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J. I. Knight & Co., REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE, LOAN BROKERS, NOTARIES PUBLIC AND SEARCHERS OF RECORD. McMinnville, Oregon.

MONEY TO LOAN

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THE CIRCUZ FAKIR.

How the Short Change Man works it. Nearly everybody knows more or less about the attendant features of a circus—the side show, the horse tent, the cooking tent, the dressing room, the red-lantern man, and the peanut fiend.

A number of years ago I ran across one of the most accomplished short-change workers in the country and got well acquainted with him. He didn't suspect me of being a newspaper man, and in the three months that I knew him I didn't enlighten him.

I had been talking about the "telegraph" method of making short change, and he spoke up and said quite scornfully: "That's no good! There's no money in that. You can only get fifty cents or one dollar out of that. There's lots of ways that are stronger than that!"

I asked him what they were. "Well," he said, taking a roll of small bills, mostly ones and twos, out of his pocket, "they're worked this way: You do it with the 'long green.'"

BITTEN BY A SCORPION.

A New York Doctor's Horrible Experience in the Wilds of Mexico. Dr. George Mallett, of Brooklyn City, who is on his way to the mining camps of the interior of Mexico, writes from Las Yndras the following story of his journey and his experience with a scorpion.

"I started across country on mule back with a dangerous-looking guide, whom I feared might at any moment cut my throat while asleep for the little money I had; fortunately, he did nothing of the kind and turned out to be a very good man. The third night out I had an experience that I would not repeat for all the wealth of Mexico. It was just dark, about 7:30, when I discovered a light up the side of a mountain and thought it would be a feeling all in my left arm, which had been the saddle almost constantly since 3 o'clock that morning.

"The guide told them we wanted to stop all night, and the female prepared a corneal for me. As they stood in no chairs I sat on a low stool in front of the fire to eat it. I was scarcely seated before I felt something on my neck, and striking my hand up, felt an exceedingly severe sting on my left inner finger. It almost made me leap. I immediately tied my handkerchief around it and stopped the circulation and then sucked it, and the old woman parted with a chew of tobacco for it. In about ten minutes the stinging ceased and I thought it was all over, when intense vertigo came on with much vomiting and retching, then a sense of great weakness and collapse, accompanied by a profuse cold perspiration, then a sharp tingling began in the bitten finger, extending over the hand and up the arm, then the other hand and arm, then both feet tingled and stung like an electrical current, and yet they were completely dead to all external impressions, and I could scarcely move them; then my face began to feel the same way. I called for water and was terrified to find that I had lost all sense of taste and my jaw was getting stiff and I could hardly articulate at all.

"Just imagine my feelings—no one near but those almost savages and their understanding not a word I said, and the horrible sense of impending death due to the depression caused by poison. I tried to ask if there was a doctor anywhere near, but could not even speak English now, and of course they did not understand me. It was simply horrible, and I thought surely I was dying. As the pain seemed to be extending to my chest I tried to make a muscle. With a great effort I made signs for a bottle of claret that I happened to have in my bag to use in case of bad water. Most of this I drank, and it braced me up some so that I made them understand that I wanted hot water, and it seemed almost a year before they got any. When it came, although they could not bear their hands in it, I put both hands and feet into it without relief. It then I made them rub hard, and this they did all night, and by morning I slept for about two hours, being perfectly exhausted. On awaking I felt much better, my limbs tingled just as though they were asleep, but I could use them; by moving about the sensation began to return.

"As soon as I could get up I got into the saddle again, hoping to reach some civilization in case I should get worse. The journey was just half over, so I pushed on for Yndras and soon found that the exercise was of benefit, the tingling ceased, and by that night I could taste the food. I ate the next morning and had no signs of the previous night's experience, except a loss of sensibility in my left arm and hand and a feeling of great weakness. Now, five days after, I am entirely well, except my left hand, which has a feeling of numbness in the fingers and half of forearm up to the elbow. It was told here that I was a scorpion that bit me and that I was lucky in getting out of it so easily. I am all right now and apprehend no further trouble."

France's Growth.

The Journal of the French Statistical society has published, in anticipation of the centenary fête at Versailles, some interesting tables which are intended to show the economical, commercial, industrial and financial progress made by France in the last century. Beginning with the budget, these tables show that while the estimated receipts in 1789 were \$27,654,250, they are now \$120,480,000. The direct taxes have not increased very much, for they are \$177,200,000 a century ago, as compared to \$145,200,000 a century ago, whereas the indirect taxes, which produced only \$96,000,000 in 1789, are now estimated at \$720,200,000.

The only government monopoly in the budget of 1789 was the postoffice, which produced \$640,000, whereas now the produce of the different monopolies is \$23,280,000. It is also worthy of note that while the cost of collection for a budget of about \$37,000,000 was \$4,250,000, it is only \$7,120,000 for a budget of over \$120,000,000.

A century ago the value of personal property in France was estimated at not more than \$12,000,000, whereas it is now put at about \$320,000,000. There were no saving banks in 1789, but now the deposits in them exceed \$100,000,000, while the total of the national revenues, estimated a century ago at from \$120,000,000 to \$200,000,000, now exceeds \$1,200,000,000. Then, again, the general trade of France in 1789 was about \$40,680,000, which \$23,040,000 were imports and \$17,640,000 exports; while in 1886 the general trade of France reached \$374,440,000, of which \$204,640,000 were imports and \$169,800,000 exports, the proportion between the imports and the exports being much the same as it was at the end of the last century. The value of land has also increased very much, for while the average price a century ago was \$8 per acre, it is now \$27, having touched \$32 some few years ago.

In 1789 the acreage in wheat was 10,000,000 and the yield 110,000,000 bushels, or 11 bushels an acre; now the acreage in wheat is about 17,900,000, and the yield 294,250,000 bushels, or 16 bushels an acre. The price of bread has not varied so much as might have been expected, the four-pound loaf, which cost 90 centimes in 1880, now selling for 85 centimes, having gone as much as a shilling in 1847, and having fallen as low as sixpence in 1863. Wages, both in industry and agriculture, have risen enormously, and while the agricultural laborer did not receive more than sixpence a day in 1789, the average wage is now 2s. The Journal of the Statistical society also states that while the pay of subordinate officials given to greater dignitaries, both civil and ecclesiastical, have been cut down.

Travelling was also much more expensive as well as slower, for a journey to Marseilles by diligence took thirteen days and cost \$6, as against fifteen hours and \$4; to Toulouse, eight days and \$5 8s, as against fourteen hours and \$4 8s; to Bordeaux, six days and \$5, as against nine hours and \$3; to Lyons, five days and \$3 10s, as against nine hours and \$3 10s; to Strasburg, four and a half days and \$5, as against eleven hours and \$3; to Lille, two days and \$2, as against six hours and about 20s. The postage of a letter from Paris to Versailles cost 25 centimes, from Paris to Lyons, 65 centimes, and from Paris to Marseilles, 75 centimes. The population of France increased from 27,000,000 in 1801 to 38,000,000 in 1886, the cities of Lyons and Marseilles increasing from 136,000 and 76,000 to 401,000 and 375,000.

Cloudbursts.

The phenomena of a cloudburst, which can only occur in a tornado or whirlwind, are not generally understood. The whirl in which it forms is not a very broad and shallow disk, but a tall, columnar mass of rotating air, similar to that in which the Atlantic waters of the famous pillar-like dust storm of India is generated. While this traveling aerial pillar, perhaps a few hundred yards in diameter, is rapidly gyrating, the centrifugal force, as Professor Ferrel has shown, acts as a barrier to prevent the flow of external air from all sides into the interior, except at or near the base of the pillar. There friction with the earth retards the gyrations and allows the air to rush in below and escape upward through the fine-line interior as powerful ascending currents.

The phenomenon, however, will not be attended by terrific floods unless the atmosphere is densely stored with water vapor, as it was recently in the Cayuga valley, and as it was on May 31st in the Conemaugh valley. When such is the case the violent ascending currents suddenly lift the vapor-laden clouds several thousand feet above the level at which they were previously floating, and hurl them aloft into rarefied and cold regions of the atmosphere, where their vapor is instantly condensed into many tons of water. Could the water fall as fast as condensed it would be comparatively harmless. But the condensation is not so rapid, and the result is a mass of water at the high level, and as their own vast volumes of vapor rising are condensed they add to the water already accumulated thousands of feet above the earth's surface—making, so to speak, a lake in high air.

As the whirlwind weakens or passes from beneath the vast body of water, which its ascending currents have generated and upheld in the upper story of the atmosphere, the aqueous mass, no longer supported, drops with ever-increasing gravitational force to the earth. In severe cloudbursts the water does not fall as rain, but in sheets and streams, sometimes in columns of hundreds of feet, excavating many holes in the ground, varying from twenty-five to thirty feet in diameter and from three to six feet deep. In a similar but milder storm, which visited Boulogne last May, fissures were cut in the streets eight feet deep and openings made large enough to engulf a horse and cart.—N. Y. Herald.

Minister Hirsch Comes Back.

A lad with few friends here, and not many dollars, landed in New York some twenty years ago, but he did not lack luck. After visiting the city he sought room for a wider growth in Oregon. In 1852 he became a state legislator, and continued such until 1858, when he came near being elected to the United States senate. Meanwhile this once friendless youth had succeeded till he stood at the head of the largest mercantile house in Oregon. Yesterday he stepped down the gang-plank of the North German-Lloyd steamer Lahn with his commission as United States minister in his pocket. At the Hoffman house he modestly scrawled the name "S. Hirsch."

Seven months ago he started to visit his partner, Mr. Fleischer, who was lying dangerously ill at Vienna. While he waited at Carlsbad he received an official dispatch from Washington notifying him of his appointment to Constantinople. Later he received his commission and credentials to the Sultan's court. Minister Hirsch had an unusual and gratifying experience in Constantinople. The etiquette of the court requires that the stranger, no matter with what credentials, must have been within the city wall sixty days before being granted an audience with the Sultan. Minister Hirsch was invited to the palace in just ten days after his arrival. It was a special audience on Wednesday, the usual day for the reception of ambassadors being Friday. The Sultan expressed the most cordial feelings toward Americans in general, and he had particularly pleasant words to say concerning Gen. Lew Wallace, S. S. Cox, Mr. Strauss, minister Hirsch, and ex-Mayor Hewitt. Minister Hirsch goes to Washington in a day or two to see the president and Secretary Blaine, and then returns to Oregon, to prepare for the departure of himself and family for their new home.—New York World.

Some Facts About Eggs.

The Egyptians are, however, far in advance of us in the science of raising chickens, and the incubating establishments of the country hatch out eggs by the millions every year. At a hatching farm near the city of Cairo, writes a Cairo (Egypt) correspondent, another artificial egg-hatching turns out 500,000 little chicks every season, and the even crop of chickens in Egypt amounts, according to figures furnished by the consul-general, to more than twenty millions of chickens a year.

Chicago's Miserly Millionaire.

The man who told me this story had something to say about "Old Hutch." Of course, I never talked to a board of trade man ten minutes without hearing something remarkable about the old man. He seems to be as persistent in getting into men's minds and onto their tongues as Charles L. in Mr. Dick's Memoirs. This man says: "You can find 'Old Hutch' on one of the stools at a cheap lunch counter down near the board every morning of the week. Goes in there regularly and orders two soft-boiled eggs and rolls, and he looks at the check as closely as any poor clerk in town. How's that for a man with his money? Millions and millions of wealth, and eating a 15 or 20 cent breakfast. But that's his style. He surprised me the other day. As long as I've been around the board I never saw 'Old Hutch' wear anything but a black slouch hat; but the other day he appeared with one of those new-style straws with straight stiff brim. Nobody could look at him without smiling, and the old man 'tumbled' and wore it only one day. He doesn't care for dress, or comfort, or good living, anyway. He has just one passion in life, and that's gambling. He is the first man on the floor of the board always and the last one to leave it. The excitement of the trading hours is the meat and drink of his life. He revels in it. Imagine, if you can, the supreme delight to see a man of running a corner such as he manipulated last December. But he's almost parsimonious in his daily life. I saw him at the theatre one time alone, sitting in a parquet seat without a son to talk to. He's a one; that's what he is."—Chicago Mail.

The Nicaragua Canal.

Work upon the Nicaragua canal continues steadily, says the Greytown correspondent of the New York Times. The rumors circulated apparently in the interest of the Panama schemes do not affect the construction party in the least, as it is admitted on all sides that the "little misunderstanding" between Nicaragua and Costa Rica will soon be settled in an amicable manner. Both the Nicaraguans and the Costa Ricans are warmly in favor of the immediate pushing forward of the work of construction, and all sensible people admit that there is more smoke than fire in the utterances in regard to trouble said to be brewing between these two republics upon the subject of the interoceanic canal.

The health of the construction corps is remarkably good, out of 700 men now employed only seven being in the hospital, and of these a majority are sufferers from slight ailments. The engineers in charge of the different camps are greatly disappointed with the laborers imported from Jamaica, preferring the Nicaraguans, who, however, owing to the sparse population cannot be had in very large numbers. Arrangements have been made, in view of this fact, to engage men from the neighboring islands and different coast towns. The great objection to the Jamaicans lies in the fact that they cannot use the paddle, and that, consequently, there is a necessity in getting the boats' crews necessary to transport the laborers. Naturally most of the work now being done is work necessary to prepare the way for the arrival of the steam mavers and dredges. The latter will not be able to get to work until the protecting breakwater is finished, and so the efforts of the engineers are mainly directed toward that.

John G. Giant, Printer.

John G. Giant, the celebrated tramp printer, has been in this city during the past three days. This remarkable man, who is known in almost every printing establishment in the central and southern states, is seventy years of age and has been constantly on the tramp since the close of the civil war. The longest tramp he ever made was in 1884, when he left this city and traveled through all of the states between here and Florida, and returned by the same route, reaching Caspocip, Mich., just six months from the time he left here. He kept a careful record of the number of miles walked, and the entire length of the journey was 2800 miles. For a man then 65 years of age this certainly was a remarkable feat. The veteran printer has a great failing for drink, but his constant indulgence does not seem to impair his mental faculties, and he possesses a remarkable fund of information picked up by reading and experience. He recently started a very unique newspaper called Giant's Typographical Tourist. It is published "on the road" and gives interesting items concerning the craft.—Indianapolis Journal.

Immigration Lies.

A German peasant who arrived at Castle Garden last week with only seven francs in his pocket had been told by an emigration agent that gold was so plentiful in this country that people gave golden trinkets to their children to play with and trimmed their carriages, buildings and streets with the precious metal. He therefore sold his little plate, bought a ticket for New York and gave a farewell feast to his neighbors. He will be sent back.

The habits of the Laclede hotel have a lively recollection of the visit which John L. Sullivan paid to that hostelry some four years ago. He was there for several days and during his stay was the observer of all observers. A number of gentlemen did their best to induce him to give an exhibition of his wonderful strength. This he declined to do, but at length he yielded to their solicitations and performed a feat which none who witnessed it will ever forget. Stepping to the bar, which is of hard mahogany, he laid a silver dollar on the counter. He then raised his right hand and brought his fist down with tremendous force. Upon raising his hand it was seen that the coin was stamped deep into the wood and could with difficulty be extracted. Every letter and device was reproduced in the wood and remained plainly legible for two years, in spite of the frequent scrubbing to which it was subjected.

The Lebanon Express says: "Mr. S. Smeed, a hop grower of Lane county, has shipped one bale of hops raised on his place this year. The hops were of the Kentish Golden variety, and were of good quality. This is probably the first shipment of 1889 hops from Oregon this season."

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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clear over and his agile little finger crushed it into a very small wad and held it there unnoticed while the other fingers were free to use. And inasmuch as the 'sucker' has himself twice counted the bills and has seen the fakir count them he will swear that he has got all that belongs to him when he has compelled the fakir to go down into his pocket and fork out the silver dollar. He doubts up the bills without further examination and is gone.

"That the work doesn't end there. When the fakir laughingly claps the man on the back he puts a chalk mark on him which keeps all the other fakirs away from him. He may try to buy red lanterns or peanuts or prize packages or concert tickets, but he can't do it. The man he haunts refuse to see him and pass him by. The reason is this: If they sell him something they might cause him to bring forth the roll of bills, in which case he might notice that the ten dollars is missing and would be apt to raise a row. But he is not to be overlooked the signal and he is instrumental in raising the man of his loss he is compelled by a rule of the fakirs to stand the loss and restore the ten dollars or whatever sum it may be. In case a man gives up a ten instead of a twenty the fakir only makes five, and if it's a five he probably only gets one. You see there must be enough bills left in the wad so that the absence of one won't be noticed.

"That's a good scheme," I remarked, "but suppose when the robbery is complete the purchaser of tickets should take a notion to count his money again?" "These fakir one man in a thousand who will do it," he replied. "You see he has counted it twice and seen the other man verify his count."

"Yes, I know, I persisted, 'but suppose he should count it; would not the fakir be in a pretty bad boat?'" "Not in the least," he replied. "If such a crank should happen along, and they do occasionally, the instant he starts in to count the money the fakir drops the big bill from his left hand to the ground and catches the buyer by the arm with some such exclamation as: 'Look out there! You're losing something. You'll get the worst of it if you're not careful.'"

Lincoln's Offer of Marriage.

Abraham Lincoln's offer of marriage was a very curious one, and, singularly enough it has but recently come to light. Numerous as his biographers have been, and closely as they have gleaned for new facts and material, it was left for the latest one, Jesse Werk, of Greenacres, to discover the unique and characteristic production of Mr. Lincoln's almost untold mind. The letter is one of several written, presumably to the lady he afterward married. Addressed to "My dear Mary," it reads as follows: "You must know that I cannot see you or think of you with entire indifference. And yet it may be that you are mistaken in regard to what my real feelings toward you are. If I knew you were not I should not trouble you with this letter. Perhaps any other man would know enough without this information, but I consider it my peculiar right to plead ignorance and your bounden duty to allow the plea. I want in all cases to do right, and most particularly so in all cases with women. I want at this particular time, more than anything else to do right with you, and if I knew it would be doing right, as I rather suspect it would, to let you alone, I would do it. And for the purpose of making the matter as plain as possible, I now say you can drop the subject, dismiss your thoughts—if you ever had any—from me forever, and leave this letter unanswered without calling forth one accusing murmur from me. And I will even go further and say that if it will add anything to your comfort or peace of mind to do so, it is my sincere wish that you should. Do not understand by this that I wish to cut your acquaintance. I mean no such thing. What I do wish is that our further acquaintance shall depend upon yourself. If such further acquaintance would contribute nothing to your happiness, I am sure it would not to mine. If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me, I am now willing to release you provided you wish it; while, on the other hand, I am willing and even anxious to bind you as often, if I can be convinced that it will in any degree add to your happiness. This, indeed, is the whole question with me. Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable; nothing more happy than to know you were so. In what I have now said I think I cannot be misunderstood, and to make myself understood is the only object of this letter. If it suits you best to answer this, farewell. A long life and a merry one attend you. But if you conclude to write back, speak as plainly as I do. There can be neither harm nor danger in saying to me anything you think just, in the manner you think it. Your friend, Lincoln."

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