

# McMinnville Telephone Register.

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McMINNVILLE, OREGON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1889.

VOL. I. NO. 31.



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Is now fitted up in first class order.  
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Collections will be made monthly.  
Hauling of all kinds done cheap.

## ABOUT HORACE GREELEY.

Some Very Interesting Reminiscences by P. T. Barnum.

I knew and admired Mr. Greeley years before I had a personal introduction to him. I was then a Jacksonian democrat, and, of course, opposed to him in politics. He came one day into the office of the *Christian Messenger*, in Fulton street, where I happened to be calling. It was election day and politics ran high. He asked Mr. Finch, the bookkeeper, whether Dr. Sawyer had voted yet, and, although Mr. Greeley did not know me, I at once said: "There is no use for you to drum up the clergy to vote. I will bet you \$5 that the democrats will elect their ticket." He felt in his pocket and said: "I have only got \$5; I will bet you that." Yet, really expecting defeat, I did not want to bet at all, so I said: "Oh, no; I will not bet unless you make me \$25." "Finch," said Greeley, "lend me \$20, and I will take that bet."

Finch replied: "You would better not bet, Mr. Greeley; this is Barnum, the museum man, and he will be sure to beat you in some way." "Never mind," said Greeley, "I will bet him." "I was, in fact, sorry to do this, but we put our 'stakes' into Mr. Finch's hands. To my surprise, the democrats carried it, although it was charged that it was done by fraud. From that time Mr. Greeley and I became warm personal friends.

His peculiarities, especially that of absent-mindedness, have often been described, and I have witnessed many curious instances. One Sunday at Dr. Chapin's church my daughter Caroline was with me, and after service, as we were about stepping on a horsecar, Mr. Greeley did the same. My daughter urged me to introduce her, so I said to him: "Mr. Greeley, this is my eldest daughter, Caroline." He looked at her, passed his eyes down as far as her feet and up again to her face, but made no motion of recognition. Caroline felt mortified, and said afterwards: "Well, father, that is the most curious introduction I ever had to any person. What was the man thinking about?"

Years afterward, when I was president of the World's Fair held in Reservoir Square, near Bryant Park, in New York, Mr. Greeley was one of the directors, and was always the first man present at the directors' meeting. He would sit and talk with me a few minutes, and then invariably fall asleep, and remain so until awakened by the arrival of other directors. When the association was about dissolving and wanted to close up its affairs, it was stated at a directors' meeting that the city held a bill of several thousand dollars against us for taxes. Mr. Greeley said: "Now, gentlemen, if you will appoint me a committee of one to wait upon the mayor, I will propose to him that the city shall take our iron fence around the square as payment in full for the taxes. Of course the mayor and I don't agree politically, but we will not be near about a thing of that kind, and I think I can fix it."

I had occasion to go to Europe a week afterward, and was absent nearly two years, during which time the Crystal Palace was burned. Soon after my return I was standing at the door of my museum, when Mr. Greeley passed, and I extended my hand in great joy to greet him after so long an absence. He paid no attention to this movement, but stood as if he had parted only the day before. "Well, Barnum," he said, "I think the mayor will agree to my proposition about that iron fence. I am going to see him again to-morrow and hope we shall arrange it."

During the Rebellion Mr. Greeley often called on me at the museum; at one time when our cause looked the darkest and McClellan's army was lying idle, to the dissatisfaction and dismay of most of our Northern patriots, Mr. Greeley walked into my office. "Oh," said he, "if McClellan would only start that army! It does try my patience beyond measure!"

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "I would gladly give half I possess if I could be assured that we should be successful and the Union preserved. Don't you almost give it up, Mr. Greeley?" "Oh, no," he drawled out, "I don't give it up. My faith is stronger than that of the old woman driving her horse down hill who said she trusted in Providence until the breaking broke and then she gave up. My trust in Providence is greater than that. We must subvert the rebellion and abolish slavery. But it is a drebbled dark time and very trying to our patience."

While I resided in New York Mr. Greeley often called on me, and on one occasion stayed with me over a week. He could never write except by raising the desk as high as his head. I arranged in my library a desk of that kind expressly for his use, and there he sat and wrote every day, his private secretary calling for his manuscript for the *Tribune*.

He wore a pair of thick-soled cowhide boots, and I begged him while in the house and at his work to take them off and put on a pair of my slippers. He peremptorily refused, and said, "he was used to the boots, and it was all right." I insisted that slippers would be more comfortable, add to his pleasure, and even prolong his life. "I guess not," said Mr. Greeley. "but if it did, that would not be of much consequence. It is not the length of a man's life, but the good or evil which he does while here that counts." I urged him to take off his coat and slip on one of my loose dressing gowns, which he also declined but finally accepted.

He had many political callers at my residence, asking favors or making suggestions. He always answered them firmly and somewhat dictatorially. He evidently understood them perfectly, and all the subjects they brought before him. On one occasion a seedy-looking individual called and asked for Mr. Greeley. At first I hesitated about admitting him, but he said that he and Greeley were old "cronies" and he must see him.

## COL. BAKER'S EULOGY.

It Was Delivered Over the Victim of Judge Terry's Cruel Skill.

The following funeral oration pronounced by Colonel E. D. Baker, on the occasion of the burial of Senator David C. Boderick, who was shot by the late Judge Terry, who passed into history as one of the finest eulogies ever delivered. The senator was killed by Judge Terry in a duel in California on September 13th, 1859.

A senator lies dead in our midst! He is wrapped in a bloody shroud, and we, to whom his tools and cars were given, are about to bear him to the place appointed for all the living. It is not fit that such a man should pass to the tomb unheralded; it is not fit that such a death should call forth no rebuke, or be followed by no public lamentation. It is this conviction which impels the gathering of this assemblage. We are here of every nation and pursuit, of every creed and character, each in his capacity of citizen, to swell the mournful tribute which the majesty of the people offers to the unrepenting murderer.

He lies to-day surrounded by little of funeral pomp. No banners droop over the bier, no melancholy music floats upon the reluctant air. The hopes of high-hearted friends drop like fading flowers upon his breast, and the struggling sobs compels the tear in the eye that seldom weeps. Around him are those who had known him best and loved him longest; who have shared the triumph and endured the defeat. Near him are the gravest and noblest of the state, possessed by a grief at once earnest and sincere; while beyond, the masses of the people who he loved; and for whom his life was given, gather like a thunder cloud of swelling and indignant grief.

In such a presence, fellow citizens, let us linger for a moment at the portals of the tomb, whose shadowy arches vibrate to the public heave, to speak a few brief words of the man, and of his death. Up to the time of his arrival in California, his life had been passed among events incident to such a character. Fearless, self-reliant, open in his enmities, warm in his friendships, wedded to his purpose through and over all opposition, his career was checked with success and defeat; but even in defeat his energies were strengthened and his career developed.

When he reached these shores, his keen observation taught him at once that he had a broad field, and that a higher career was before him. He had no false pride; sprung from a people and a race whose vocation was labor, he toiled with his own hands, and sprang at a bound from the workshop to the legislative hall. From that time there congregated around him and against him the elements of success and defeat—strong friendships, bitter enmities—high praise, malignant calumnies—but he trod with a free and proud step that onward path which has led him to glory and the grave.

Fellow citizens! the man whose body lies before you was your senator. From the moment of his election his character has been maligned, his motives attacked, his courage impeached and his patriotism assailed. It has been a system tending to one end. What was his crime? Review his history—consider his public act, weigh his private character—judge before the grave enclaves forever—judge between him and his enemies!

Was he to be judged in his private relations—who was his superior? It was his boast, and amid the general license of a new country it was a proud one, that his most scrutinizing enemy could fix no single act of immorality upon him! Temperate, decorous, self-restrained, he passed through all the excitement of California unshaken. No man could charge him with broken faith or violated trust; of habits simple or inexpensive, he had no loss of gain. He overreached no man's weakness in a bargain, and withheld from no man his just dues. Never, in the history of the state, has there been a citizen who has borne public relations more stainless in all respects than he.

One year ago to-day I performed a duty such as I perform to-day over the remains of Senator Ferguson, who died as Broderick died, tangled in the meshes of the code of honor. To-day there is a more eminent sacrifice. To-day I renew my protest; to-day I utter yours. The code of honor is a delusion and a snare; it palates with the hope of true courage and leads to the net of craft and cruel trickery. It surrounds its victims with the pomp and grace of the procession, but leaves him bleeding on the altar. It is a label, blazoned with the name of chivalry, to cover the malignity of murder.

It substitutes cold and deliberate preparation for courageous and manly impulse, and arms the one to disarm the other; it may prevent fratricide between practiced duellists, who should be forever without its pale, but it makes the mere "trick of the weapon" superior to the noblest cause and truest courage. Its pretense of equality is a lie—it is equal in all the form, it is unjust in all the substance—the habit of arms, the early training, the sectional custom, the lie of leisure, all these are advantages which no negotiation can neutralize and which no courage can overcome.

And now, as the shadow tiers toward the east, and we prepare to bear these poor remains to their last resting place, let us not seek to repress the generous and noble thoughts which prompt the recital of his deeds and many virtues. He rose unaided and alone; he began without family or fortune, in the face of difficulties; he inherited poverty and obscurity; he died a senator in congress, having written his name in the history of the great struggle for the rights of the people against the despotism of organization and the corruption of power.

He leaves in the hearts of his friends the tenderest and proudest recollections. He was honest, faithful, earnest, sincere, generous and brave; he felt in all the great crisis of his life that he was a leader in the ranks, that it was his high duty to uphold the interest of the masses;

## THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

His Absolute Power and Tremendous Responsibilities.

He is exempt, it is true, from the danger of assassination, except possibly by poison; but not only is he the ultimate referee on all subjects connected with government from 200,000,000 of people singularly liable to colossal disaster from famine, flood, earthquake and epidemic, and liable also for all their submissiveness, to the maddest burst of insurrectionary fury; not only has he to satisfy these millions as if they were in some sense a divine being, and to control them without a standing army; not only has he to resist a permanent menace of invasion from the north and intermittent threats of invasion by the coast; not only has he to control a huge civil service, the most corrupt in the world, and the one in which the great men are the most powerful, but he has to remember that he is mantchou emperor, and to maintain the ascendancy of his house and clan against millions upon millions of subjects who, deep as is their reverence for his office, have never forgotten that the dynasty is a dynasty of intruders.

Thus every emperor of China listens and there are men in the empire with whom he must deal cautiously, because they attract Chinese as opposed to Tartar loyalty.

To hold such a position might strain the abilities of the ablest, and the Emperor Tse Chi has so held it that the throne was never so powerful; that overt insurrection has disappeared; that the national patriotism—using that word for want of another to describe Chinese conduct with themselves—is distinctly higher than ever; that a treasury which was a morass of debt and fraud raises money at six per cent., and pays the interest like an European state; that the militia has developed into a dangerous though slow-moving army; that the power of the Mussulman sectaries, 5,000,000 of them, has been pulverized; that the Mussulman kingdom of Kashgar has been driven back from Kuldja; and that Chinese ambassadors are treated throughout Europe as the representatives of one of the great powers of the world—a power not to be neglected much less affronted, without the gravest reason.

China is more solid and contented at home and immeasurably more powerful abroad than when the emperor, a lady probably with crippled feet, who has never since girlhood been outside the park wall of the palace in Peking, took the jade scepter, which she has wielded through a generation with so firm and skilled a hand! And yet Europe has known nothing of her, not even her name. That, in this era of communication, when every newspaper knows everything, and news even from China arrives instantaneously, where correspondents are as numerous as languages, and the far East is not only watched through a microscope, but swept of its treasures with a small-tooth comb, is surely a strange fact.

**Chief Justice Fuller.**

The Chief Justice of the United States lives on a beautiful knoll in the suburbs of Washington, writes M. D., in *July Wide Awake*. His elegant home called "Belmont," with turrets and spires, built of rough light-colored stone, is only a few rods from the Fourteenth-street car line that leads to the White house and capitol. As I was hurriedly passing his home the other day in the pouring rain I saw three little girls all in a flutter of haste and excitement—wrapped in gossamers, with school bags tucked away out of the wet—running to catch the car. Just behind them walked a scholarly-looking, gray-haired gentleman with a most kindly, sunny face shining out from under the umbrella.

"Oh, papa," I heard to hurry up; you're getting so wet," I heard said, and the three little maids stopped and turned back to hold and pull and tug away at the quiet gentleman, hurrying him to take his place in the crowded car packed with a rainy-morning crowd.

"Papa" took hold of the strap, and the rosy little daughters kept fast hold of him to steady themselves in the swaying throng. The dripping umbrella leaped against the door, and the gentleman chatted pleasantly with the conductor, helped an old colored woman with a huge basket of clothes to place it beside him; and when the "transfers" were given for Pennsylvania avenue and the lit the family "changed cars" a murmur of inquiry and pleasure swept over the faces of those left. "Who was that gentleman? Do you know him?"

The conductor walked through, very straight, and looked very proud as he said: "That man was Chief Justice Fuller and he rides on my car every day. We like him. We like him and all his family. They ain't a bit proud nor stuck up, and they know good manners from shoddy ones every time. Mr. Chief Justice talks to us conductors just as kind and good as he does to the president. We hope he may stay on our line forever!"

**Enterprise of the Chicago Man.**

The man who possesses but fifteen cents, for which he desires to get the largest drink of whiskey possible, will exercise more inventiveness than an Edison in schemes for the accomplishment of his purpose. The other day one of them repaired to the refectory of James McGarry and called for a slug of Mr. Hunter's rye. Mr. Casey, who is in charge in the absence of Mr. McGarry, put up the regulation bottle and glasses; whereupon the man proceeded to pour out a drink which would have only needed the addition of soap and towels to constitute an alcohol bath. Mr. Casey noticed this abuse of Mr. McGarry's hospitality and said: "That will cost you a quarter, my friend." The man replied that he had but 15 cents in the world, and the hard-hearted Mr. Casey proceeded to return the whisky to the bottle. The man sadly withdrew. As he crossed the street his face brightened. A happy idea seemed to have occurred to him. He dropped in at the establishment presided over by Tom Newman, and reiterated his request for rye, saying: "Please give me a big dash of boosters." The glass was heavily charged with boosters and the man poured out the same appalling dose which had started Mr. Casey. "Hold on," said Newman, "that drink is worth a quarter." The man laid down his three nickels and said it was all he had. Then he tossed off the drink, paused at the lunch counter a moment, and then bowed himself out. His happy idea was the boosters. The boosters had so interfered with the whisky that it could not be poured back into the bottle. It was a great scheme.

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Bell, the South Carolina impostor, tells the negroes that each of them must have a pair of wings, price \$5, for the "rise" on Judgment Day, and he has taken a great many \$5 bills. If he were to be arrested now it is said that 500 negroes would go upon his bond.

Capt. W. S. Lurty, who is the republican candidate for attorney-general of Virginia, is a cousin of Stonewall Jackson. Capt. Lurty won his rank in the service of the Confederate army. After the war he served as United States district-attorney under a commission from Grant.

## How Moorish Wives Are Treated.

The Moslem women are not such complete slaves to their husbands as is generally supposed. A Moorish officer we took from Jeddah to Tangier had his wife with him. She was his only wife, and, though only eighteen years of age, had been married to him five years and had had three children, one of whom was dead and the other two left behind at their home in Fez, whence they came. He had twice before performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, and had each time been accompanied by his young wife. This time they were taking her mother with them, and, indeed, the thoughtful and considerate way in which he treated and considered her was a good deal of surprise. This bigoted Mussulman—looked upon by his European brethren as a jealous tyrant of women, as an utterly incapable of appreciating their higher qualities and merely using them as a means wherewith to gratify his coarse passions—could certainly have shamed many of them in this matter. The ship was lying in the bay about a mile from the city of Tangier. The sea was running pretty high, and before they came alongside both ladies were very sick. Gently he lifted them aboard and laid them down in a quiet corner, while he rushed about to seek the best place on deck whereon to fix his tent. Then he tore open his packages and drew out from them carpets and pillows and curtains, and in a short while a well-fitted tent was ready, and into it he carried the two women and laid them down and made them comfortable. There they lay till the next day, as much like bundles of clothes as anything else, for even their faces and hands were invisible, and I really believe they did not move once, although in a few hours, as soon as we had got through the straits and entered the Mediterranean sea he became perfectly calm, and a great deal of their indisposition must have been due to that inexplicable nature which would have tried the patience of many a Christian husband considerably. But he busied himself about and lit a fire, and presently turned out a nice little dinner, and did not lose his temper a bit because they would have none of it, but only gazed sorrowfully at the provisions that were to be wasted. Then he made them some tea, and then some coffee, and left them untried in the whole category of things to make them comfortable, patiently sitting there fanning them, or anon starting up to get them some water or any other thing they might want. When, the next morning, the ladies had been induced to look over the side of the ship, and had convinced themselves that the sea was as calm as if possibly could be, and that therefore they could not any longer be sick, then did they bestir themselves and do their proper work in attending to the house and doing the cooking. They took great pride in making the tent look clean and neat, and altogether they seemed to be a very happy couple.

The pilgrims scramble on board with great agility and with no regard whatever for dignity or decency. A ladder, of course, is always welcome, but if one is not handy they are quite capable of swarming up ropes or climbing up the sides. If the women are unable to help themselves they are handed up like any other bundles. For an hour or two after the decks give one the idea of a pandemonium of yelling demons. Everybody seems to be fighting with everybody else. Screams of distress, yells of furious anger, threats and prayers, curses and blessings succeeded each other in bewildering and rapid confusion. The gesticulation is startling. Arabs certainly excel Frenchmen in this accomplishment. The disturbance while it lasts is something awful, and is produced by the searching after and identification of baggage and selection of sites for erecting tents or spreading carpets. Women are no less forward in this business than they are in any other, even among us. One fat old negro we took up at Tangier came on board, and instantly 'took a fancy to a part of the deck which three grave, long-bearded Moors had taken possession of the night before. Furious she ordered them away, and as at first they seemed too much lost in astonishment to comply with her modest request, she proceeded to give them a practical demonstration of her meaning by preparing to pull up the carpets on which they were sitting. On this they started up, and not only let her take the best spot for herself and her husband, who stood by looking on in a half-frightened manner, but also served her submissively in bringing up her boxes and massing them around her, while she sat them on her cushions and begged patronize him. The paper was stopped—the editor refused financially and reduced to a paper. But of the lawyer the people said: "He is an able man, deeply learned in the law, and deserves great credit for having obtained the acquittal of a man guilty of murder! We will give him our law business and pay big fees." They made him a judge and as such he sent his partner, the editor, to the work-house, and said he was a bad man, and should not only be deprived of the means of living, but punished.

We don't indorse the act of an editor in laboring for what is wrong or against what is right for money—but how about the lawyer?—*Leavesworth Times*.

**Cheap Drinking.**

The other evening a portly, well-dressed man walked into an avenue saloon. Business was dull. He ordered whisky. The barkeeper set out the bottle and placed a tumbler of ice water behind the whisky glass. The gentleman poured the smaller glass full, and as he raised it to his lips his elbow was touched. He looked around and put down the untasted glass. A dilapidated tramp stood there asking the price of a drink.

"I never refuse a man the price of a drink when he asks for it honestly," said the well-dressed one. "It shows that no matter how poor he is, no matter what misfortune has come over him, he has not lost his manliness. Here, my poor fellow, is a—Fudge, I felt in the wrong pocket. Oh, pshaw, here. No, hang it! Ah, my pocket-book. D—n it, I left that at home, too. Here, I've got it in my watch pocket. Humph, only 15 cents! My poor friend, I am sorry; I am deeply sorry; but I have only the price of my drink, which I owe the barkeeper here. I have no money for you. My change is in my other clothes. Hold on, though. Here, you shall have your drink, nevertheless."

He poured the ice water into the spittoon, poured half the whisky in the smaller glass into the tumbler, handed it to the tramp, who swallowed it at a gulp and disappeared; drank his beer, laid down the 15 cents, ate an olive, a herring sandwich, a couple of crackers, a piece of cheese, and walked out as steadily as a judge, with the glow of a generous thought still brightening his eye. A moment later he and the tramp were heading up the avenue together.

"That is the first time I've seen it did just that way," said the barkeeper, as he recovered his breath.—*Washington Post*.

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## How They Trot in Russia.

Mr. Walter Winans, who has a regard for the American trotter, has a contribution on trotting in Russia, in *Illustrations*, an English periodical, that is of interest to American readers. Mr. Winans says in his article:

"In Moscow and St. Petersburg a trotter to be considered a trotter, must trot three versts (about two miles) not slower than at the rate of twenty miles an hour; in fact that pace is much too slow to win races, where the time taken for the three versts is often five minutes or less; that is at the rate of over twenty-four miles an hour.

"In Russia three versts is the minimum distance trotted, and a horse that can trot the two miles in five minutes can do one mile in a good deal less than half the time—say in two minutes, twenty-seven or eight seconds.

"The Russian racing drovsky is low and four-wheeled and heavier than the American sulky, and the tracks are at least three seconds slower than ours. So in comparing the trotters of the two nations, a Russian horse which trots two miles in five minutes, is about equal to an American one that trots a mile in two minutes and twenty seconds.

"As three versts in six minutes is the slowest a horse can go to be called a trotter in Russia, the speed of a horse is spoken of there by the number of seconds less than six minutes he takes to trot the distance in. For instance, if he can trot in 5:30, his speed is called 'with-out twenty'; that is, twenty minutes of the six minutes. In the same way a horse which could trot in five minutes would be spoken of as 'without a minute' horse.

"The price of a horse keeps increasing more and more as he can trot in less seconds almost double his price.

"The Russians have taken to using the American sulky, and are discarding the native harness with a yoke using instead the 'Dutch collar.'

"The horses in their races have each a track to themselves, and if there are more than three horses in a race, it has to be trotted in heats. If a driver carries a whip he has to carry extra weight. Three officials, besides the judge, watch each race one for each horse; and if the horse has to walk breaks more than three times in a race, or gallops more than a certain number of strides in a break, a mounted man is sent to order the driver to leave the track. This feature of the Russian system of racing might be adopted in this country with good effect."

**The Chinese Wall.**

The Chinese wall is no myth, contrary to recent assertions. Built 1,700 years before America was discovered, 1,600 miles of it still remains erect. A correspondent who recently rode two days from Peking and mounted its ramparts said:

I could see it climbing the mountains and going down the valley as far as my eyes could reach. It did not diminish in strength nor size at the various points I visited, and its masonry would have been good work for the American builders of to-day. It is about 25 feet high, and at the top it is so wide that two carriages could drive abreast along it and the hubs of one would not touch those of the other.

Its exterior walls are of blue brick of such a size that they look like massive stones, these are filled in with earth and paved with brick at the top. The grass and the moss have now grown over the top of this great wall. No arches now guard it, and it stands amid the snowy mountains a monument of the almond-eyed men who thus, 2000 years ago, sought to protect their homes and those of their descendants for all time to come.

**It Was Robert Bonner.**

A ruddy-faced old gentleman picked up Proctor Knott's left fore foot, examined the heel and then remarked: "Tell Mr. Bryant that his horse needs to have his heels trimmed if he would win a race and continue a winner on the track. His heel is too long, it strikes the ground first and cracks his quarter, shortening his stride. Shoe him so that he will strike level on his feet and he will be a better horse in every way." "And who says so?" was the sneering question of the surly groom. "Robert Bonner, of New York. My best wishes to your employer for his fine horse, for he is a beauty, and if correctly shod will do good work." The groom's hat came off at once as he began to apologize and explain that so many people came about the stable to look at Proctor that he did not really know when to be civil. The stable boys pulled off their caps to the owner of Mand S., the queen of the turf, as the unpretentious old gentleman walked across the stable yard to see Spokane, the winner of the Derby.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

**No Money in Chicken Ranches.**

We know of no poultry farms in England or elsewhere that have not proved disastrous pecuniary failures. We have known many founded under all kinds of conditions, and very many thousands of pounds lost in the attempts. There are no poultry farms in France or Italy, eggs and chickens being produced by the small cultivators. Poultry is a by-product; where it can be produced, as it is profitable, but it has never yet been proved that it can be made to pay for rent of land and building, good skilled attendance and labor, conveyance to market and interest of capital. Our advice is not to embark in a pursuit which affords numerous examples of failure and not one of success. The establishments advertised as poultry farms are businesses for the sale of exhibition poultry at fancy prices, and not farms in the proper sense of the word.—*London Field*.

## How Moorish Wives Are Treated.

The Moslem women are not such complete slaves to their husbands as is generally supposed. A Moorish officer we took from Jeddah to Tangier had his wife with him. She was his only wife, and, though only eighteen years of age, had been married to him five years and had had three children, one of whom was dead and the other two left behind at their home in Fez, whence they came. He had twice before performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, and had each time been accompanied by his young wife. This time they were taking her mother with them, and, indeed, the thoughtful and considerate way in which he treated and considered her was a good deal of surprise. This bigoted Mussulman—looked upon by his European brethren as a jealous tyrant of women, as an utterly incapable of appreciating their higher qualities and merely using them as a means wherewith to gratify his coarse passions—could certainly have shamed many of them in this matter. The ship was lying in the bay about a mile from the city of Tangier. The sea was running pretty high, and before they came alongside both ladies were very sick. Gently he lifted them aboard and laid them down in a quiet corner, while he rushed about to seek the best place on deck whereon to fix his tent. Then he tore open his packages and drew out from them carpets and pillows and curtains, and in a short while a well-fitted tent was ready, and into it he carried the two women and laid them down and made them comfortable. There they lay till the next day, as much like bundles of clothes as anything else, for even their faces and hands were invisible, and I really believe they did not move once, although in a few hours, as soon as we had got through the straits and entered the Mediterranean sea he became perfectly calm, and a great deal of their indisposition must have been due to that inexplicable nature which would have tried the patience of many a Christian husband considerably. But he busied himself about and lit a fire, and presently turned out a nice little dinner, and did not lose his temper a bit because they would have none of it, but only gazed sorrowfully at the provisions that were to be wasted. Then he made them some tea, and then some coffee, and left them untried in the whole category of things to make them comfortable, patiently sitting there fanning them, or anon starting up to get them some water or any other thing they might want. When, the next morning, the ladies had been induced to look over the side of the ship, and had convinced themselves that the sea was as calm as if possibly could be, and that therefore they could not any longer be sick, then did they bestir themselves and do their proper work in attending to the house and doing the cooking. They took great pride in making the tent look clean and neat, and altogether they seemed to be a very happy couple.

The pilgrims scramble on board with great agility and with no regard whatever for dignity or decency