

McMinnville Telephone-Register.

REGISTER Established August, 1881.
Consolidated Feb. 1, 1889.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1889.

VOL. I. NO. 28.

J. I. Knight. A. E. Wood. W. T. Shortliff.

J. I. Knight & Co.,

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE,
LOAN BROKERS, NOTARIES PUBLIC AND SEARCHERS OF RECORD.

Money to Loan.

McMinnville, Oregon.

J. F. CALBREATH. E. E. GOUCHER.
Calbreath & Goucher,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
McMinnville, Oregon.
(Office over Braly's Bank.)

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

DR. J. C. MICHAUX
Practicing Physician and Surgeon,
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.
Jan. 21, '88.

E. WRIGHT
Has the most complete stock of harness
in the county. At present 12 set of
single harness, hand made, in prices
ranging from \$12 to \$30, and 8
set of team harness as cheap.

AS ANY PLACE IN THE COUNTY
Can be seen on the hooks in my shop.
I have competent workmen employed
to do all kinds of repairing and to make
any harness ordered. I also keep a full
stock of all repair robes, top robes,
horse covers, saddles, etc. A full line of
rags for repairs constantly on hand.

J. B. ROHR,
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter
McMinnville, Oregon.

Graining,
Paper Hanging and
Carriage Painting.
Prompt Attention to Orders from
the Country.

McMINNVILLE NATIONAL BANK.
McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

Transacts a General Banking Business.
President.....J. W. COWLES
Vice President.....LEE LAUGHLIN
Cashier.....CLARK BRALY
Sells exchange on Portland, San Francisco
and New York.
Interest allowed on time deposits.
Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON.
EUGENE CITY.

Next session begins on Monday, the 19th
of September, 1889.
Free scholarships from every county in
the State. Apply to your County Superintendent.
FREE TUITION AFTER JAN. 1, 1890.
Four Courses: Classical, Scientific, Lit-
erary and a short English Course in which
there is no Latin, Greek, French or German.
The English is pre-eminently a Business
Course. For Catalogue or other information,
address J. W. JOHNSON,
President.

Sporthand
Typewriting, Penmanship, Correspondence, Blue
Ink and Legal Forms practically taught at the
Portland Business College.
The thorough work done in each of our seven
departments has given this institution a reputation
such as but few schools attain, securing a
thousand of our graduates profitable employ-
ment, both as book-keepers and stenographers.
Students admitted at any time. Catalogue free.
A. F. ARMSTRONG, Principal, Portland, Or.

The St. Charles Hotel.
Sample rooms in connection.

Is now fitted up in first class order.
Accommodations as good as can be
found in the city.

S. E. MESSINGER, Manager.
THE NADJY BAR!
IN THE COOK HOUSE.

Stocked with the Choicest Wines, Liquors
and Cigars—Domestic and Imported.
The Best Bar in the City
WM. MARTIN, Proprietor.

WM. HOLL,
Watchmaker
and Jeweler.
Dealer in All Kinds of Watches, Jewelry, Plated Ware,
Clocks and Spectacles. McMinnville, Or.

CARLIN & HIGH,
Draymen.
Goods of all descriptions moved and care-
ful handling guaranteed.
Collections will be made monthly.
Hauling of all kinds done cheap.

CHARLIE.
Of Portland, formerly of this city, has
bought out Chee Wai, and will do
—IRONING AND WASHING—
for his patrons. He also contracts for la-
bor. Place of business, foot of Fourth
St. A share of the public patronage is so-
licitly sought. Work guaranteed as good and as
cheap as anybody.

HARRISON'S PARSIMONY.

Economical Eccentricities that
Astound his Friends.

The impression is growing day by day
that Ben Harrison, who was elected
president of the United States last fall,
is economical to a very extraordinary de-
gree. Indeed, some people who have had
personal relations with him, so far as to
intimate that he is a pretty
mean man. And this kind of testimony
does not come from democrats, either. It
comes from way-back republicans, dyed
in the wool and a yard wide, who worked
for Harrison's election, spent their time
and their energy and their money like
water and had abundant opportunity to
reach fairly accurate conclusions con-
cerning the personal characteristics of
the man from Indianapolis.

And what they say is cordially in-
dorsed and confirmed by Gen. Harri-
son's old-time companions in arms.
These old soldiers know him, of course,
in the "down to the ground" fashion that
men know a man with whom they have
lived in camp, and they all talk
frankly of how cold blooded and how pe-
nurious he used to be, and how unpopu-
lar he was in consequence. The politi-
cians and tradespeople of Indianapolis
tell countless stories tending to confirm
and establish this rather unfavorable es-
timate of Mr. Harrison's personality,
and Washington abounds with similar
anecdotes, although the president has
been living there but a few months. As
for New York, the two or three visits he
has made since the inauguration have
furnished material for comment in the
clubs among local statesmen, all tending
to establish Mr. Harrison's reputation
for a picturesque parsimony on a firm
and lasting foundation.

So far as this sort of thing is concerned,
New York, Washington and Indianapo-
lis, are thoroughly in accord. They
may differ about base ball matters, and
the president, by the way, is an admirer
of the national game, and New York
may down Washington and Indianapolis
and keep them at the tail end of the list,
but so far as furnishing evidence in
demonstration of Mr. Harrison's nig-
gardly characteristics the three towns
are all enthusiastically together with the
tail-enders in the league contest, how-
ever, leading New York by several
lengths and a very small percentage.
Indeed, the English language has been
exhausted long ago in repeated attempts
at adequate characterization. A Wash-
ington paper sallies into the Scotch
vocabulary and refers to the president as
"near." Another journal intimates that
he is "close," but after all he is more
generally described as mean. Those in
Washington who deal in the charlotte
reuse and the bon-bons of the dictionary
spoke of him as penurious or niggardly
or parsimonious. But, after carefully
reviewing all expressions of opinion, the
conclusion is reached that the great ma-
jority of people who refrain from going
to the length of characterizing Mr. Har-
rison as a mean man, admit that he is
stingy. And after having made this
confession they go on to tell stories
about Mr. Harrison which go to show
that solely on account of his conspicuous
frugality for saving he is clearly entitled
to a position among politicians and states-
men somewhat similar to the one oc-
cupied among financiers by Russell Sage.

The first time New York was given any
intimation of Mr. Harrison's economical
tendencies was when he came on here
during May and was tendered a public
reception at the Brooklyn Club. A crowd
of notable men across the river gathered
at the handsome club-house to welcome
him and do him honor. There was a
good deal of handshaking and champagne
drinking, and finally the chairman of the
house committee began to pass around
boxes of Perfecto cigars. They passed
from one man to another, each gentle-
man helping himself to a single cigar, of
course, until they reached the hands of
the head of the nation. Now Mr. Harri-
son's taste, if the testimony of his cigar
dealer in Indianapolis may be trusted, is
for small cigars, and his cigar dealer de-
scribed with great particularity to a
World correspondent last summer the
kind of small ten-cent cigars which Mr.
Harrison is in the habit of smoking. The
Perfectos which were passed around at the Brooklyn club were not
small cigars and therefore presumably
not to Mr. Harrison's taste, but evidently
under certain circumstances Mr. Harri-
son's taste is rather an elastic affair, be-
cause apparently to his own great sat-
isfaction and the mild astonishment of ev-
erybody in the neighborhood the repub-
lican president thrust his open hand into
the cigar box, when the box finally came
his way, and when his hand was with-
drawn it was seen to be full of the frag-
rant weeds, which collection he speedily
transferred to both upper vest pockets.
Of course the story of Mr. Harrison's
unique cigar grab promptly found wide
circulation, both in Brooklyn and New
York, and those who knew of Mr. Harri-
son's taste in cigars came naturally to
the conclusion that his taste was never
indulged at the expense of his frugality.

ing, and that he only liked small cigars
when he paid for them, and that when
he secured them for nothing larger cigars
suited his purpose perfectly well.

New York's attention having been
called to Mr. Harrison's financial peculiar-
ities after this somewhat unexpected and
interesting fashion, the experiences of
other cities with the chief magistrate im-
mediately became of greater interest
than they had been before, and newspa-
per paragraphs, which before had been
passed as of trifling consequence, began
to take on a deeper and more picturesque
significance. Rumors from Washington
concerning the shabbiness of the White
house and how American servants had
been discharged and English servants ta-
ken in their place, because of the saving
in wages thus secured, were regarded
with more interest by politicians in New
York and people who heard the Brooklyn
story than they would have been if that
story had never gained any currency. Curiosity concerning Mr. Harrison's per-
sonality in the direction here indicated
was stimulated; questions were asked of
Washington people and Indianapolis people
and gradually the estimates of Mr.
Harrison's character were adjusted in
accordance with the new information ob-
tained.

In Washington it must be said that
they knew Mr. Harrison pretty well be-
fore he came there as president of the
United States. He had served as a sen-
ator, and during the years of his previous
residence had succeeded admirably in
giving his habits of grasping parsimony
an advertisement of the widest and
most exhaustive character. The Wash-
ingtonians, especially among those whose
business or whose tastes connected them
with the houses of congress, remembered
how the humble pages had been in the
habit of referring to the senator from
Indiana, how meanly he had always
treated them, and how the most agile of
them were invariably laggard when Harri-
son clapped his hands. They never
expected anything from him, and their
expectations were never disappointed.
Frequently they were dispatched on long
errands to save a dime for the senator
from Indiana and the shrewd little fel-
lows remembered these jaunts and when
Harrison summoned them they all en-
deavored to be extremely elsewhere.
Those who were acquainted with the
senate chamber during Mr. Harrison's
term were well acquainted also with the
senator's economies in the direction of
mild meals and how he almost de-
pended on Senator Sewell of New Jersey,
for the where-withal to refresh the inner
man. The senator from New Jersey kept
what is euphemistically described as a
jug of "cold tea" in his committee room
and an attractive free lunch of crackers
and cheese and chilled beef was kept in
connection with this liquid tonic, and it
soon became the acknowledged source
of procedure for anybody who wanted to
find Harrison, and did not find him at
his desk, to make a bee line for the loca-
tion of this simple, yet gratuitous, refec-
tory.

These and other matters of a similar
import are so well known and understood
in Washington that when Mr. Harrison
came there in his latest role as president
the Washingtonians were quite prepared
for the present situation of affairs, which
from all accounts includes a very shab-
bily dressed president, a shabbily con-
ducted white house, shabby horses and
carriages, a very shabby men and the
whole aspect of matters embellished and
feetooned with economical eccentricities
of the most diverse and bewildering
kinds. The soft carpets which were
characteristic of the house during the
time of Mr. Arthur and Mr. Cleveland
have been replaced by the control of Mr.
Arthur and Mr. Cleveland have been
given place to cheap and tawdry mat-
tings, and these are used not only to
cover the floors of apartments but have been
pressed into service for stair coverings. The
main flight of stairs, which is climbed
daily by numbers of office-seekers and
others is covered by a strip of twenty-cent
matting, already fraying out, though it
has been there but a very short time.
The government pays for this matting,
and there is no reason why it should not
be of good material, except that the pres-
ident has an insane fondness for cheap
things. The same spirit of parsimony of
course dictated the laying of strips of
linen crash across the east room carpet
during public receptions. A contingent
of ushers is furnished with the crash, and
they instruct the representatives of the
great public at intervals something after
the following fashion:

"Step along lively there! Keep on the
crash! Don't walk on the carpet!"
This is a specimen of economy at
Washington under a republican adminis-
tration. The crash, of course, costs more
than is represented by any possible dam-
age to the carpet, just as the matting
will prove it is so soon worn out. It is
cheap, however, very cheap, and that is
a sufficient recommendation for our cur-
rent president.

As for the president's dinner-table, it
is said to be the barest and most unat-
tractive seen in the White house for
many a long year. Those who have
dined with him and afterwards dined at
Chamberlain's declared that here is ab-
solutely a case where one thing reminds
you of another because it is so different.
The meat and vegetable markets of
Washington seem to have about as little
to do with the president's dinner as it
is possible and keep up any connection at
all. President Harrison has a pretty
skillful cook in Mme. Pelonard, who pre-
sided over the cuisine of the ill-starred
Sackville, but even a first-class French
cook cannot do much unless she has
something to put into her pans and her
ovens, and Mme. Pelonard seems to be
suffering from such lack of material as
this. But the statesman who have dined
with Harrison since he became president
do not complain so much of the poverty
of the menu and the dainty dishes
which are put forward as they do over
the fact that Baby McKee is served with
each White house dinner more regularly
and more certainly than any other fea-

ture of the menu. It is understood that
Wm. Miller, who only accepted the
president's invitation to dine after much
doubt and hesitation, was astounded to
find that he was called upon to meet the
president's squalling grandchild and to
have his conversation interrupted and ex-
clamations and outcries from so unusual
an adjunct of a state dinner as this scion
of the house of Harrison.

But without going any further into the
details of the situation at Washington, it
may be said that general testimony is to
the effect that official life at the white
house, is run down at the heel. It is
sloppy, slovenly, and bears every evi-
dence of the president's close-paring
predilections. When relations come to
visit him it is said that instead of enter-
taining them at the Washington hotels he
has cots put up in some of the white
house apartments never intended for
bedrooms. For the sake of a few dollars
the president cannot refrain from trans-
ferring the white house into a house of
lodgings, and other economies of his
have been of the same undignified
character. The barber who used to be
at the Denison house in Indianapolis, and
who attended to the cutting and trim-
ming of Harrison's beard for a mat-
ter of twelve years, now holds some pos-
ition at the white house with a \$1,000
a year salary attachment, and it is
understood that in the intervals of his
duties he acts as the president's valet
and personal barber without additional
compensation.

Perhaps for the sake of the general ap-
pearance of our chief magistrate, no ob-
jection should be made to this arrange-
ment. Possibly it would be a fortunate
thing if he could get hold of a journeymen
tailor of taste and ability on some
what similar term. The shabbiness of
his clothes is notorious, and the reason
for it were made perfectly clear in a
series of interviews with the Indianapolis
tradespeople printed in the World last
year. It is shown then that he was
shabby in his attire not because he was
careless, but because he had a deep-seated
objection to spending money for de-
cent and proper clothes. W. D. Seaton,
Mr. Harrison's hatter, who does business
at 25 North Pennsylvania avenue, In-
dianapolis, related how he had been wear-
ing a silk hat for two years and he had
not purchased the hat with his own
money. It was the satisfactory outcome of
an election bet and had cost \$5 when it
was new. The hatter said he hadn't been
able to sell him a straw hat that season
because Mrs. Harrison had come into
his store with a Mackinaw straw hat and
wanted him to clean it and when he told
her he couldn't do it, she went some-
where else and got the lammering done
and cheese and chilled beef was kept in
connection with this liquid tonic, and it
soon became the acknowledged source
of procedure for anybody who wanted to
find Harrison, and did not find him at
his desk, to make a bee line for the loca-
tion of this simple, yet gratuitous, refec-
tory.

Gen. Harrison's shoemaker, who does
business next door to his hatter, vouches
for the information that Gen. Harrison
were about one pair of shoes a year, and
that sometimes they were resoled as fre-
quent as three times. His Indianapolis
shirtmaker said that he bought common
stock for his own use and replenished his
wardrobe very frequently. And his tailor
told a similar testimony. He buys
cheap clothes and has them cleaned and
renovated time and time again. And so
the story goes on and it is not wonderful,
therefore, that Mr. Harrison is one of the
seediest-looking men in Washington, so
far as dress is concerned, and likely to
remain so. And people don't object to
it so far as Mr. Harrison personally is
concerned. They declare with a great
deal of justice that his dressing well and
handsomely is something he owes to the
position he occupies and to the appearance
he is bound to make among mem-
bers of the diplomatic corps. And his
garage, by the way, when he drives out,
is very much in keeping with his clothes,
and has been the subject of endless com-
ment and criticism in Washington.

The stories which come from Indianapo-
lis with reference to Mr. Harrison's
cheerful and consistent parsimony may
be numbered by the score. Here is an
example: Just before the Chicago con-
vention Chairman Huston, of the repub-
lican state central committee, undertook
to secure the attendance of the Tippecanoe
club in the interest of Harrison,
and a meeting was called and the subject
discussed by the veterans. A large
number declared that they were not in
circumstances that would justify a trip
to Chicago if they had to pay their own
bills, and it was finally decided that the
matter only be decided after Harrison,
who was very anxious that the club
should go as a body. John M. Tilford
and Isaac Taylor, respectively president
and secretary of the club, held a confer-
ence with Harrison, in which the im-
pennious condition of some of the mem-
bers was referred to and Harrison was
told that it would cost \$500 to pay the
expenses of the members of the club,
who were not able to go under other cir-
cumstances. Contrary to expectation,
Harrison received the statement with the
utmost nonchalance possible and did not
offer to contribute one cent to the pro-
posed trip. The club had another meet-
ing and was urged by Harrison to go to
Chicago in a body if possible, but in none
of the negotiations did he so much as of-
fer to pay any part of the expense. The
result was that only about half of the
club attended the convention, and each
of these paid his own expenses, though
some of them were not in a condition to
do so except at inconvenience to them-
selves and their families. Even among
the friends of the president this example
of selfishness is commented upon un-
favorably and is regarded as characteris-
tic of the man. Those who went to Chi-
ago, in some instances, did so at serious
inconvenience and great expense, while
Harrison was able to pay their expenses
without any inconvenience whatever.

All of which suggests the interesting
question whether a man who is capable
of higgling over two cents is capable also
of conducting the national government
on a broad-minded and liberal basis—
New York World.

A LITTLE EPISODE.

Cecil Bell's father had been dead some
time, and besides the sorrow incident to
his demise, they (Mrs. Bell and Cecil)
discovered the disagreeable fact that the
little income they still enjoyed was en-
tirely insufficient to support them.

After due deliberation they decided on
typewriting as the thing, and in pursu-
ance of this scheme Mrs. Bell paid \$50,
and Cecil devoted four months to study.

At the end of that time she was pro-
ficient, and answered an advertisement for
a typewriter.

The advertiser proved to be a Mr. Phil
Dixon, and when he had seen Cecil's
fine, frank face he knew at once that
there was no necessity for further inter-
views.

Cecil entered upon her new duties in
her usual cheerful way, and everybody
who saw the trim, quiet figure, envied
Mr. Dixon.

That gentleman himself being shrewd,
was well aware of Cecil's good points be-
yond the exquisite beauty which a mere
casual observer would have noticed.

He was a bachelor and quite a social
favorite, but after Cecil gave him permis-
sion to call the circles he had frequented
often missed him.

At first he had merely thought of her
as a sweet, industrious little thing, but
these qualities, with beauty and grace
added, are bound to make a profound
impression on a man, especially if he is
constant proximity.

After three months of this companion-
ship Mr. Dixon found himself very much
in love, and in the meantime Cecil had
gradually become impressed with his up-
right character and gentle manner.

On one unusually rainy day—rainy days
are supposed to cause lonely people to
sigh for affinites—Philip Dixon asked
Cecil to become his wife, and she, too
excited to realize her complete happiness
consented.

What blissful days followed—what de-
lightful drives, inspiring operas, not to
mention the delicious, quiet little even-
ings often spent by themselves, which
were mostly devoted to forecasting bliss
yet to come.

The wedding was soon decided upon,
and Cecil was deep into the mysteries of
her pretty little trousseau.

It was after 5 o'clock of her last day at
the office, and, having nothing to do and
being entirely alone she sat resting her
pretty chin in her hand, thinking of her
coming marriage and the great happiness
that had glided into her life.

"How happy I am!" she murmured, a
lovely blush suffusing her face.
Hearing footsteps, she straightened up
in a business-like way, and arose to see
certain the caller's errand in time to see
a fine-looking, well-dressed woman ad-
vancing, seemingly acquainted with the
office.

"Is my husband in?" she asked, eye-
ing Cecil's attractive form with great as-
perity.

"No, madam," answered Cecil; "but
if you will tell me his name I might give
you some information."

"You must know that it is Dixon if you
are employed here, as seems to be the
case. How long have you been here?"

"About four months," gasped poor
Cecil, after she had regained enough
breath to speak. "But isn't there some
mistake?"

"Mistake! No doubt. But not as far
as I am concerned," said the angry wo-
man, advancing a step. "Perhaps you
are innocent, but I advise you to seek
other employment."

And after a scornful look at poor, be-
wildered Cecil she swept grandly out
filled with anger at her husband's de-
scription of his assistant—a plain woman,
certainly 25 or more.

Verily, that personage was not to be
envied when he met the irate dame.
Cecil sunk into the chair, all her hopes
shattered, and the hitherto immaculate
object of her youthful devotion was
before her mind's eye—a fallen, shapeless
mass of deceit and corruption.

The office clock chimed 6 and brought
her to a sense of her surroundings. She
sprang up with a hunted, frightened ex-
pression, hardly able to realize that all
had befallen her. She looked at the
clock, a weary, abstracted gaze, showing
plainly that she could not bring her
thoughts to cope with anything so me-
chanically commonplace.

"Six o'clock," she murmured—"6
o'clock."
The words conveyed an idea. She looked
more sharply.

"Six o'clock! He ought to have been
back before now. I cannot, must not,
see him again," and she rushed to the
closet which contained her hat and wrap.
She turned the knob with nervous fin-
gers, grasping the door for support as
she encountered her wild, pale reflection
in the mirror on the closet wall.

Her brush and comb were there, but
she could not come in contact with the
soft, curly bangs on that sad day.
She adjusted her hat and wrap with
lightning rapidity, and after several in-
fectious clutches at her gloves, started
away.

"No, no, not now, take me away first!"
"Very well my poor child, we will go."
They left the next morning on an early
train, and were cozily settled in Mrs.
Bell's sister's country home before noon.

Cecil felt a sense of security, and sat
gazing over the sloping fields at the dis-
tant line of woodland.

She could not think, but dim recollec-
tions of the happy past and blissful
dreams of the future, which had then
possessed her entire being, flitted and
wavered through her brain occasionally,
accompanied by nervous shudders at the
mere idea of what might have hap-
pened had not that terrible woman told
her all.

"What could have been his object?"
she would murmur. "There must be
some mistake—there must be. But no
ought to be thankful that she came in
time to save me."

But that was impossible. While she
could not be blind to the dreadful posi-
tion from which she had been rescued,
she could not be very grateful for that
which had wrung all hope from her
bosom, changing the joyful, delicious
notes in her heart's diapason to minor
tones of unexpressed sadness.

A flush of anger sometimes mantled
her face at the foul manner in which she
had been treated, but with it came the
debasement thought, "I love him still."

Mrs. Bell returned to town in a few
days, saying to Cecil as she left:

"Come as soon as you can, my child."
Before going home Mrs. Bell called for
the young girl who had been their only
servant, and together they went to the
house.

On opening the door a number of cards
and a folded bit of paper met their gaze.
Several of the cards bore the name of
"Philip Dixon," and the note was in his
handwriting, and read:

"Thursday Evening.—Dearest Cecil: I am
surprised at finding you out, and still
more surprised that nobody should be at
home. Why did you leave so early yes-
terday? I had planned a pleasant little
evening. Hope you are not upset by the
little episode of yesterday afternoon."
Yours, "P. D."

A little episode, indeed!
Mrs. Bell's black eyes flashed and her
hair fairly stood on end.

Was this what gentlemen of the pres-
ent day called a little episode?
She crushed the note in her hand and
sat down to think, while her maid lighted
the fire, and before the flame had ascer-
tained itself she had torn a plan.

She might be a helpless woman, but
she would call on Mr. Dixon and ascer-
tain his definition of a little episode.

Ten o'clock the following morning
found her ascending the stairs to his of-
fice.

Philip Dixon half sat on the edge of his
desk as Mrs. Bell entered.

Her face was flushed, and he attributed
it to the fatigue of climbing the stairs.

"Ah, good morning, Mrs. Bell! I am
delighted to see you. Please be seated."

Mrs. Bell stood glaring at him, wonder-
ing if he were completely lost to all sense
of decency.

"Pardon me, madam, be seated, and tell me
why I am thus honored."

"I called, sir," she began, severely,
"to learn your definition of a little epi-
sode."

"Ha, ha, ha!" That was very funny,
wasn't it?" he interrupted, laughing
heartily.

Mrs. Bell was so enraged that she
wanted to grasp him by the throat, and
after several vain efforts to shape a sen-
tence at last controlled herself by a mas-
ter effort.

"Mr. Dixon I am unable to favorably
interpret your intentions, and I demand
an explanation."

"You must know my intentions, and if
my explanation is due it should be of-
fered to me," he replied, gradually as-
suming an attitude of injured hauteur.

"And should a mother, whose daughter
has been deceived by a married man,
make an explanation to the unmitigated
scoundrel?"

"What is it, Cecil?" asked Philip.
She simply looked into his eyes, her
expression conveying a world of re-
proach. But he only held her the tighter.
"That was all a mistake, darling. The
lady was James Dickson's wife, whose
office is in the next building. I never
dreamed you were deceived, and thought
it a good joke."

They returned to town that same day,
and the wedding took place as announced.
—Saturday Night.

LOUISE AND FIFE.

Racy History of their Brief Court-
ship and Marriage.

The announcement, totally unex-
pected, of the engagement of Princess
Louise of Wales to the Earl of Fife, fol-
lowed almost immediately by their mar-
riage, has caused a good deal of surmise
on the part of those outside the sacred
pall of English royalty. Suggestions of
all kinds have been rife; though the
English press, with the terror of punish-
ment for treason overhanging it, dare
not give expression to what was in the
minds of the English public, acquainted
with the amorous warmth of the Guelph
blood.

Twenty years ago the name of the
bride's father, the Prince of Wales, was
synonymous with that of a confirmed
rascal and profligate. To have her name
associated with his, meant ruin, if not
social ruin, to any lady upon whom he
was disposed to look with favor.

The story of his volunteered appearance as a
witness in the Mordaunt case is well
known. Sir Charles Mordaunt sued his
wife for divorce on the grounds of adu-
ltery with Sir Frederick Johnston, Mr.
Clyde, and others unnamed. In the
evidence it was adduced that these gen-
tlemen and the Prince of Wales, were
almost constant visitors at her house
during Sir Charles' absences. When the
fact of Sir Charles Johnston's and Mr.
Clyde's adultery, guilt was proved be-
yond question, the public feeling became
very strong, that the peculiar laws
which sheltered his royal highness from
being compelled to attend either as a co-
respondent with them, or as a witness
(he being presumably equally guilty)
were an abuse of justice; but they were
so explicit that no steps could be taken
against him. At this juncture his royal
highness appeared in court, and asked
the chief justice of England for the priv-
ilege of testifying. It was accorded.

He swore that his intimacy with Lady
Mordaunt was that of a friend, and that
on no occasion whatever had it ap-
proached to being criminal. No cross
examination was asked for; and the
chief justice dismissed him from the
stand in words which have become his-
torical: "Your royal highness, I dis-
miss you from the witness box. You
are to-day the greatest perjurer in Eng-
land—the one most perjured about."

With mature years he has ceased to be
so notoriously and publicly wanton; but
the exclusion of our own Miss Chamber-
lain from society after having been
favored by his notice in a pronounced
way; and the standing which was ac-
corded Mary Anderson after the public
rebuff which she gave to his advances,
proved that his favor to a woman is
fatal to her reputation as honest and vir-
tuous.

The story of his connection with
the Jersey Lily, whom he first made
fashionable, Miss Wards, and many
others, are as numerous as the chron-
icles of Moses.

While the libidinous heat of the
Guelph blood circled in the veins of the
other members of Queen Victoria's fam-
ily, it did not become matter of public
scandal among the males; and did not in-
cite notice until H. R. H. Princess Lou-
ise became infatuated with one of her
tutors, the Reverend Mr. Townsend.
Indiscretion in a male can be condoned;
with a female, even a royal female, it is
fatal. With the taint no royal male of
equal standing would wed the princess;
there was no German