THE TELEPHONE.

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EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

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McMINNVILLE, OR.

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DEMOCRATIC.

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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THE TELEPHONE.

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Special business notices in business columns, 10 cents per line. Regular business notices, 5 cents per line.

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WM. HOLL,
Proprietor of the
McMinnville Jewelry Store,
The leading
JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT.
—OF—
YAMHILL COUNTY,
Third Street, McMinnville Or.

W. V. PRICE,
PHOTOGRAPHER.
Up Stairs in Adams' Building,
McMinnville, Oregon

M'MINNVILLE
TONSORIAL PARLOR,
Shaving, Hair Cutting and——
——Shampoing Parlors.
C. H. FLEMING, Prop.
All kinds of fancy hair cutting done in the latest and neatest style.
All kinds of fancy hair dressing and hair dying, a specialty. Special attention given to
Ladies' and Childrens' Work
I also have for sale a very fine assortment of hair oils, hair tonics, cosmetics, etc
O! I have in connection with my parlor, the largest and finest stock of
CIGARS
Ever in the city.
☞ THIRD STREET McMINNVILLE, OREGON

New Blacksmith Shop!
AMITY, OREGON.
SAM LIKENS, Proprietor.
Blacksmithing and carriage ironing of every description.
Horse Shoeing
And plow work a specialty.
—o—
Also manufacture the
☞ Celebrated Oregon Iron Harrow,
GIVE ME A CALL. 50tf

McMINNVILLE
Livery Feed and Sale Stables,
Cor Third and D streets, McMinnville
LOGAN BROS., & HENDERSON,
Proprietors.
The Best Rigs in the City. Orders Promptly attended to Day or Night.

CITY STABLES,
Third Street, between E and F
McMinnville, Oregon.
Henderson Bros. Props.
First-class accommodations for Commercial men and general travel.
Transient stock well cared for.
Everything new and in First-Class Order
Patronage respectfully solicited 1tf

"WHEN"
You want any thing in the line of
Job Printing
Call at the office of the WEST SIDE TELEPHONE. We will guarantee you
BEST WORK, LOWEST PRICES.
We make a specialty of Fine
Book and Card Printing.

Mrs. H. P. Stuart,
—THE LEADER IN—
MILLINERY,
Hair weaving and Stamping.
Opposite Grange Store McMinnville, Or.

S. A. YOUNG, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon,
McMINNVILLE, - - - OREGON.
Office and residence on D street. All calls promptly answered day or night.

Lyle Wright
Dealer in
Harness, Saddles, Etc, Etc,
Repairing neatly done at reasonable rates
Wright's new building. Corner Third and F streets, McMinnville, Or.

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

* * * * * * *

Behind Helm Crag and Silver Howe the sheen
Of the retreating day is less and less.
Soon will the lordlier summits, here unseen,
Gather the night about their nakedness.

The half heard bleat of sheep comes from the hill.
Faint sounds of childish play are in the air.
The river murmurs past. All else is still.
The very graves seem stiller than they were.

Far though nation be on nation hurled,
And life with toil and ancient pain depressed,
Here one may scarce believe the whole wide world
Is not at peace, and all man's heart at rest.

Rest! 'twas the gift he gave; and peace! the shade
He spread, for spirits fevered with the sun.
To him his bounties are come back—here laid
In rest, in peace, his labor nobly done.

—William Watson in The National Review.

DELICE.

The crowd of men standing around the little cafe on Rue Conde appeared to be curiously affected, for, contrary to the habit of the twenty-five or thirty individuals thereof, not a single one was gesticulating, and as another evidence of their abnormal condition not a single whiff of cigarette smoke rose from the assemblage.

Old Miguel, the affable host, with his short cut white hair, round head, and smiling Spanish face, himself seemed to have lost something of his vivacity; and contrary to his custom, failed to hum sotto voce a favorite madrigal as he mixed the orgeat and water for some thirsty customer.

The assemblage on the banquette gradually drifted into the cafe, by twos and threes, their conversation being still carried on in an undertone. The movement of feet on the sanded floor gave out more sound than the voices of the speakers, and when Miguel popped the cork out of a bottle of porter the report seemed almost startling. Anxiety was written on the faces of the men. They looked at one another as if some common misery had woven a fraternal bond between them, and where always there had been extreme politeness and courtesy, now was exhibited the most absolute self sacrifice and a wish to show how true had been the protestations of fellowship before. They were all young gentlemen of social standing, the eldest being not more than 28 years of age. To Miguel they were known as Les Poissons Rouges, the Red Fish.

About five years before this gathering at the Cafe de Bienvenu three large schooners in a cloud of sails disappeared around Point Aux Herbes, in Lake Pontchartrain, bound out for the Chandeleur Islands. Each vessel had on board ten or twelve young men, all members of a pleasure organization that yearly cruised among the islands of the gulf after redfish and Spanish mackerel. They carried their negro servants with them, and all the paraphernalia for capturing the denizens of the bright, green water along the Louisiana coast. After a delightful run anchors were dropped in a snug harbor behind one of the Chandeleurs, and, for variety, large tents made from spare sails were pitched on the sandy beach. About 200 yards on the other side of the island the rollers from the gulf came in, pounding the sand with a dull, sullen roar. After a bounteous supper and some story telling around the camp fires all rolled themselves up on the sand, sheltered by the tents from the dew, for a good night's rest. About 11 o'clock it began to rain, and this was followed by heavy gusts of wind.

The improvised tents were soon leveled and the drenched inmates hurried on board their respective schooners that lay only ten or twenty yards from the beach. The wind increased every moment. The vessels' awnings, that had been spread to shelter the voyagers, were ripped from their fastenings and had to be hurriedly furled. Then, as the schooners began to drag, extra anchors were put out. Overhead the sky was inky and the wind carried the spray across the island with such force the drops stung sharply as they struck the face. Where the schooners lay there was no sea, but the wind made them jerk at their cables venomously. The whole party was on deck looking at the sublime spectacle. Mountains of waves came tumbling in to shatter themselves on the now phosphorescent sands. Their deep boom filled the air with sound. Then there was a small flash and the artillery of the skies opened, drowning with crash and roar the lashing of the waves. Over the waste of waters there gleamed a pale yellow light that appeared almost supernatural, and each crest burned with its millions of luminous animalculæ. Seaward, beyond, there was a wall of ebony, against which the vision beat itself vainly. Suddenly, from out the blackness, two rockets rose together, and diverging as they ascended, like thin skeleton arms, they stretched over the island, their explosion sending out long attenuated fingers of light, as if appealing for help or giving a benediction.

Some exclaimed they could see lights, others excitedly declared they could distinguish a large ship driving in. A flash of lightning showed a small schooner pounding on the reef outside. There was a wild shout when the ghastly white sails, torn to ribbons, were discerned, and the pleasure seekers rowed to the island, the little harbor being still quite smooth. They were without means to succor, however, and could only look for such swimmers as might make for land. It was not long before the masts went by the board and the wreck commenced to break up. The young fishermen distributed themselves along the beach, ready to render assistance to those that might reach the surf. After half an hour's waiting in the stinging rain, without anything coming ashore, they were about returning to their land locked vessels when one of the party, Theophile Latrere, descried, riding on the huge billows as lightly as a cork, what appeared to be a tub. Each flash of lightning showed that it was approaching the shore fast. Theophile, tying a rope around his body, stood ready to rush into the surf when it should reach it. It was not long before he saw it mount on a high roller that threatened to swamp it. He dashed in, seized it, and, although lifted high upon the sands, he clung to the object with the tenacity of life itself, and saved it from being washed back.

It was an ordinary deck tub, such as are seen around the decks of sailing vessels, but it was covered with a piece of canvas which had been tightly fastened like a drum head over its top. While the eager crowd was looking with curiosity at this bit of flotsom from the wreck one of the party cut open the canvas top, and to their astonishment, resting on a soft blanket was a babe about three months old. A cry of surprise broke from the now excited excursionists.

Day was beginning to dawn, and a leaden light rested upon the surging waters off to the eastward. Every eye was directed to the wreck. Only the bowsprit remained visible. The crew and passengers, if passengers there were, had perished. Theophile Latrere was the first to speak. He beckoned them all to come near, and in a voice that could be heard even in the tumult of waves, he said: "Les Poissons Rouges have now a duty given to them. We came here for pleasure, and Providence has given us the greatest prize of earth—a life. Shall we adopt this little one?"

The idea was novel to these young gallants, and there was connected with it a sort of distributed parental responsibility which was exceedingly flattering to each of them. The result of it all was that the little one was taken on board one of the fleet, the fishing forgotten, and the expedition early on the morning after the storm started for New Orleans. Reaching here, the infant was put in charge of a competent nurse and regular monthly meetings of its fathers took place, at which its future was earnestly discussed. Constant inquiry had failed to discover even the name of the schooner, and there remained no clew to identify the little one save the blanket in which it was sleeping when dashed on the sand. In one corner of this, exquisitely embroidered, was the word "Delice." Advertisement was made in the papers, anxious investigation made everywhere, but the schooner and her crew were never known in the old Crescent City.

If ever there was a little girl that had everything her heart could wish for, Delice was that girl. When she was a year old she possessed thirteen rattles, six alligator's teeth set in silver, five coral necklaces, half a dozen little gold shawl pins, four swinging cradles, a beautiful altar at the end of her little room, with a Madonna looking down upon her bed. Over the mantelpiece, gloomy in its depth of shadow, was an oil painting from one of Delice's new fathers, representing the wave whipped beach of the Chandeleurs, with a wreck going to pieces half a mile off shore and a tub rising on the crest of a great sea.

It was not a little amusing to see how jealous of feminine attentions to their charge these Poissons Rouges were. They told their sisters and mothers that the little one was well cared for and needed none of their time. The old nurse, they said, was experienced, and they themselves knew a thing or two now about babies.

Thus the months had crept away, and dolls and spelling blocks had taken the place of rattles. Delice could tell the names of all her fathers, some twenty-two now, for some of them had dropped off and were carried out upon that road which the average dead Orleanian must travel. When she was 4 years old she could command at least five carriages of one afternoon, and it was no uncommon thing to see her out driving with some six or eight young gentlemen, superbly mounted, riding in attendance. Les Poissons Rouges were proud of their little beauty, and great sturdy fellows, with mustaches that were the observed on opera nights, would hand the tiny fairy to the carriage with the grace of a courtier, and when she smiled sweetly and said, "Merci, Papa Raoul," or "Yseult," they would blush like big boys. Her expenses were so trifling in comparison with the funds in the exchequer of the paternal organization that it was resolved to invest a certain sum annually, and so on her fifth birthday, for they had elected a birthday for her, she was as well cared for a little girl as any in the state; and as for beauty, why to ask the question was to elevate to the zenith the eyes of her twenty-two fathers and to bring to their mouth twenty-two right hands with finger tips puinched together, which they would kiss as if the flavor were divine, and simultaneously ejaculate: "Comme ca!" The truth is that her big black eyes, delicately chiseled face, symmetrical limbs and dignified bearing made her appear as of royal rather than plebeian blood, and she led her followers by silken cords, young as she was.

Then came the day hereinbefore mentioned, the assemblage at the Cafe Bienvenu, the silence and the anxiety. Four days before Delice had complained of feeling ill—her head ached and her eyes were inflamed. Four doctors were at once sent for, and after a consultation it was announced that Delice had the scarlet fever. Her nurse and guardian occupied a large private residence near Miguel's, and so it was that the cafe was made the headquarters of Les Poissons Rouges, that news might be received every few minutes. At first there were no serious symptoms, but on the third night she grew worse. She asked for Theophile, Raoul, Yales, Henri and the rest of her beloved papas. These big bronze fellows would close the gate gently, walk on tiptoe down the garden walk between the camellias and cross the veranda so quietly the cat could not hear them.

In the little room an angel face looked up from its nest of soft pillows and a smile played about the crimson, feverish lips. She held out her hand, spoke a few simple words, and the silent figure would withdraw and go across the street to Miguel's with a lump in his throat and his eyes much inflamed. Then matters began to grow more serious. No vehicles must pass that way. There should be more quiet over at Miguel's, and bulletins would be sent to the cafe every hour, so that they might know how Delice was progressing.

About 2 o'clock that afternoon the young gentlemen were startled by the slamming of window shutters over at Mlle. Delice's. They rose from their tables, leaving their orgeat untasted and started for the sidewalk. They stared over. Old Latiche was opening all the windows up stairs. Why was this? Then a little negro girl came running toward Miguel's. Theophile Latrere met her and before she could speak commanded her silence. "Mes amis," said he, "the news need not be told. We know what it is. There is no longer need of silence. We are childless." There were sobs in the cafe and many wet eyes. The parrot, as if recognizing that it was no more under restraint, gave an experimental "caramba," and finding that it produced no sensation repeated it.

Two by two they marched across to the house, with hat in hand. Up the gravelly walks the little procession came and on into the large chamber. They gathered about the bedside and, almost unconsciously, they crossed themselves as if in the presence of an angel. The little bed became a shrine, and their waxen beauty with a smile on her white face, their Delice, a saint.

Perhaps a mother's face had welcomed the sweet child beyond the breakers, and a mother's hand had led her up a strand whiter than the snowy beach of the Chandeleurs.

"She came from very far," whispered Henri Xavier from the foot of the bed. The Creoles thus beautifully express the idea that one has narrowly escaped death in infancy.

"So very, very far," responded Jules Veron.

The sunlight wrought in rare design, with jasmine leaves, a tapestry of shadow on the wall beside the bed. The little clock on the mantel beat its tic-tac, tic-tac so loudly that each stroke touched the heart. The wind from the garden below came softly in, its lap filled with the perfume of flowers, and a mockingbird on the chimney over the way dropped some tender notes that were so exquisitely sweet that the men looked at one another as they stood around the bed, as if a voice from another world had spoken. Les Poissons Rouges had now no mission left. The bond that had held them together was severed.

"We will always remember and love her," said Theophile, as he laid her little hand back across her breast and placed a bud between the dead fingers.

"And remember all orphaned children, too," said Raoul Duvergne.

Twenty-two voices said, "Amen."

"Les Poissons Rouges" never came together again, but each had sown a seed of charity in the little grave in the St. Louis cemetery, on which is inscribed "Delice," that has grown through all the years, and until this day bears fruit.—Charles E. Whitney in Times-Democrat.

PLANNING AN ESCAPE.

PLOT OF LIBBY PRISON'S INMATES TO CAPTURE RICHMOND.

Help from a Brave Union Woman—Co-Operation from Washington—The Plans Well Laid—How the Scheme Was Defeated at Last.

We opened correspondence with the notorious Abbey Green, a brave Union woman living in the city, noted for her outspoken patriotism and the bravery with which she approached the columns of Federal prisoners, where, despite the bayonets of the guards, she gave what relief she could, often tossing loaves of bread to them at the peril of life.

The noble woman gave relief and cheering words to thousands, and bravely staid in Richmond, known to and feared by the rebels, whom she defied. If there was a plot to execute, she was the one to co-operate. So we opened correspondence with her through a faithful colored boy on menial duty at the prison. We carefully stated our desires, and in return received a plan of the city and location of the arsenal, a correct statement of the number of troops in the city, the strength of the home guard and all other information needed.

After the plans were matured all prisoners willing to co-operate were formed into battalions and companies, and drilled as carefully and frequently as possible. Everything that could be was converted into a weapon, and several pistols and bowie knives had been received among the contents of the boxes first delivered to us before an examination was required, and these we had kept well concealed, and they would help greatly in our strike for freedom. A few weapons in the hands of desperate leaders would do bloody work.

In order to make our plot a success, it was deemed necessary to inform the government at Washington, and get, if possible, its aid. A fine opportunity of doing this occurred when the surgeons were released. Statements of our plans were written on very fine paper, and this folded up tightly was concealed in the staff buttons of their uniforms, which were constructed so that the heads of the buttons could be removed, showing quite a space capable of holding a large piece of fine paper. The button heads on being replaced gave no evidence of the valuable deposits beneath. Thus we succeeded in informing Mr. Lincoln and the secretary of war of our intentions.

A cabinet meeting decided the plans so submitted perfectly feasible, and preparations were at once made to aid us, and an officer was sent down to the peninsula to draw the Confederate forces all out of the city to repel him in his supposed attempt to enter Richmond. He did so, and we saw from the windows of Libby the Confederates march by to meet him. There were left only about 300 home guards. Our plan was to assemble on a certain evening in the lower middle room, burst open the front doors, seize the guards in front, disarm them, and with the arms so gained intimidate and take prisoners the officials of Libby, then march to the arsenal, fighting the home guard if encountered on the way, and, with the arms in the arsenal, we would march to Belle Isle, and, arming the prisoners there, march back, an army of 6,000 strong. We could then easily have taken possession of and held Richmond against any force until Gen. Butler, marching up, would have re-enforced us, and the city would have been ours.

Our plans, as we supposed, were well laid, and everything in regard to their successful completion progressed as favorably as we could desire up to the very evening of the night on which we determined to make our exit. From the windows we observed, about 4 o'clock p. m., a "jackass battery," as it was derisively styled, being located in front of Libby, and a greatly increased guard put on duty, while a company of the home guards stood in front.

Presently Maj. Turner, with a squad, ascended the stairs, and in a loud tone announced the order that all prisoners were to descend to the lower middle room. Not dreaming of the trap about to be sprung on us, and thinking there was to be an inspection of some kind, we obeyed the order without reluctance, there being no necessity for guards to enforce it with the points of their bayonets, as they seemed inclined to do at the least hesitancy to march forward quickly. When all were below guards were stationed at the head of the stairs, and we were told it would be perilous to attempt to come up until ordered to do so.

Hour succeeded hour, and darkness set in; still we received no intimation of release, and at last the truth began to dawn upon our bewildered understandings. We were prisoners in a twofold sense in Libby, and under close surveillance, in one of the rooms. What did it mean? Had some one turned traitor and disclosed our plot? If such a one had been known he would have been thrown a corpse from the windows or torn to pieces, but we could not fully realize that such had been the case. Our plan was nipped, but we could try it again. We were kept in the room described several hours and then released and permitted to occupy our accustomed places, but we found our rooms had been thoroughly ransacked and everything in the shape of a weapon taken. Evidently our plot had been disclosed and frustrated. Our privileges were fewer afterwards, and a closer watch was had over our actions. The outside guards were increased, and so much vigilance manifested that we concluded not to make our attempt for a time at least.

The manner in which the prison officials were made cognizant of our plans was for a long time a mystery. The generally accepted solution of the problem was that some one of our number had sold us out. I never knew the true cause until after the war. I met one day in Washington city Capt. Jackson Warner, described before as the quartermaster who furnished us beef and bread. I asked Capt. Warner the question. He said he remembered he occasion well and what excitement it caused. When a spy, who had for a long time been among us, dressed in similar uniform, to report our sayings and doings daily or weekly, as was deemed fit, announced that we had formed a plan to escape, he was instructed to watch closely and report progress, which he could easily do, for we talked and planned without secrecy. Like a cat playing with the mouse, they played with us, and when tired, and just at the proper time, came down in force.—Dr. John Henry, Fifth Ohio cavalry.

A Big New York Restaurant.

There is a cheap restaurant in New York that feeds 8,000 people a day! It is never closed, night nor day, and has three different relays of waiters, cooks, cleaners, cashiers and other hands. It is not noted in the city, but is famous in all the country towns and villages in this state, New Jersey and Connecticut, which are its chief source of patronage. How many reservoirs of soup and how many tons of beef it consumes daily are matters for the consideration of metropolitan correspondents of country newspapers. But the figures are astounding and interesting without sensational elaboration.—Good Housekeeping.

NEW JERSEY SAND.

Its Transmutation into California Gold at the "Long Branch."

After the war of 1861 was over these peaceful villagers, who, having contributed their part toward it, were just settling down again for another fifty years' nap, were awakened again by certain capitalists, who bought up all the cheap land they could find within sight, smell or sound of the ocean, and proceeded to invest money in it. Our old school speakers contained an affecting poem about little Alfred, or Charley, or some similarly named child, who found a shilling coming home from school one day, and exclaimed, "I'll have a fortune, for I'll plant it right away." These capitalists imitated little Alfred or Charley, with much better luck. They planted not a shilling, but thousands of dollars here in the sand; they seeded these acres of the shore with mere money than Capt. Kidd has ever been proved to have buried anywhere, and they finally have harvested a large area of golden financial wheat.

One of their first shrewd methods of tillage was to make their new, straggling, one streeted town the summer capital of the United States. They built a miniature White House near the edge of the sea and invited President Grant to live there two months in the year. He came, with that simplicity of greatness which never enjoys pleasure any the less because it happens to be a source of profit to others. The "long branch" of Shrewsbury river, which gave name to the whole locality because it had its arm half way round the older town, leaped in one season into world wide fame.

The old war chief of a hemisphere settled down here with as little ostentation as he now rests in Riverside park; but there were plenty of commonplace people, with commonplace wealth, willing to furnish all the style necessary for such a village, and to see that the new town was well painted with gorgeous colors. Many of the dollars that had been planted in the pulverized gravel of the shore grew into gold bearing roof trees. The cities brought here their hotel luxuries for sale; money drawers were opened wide for summer snow storms of bank notes, and fortunes were made here between spring and autumn. Hundreds of acres of New Jersey sand had been transmuted into California gold!—Will Carlton in New York Star.

The Boston Mending Bureau.

The Boston Mending Bureau and Laundry company is a new thing in our city, though a similar establishment has been in successful operation in New York for some time. Their plan of work and object can be told in a few words, and the whole thing is so extremely sensible and feasible that the only wonder is that it was not thought of years ago. The bureau comprises a laundry, a dye house and a repair shop, in the last of which experienced tailors and skillful needlewomen are constantly employed in putting into order every sort of wearing apparel.

Work is done here for both men and women, though it is especially useful, of course, to bachelors and other lonely men who have no one to keep their clothing in order for them. Wearing apparel when soiled or worn may be taken to the bureau or called for on postal card order, and put into thoroughly good condition again. The linen is washed and done up, missing buttons are replaced, stretched out buttonholes reduced to their proper proportions, worn tapes and strings renewed, gaping holes in the stockings filled up, while the outer clothing is cleansed, dyed, pressed, darned, patched or otherwise attended to as it may need. These things are all done at a very moderate price—a pair of socks darned for five cents, unless too far gone—and other things in proportion, the the price being fixed in most instances by the length of time which the task requires.

Frequently also the bureau makes a contract with gentlemen to press, repair and keep in order their clothing by the year or month, the principle being the same as that by which the Chinese pay their physicians to keep them well. The bureau has a dozen branch offices in the suburbs and different portions of the city, so that patrons living at a distance may be easily accommodated. There are numberless busy men and women for whom the bureau will save many dollars in the course of a year. "A stitch in time saves nine," according to the proverb, and mending the ravages of wear and tear upon one's clothing saves a good deal else at the same time.—Boston Globe.

Famous Generals as Cadets.

Charles Ward, a hackman at West Point, has a fund of information about the military academy and some of the now famous generals who were once cadets. A reporter visited West Point the other day and was driven through the grounds of the college by Ward. He appears to be 51 or 52 years old, is a large, broad shouldered man, with a full beard, streaked with gray, and an honest countenance. He was born in the town and has been there ever since.

"You knew them all, then—Lee, Sheridan and Grant?" asked the reporter.

"I knew the first two—that is, I saw them when a boy and remember how they looked and acted. Gen. Lee was captain of the post here in 1853, and my father used to sell him milk every day. I can remember how Gen. Lee would say, with a smile, to my father: 'Now, I desire you to be careful and not get too much water in your milk. The milk you gave me the other day had a suspicious taste.' He said it, though, in such a kindly, nice way my father never took any offense. Capt. Lee was the most soldierly looking of any of the cadets. Why, sir, when started to walk on the parade ground or from one quarter to another he went as straight as a bee line, and never looked back, it made no difference how much noise the other cadets made in his rear. He was straight, too, as an arrow, and not very stout. I shall never forget him as he looked in those days."—New York Mail and Express.

Manufacture of Tin Cans.

A striking instance of labor saving machinery is that which makes tin cans. One of the machines used in the process solders the longitudinal seams of the cans at the rate of fifty a minute, the cans rushing along in a continuous stream; of course a drop or two of solder is left on the can. The drop on the outside is easily wiped off, but it is not so easy to secure the drop left on the inside. An ingenious workman has patented an arrangement for wiping the inside of the can without stopping the machinery. Result, several thousand dollars in royalties in his own pocket and a saving of $15 worth of solder per day to the firm that uses it. Thirty thousand cans is a day's work for this machine.—Boston Transcript.

A Marketable Husband.

In Siam a man who has sold himself at gambling can compel his wife, if she has the money, to redeem him, but he thereupon becomes her property and chattel. This is a very equitable arrangement. The wife, if she desires, can sell her husband off, along with his summer pah'ben, for a plaster of paris image of Bismarck or a spotted dog. And we are not surprised a woman with such a husband should so desire, as was proved the other day when Ma Samut exchanged her better half for a share in a house near Wat Chang, a cow and twenty ticals in silver.—Bangkok Times.

DISEASE IN THE MILK.

INVESTIGATION INTO THE HEALTHFULNESS OF DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Scientists Have Discovered That There is Danger in the Milk Can—Contagion at the Dairy—Alarming Aspect of the Question.

The subject of purity and healthfulness of milk and its products has received much attention from medical and sanitary authorities during the past year, and some very remarkable results of investigations are now being made public. A lecture on the etiology of scarlet fever was recently delivered by Dr. E. Klein, F.C. S., before the Royal institution in London. The principal theme of the paper was the relation of scarlet fever to milk supply. The possibility of the dissemination, and even origin, of the disease from this source was considered at length. Recorded cases are quoted to prove its possibility. The lecturer treats it as a certainty that milk has thus caused the spread of scarlet fever. Experiments by N. Galthier, a French scientist, have been published. These were directed to tubercular sickness. Dairy produce from cows affected with tubercular disease was the subject of the investigations. Professor Galthier found that such articles of diet could communicate phthisis or consumption to poultry and swine, and could become thus directly or indirectly a serious menace to man.

Within the last few years a number of outbreaks of disease have been traced with great certainty to dairies as the center of contagion. So well proved have these cases seemed, that they have originated special popular names for the sicknesses thus occasioned. Thus milk typhoid, milk scariatina, and milk diphtheria have come to be recognized. In a number of accurately recorded cases, an outbreak of some specific disease has been noted. The general history in all was identical. The spread was limited to a certain number of families. The medical officers found that all the families thus affected were supplied with milk from the same dealer. Then, on examining the stables or dairy whence the milk came, the source of contagion was manifest. A case of scarlet fever would be found in the family or among the employes, or some of the residents possibly had diphtheria. In a number of instances such conditions were established. At the present time the English health authorities consider these cases proved. They form the basis for a somewhat disquieting suspicion affecting our milk supply.

But there is a more alarming aspect of the question. The result of some of the more recent observations is that cows may themselves become infected with a sickness resembling scarlet fever, and that such cows may, by their milk, cause the true scarlet fever to be developed in human beings.

This conclusion has been led to by an examination of data in recorded cases. In some instances where the origin of the sickness was traced to milk, and where also a scarlet fever case had existed in some person connected with the dairy, too long a period elapsed before the breaking out of the epidemic to allow it to be attributed to direct conveyance by the milk. Another class of cases is cited in which a human origin, proximate or ultimate, could in no way be traced. In one such instance an outbreak of scarlet fever was associated with a certain dairy. No human being could in any way be fixed upon as the originator. Even the sanitary conditions were examined, with negative results. The disease was finally attributed to certain cows. Examination of them showed the presence of disease, whose symptoms included sores upon the body, ulcerations and a visceral complaint resembling that occurring in scarlet fever in the human being. The outbreak had, from other data, been limited to these cows as a source. Their disease so similar to the human scarlet fever made it almost a certainty that they were the origin of the trouble.

The examination by bacterial analysis was entered into and confirmed these suspicions. The same micrococcus was found in the blood of scarlet fever patients and in the affected cows. The action of the human microbe on animals was identical with that of the vaccine one. This investigation, a full outline of which it is needless to give, clinched the proof. Succeeding occurrences investigated in the same general way gave identical results.

It may be considered as clearly proved that milk can be a serious source of danger to health or life. The remedy is a simple one. By heat the micrococci are destroyed. If the milk is heated to 185 deg. F., it will be rendered safe. Any infectious microbes present will be killed. But while this disposes of the milk it does not touch the disposal of milk products. Butter, cream and cheese are all uncooked. Butter represents raw fat, or uncooked oleaginous matter. It cannot be heated to a high degree without injury. One of the methods of freeing it from casein was to melt it, but the process was found to cause deterioration. Butter must be uncooked.—Scientific American.

Belief of the Metlokahtla Indians.

The wild Indians of the northwest had some beliefs that paved the way for the reception of Christianity. In their legends they made frequent mention of the "Son of God," and he was always spoken of as a benefactor. They had also many remarkable legends about Satan, and his name in their language means "The Father of Liars." They believed him to be an avaricious being, always prowling around seeking something to satisfy his appetite, and full of deceit.

They had a firm belief in a future existence. The Indian word for "death" does not convey the same idea as it does in English. It is the equivalent of "separated," or parted into two, as a rope that has been broken by being subjected to too much strain. They said of an Indian who had just died that he "had parted," "had separated." They had a tradition, also, that earth and heaven were in close proximity to each other, so that everything that was said in heaven could be heard upon the earth, and all the noises of the earth were distinctly heard in heaven. Finally the children of men on earth became so turbulent and caused such a racket that the chief in heaven could not sleep, and so he just took the earth and pitched it as far as it now is from heaven.—Z. L. White in American Magazine.

A Queen's "Black Art."

The only person who in any way can boast of ever having been initiated by the late magician, Hermann, into some of the mysteries of his profession, is none other than the queen of the Belgians, to whom he taught privately a few of his wonderful legerdemain performances during a brief season at Ostend, and who occasionally degns to amuse her intimates with an exhibition of her remarkable talent for the "black art."—Home Journal.

More Necessary Than Love.

"I love you," he protested, "better than my life. I would die for you if necessary."

"Oh, nonsense," replied the practical girl. "Swear to me that you will get up and make the fires, and I'll consider your proposition."—The Judge.

Pickles should never be kept in glazed ware, as the vinegar forms a poisonous compound with the glazing.

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

Dr. Banting on Obesity—Critical Hours in the Sick Room—One Cure for Earache.

Dr. Banting gives, in Popular Science News, directions for the treatment, without medicine, of obesity, of which the following are in substance the principal points: People inclined to corpulence must diminish the quantity of their food. They must also take the sort of food that will produce the least amount of fat, but will give strength; they should therefore take more of nitrogenous and less of carbonaceous food. Of beef, veal, mutton, lamb and pork, the first is the least and the last the most heat producing. Pork, therefore, should not be eaten. White bread makes heat and fat; rye is less heating; oatmeal is good for strength and is very suitable; rice makes fat; potatoes contain a great deal of starch and are not to be eaten; milk is too fattening; fruits may be eaten; coffee and tea can be taken, but without milk or sugar. Water must be taken very sparingly—one glassful in twenty-four hours, if possible. Exercise must not be violent, as that produces an appetite; yet, if it be walking, if perspiration is produced to a slight degree, it is an advantage. Eight hours' sleep is enough as a rule, and seven will be generally sufficient.

As there are more thin people in the world than fat people, Dr. Banting adds a word of advice to the former. They must sleep all they can; keep early hours for retiring; lie down in the middle of the day; drink a great deal of water; eat heartily, especially of farinaceous food; take plenty of excercise, but in moderation. The value of cheerfulness is emphasized. Follow the old adage, "Laugh and grow fat."

Lemon Juice.

The lemon is a fruit much used in the sick room and, in the opinion of Herald of Health, in many instances unwisely. Lemonade being a very refreshing and agreeable drink, is easily taken in excess by persons suffering from fevers, a fact which should not be forgotten. In typhoid fever, for instance, its immoderate use would be attended with danger, inducing, as it might, additional derangement in an already inflamed intestinal mucous membrane. In all inflammatory diseases of the stomach and bowels lemonade should only be given after the attending physician has sanctioned its use. During the past few years lemon juice has become quite popular in the management of diphtheria from the supposed action on the membraneous deposit in the throat. There have also been attributed to the juice marked virtues in the functional derangement of the liver, commonly called "bilious disorders." Some persons so affected have found benefit from its persistent use; the symptoms of others, however, have been aggravated by it.

Purifying Water by Boiling.

In some parts of Germany no water is given to children until it has been boiled to kill the germs of any disease present. Dr. M. L. Holbrook points out certain advantages and disadvantages of this practice among the poor, with whom food is not abundant, as follows: The boiled water deposits on the kettle its lime, and this is a loss of so much mineral matter. It kills the germs, which is beneficial. If the child is suitably fed no harm is done, but a positive benefit; but if not well fed it is a direct loss to the bones to lose the lime in the water. Pure fresh water from springs does not contain germs, and if it is used there is no use in boiling it. Germs, however, may develop in standing water in a few hours' exposure to the air.

The Ice Bag in Sea Sickness.

In a recent letter to a daily paper, says Science, a correspondent states that he has made twenty-six trips across the Atlantic, and has in every instance, except the last, suffered very much from sea sickness. On his last trip he had with him a rubber bag, twelve inches long and four inches wide, the mouth of which was closed by an iron clamp. This he filled with small pieces of ice and applied to the spine at the base of the brain from half to three-quarters of an hour every morning. It had a most soothing effect, and he enjoyed every hour and every meal.

The Hours of Fate.

According to Dr. Richardson the animal vital processes are at their lowest ebb in the period between midnight and 6 o'clock in the morning. It is at these times that those who are enfeebled from any cause most frequently die. Physicians often consider these hours as critical, and forewarn anxious friends in respect to them. From time immemorial those who have been accustomed to wait and attend on the sick have noted the hours most anxiously, so that they have been called by our old writers "the hours of fate."

Useful Suggestions.

Beef suet, salted, is as good as lard for frying.

Tie or skewer fowls and joints into shape before boiling.

The gridiron should be well greased and hot before placing meat on it.

Canton flannel makes an excellent dusting cloth for highly polished furniture.

Wash gilding with warm water in which an onion has been boiled and dry with a soft cloth.

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