unconscious, and his head was covered with blood pouring from a hole about as big as a tin cup. It was easy to see he had been scalped. No Indians had been seen in the neighborhood, and the boys couldn't understand where they had gone, because Lou's gun and knife were still with him. They looked around for signs, and deeper in the chaparral, about 20 yards away, found the dead body of a Blackfoot Indian. He was shot in the spine, and in his clenched hand was a bunch of hair. It was Lou's scalp."

"The boys loosened the Indian's grasp and released the thing, and one of them suggested the bright idea of sticking it back on Lou's head. They washed it in water from one fellow's leather bottle and washed their partner's head. Then they fitted the scalp back in place and tied it on with strips of horse blanket. When Lou came to his senses, he said that he was kneeling down waiting for an elk, which he thought he heard below him, to come along, when he suddenly felt something grab his hair from behind and then pull the whole top of his head off. He said that before he went off he saw something black go in front of him and pulled his rifle's trigger as he himself fell forward on his face."

"For months he lingered between life and death, but finally recovered. When the blanket strip bandage was taken off, some time after the attack, by an army surgeon at a post 400 or 500 miles away, where Lou was taken, it was found that the scalp had begun to grow on again, and after several years' treatment it became as you see it now. Lou would give a cow any time to find out what that Indian was doing out there alone and why he took the chances on scalping him alive when he had a dead cinch on getting his hair by sticking the knife in his neck first. Lou is here from Missouri, where he is now living, but he ain't after any postoffice, you can bet."

—Washington Star.

Artificial Petroleum.

It is not perhaps generally known that petroleum can now be produced artificially. The process is very simple, being the distillation, in a strong iron vessel, under a pressure of 25 atmospheres, of the animal fats and oils at a temperature of 300 degrees C. Under favorable conditions 70 per cent of the fatty oils are transformed into petroleum, which is 90 per cent of the theoretical yield. The product thus obtained has been found to be in every particular identical with natural petroleum. It is suggested that, with modifications of conditions in the process, oils of different grades may be produced.

It is premature to predict the changes in the petroleum industry or to say what bearing this discovery may have. At present it certainly appears to be of little practical importance, yet it is not the less an interesting fact, and one perhaps not to be lost sight of. The discovery will doubtless be further developed, and it is not improbable that it may become of commercial importance. If, as is claimed, 70 per cent of the animal oil is convertible into a good petroleum, it would appear that Dognon oil, which sells at 2 cents per gallon, could probably be converted into a superior grade of petroleum, selling, say, at 12 cents. It would be no more remarkable than many other transmutations if at some future time this discovery should find an important place in the production of lubricants and illuminating oils.—China, Glass and Lamp.

The Competent.

A duchess requiring a lady's maid had an interview with one, to whom, after having examined her appearance, she said: "Of course you will be able to dress my hair for me?" "Oh, yes," replied the girl. "It never takes me more than half an hour to dress a lady's hair."

A Painter.

Unless a gentleman is a lady's escort he should never offer to pay her car fare, as it places her under an obligation she may not desire, and for which 5 cents is a poor remuneration. The intention is kind, but the act intrusive.—Table Talk.

WHY PEOPLE BLUSH.

Fear Is the True Cause, and Old People Blush More Than Young.

Why do people blush? Certain emotions cause a kind of syncope. The heart stops for an instant, and regaining strength immediately it acts in a stronger manner and sends the blood racing into the arteries. So much for the physiological portion of the question, but we wish to know what causes these emotions.

Darwin explained this by saying that when we perceive or fancy that we are being criticised or closely observed our whole attention is forcibly directed to ourselves and is especially concentrated upon our countenance. When a particular part of the body becomes the object of such concentrated attention, its working is greatly modified. We see a good example of this in the immediate effect produced upon the salivary glands by thinking of a lemon. Our face reddens on the same principle. The veins relax and are filled with arterial blood.

This explanation is not quite satisfactory, and other theories have been put forward with more or less success. The latest is that of Mr. Mellinard, which is at least original. We blush through modesty, timidity, bashfulness and confusion. Shame makes us blush—that is modesty. Now, what takes place within us? Something very simple. This shame pleases us, but we do not wish that fact to be perceived. Take a case of timidity. A schoolboy is asked a question which he cannot answer. He wishes to hide his ignorance, which may expose him to punishment or the gibes of his fellow scholars. He turns red.

It is the same with confusions. We have done something which we wish to hide, and we are afraid that it will become known. In short, the moral state is identical in all cases. We redden because we feel that people are finding out something which we wish to hide.

M. Mellinard endeavors to demonstrate the correctness of his theory by showing that when the fear of being "unmasked" is removed there is no blushing. In the case of lovers, we find at first that they blush when they meet because they are desirous to hide their sentiment. Afterward there is no sign of a blush because each knows that the other is aware of his or her sentiments and is no longer afraid of their being known.

A child does not blush. That is because he has no idea of hiding anything. As soon as he becomes old enough to understand that it may be to his interest not to tell all that he has done or all that passes in his mind he begins to redden. It is the same with idiots. The fear of being unmasked does not exist, and there is no blushing.

Fear, then, is the cause of this change of countenance, according to M. Mellinard. We are more likely to turn red in front of a number of people than when we are face to face with one or two only. Old people blush very seldom because they are not troubled with the fear that other people will find them out. This is a novel theory, with some good points, but there are several objections to it. It is a fact that we blush involuntarily; we blush when we have nothing at all to hide in the presence of people concerning whom we are quite indifferent.

Girls and boys will sometimes turn red when one inquires about the health of their father, mother or little brother. That old people do not blush much is owing not to the fact that they have nothing to hide, but because they know better how to dissimulate.

According to M. Mellinard's theory, all old people must be paragons of virtue and all young ones just the opposite, which we beg leave to doubt. Nevertheless there is some truth in this new theory, and a study of this in connection with the Darwinian theory mentioned above will lead to some positive explanation of the psychology of blushing.—Atlanta Constitution.

Slave Catching in Tonquin.

While in most parts of the world, except Africa, slave catching is becoming a thing of the past, the practice is still carried on to some extent in Tonquin in spite of the efforts of the French to put an end to it. The practice of exporting them as slaves came about in this way: In 1885 the Chinese soldiers who invaded Tonquin, which was in revolt against China, found themselves encumbered by prisoners, but at last decided to ship them to China and see if they could not sell them. It was at this time that emigration agencies were recruiting in China thousands of workmen to toil on the guano islands of Chile. The hundreds of male prisoners were easily disposed of to these emigration agents, and the women and children who were among the unfortunate were sold to well to do Chinese.

This opened a new trade, although at first it was not easy to sell the women, because wealthy families did not wish to have servants with black teeth, caused by their practice of chewing the betel nut. So small a price was asked for them, however, that all the women were finally sold. Today these women are in demand in some parts of western China. As servants they are gentle, obedient and laborious and are so highly esteemed that they command a good price.—Exchange.

A Mathematical Wonder.

Rube Field, the Warrensburg (Pa.) mathematical wonder, is an imbecile and does not know one figure from another. His pastime is to give off handed answers to problems like this: "What will 50 1/2 yards of calico amount to at 5 1/2 cents per yard, with a discount of 5 and 2 1/2 per cent." It takes but a moment for him to answer such questions, and the reply is said to be invariably correct.

The First Hoopskirts.

Hoopskirts first appeared in 1590. An iron cage was prepared, and the skirts were stretched over it. The cage was tipped to one side, the lady crawled underneath, and the cage was fastened to her waist by a strong leather belt. The contrivance often weighed as much as 40 pounds.—Yankee Blade.

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