

THOMAS NAET OF LONDON.

The Remarkable Career That the Once Great Cartoonist Had in This Country. The news that Thomas Naet has gone to making political cartoons on the Pall Mall Gazette in London caused a ripple of astonishment wherever artists gather in this town.

Toward the close of that year, when McClellan was nominated for president by the Democrats, Naet began his political work, which ended brilliantly in 1871, when he began his attacks on William M. Tweed. Most of his work up to and at that time was drawn with pen or pencil directly upon the wooden blocks which were to be carved out into wood cuts afterward.

He drew very daintily and crudely. Had he been able to keep pace with the artistic progress of the country, or had he stopped work in 1872, his fame would have been splendid. During the closing year of the war he was more detested in the south than the most rabid abolitionist in Boston, and in the same measure he was idolized in the north.

Mr. Naet lived well in a pretty suburban home and had many warm friends around him. His personal popularity was very great all over the country. His lecture trips, when he gave blackboard talks all over the country, made him well known in even the smaller cities, and travelers say that today there is scarcely a clubroom between this city and the Pacific coast wherein the visitor will not see Thomas Naet's bearded face drawn by himself, framed and in a place of honor.

A Unique Mining Outfit. Henry Spencer, a Colorado miner, is fitting out a small nephtha launch for a novel prospecting tour. He intends to work the bottom of the Sacramento river above Redding, and he is confident that his venture will prove successful. The launch is 40 feet long and is propelled with an eight horsepower engine.

Flame Practice For a Century. According to a foreign contemporary, an old Italian lady, widow of the Cavaliere Allio, celebrated her hundredth birthday on Sunday at Turin. "The venerable lady," so we read, "who accompanied her husband on the Russian campaign of 1812, enjoys excellent health and practices the piano daily."

Americans Abroad. Steamship men and others posted on the Atlantic summer travel have been estimating the number of American visitors to Europe during the coming summer. The average makes the number of first class passengers eastward about 21,000.

STAMP COLLECTING MANIA.

Man of Rank Who Are Collectors and Some Valuable Stocks In England.

Some remarkable particulars respecting this peculiar form of the madness of crowds is given in The British Fortnightly by Mr. W. Roberts. In England the craze has some very distinguished patrons. The president and vice president of the Philatelic society respectively are the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the Duke of York, while its ordinary list of members includes one prince and two earls.

The value of one collection was placed at £10,000, a second at £8,000, two at £5,000, two at £4,000, eight at amounts varying from £1,800 to £3,000 each and ten at £1,000 each. The estimated value of collections of members of the society resident out of Great Britain is placed at £100,000, a total which cannot include the enormous collection of Herr Philip von Ferrary of Paris, which in itself is certainly not worth less than £100,000.

The Tapping collection, in the British museum, is supposed to rank second to that of Herr Ferrary and is said to be worth \$90,000. The czar of Russia has a fine collection, valued at about £30,000. Of individual stamps the most valuable are the penny and 2 penny "Post-office, Mauritius," of the first issue, which appeared in September, 1847, and which have changed hands at £280. A British Guiana stamp comes next at £250. A Sandwich Island specimen is said to be worth £300.

LOOK AT YOUR \$2 NOTES.

Well Executed and Dangerous Counterfeit New In Circulation.

There is a new \$2 counterfeit bill in circulation. It is of series 1891, check letter B; J. Fount Tillman, register; D. N. Morgan, treasurer; McPherson portrait.

The note is a trifle smaller than the genuine and is printed on very soft flimsy paper. The numbering is poor, both as to formation and color, being almost brown or chocolate instead of carmine. The seal is about one-sixteenth of an inch smaller than the genuine and is a dull, dark, faded red instead of a bright pink.

In the portrait of McPherson the hair and whiskers are almost wholly represented by solid black color, with the exception of a few scratchy lines above the forehead, instead of having a neatly brushed appearance. In the counterfeit also the whiskers are trimmed evenly all round, showing the white collar below, while in the genuine a small part of the white collar and the coat collar are hid by the whiskers, which are unevenly trimmed.

Two points of a second star can be distinctly seen in the left shoulder strap on the genuine, but in the counterfeit this appears as the white border of the shoulder strap.

The small words "two" which appear in two places in the figure 2, lower right hand corner on the face of the genuine, are not to be found on the counterfeit.

The letter w on the face of this counterfeit is well executed, but on the back of the note it is much broken and disconnected.

The letter o in the word "two," lower right corner back of the note, is poorly formed.

The distributed silk to be found in the genuine paper is represented in this counterfeit by splitting the paper and tracing the irregular creases of same with red ink.

Taking the note as a whole, it is a very dangerous counterfeit.—Exchange.

Mr. Gladstone Improving.

All reports regarding Mr. Gladstone are most favorable, and there is no reason to doubt that he will be among his friends again within a month with his sight almost restored. I learn that the operation was performed according to a practice which has been in vogue only a few months, and which has proved almost invariably successful. It has been found better not to destroy completely all sensation in the eyeball by means of cocaine, as has been the custom for nearly 19 years until recently.

Stoves Not Desired on Storage.

Many of the storage warehouse companies in the city have this season inaugurated a new plan in regard to taking stoves for storage during the summer and are refusing to store them unless the fee is paid in advance or they are stored with other articles. The reason for the step is that many of the companies have had valuable stoves left on their hands by the owners, who replaced them with new ones in the fall. The stove then had to be kept for a long while, and if the owner refused to take it away it was sold for old metal at a low price, so that the total loss to the company was considerable.

ALL TO HIS MOTHER.

How the Winner of the Brooklyn Handicap Disposed of the Purse.

An old lady in the west got \$18,000 as a result of the Brooklyn Handicap. Two months ago Fred Foster, owner of Dr. Rice, left her in the doorway of her home at St. Paul. As he kissed her he said, "Mother, I am going to win the Handicap, and you shall have every cent of the stakes." There were two other persons interested in saying good-bye and goodly to Foster. They kissed him, but because they were his two pretty daughters, and since then they have every day mailed anxious telegrams upon him.

When the last came the morning of the race, Foster telegraphed back, "Hold on tight, girls." And they did all the result was known, and they probably broke their hearts trying to think up something good to telegraph him in congratulation. Foster sent back the word that he had told them so and that a check for his mother would be forwarded next day. His modest and unassuming manner conveyed the impression that the hunchback horse owner did not glory much in his victory.

When the race was run, Fred Foster ran from the crowd to his stable, where he awaited the return of Dr. Rice. He jatted him pleasantly and then assumed that air of indifference that astonished his friends when he sauntered back into the paddock. He told no one what his winnings were, but just before the race he said to a correspondent that he had placed \$8,000 in such bets as would, if Dr. Rice was first, bring him \$115,000. He probably really won somewhere near that, for he took up odds of 70 and 50 to 1 before he gave out that after he had purchased Dr. Rice of Gideon & Daly last year he had taken the overworked and broken down horse to the Manitoba plains. There he had doctored him, and by the spring had him in condition to win a good race at Madison.

On this becoming known, he could not get better odds than 30 to 1 and finally 30 to 1. The condition of Dr. Rice became still better known on trials, and later most of the bookmakers, remembering what Dr. Rice had taught them last year, became afraid to offer more than 4 to 1. Then Foster placed no more bets, save the promise of a wine supper to a party of quiet turfmen and newspaper men like himself. This hunchback has made his winnings on an original investment of the \$5,000 he paid for the supposed wreck and expenses estimated at \$3,000 more.—Philadelphia Press.

GORILLA PARTIES.

The Latest Social Past With the Fashionable Women of Boston.

To see the gorilla seems to be quite the proper thing. Thoroughbred horses driven by broadcloth coated coachmen have carried fashionable women and children to see the gorilla since he was given a home at the Scollay square museum.

What is more, the gorilla furor is extending to places out of town. Gorilla parties are getting to be the rage in the suburbs, and the gorilla is a wonderful being. Of all the specimens of the tribe which have been exhibited he is altogether the most interesting. This may be a little severe on the late lamented Mr. Crowley, but facts are facts. To begin with, Mr. Crowley was a genuine, unmistakable chimpanzee. This gorilla is a gorilla from his toes up.

The thing which impresses one most in looking at the gorilla for the first time is that indefinable creepy sensation which a human monstrosity inspires.

The creature's strength is so great that even his gentlest caress may mean a dismembered limb. He has a sense of humor, for one thing, and it might occur to him that it would be jocular to twist Antonio's head off, which he could do quite as easily as he could pull the covering from a banana.

The most striking indication of the creature's strength is in his arms. They hang nearly to his feet when he stands erect, and with the long fingers are said to have a reach of nearly nine feet when he stretches to his utmost to get hold of something. His hands on the inside are smooth and almost white and are crossed and recrossed with the lines which are studied by those skilled in palmistry in reading the fortunes of human beings.—Boston Herald.

A Great Secret Society Man.

The greatest secret society man in America is Abner Markoe of Chicago—at least that is what Mr. Markoe says himself, and he would like some person to dispute his claim. "I am 52 years of age," said Mr. Markoe, "and I am a member of 42 societies. I have taken the highest degrees in Masonry, Odd Fellowship and the Knights of Pythias and hold chairs in several of the fraternal insurance orders. I don't think there is another man in the United States who has such a record. A man in Philadelphia comes the nearest. He belongs to 20 secret societies."

"Don't you get your grips confused sometimes?" "No," said Mr. Markoe, "because I use the signs and grips of only three orders. It would take a man with two heads to remember 43 of them."—New York Mail and Express.

The Revolutionary War Societies.

The Society of the Colonial Wars in the state of New Jersey has elected General E. Burd Grubb governor. This organization now exists in the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey and the District of Columbia and embraces in its membership the lineal descendants of those who were prominent in the colonies before the Revolution. In this way they claim to be "older stock" than the Sons of the Revolution, who date back to ancestors who became prominent in and after 1776. There is also a Society of Colonial Dames.—Philadelphia Times.

A FAMOUS WOMAN MOONSHINER.

The Death of Mollie Miller, Once the Head of a Desperate Gang.

Information has reached this city through a southern detective that Mollie Miller, the woman moonshiner of Polk county, Tenn., died a few days ago at her home in the mountains.

Her operations at one time were carried on very extensively, and she was at the head of a gang which was involved in more bloody fights with revenue officers than any other organized in the south. Her first experience was in the mountains of Sevier county, where she assisted her father, Sam Miller. Here Deputy Marshal McPherson led a raid under a guide who had a grudge against Miller. In an almost inaccessible gorge the officers encountered the moonshiners.

A bloody fight followed, and three of the revenue men were killed, the others retreating. It was noticed that a young girl was one of the party, and it has always been believed that she killed one of the officers. Another raid was made in which Miller was killed and his associates captured. About this time the revenue officers received a box containing the remains of the man who had informed on the gang. There was nothing to indicate from whom it came, and the box must have been carried by wagon and left at the marshal's house.

The woman was not found, and it was soon known that she had fled. In a few months Polk county, which had always furnished considerable illicit whisky, became the headquarters of the moonshiners throughout east Tennessee, and raid followed raid until there was scarcely a cave on the Hiwassee river that had not been the scene of some bloody fight between the moonshiners and revenue men.

It became known that this woman was a leader, but she was never arrested but once, and then the proof was such that she escaped with a light sentence. After the Knoxville Southern railroad was built the country became too easy of access, and with the exception of an occasional petty offender the gang was broken up. The woman moonshiner retired to a small farm, where she remained undisturbed, except at two or three times, when she was taken to Chattanooga as a witness, when she would collect her fees and start on a walk over the mountains, a distance of 60 miles, to her home.

It is supposed that the killing of three revenue officers and four or five informers could be charged to her directly, while the gang of which she was a member could be held accountable for several others, but it was never possible to prove these charges, and she died without ever having been tried for them.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

AFRAID OF THE MINUET.

The Gallantry of Senator Dubois Makes Him the Bust of Funmakers.

Senator Dubois is frightfully annoyed by a story which has gained currency in the press throughout the country that he would be one of the society men who will shortly dance the minuet at a fashionable charity entertainment in this city. It all originated in a little phantasy, but it will probably raise havoc among the senator's mining constituency in Idaho. The way the senator explains it is as follows: He was at a dinner a short time ago and was sitting next to Mrs. Carlisle.

"Of course you have heard of the charity entertainment that we are getting up," said Mrs. Carlisle. "I was just thinking you would cut a charming figure in the minuet."

Of course the rudimentary instincts of gallantry—and Mr. Dubois is a gallant gentleman—dictated a ready assent to the proposition.

"Why, I should be charmed," said the senator, with one of his most winking smiles.

The matter passed with that, and the senator thought no more of it until a number of ladies one day met him and began to felicitate themselves upon the prospect of seeing him tread the stately minuet.

The senator tried to laugh it off, but as fate would have it a designing newspaper man was within earshot, and he told a dozen of his colleagues that Dubois would dance in the minuet. From that day on the senator has had a daily installment of the story thrust under his nose in every newspaper he has taken in his hands.

"If that story gets out to Idaho," exclaimed the senator in comical despair the other day, "I shall be ruined!"

At last accounts he had left the city to weather out the storm at the home of Senator Proctor in Vermont.—Washington Post.

Church People Shocked.

Old-fashioned English men and women, who, without being puritanical, like to go to church once a week with their families and spend the Sabbath decorously, have learned with something like a shock that the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York and other male members of the royal family were guests on Sunday night of Baron Alfred de Rothschild at what is described as a brilliant supper party, and which, rumor declares, was a decidedly riotous affair. Patti was there, and her husband and other stars of various armaments, and there was singing galore, and it is whispered just a little dancing by way of added piquancy.—London Cor. New York Sun.

Ten Dollars For Sitting on a Pin.

Mrs. Lizzie Smith, who sued Mrs. Jennie Soudley for \$2,000 damages for plucking the business end of a pin uppermost in her church pew, has been awarded \$10 damages by a jury at Flemingsburg, Mayville (Ky.) Dispatch.

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5th. I am buying direct and am able to do it.
6th. I have nobody to keep these hard times but myself.

Yours Truly,

M. J. BENJAMIN.

Remember the place, in the Odd Fellows building on Main street.

LEBANON,

OREGON

BALD HEADS! What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald. Skookum Root Hair Grower

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