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GENERAL SIMON CAMERON.

A Long and Eventful Career Ends in His Death.

Mr. Cameron was born in Lancaster county Pennsylvania, March 8, 1799, and died June 20, 1889. At the age of nine years he was apprenticed to learn the printing trade, and so improved his opportunities that in 1820 he was editing a paper in Doylestown.

The young printer-editor was a bright student in the Pennsylvania Academy of Jacksonian Democracy. His first tutor was Mr. Ingham, whom he met while helping to edit the Pennsylvania Republican. This was about 1820, when James Monroe was in the third year of his first administration. Ingham was then a leading man in the politics of the Keystone State. He held the office of Secretary of State and lived in Bucks County. A split in the Democratic ranks there endangered Ingham's political fortunes and he sent Cameron to edit his paper, the Doylestown Democrat. The young boy who was sitting under the Harrisburg willow tree a few years before, ran his paper so ably that when the next election came off the two Democratic factions were working so beautifully together that their ticket blotted out a federal majority of 1,165 and swept to the head of the polls with 1,500 votes above their discomfited opponents. It was Cameron's first victory. But when the campaign closed the young editor was no richer than when it began. Mr. Ingham's paper was a great organ and put him in Jackson's cabinet, but barely supported its editor. Cameron gave it back to its owner and went down to Washington to help put the debates of Congress in type at a compensation of \$10 per week for work from 8 o'clock in the morning until 8 o'clock at night, and 20 cents an hour for extra work by candle light. He was worth \$100. That was in 1821. While in Washington he made the acquaintance of Mr. Monroe. The following winter he returned to Harrisburg, bought a half interest in the Pennsylvania Republican, and changed his name to the Pennsylvania Intelligencer. In 1822 he became Public Printer, serving five years. He now held a recognized position in Democratic State politics, was admitted to the inner circle of party management, and became the trusted friend of the leaders of the party. When Gen. Lafayette came in 1824 Cameron went to Philadelphia in the suite of the Governor of the State to welcome him, and at the banquet which was given to the old hero of the revolution, drank champagne for the first time. "No one at the table," Mr. Cameron used to say, "save the General and the host, knew what it was. All of us thought it was the best cider we had ever tasted, but every one wondered why they got so tipsy on it." His next office was that of Adjutant-General, to which he was appointed in 1827.

There was not money enough either in journalism or office-holding to satisfy his ambition and in 1828 he contracted to build a canal from Lake Pontchartrain to New Orleans. Not caring to depend on the local labor market, he took a small army of 1200 men with him down the river from Pittsburg to do the work. He expected to lay the foundation of a fortune by this undertaking, but he had not made much progress when he received a letter from Major Eaton, Jackson's Secretary of War, urging him to return to Pennsylvania and aid in the organization of the first national convention to nominate candidates for President and vice-President. Gen. Jackson's nomination was assured, but he did not want John C. Calhoun on the ticket with him and it could only be accomplished by the overthrow of the old Congressional caucus system. This request was a command which could not be disobeyed. Jackson was Cameron's political idol and there was no sacrifice he would not make for his chief. Even at this early day, Cameron's strength in his state was so great that he was able to secure the votes of Pennsylvania for Van Buren. When the convention met in Baltimore Cameron was selected as chairman, but he declined in favor of a representative from another state. This convention and the political results which flowed from it, changed the current of his life. The canal contract was sold for a sum which was then considered a fair fortune, and Mr. Cameron became a banker in the little village of Middletown, a short distance below Harrisburg. He made money rapidly, buying lumber, discounting notes, speculating in lands and houses, and in fact, in anything and everything at all in the merchantable. His political influence grew with his financial progress, and although not seeking or desiring office, no important move was made on the Jacksonian check-board without the state lines without consulting him. In the material development of the state he always took the keenest interest, and every scheme of public improvement found in him an advocate and generally an investor. When the Pennsylvania road was projected, he subscribed for its stock and urged his neighbors to put what spare money they had in it. The majority of them laughed at him, and ridiculed the idea of making the journey between Harrisburg and Philadelphia the same day. "It is all very nice Simon," some of the wise ones used to say, "but you don't expect old stagers like us to believe that yarn?" Cameron, however, had faith in the iron horse, and, as time sped on, found himself a millionaire, and president of several of the new lines of traffic. The only political distinction he accepted during these years of fortune building was the honorary place of a visitor to West Point in 1832, when, before his return home, he made a trip to Boston by stage coach.

James Buchanan and Simon Cameron became warm friends early in the thirties. Buchanan was then one of the leading democrats in the state. He had been a member of congress and minister to Russia. The death of the young lady to whom he had been engaged and some dissatisfaction in his home district had disgusted Buchanan with politics, and he resolved to leave the state and practice law in Baltimore. He informed Cameron of his plans. "No sense," said the Lochiel chief, "you are the foremost man in the state. Why not be United States senator?" Buchanan did not believe it could be accomplished. Cameron insisted that it could, and began to make his combinations. Senator William Wilkins, who held the place Buchanan coveted, curiously enough, solved the problem. He came to Cameron one day, told him he was poor and that he would gladly resign his seat if he could get the Russian Mission and its big salary. Cameron was only too glad to aid him. Wilkins resigned his seat, got the mission and Buchanan, in his election at the following meeting of the legislature, took his first step towards the presidency. Buchanan and Cameron became warmer friends than ever.

When the campaign of 1844 closed with the election of James K. Polk Cameron went to Washington to see the beginning of the new administration. He met Buchanan, who told him that Polk had offered him a position in the cabinet. "Why do you ask my advice about it?" said Cameron. "I know you have decided to accept." "But who will succeed me as Senator?" queried Buchanan. "I think I shall," Cameron quietly replied. They parted. Buchanan went home and was elected senator. Buchanan's friendship waned. He was anxious to name his own successor, and could not forgive the man who had saved him from being a Baltimore lawyer, for thwarting his plans. When Mr. Cameron took his seat in the senate, in 1845, he saw around him John M. Clayton, from Delaware; John J. Crittenden and Jesse D. Bright, Daniel Webster and Beverly Johnson, Lewis Cass and Robert J. Walker, Thomas H. Benton, Gen. Dix and Daniel S. Dickinson, Mangum and Badger, North Carolina; Berrien, of Georgia; Tom Corwin, John C. Calhoun and "old" William Allen of Ohio. There were others less known, but known to all. He was the oldest living member of the senate up to the time of his death. He remained in the senate four years, returning to his banking, his railroad enterprises and inside management of Pennsylvania politics.

The issues which led up to the formation of the Republican party and, subsequently, the civil war, were being formed during the next eight or nine years. Simon Cameron, from the very beginning, was an anti-slavery man, and when Fremont was nominated in 1856 his name was placed on the state ticket as an elector. In 1857 he was practically the leader of the republican party in the state. A United States senator was to be elected. John W. Forney, backed by all the power and influence of Buchanan, was the candidate against him. Forney was, of course, beaten, and later on, followed Cameron into the republican party. When the question of a candidate for the Republican party in 1860 was under discussion the Pennsylvania delegates were instructed to vote as a unit for Mr. Cameron, and for some time before the convention was held there was an understanding between the western friends of Lincoln and the friends of Cameron, by which they were to act in concert under certain contingencies. Andrew J. Curtin and Col. McClure, however, divided the delegation, which was fatal to the chances of Cameron. When the conflict came over Seward the Cameron following named Lincoln. The rest is history.

After his election, Mr. Lincoln offered Mr. Cameron the treasury of the war department. Mr. Cameron declined to name his choice and, when the cabinet was named, he found himself secretary of war.

No man ever wielded so commanding an influence and power in Pennsylvania politics as Simon Cameron. He was the last of a line of political leaders in the two great parties who were obeyed by large masses of men as implicitly as soldiers obey their officers and officers their general. Jackson, Van Buren, Calhoun, Clay, Marcy and Wright belonged to this dynasty of political chieftains; and later on, Davis, Seward, Chase, Douglas, Morton and Tilden who now belong to history. These men were political dictators, in their states and sections, by sheer force of ability, audacity and genius for leadership. They acknowledged no power superior to themselves. They received no instruction and took no commands from any man, or combination of men. Unlike many of the political leaders of the present time, they were not the mere servants and agents of plutocratic corporations—banks, railroads, great "interests," like iron, steel, oil and coal. They believed, or acted as if they believed, that they had a sort of divine right to rule and proceeded upon that theory at every step of their political career. Before Simon Cameron laid down the sceptre of his power in Pennsylvania he, not the Pennsylvania railroad, nominated its governors, congressmen, representatives and senators. In 1877, when he at last grew weary of public life, he handed his son into his seat in the senate, as if it were a piece of family property. Political rivals and opponents protested and denounced. The Lochiel chief faced the storm unmoved, while every hillside and valley rang with the defiant shouts of Clan Cameron. No tariff barrier, however rich or powerful, ever presumed to dictate to him what he should say or what he should do. One and all, they came to receive orders, not to give them. Presidents and cabinet counted his support.

Away back in the early forties, when Polk was president, and Buchanan secretary of state, the administration undertook to ignore Mr. Cameron, who was then in the senate, in the distribution of Pennsylvania patronage. President Polk's nominations came back to him as fast as they were made. Cameron was invited to the White House. In pompous tones Mr. Polk said to him, "I understand, sir, that you intend to have all my nominations rejected." "That," replied Cameron, "depends upon who they are." "Well, then, sir, I intend to send Mr. Harris's name in to-day." "Well, then," came the Cameronian response, "I will see that it is sent back to you to-morrow." And Cameron kept his promise. Mr. Polk sent for him again. They made a truce—a bargain, a deal, if you will—and "from that time on," said Mr. Cameron a short time ago, "I had no further trouble with Mr. Polk." But, long before that, he had served Jackson at Jackson's own request in a critical moment of his administration.

Mr. Cameron was not a great leader in the same sense that the men above named were leaders. He was no orator. In all the numerous volumes of the Congressional Globe and Record there cannot be found from him anything worthy the title of a speech. And yet he had more influence on legislation and on the important measures of the day than the men who introduced and advocated them in "orations" occupying weeks in the delivery. No man's advice was more sought for and more followed. He was a leader of leaders in party councils and party management. His knowledge of men was profound and no one knew better than he how to regain what had been lost or to preserve what had been won. He never abandoned a friend. He rarely forgave an enemy. Honors and offices were the legitimate rewards of party service and belonged to those who won them. This was his theory, as, indeed, it was the theory of all his contemporaries. He began his political life as a Jackson democrat, and his methods were as autocratic as those of "old Hickory" himself. He was proud of his Scotch descent, and no Highland chieftain ever stood by his clan more loyally than he did by his political adherents.

This system of feudalism has almost entirely passed away; indeed, it may now be said to be buried in the tomb of the last of the great political barons.

GREAT SALT MOUNTAINS.

The Strange Story of Captain Mellon of the River Colorado.

Captain J. A. Mellon, one of the oldest white settlers of Fort Yuma, A. T., who lived in Fort Yuma two years ago, and who commanded the first steamer, the Gila, that ever went up the Colorado river to the mouth of the Virgin, spent the Fourth in San Francisco, and to an Examiner reporter related the following strange discoveries and experiences:

"I have not," said he, "since I was ten years old, been in an American city of three thousand people on the Fourth of July. It is over twenty-five years now since I went to Fort Yuma, and the changes I see in San Francisco surprise me. I expect to see a crowd here on the 4th that will look pretty big to me.

"I have been running on the Colorado river all this time? Yes, and let me say that there are stretches of hundreds of miles on that river that are less known than the heart of Central Africa.

"We go up there to get salt. There are great mountains of salt on the Virgin, which is a tributary of the Colorado, each of which is larger and higher than Goat Island. There it is pure and white. It is clearer than glass. You may take a piece of it seven or eight inches thick and read a common news paper through it.

"The salt mountains cover a stretch of about twenty-five miles on both sides of the Virgin, seven miles up from the Colorado. A single blast of giant powder will blow out tons upon tons of it.

"This salt does not dazzle your eyes, as you might expect, while riding along on the river steamer or clambering over them. It has a layer of sandstone from two to eight feet thick over it. When this is torn away the salt lies in full sight, like a great snowdrift. How deep its nobility knows. This salt is destined to be the source of great wealth. Hamilton Disston, the big saw manufacturer, and Baldwin of the Baldwin Locomotive Works are the only men who have secured any of these salt mountains. When the Utah Southern Railroad is pushed from Frisco, Utah, it will tap the gigantic salt mountains, and then an enormous revenue will be realized for them.

"I brought down from the mines for the Academy of Sciences here some queer things from the salt mines, in many respects the tropical forest of South America. He has definitely settled the course of an important affluent of the Congo and its tributaries, has defined the Southern limits of the Albert Nyanza, and found that it is radically changing. He has all but established the fact of the existence of a separate lake to the south of his own lake, discovered on his great journey across Africa, which it will probably be found drains into the Congo and not into the Nile; and, no doubt on his return Stanley will be able to tell us more of the snowy mountain rivaling Kilimanjaro, far away to the southeast of his standpoint on the west shore of Albert Nyanza. It now seems fairly clear that the natural outlet of the region around the Albert Nyanza is not by the Aruwimi, with its many rapids and almost impenetrable forest, but eastward by the Victoria Nyanza and British East Africa.

Stanley found the river Aruwimi 800 miles long, and speaking of the Albert Nyanza Stanley was utterly at a loss to conjecture how Sir Samuel Baker could stretch it to his San Famed lake, and about four or five miles at the utmost from the place where he stood.

"The Blue Mountains" are no other than a slope of plateau 5200 feet above the sea or 2900 feet above the Albert Nyanza. That remarkable plateau is only the wet face of a sheet of rock washed by a small stream about ten feet wide.

A century ago the Albert Nyanza was ten to fifteen miles longer and considerably broader than it is now. With the wearing away of reefs obstructing the Nile below Wadai the lake has rapidly receded, and is still doing so to the astonishment of Emin Pasha, who first saw Lake Albert seven or eight years ago. Emin says the Islands that were near the west shore have now become headlands, occupied by our stations and native villages. Stanley says the tribes inhabiting the forest and valley of the Ituri are undoubtedly cannibals. Between Napoka and Grassland the dwarfs are exceedingly numerous. They are called Wambatti. He saw about 150 forest villages or camps of Wampatti.

There is evidently a strong gang of counterfeiters on this coast. The only member yet caught has shown that he has good financial backing, and the Government officials freely express their belief that wealthy and influential men are concerned in the scheme. It is proved to be the case it may be impossible to convict them of the offense. Wealthy and influential men have a way of getting out of the clutches of justice when they break the laws. But it will be possible to break up the gang, and no effort should be spared to accomplish the end. The officers of the Secret Service are confident that nothing can save the agent of the counterfeiters from conviction except his flight. If the counterfeiters are convinced of this he will not be on hands for trial. Criminals who know too much about the secrets of wealthy and influential offenders, usually find it worth their while to forfeit their bail and take a foreign tour after the manner of Dick Creighton. While the Government officers are trying to put an end to the schemes of the counterfeiters, the people had better keep a sharp eye on the money that is paid them.—Examiner.

Perhaps Corporal Tanner will make up Gen. Bonlander's pension to him.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

HE WAS ONCE A MAN.

A Pauper Who Was a Chum of Victor Hugo.

A dingily clad, hoary-headed heir to poverty sat upon a rude bench in the Blockley almshouse yard yesterday. His eyes were sunken and bloodshot, his features bore traces of trouble and dissipation, as well as of advanced age. His oft-patched trousers had long ago given up all pretense of form, his paper jacket hung limp upon his obese body, and a battered felt hat, pulled far down over his ears, was the complement of his unpicturesque garb. A dull colored hanna handkerchief that had seen better days was knotted around his neck in lieu of a collar, and as he sat and ruminated he pulled away vigorously at an abbreviated clay pipe loaded with malodorous tobacco.

He was one of a yard full of decrepit pensioners and perhaps seemed no more pitiable than the rest. But to one who knew his history the pathos of the fallen seemed a thousandfold increased. It would not have been hard to believe that he had just stepped out from the pages of "Les Miserables"; but it required no ordinary stretch of the imagination to lead one to realize that he had once been a social favorite of the author of that great novel. He had dandled the Jersey Lily on his knee long before she had begun to bloom; had fraternized with her father, the illustrious Dean Le Breton, and had numbered Lord Tenison among his many distinguished acquaintances.

This time-worn pauper, Sidney Thomas once was a prosperous citizen of St. Helier, in the Isle of Jersey. The Le Bretons were near neighbors and spent many an hour by their fireside. During Victor Hugo's residence at St. Helier a cordial intimacy grew up between the two, and many another notable visitor to the island came to cherish a warm admiration for the brave hearted young Englishman, who was a brilliant conversationalist and a genial companion. He spoke French like a Parisian and was well versed in science and literature. He was a member of the Anglican Church and numbered among his friends several prominent English clergymen.

The successive deaths of his wife and eight children were the events that marked the beginning of his downfall. His habits became corrupt and his life dissolute. He remarried, this time to a woman who was vain and extravagant, and in no respect his equal. She it was who accomplished his ruin. She squandered his fortune to the last cent, until in desperation he fled to America. This was in 1871, when he was forty-seven years of age.

For a time he filled a clerical position in New York. Then he drifted to Philadelphia, and obtained a good situation as bookkeeper. But his habits were bad, his ambition destroyed, and he soon found himself reduced to a menial position, in a small livery stable in the lower part of the city. There for six years he worked for bed and board and a little more, until two months ago incapacity and infirmity drove him "over the hills to the poorhouse."

"In the midst of his squalid environment, Thomas has yet retained refined and cultivated tastes. His mind is strong and active, and even in a workhouse court, he quotes Pope and Shakespeare with fluency, and descants with equal facility on Longfellow, Dickens or Swedenborg. He is modest and reticent in regard to himself, but the rare pleasure of talking to any one who is other than an illiterate vagrant occasionally tempts him to say more than he would deem prudent.

"The days are long and dreary in this far-off corner of the world," said Thomas to a visitor recently. "I buy a Record every day and read it through from beginning to end, advertisements and all. But after that is done there is a good deal of daylight still left. Conversation here is not very edifying. You might as well ask an inmate to describe and equilateral triangle on a given straight line as to expect him to discuss the tariff or any thing else that is reasonable."—Philadelphia Record.

Not Bad Advice.

Mr. Meehan, if your mind runs to the invention of "small things," as they are often called in unwise contempt, you may hit upon a "big bonanza." Westinghouse has made \$20,000,000 out of the air brake. It was called at first a "small thing," using air in that way, but it has proved well. Other "small things" have rewarded mechanics well. The lead pencil rubber tip cleared its inventor \$100,000; the metal rivet or eyelet for miners' coats and trousers pocket brought its inventor a fortune; boot and shoe heel and sole plates of metal cleared \$1,250,000; the glass bell inverted over lamps and gas jets cleared a fortune; the simple plan of fastening powdered emery on cloth made a fortune; the roller skate cleared \$1,000,000 before the craze died out; the gimlet screw realized millions; copper tips for shoes netted millions; the simple needle threader netted \$10,000 a year; toys and playthings have cleared thousands; the ball with the rubber string brought an income of \$50,000 a year; the "Dancing Jim Crow" netted \$75,000 a year; Pharaoh's serpents netted \$50,000; the "wheel of life" cleared \$50,000; the chameleon net cleared a fortune. The "Figs in Clover" puzzle has within one year made its inventor a fortune; the pencil sharpener cleared a fortune. Hundreds of "small things" have turned out well. If you have an idea, bring it out and let the busy and inquisitive world see it. The mechanics who have been enriched by little inventions far exceed in number those who have reaped fame and fortune by great inventions. Put on your thinking cap, Mr. Mechanic, and dive into the world of possibilities. The fortune is there if you only know how to find it.—The Iron Industry Gazette.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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A REMARKABLE RAT.

The Strange Story Told by a Texas Correspondent.

A singular freak of nature is on exhibition at the rooms of the Houston, Texas, Natural History Club. It was brought in yesterday morning by a German family named Schweinfeld, living in the suburbs of this city, who tell the following remarkable story in connection with the strange creature:

A few months ago they were aroused one night by a shrill scream of pain from their year-old baby. Running to the cradle, nothing was seen or heard, but the next morning, while bathing the child, the mother observed two red spots on the arm near the brachial artery, looking as if they had been punctured by a needle. The arm swelled a good deal and was still very sore. In about a week the baby was found dead in its cradle and bathed in blood. The jugular vein had been bitten through.

The physician who was called in, on seeing the small but fatal wound, which consisted of a hole the size of a darning needle might have made, and hearing the history of the swelled arm, immediately said that both bites had been inflicted by a rat.

After the baby's burial the Schweinfelds naturally determined to rid their house of the dangerous rodents, and consequently traps of every fashion were placed about. Many were caught and drowned. One night, several months after the death of the baby, a rat was heard running about its narrow prison, and simultaneously the crying of a child was heard near by. The head of the family, perceiving a light, rushed to the place whence the cries seemed to come. To his astonishment it proceeded from the rat trap, in which could be plainly seen one of those animals.

Taking up the trap he examined the rat closely, and was further amazed to find that the creature's face strangely resembled that of a human being, while yet it retained the characteristics of a rat. It cried piteously and so much like a hurt child as to be easily mistaken for one when out of sight.

It is this rat which is now on exhibition at the Natural History Club's rooms. Its eyes are somewhat larger and more human looking, and have more distinctive lids than are usual. The nose, however, is the most remarkable feature, being decidedly marked and prominent, with swelling nostrils. The mouth is small and has unmistakable lips, but the teeth are long, keen and rat-like. The feet show a strong resemblance to the human hand, although the nails are curved like claws.

Dr. Finning, President of the Natural History Club, and a noted naturalist, agrees with the Schweinfelds in thinking this must be the offspring of the rat that killed the baby and the phenomenon is due to her milk being formed from the child's blood which she sucked.—Philadelphia Times.

A Disgruntled Lobbyist.

A lobbyist at Springfield Ill., who had been a railroad deadhead for many years, was called to his home about 40 miles from Chicago, by a telegram announcing the serious illness of his wife. When he reached Chicago it was late in the evening, and there was but one more train to his town that night. As he was waiting for the train time he called to mind that he had left his annual pass over that road in his room at Springfield. Approaching the conductor, he introduced himself and told the circumstances, said that all the old conductors knew him and he never had to show his pass to them, and so he had been careless about it.

"I have no doubt it is all right," said the conductor, "but I cannot carry you."

"But," said the gentleman, pleadingly, "my wife is very ill. I must go home on this train."

"I am sorry," said the conductor, "but I cannot carry you."

"Is there anybody around here authorized to issue a pass? Anybody who can and will give me one?"

The conductor knew of no one around the depot who had that authority.

"Then," said the lobbyist in despair, "I shall have to drive out there and I don't know the road, and it will take me all night anyway."

The conductor was at last touched by the lobbyist's predicament, and said: "I can't carry you for nothing, but I will advance you the money if—"

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed the lobbyist, smiling all over. "I've got \$1,000 right here in my pocket," and he ran off to buy a ticket. When he came back he said: "Conductor, if you hadn't mentioned the money I should never have thought of paying my fare. I had forged I could travel on anything but a pass." His fare was \$1.10.

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