

# The Oregon Register.

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LAFAYETTE, OREGON

## THE CAPITOL DOME.

Franks of sound that some many visit  
the other day standing in the passage  
about a third of the way up the dome.  
She was dressed gorgeously in a purple  
bombazine, and carried a hand-bag and  
a cotton umbrella. She weighed about  
250 pounds.

"Laws, child," she said in a fright-  
ened whisper, "I hear voices. Dis-  
tinctly I hear the fall of voices. They  
speak of 'bout. An' they chilla me  
dome gone up an' left me an' yer I a.  
Man, I don't know like dem-voiced.  
I'm afraid I'll never get out ob dis.  
I was trying to be calm with a great  
effort."

"Dese voices" are a great source of  
fear and superstition to simple-minded  
visitors. Country colored people par-  
ticularly are frightened at the voices  
they hear among the clustering col-  
umns and arched passages. Some-  
times the voices come up from under  
the feet, sometimes from the solid  
stone arches overhead. Again they  
come from among the shadows in a  
corner where nobody is. They are heard  
in the crypt, still more mysteriously  
in the old hall, where there are plenty  
of people stirring around in a flood  
of sunlight, and more strangely still  
in the great dome, from whose height  
men have committed suicide. The  
building is always full of echoes.  
"Dese voices are every whar." With  
these many of the employees of the  
Capitol and others fond of practical  
joking play upon the nerves of the  
superstitious colored people. Some-  
times the jokes are played on people  
who are not superstitious. The saucy-  
like canopy upon which the great al-  
legory resting the rotunda is painted  
acts as a sound board, and will convey  
the least whisper with perfect distinct-  
ness from any place in the upper gal-  
lery to the point opposite.

When sentimental couples get close  
together in this circular gallery and  
lean over the rail, watching the people  
moving about on the floor of the rotun-  
da below, and whisper gentle things to  
each other, meant for no other ears  
but their own, they are often over-  
heard by innocent young men who  
happen to be loitering on the opposite  
side of the gallery, as far away as  
possible. The young couple may be  
startled by some pointed remark  
in their ears when no one is near them.  
At a most tender moment, an irre-  
verent or jocular remark is startling  
to their sense of security. When  
parties of tourists climb up to the  
dome they are often astonished to be  
addressed by name in the most familiar  
way by a voice from one of the al-  
legorical terrors painted on the canopy  
above. Sometimes they are invited to  
come up and take lunch. A party of  
Ohio people were in the gallery talk-  
ing to each other about their home  
makers. A young man on the other  
side of the gallery listened until he  
got the names of several of the party.  
Then he called out: "Is that you, Mr.  
Blank? Why, how do you do? Come  
up here; we have lunch here for Ohio  
folks." The voice apparently came  
through the canopy, from some cham-  
ber still higher up. They were not  
astonished that the Government should  
make special provision for the enter-  
tainment of Ohio folks and they  
promptly accepted the invitation. The  
whole party trudged up the very steep  
and dangerous flight of stairs lead-  
ing up to the worm-light, at the  
head of which they were met with  
a notice: "Visitors not permitted to  
go higher." And there was no lunch  
anywhere in sight. Some of the ladies  
were anxious to get down as soon as  
possible.

Two colored men leaned over the rail  
under the allegory and talked about  
Lynchburg, whispering mysteriously  
about things strictly private to them-  
selves. A young man lipped against  
the rail just opposite them—too far  
away to hear. They did not mind him.  
Directly a voice came out of one of the  
painted figures over their heads, a  
ringing them to go back to Lynchburg,  
surrender themselves and repent of  
their wrong-doing.

"Was it murder?" the voice inquired.  
"De good Lord!" cried the two trem-  
bling men as they made a break for the  
stairs.

Another very old ex-slave was ac-  
cused by a voice that appeared to come  
from the mouth of the figure supposed  
to look like Jeff Davis of being "a run-  
away nigger," and threatened with the  
whipping-post or a return to slavery.

These things surrounded the dome with  
mystery, but such would not be per-  
mitted if the perpetrators could be  
caught at it.—Washington Star.

Substitute for Cremation.

Dr. Hay, an English chemist, with a  
leaning toward ghostliness, has in-  
vented a substitute for cremation. He  
would pound and pulverize the corpse  
in a mortar, breaking the bones to lit-  
tle bits. The resulting mass he would  
put through a prodigious sausage ma-  
chine and make it into mince-meat.  
Dried by means of steam heat, at a  
temperature of two hundred and fifty  
degrees, the mass would attain a com-  
mercial value as a fertilizer. Should  
this method fail to suit, he suggests  
either the boiling of the body and the  
conversion of the resulting oil into a  
lubricant for soap, or else the placing  
of the body into a gas retort and con-  
verting it into illuminating gas, water,  
ammonia, tar, animal charcoal, sul-  
phate of ammonia, sodium colors and  
carbolic acid.—N. Y. Sun.

—Good thoughts, good methods, good  
companionship, are the influences that  
mold the mind into a form of real and  
lasting beauty. An impure heart, a  
foul and diseased imagination will dis-  
seminate themselves in the outward fea-  
tures, in spite of all that art or skill  
distillation can do.

# PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

A CABLE CAR ACCIDENT

A brakeman terribly mangled.  
Fatal shooting affray. A sailor  
terribly beaten.

A MURDERER PLEADS GUILTY.

Fire in a Collier.

Wrecks in Arctic Waters.

Cable Car Accident.

A Murderer Pleads Guilty.

A Captain Drops Dead.

A Brakeman Terribly Mangled.

Fatal Shooting Affray.

Two Miners Badly Hurt.

A Sailor Badly Beaten.

Killed by a Falling Tree.

broken. Young Ames leaves a  
mother and sister in Michigan, who  
have been depending on him for sup-  
port.

Train Accident.

A Woman Frightfully Burned.

Matrass Factory Burned.

Slight Collision in the Harbor.

Fire at Los Angeles.

Suicide of an Old Soldier.

A Murderer Pleads Guilty.

A Captain Drops Dead.

A Brakeman Terribly Mangled.

Fatal Shooting Affray.

Two Miners Badly Hurt.

A Sailor Badly Beaten.

often threatened to shoot his brother  
on sight. John evaded him in every  
possible way, and was on the point of  
leaving the country to avoid him when  
the affair occurred. The brothers  
were in a saloop, and both reached for  
their revolvers. Five shots were fired,  
and James was shot through the head,  
dying two hours after. John received a  
bullet through his ear. He surren-  
dered at once to the sheriff.

Parricide.

H. C. Bryans, who resided a few  
miles south of Bonham, Tex., was  
stabbed by his 17-year-old son, N. C. L.  
Bryans. The knife severed an artery,  
causing the old man's almost instant  
death. The difficulty was occasioned  
by the father asking his son, who had  
been away two years, either to come  
home and to work or get his clothes  
and leave for good. Immediately af-  
ter the murder the boy fled, and has  
not yet been apprehended.

Seminary Burned.

A Horrible Wife Murder.

Horse Hunt in Disguise.

Burned to Death.

Three Young Men Drowned.

A Mysterious Crime.

Fatal Boiler Explosion.

Killed by the Indians.

A Duel Between Brothers.

# AGRICULTURAL.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF FARMERS  
AND STOCKMEN.

Regularity in feeding, watering and  
milking are important matters in the  
dairy. Practice it.

The latest returns show that pleuro-  
pneumonia is more prevalent in Scot-  
land than in England; thus thirty-  
one of the outbreaks are reported from  
English counties; and thirty-nine  
from Scotch counties; while of the  
cattle attacked 140 were in England  
and 170 in Scotland. The districts in  
England where the disease has been  
most prevalent have been Kent,  
Lancaster and the Metropolis, in  
which about two-thirds of the out-  
breaks have been reported.

The practice of putting fodder down  
in silos has led to many experiments  
in preserving fodder, and the last ef-  
fort is given in the Country Gentleman  
this week. "I cut and shocked when  
corn was in the dough and let it stand  
until dry enough to husk and thresh.  
Then cut it up in half-inch lengths  
and filled the silo heaping full of it,  
and put on neither weight nor cover.  
I have tried every way to handle the  
corn crop and like this the best. My  
threshers leave chaff, blades and hunks  
about two-thirds the bulk. In feed-  
ing this cut feed a few hogs are needed,  
as scavengers, as cattle do not digest."

Where the quantity of manure is  
limited and the soil poor, large crop  
of corn can undoubtedly be grown by  
applying the manure in the hill than  
by spreading broadcast, provided it is  
thoroughly decomposed. Green ma-  
nure fresh from the stable or cellar  
should never be applied in the hill,  
but should be spread broadcast upon  
the furrows and harrowed in. It is  
much better for succeeding crops to  
spread well decomposed manure and  
hasten the growth the first of the  
season by applying a spoonful of first-  
class commercial fertilizer in the hill,  
covering it with earth before dropping  
the corn.

"Last week," says the Rural New  
Yorker, "we ate a piece of beef that  
had been packed in snow for more  
than a month. The flavor was deli-  
cious. The beef was packed during a  
comparatively warm spell. The only  
snow to be obtained was the remains  
of a drift under a shady bank. A  
quantity of this snow was placed at  
the bottom of a barrel and well  
pounded down. A piece of the meat  
was placed upon the snow and then  
more snow was packed around it.  
The barrel stood in the barn and the  
meat has kept in perfect condition. I  
the snow had melted the meat would  
have been placed at once in brine."

A Massachusetts journal says: The  
quality of Northern farm help is de-  
teriorating. In nothing is this seen  
more clearly than in the management  
of teams. Every hired man wants to  
work with his team, most of them be-  
cause they think this part of the work  
the easiest. The team has to suffer  
poorly cared for at all times, and  
liable to severe beatings when the  
driver is provoked. A high-spirited  
horse is soon ruined by such treat-  
ment, and this fact is causing a great in-  
crease in the number of mules now  
kept by Northern farmers. The mule  
has long been considered necessary at  
the South, where the farm labor has  
been much less intelligent than it is  
here.

Appearance has much to do with  
the sale of manure. It is a popular  
fallacy that muck, being black, must  
therefore be very rich. It is often  
used by ladies in making flower beds,  
where it is handled with great satis-  
faction, being light, porous and not  
adhesive when wet. But unless it has  
been out of the swamp a year or two,  
exposed to air and light, it is poor  
stuff for roots to feed in, not nearly so  
good as the rich soil from a well-  
nourished garden. The porousness of  
muck fits it admirably for a mulch for  
newly planted roots or plants, but this  
makes the soil dry out much too  
quickly when once the muck is mixed  
with it.

A mixture of resin and lard is re-  
commended for applying on the trunks  
of trees to repel the borer. Lined  
oil mixed with root, and applied the  
first week in June, has kept the borer  
from attacking trees thus protected  
for two or three years after its appli-  
cation. Carbolic soap is also a good  
repellent. If the borer has already  
effected a lodgment, he must be dug  
out or followed up into his hole with  
flexible wire and killed. Apple and  
peach trees should be examined the  
latter part of the summer, even if  
some offensive substance has been  
used to drive away the enemy. It  
may have failed to reach every part  
of the trunk liable to attack.

Early potatoes are ready to be dug  
at any time after their leaves die  
down, as it is to be presumed that this  
was the sign of their maturity. But  
late-planted potatoes after a moist fall,  
are often green until frost cuts them  
down. It is not safe to dig such po-  
tatoes at once. A little time must be  
given to allow them to ripen, which  
will be known by the skin not slipping  
when bruised, as an unripe potato  
skins will peel. The ripening after the  
stems and leaves are killed proceeds  
very slowly, possibly only some of the  
unripe sap in the stem is left to suc-  
ceed the potato. So long as the skin  
slips easily, the potato must be  
hailed with great care. If bruised  
in warm weather the potatoes will rot  
down like so many apples, or even  
worse at times.

Admiral Porter, the head of the  
navy, receives a higher salary than the  
commander of the army. He is paid  
\$13,000 a year, while Lieut.-Gen. Sher-  
idan receives only \$11,000, although  
the latter is allowed a commutation of  
\$100 a month for quarters' forage for  
four horses.

The finest roses are selling in New  
York at one cent each. They are  
cheaper than vegetables, but not quite  
so nourishing. It is said, however,  
that Turkish women who want to be  
plump eat them with butter.

# MARKET REPORT.

RELIABLE QUOTATIONS CAREFULLY RE-  
VISED EVERY WEEK.

WHEAT—Valley, \$1 40@1 42;  
Walla Walla, \$1 32@1 35;

BARLEY—Whole, \$0 85@1 00;  
ground, per ton, \$20 00@21 50.

OATS—Milling, 32@34c.; feed, 28  
@30c.

HAY—Balod, \$10@13.

SEED—Blue Grass, 12@15c.; Tim-  
othy, 7@8c.; Red Clover, 11@12c.

FLOUR—Patent Roller, \$5 00;  
Country Brand, \$4 50.

EGGS—Per doz, 30c.

BUTTER—Fancy roll, per pound,  
25c.; pickled, 22@25c.; inferior  
grade, 22@25c.

CHEESE—Eastern, @13c.; Ore-  
gon, 13@14c.; California, 14c.

VEGETABLES—Beets, per sack,  
\$1 00; cabbage, per lb., 1c.; carrots,  
per sack, \$ 75; lettuce, per doz, 10c.;  
onions, \$ 85; potatoes, per 100 lbs.,  
40c.; radishes, per doz, 15@20c.;  
rhubarb, per lb., 6c.

HONEY—In comb, per lb., 18c.;  
strained, 5 gal. tin, per lb., 8c.

POULTRY—Chickens, per doz.,  
\$4 00@4 50; ducks, per doz, \$5 00@  
6 00; geese, \$6 00@7 00; turkeys  
per lb., 10c.

PROVISIONS—Oregon hams, 12c  
per lb.; Eastern, 15@16c.; East  
breakfast bacon, 12c. per lb.; Oregon  
10@11c.; Eastern 10@11c. per  
lb.; Oregon, 10c.

GREEN FRUITS—Apples, \$ 10  
@ 7c.; Sicily, 10@12c.; California, \$6  
00@6 50; Navel/orange, \$6 00;  
Riverside, \$5 00; Mediterranean,  
\$4 25.

DRIED FRUITS—Sun dried ap-  
ples, 4c. per lb.; machine dried, 10@  
11c.; peaches, 10@12c.; Italian  
peaches, 10@12c.; peaches, 10@11c.;  
raisins, \$2 40@2 50.

HIDES—Dry beef hides, 12@13c.;  
culls, 6@7c.; kip and calf, 10@12c.;  
Morrison, 10@12c.; tallow, 4@4 1/2c.

WOOL—Valley, 15@18c.; Eastern  
Oregon, 10@15c.

LUMBER—Rough, per M, \$10 00;  
edged, per M, \$12 00; T. and G.  
sheathing, per M, \$13 00; No. 2 flooring,  
per M, \$18 00; No. 2 ceiling, per M,  
\$18 00; No. 2 rustic, per M, \$18 00;  
clear rough, per M, \$20 00; clear P. 4  
5, per M, \$22 50; No. 1 flooring, per M,  
\$22 50; No. 1 rustic, per M, \$22 50;  
stepping, per M, \$25 00; over 12  
inches wide, extra, \$1 00; lengths 40  
to 50, extra, \$2 00; lengths 50 to 60  
extra, \$4 00; 1 1/2 inch, per M, \$2 25;  
1 1/4 inch, per M, \$2 50.

COFFEE—Quote Salvador, 17c.;  
Costa Rica, 18@20c.; Rio, 18@20c.;  
Java, 27c.; Arabuck's's roasted, 22c.

MEAT—Beef, wholesale, 24@26c.;  
dressed, 6c.; sheep, 3c.; dressed, 6c.;  
hogs, dressed, 6@7c.; veal, 6@7c.

BEANS—Quote small white, \$4 50;  
pinks, \$5; bayos, \$3; butter, \$4 50;  
Limas, \$4 50 per cental.

PICKLES—Kegs quoted steady at  
\$1 35.

SALT—Liverpool grades of fine  
quoted \$18, \$19 and \$20 for the three  
grades; stock salt, \$10.

SUGAR—Prices for barrels; Golden  
C, 6c.; extra C, 6c.; dry granulated,  
7c.; crushed, fine crushed, cube and  
powdered, 7c.; extra C, 6c.; halves  
and boxes, 6c. higher.

The new wire gun at Shoeburyness,  
England, throws a five hundred-pound  
shell a distance of twelve miles, the  
greatest distance ever covered by a  
cannon-ball.

Mayor Fitter, of Philadelphia, is a  
rope-maker, and he sometimes exhibits  
to his friends a curious rope cable that  
he keeps in his file. It is made of  
hemp's rope, each strand having  
been taken from a rope by which  
some poor criminal's neck was broken.

A melon patch near Orlando, Fla.,  
is said to be haunted by the ghost of a  
boy who died after eating some of its  
fruit which he had stolen. Persons  
who pass the place at night claim to  
have seen a white figure and to have  
heard unearthly shrieks and groans.  
Evidently a case of cholera in phan-  
tom.

In one apartment of Windsor Castle  
called the Gold Room, there is stored  
away gold plate to the value of \$12-  
000,000. One piece alone, a salver of  
gold, is worth \$50,000, and there is a  
solid candlestick in the room valued  
at fully as much. It is so heavy as to  
require the combined strength of five  
men to lift it.

Lightning played a queer caper on  
a ranch near Buffalo, Wyoming Ter-  
ritory, recently. It struck a barb-wire  
fence, and for a distance of four hun-  
dred yards melted the bars without  
injuring the strands and pulled one  
end of the staples holding the wires  
to the posts. The extracted ends were  
nearly turned into corkscrews and  
nickel-plated.

Macon, Ga., copied the luxury of a  
wrestling match between a bear and a  
colored man. The bear seemed to be  
the best wrestler of the two, and would  
go at it just like an old veteran. He  
gave the colored man several hard falls,  
one of which was made with very  
heavy force. After hurling the man  
to the ground the bear would stand on  
him.

Last year, out in Iowa, a mail dog  
bit a steer, which in turn bit a pony,  
which tried its teeth upon a bull,  
which, upon going mad, chewed up  
fence rails as though they were hay,  
and wound up by biting and goring  
his owner. So far the man has es-  
caped, but his neighbors have  
passed a law to send him to Paster  
for treatment, and he is now on his  
way, in charge of a local physician.

# AN EDITOR'S WOOING.

The Condition on Which Callista Bellamy  
Accepted Mr. Clugston.

"Callista Bellamy, my happiness is  
in your hands!"

Mortimer Clugston, who uttered  
those words, was the editor and pro-  
prietor of the Doodleville Register. He  
had pleaded his suit with an earnest-  
ness that had broken a collar-bone,  
and nearly loosened a front tooth, and  
as he stood awaiting the young lady,  
answer he could distinctly feel the in-  
terest growing on the note of \$15.33  
due in one month, which he owed to  
the accommodating gentlemen in Chi-  
cago who kindly furnished his paper  
for him.

Gathering courage from her silence  
he broke out again:—  
"Callista, your mother loads me to  
hope: May I promise myself that you  
will fill the chasm in my life that—  
yawns for you? A bright future may  
be yours, Callista. With you by my  
side as an assistant in an editorial  
career, as a proof-reader, as a helper  
in folding papers Thursday afternoon,  
making up mails, doing up single  
wrappers and looking after the ac-  
counts of delinquent subscribers, I  
could make the Register even a greater  
power in the land than it is now."

"Mr. Clugston," said Miss Bellamy,  
"may I ask you what the circulation of  
the Register is?"  
"About a thousand, Miss Callista."  
"I am not the pros agent of a circu-  
lar and morgue paper, Mr. Clugston,"  
replied the young lady. "I am not get-  
ting up a newspaper directory, nor try-  
ing to make a contract with you for ad-  
vertising a patent clothes-wringer. You  
cannot afford to tell me the truth."  
"Of course I only mean 1,000 in  
round numbers. My actual circulation  
is 336, but it is growing every day,  
Miss Callista. I work off three quires  
more than the Jasper Herald of Ameri-  
can Liberty does, and he claims 1,600.  
In less than a year you and I could  
make even the circulation of De  
Reeves' Pinhook Jigger look mighty  
sick."

"Excuse the question, Mr. Clugston,  
but have you a paying advertising  
patronage?"  
"Advertising? There hasn't been  
an issue of the Register for three years  
that has had less than \$1.50 worth of  
pay locals for emulsions of cod liver oil  
inserted next to pure reading matter  
on the editorial page. I have a trunk  
full of bills from sewing-machine  
companies, organ manufacturers and  
proprietors of patent wild-mills to ap-  
ply on the purchase of those articles  
when I want to buy them; and out in  
my cash-box I have patent medicine  
coupons, paid for in advertising, to kill  
a regiment of Bengal tigers. I always  
traveled on a railroad pass; good any-  
where between Santa and Harker's  
Corners. I never get less than seven  
complimentary tickets whenever a circus  
and manager come to Doodleville,  
and every wedding in the neigh-  
borhood brings me in a box of assorted  
seraps of cake. I tell you, Miss  
Callista, the Register is humming itself  
along in more ways than advertising.  
Some of my editorials have been copied  
into the Bradfield's Townsfolk and  
Berk's Wanderbolt, and pronounced  
the ablest articles on chinchbugs in  
corn and the moral influence of women  
in politics that have been printed in  
any of the papers for miles around,  
and I have been prominently men-  
tioned as a candidate for the position  
of delegate to the district lodge of  
Good Templars."

"I am not insensible to the distinc-  
tion you offer to confer on me, Mr.  
Clugston," said the young lady, softly.  
"I will be your wife on condition that  
it shall not be a part of my duty to  
write the official record."  
"Was the office towel, Callista?"  
exclaimed Mortimer Clugston, as his  
pale eyes straight up and in a  
paroxysm of amazement, "we never  
wash it, so help me Benjamin Frank-  
lin! When it isn't in use for breaking  
kindlings or propping up a window it  
always stands behind the door. O,  
Callista! Are you mine at last?"

The neighborhood cats wailed deliriously  
their touching notes of despairing  
love and defiant hate, the positive  
frogs in the adjacent pond discoursed  
monotonously in Volapuk, the belated  
woolly cow bawled loudly her pur-  
pose to stand at the gate of the bar-  
yard and blaspheme upon a somebody  
who had set her in, and upon the ear  
of the milk-looking old lady who was  
listening at the keyhole of the Bellamy  
parlor there smote a sound like unto  
that which is made by a retired  
squash colliding forcibly with the side  
of a brick house.—Chicago Tribune.

The Beaver's Building Instinct.

A gentleman living in Montana  
caught a pair of kit foxes, and  
kept them in a box in his barn. They  
were gentle, affectionate little creatures  
and showed no disposition to be dis-  
contented with their lot, until one day  
an accident happened which roused  
their sleeping instinct for dam-build-  
ing, and converted them into wild  
beavers almost in a day. The  
outlet of the watering trough became  
stopped up, and the water in conse-  
quence ran over the side and made a  
little stream through the barnyard.  
It was the sight of running water that  
revealed to the beavers the strongest  
impulse of their nature. At once  
they dragged brooms, pitchforks and  
every other available thing to the  
stream, and did the best they could to  
make a dam. The next day they dis-  
appeared, and it was not until a dam  
rose in a creek near by that the gen-  
tleman knew what had become of his  
pets. But they were his pets no  
longer; they had at once become as  
wild as if they had never seen a man.

"When a freight agent tells you  
that your trunk is leaking shakily,  
and needs a strap, ask him if he has  
straps for sale. If he says he has, you  
may rest assured your trunk is all  
right and doesn't require one any more  
than a country dentist needs a diploma."  
—Puck.

"When are you going to make me  
that promised visit, Marion? Soon, I  
hope?" "I am afraid not, dear. I stay  
with a hired girl to come and stay  
with me last week, and I shall have to  
stay at home and see that she has  
everything to make her comfortable."  
—Judge.