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Great War Ships.

A curious phase of the present controversy as to what constitutes the most effective war ship is that those who might reasonably be looked to to decide the views differing widely, the one from the other. Doubtless the like has been noted in every radical change in construction and mode, both on the land and on the sea. Yet every recurrence brings fresh cause for astonishment. It is not, perhaps, far overstepping the bounds of accuracy to aver that the older officers of navies are most likely to adhere closest to what has been.

It is only natural they should have confidence in the type of ship they are used to, and look with suspicion at the introduction of any other, save what may be regarded as but further development or reconstruction of the same. In the old days the broad pennant of an admiral flew in the tops of a great wooden line-of-battle ship with a broadside pierced like the side of a hospital; that could take a solid shot without disturbing the fiducial on the fo'c'sle, playing to the men swaying in the yards overhead. Now, however, the shot is heavier, with more driving power, and ships' sides are lowered as close as possible to the water line, so to diminish the target. So, to the old time sea fight between the ponderous line-of-battle ships, though it should come again, would not avail to turn the scale of war. If the victor could not do it then, he would find the same heart within the belching of the shore batteries, the same enterprise and spirit animating the torpedo fleet. Hence the big sea fight would have been in vain, the destruction of costly material and, above all, of human life without excuse.

There are those, however, both here as well as abroad, who insist that we need such ships. Among them must be reckoned that distinguished old sailor, Rear-Admiral S. B. Luce, once commander of the Naval Academy and author of the famous text book, "Luce's Seamanship."

In a recent paper entitled "Our Future Navy," he insists that it is ships of this type, monster fighting ships with ponderous sides and batteries—all such ships have proved slow and unwieldy—that we are most in need of. He says: "The battle ship is the foundation of a navy. The United States has none, and hence no navy!"

It is undoubtedly true that we have no navy, but some excellent authorities have attributed this to the fact that our new cruisers have been improperly constructed, and hence of no account, rather than to lack of such craft as the admiral recommends. Indeed, in Great Britain, whose warship designing has become universal criteria, the chief constructor of the navy was recently compelled to resign because holding views similar to those Admiral Luce expresses in his paper. Through his influence the British navy was incumbered with a fleet of monster ships whose characteristics are an insatiable appetite for coal and an intolerable penchant for misbehavior in the sea.

Quoting Admiral Luce once more: "Let us now suppose the battle ships to be substituted for the floating forts of Great Britain. How long could she hold Gibraltar, Malta, control Suez, and maintain her eastern empire by the eastern route? How long could she hold the line of London to Halifax, Esquimaux or India, by the western? How long could she prevent Germany from establishing a military port on the Scheldt? How long could she hold the great strategic points Jamaica, Barbadoes, and St. Lucia, which dominate the West Indies, the Spanish Main and the Isthmian canal, which will eventually open to her a short cut to the Pacific? Without battle ships the whole British empire would crumble to pieces, and... leave not a rack behind."

Some of the most eminent British naval authorities aver, and seriously, too, that the policy of attempting to protect these possessions by ships is a perilous one, sure to lead to disaster. If this policy should prevail, such monster line-of-battle ships as the has, answering the admiral's description, would be available only to guard the coast and in that employment the circular floating battery, costing not a penny so much, would be the steeper, the tiny torpedo boat perhaps more effective.

As to cruisers, such as those we have been building, Admiral Luce agrees with other first-rate authorities regarding their province, quoting the following sterling opinion of a recent secretary of the navy, who, though from this would seem to have been shown the right way, it did not avail him to steer the true course nor hit his port: "If slower than ironclads, she (a cruiser) could not keep the sea, and if slower than merchantmen, she might as well remain in port."—Scientific American.

A Famous Physician.
Almost famously across from Dr. Agnew's, on the white house window ledge, is the name of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, a name that wherever a nerve is discussed, wherever a brain is looked at, wherever a neurological specimen is talked of, is as thoroughly known as that of the queen of England. Author, artist, critic and physician, a dignified medium-sized gentleman, with the courtly manners of the old school, he is the living personification of his own idea "rest." He is in daily consultation by mail and cable with the famed and knighted medical circles "abroad" and wherever a difficult case is under charge. His handsome cottage at Newport has at the present time as guests some of the most famed medical men of this country. A bon vivant, a capital after-dinner speaker, as quick at repartee as he is at discussing the most abstruse problem of medical science, he is to-day the leading brain physician on this side of the ocean, and ranks side by side with the far-famed ones on the other side of the pond.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Counterfeiting, Counterfeiters.

To detect a counterfeit bill on careful inspection seems easy and almost all men accustomed to handling money have a private conceit that they would know a counterfeit on sight. Stand any day beside the patient messenger in the secret service division of the treasury department and listen to the comments of the people who are looking over the books of counterfeit bills and notes. This one is good, that one is bad, they think, and their verdict is generally positive. I noticed a spectacle, important looking young man, with a lady on his arm, and a few friends with him, looking over the book, Saturday. They were evidently a bridal party, and as they conversed I learned that the groom was a bank cashier from some place with an unpronounceable name out in Wisconsin. Yes, Harry would tell us all about it, would tell us the good counterfeit from the bad, and he did it, while the patient attendant held his sides. The way Harry blundered on was remarkable, and even the attendant showed signs of impatience, when he pronounced to be a miserable both the bond popularly supposed to have been made from plates stolen from the government and secretly purchased back from the thieves. (Quite the easiest thing in the world to tell a counterfeit bill), concludes Harry complacently as the party moves on.

The annuals of the secret service tell the story of patient and skilled criminals, organized and with money, working for months and for years, sometimes in the garrets and cellars of crowded cities and sometimes in remote isolated country houses, for the "stake" that shall secure idleness and respectability and prosperity when the work is done. Not a few counterfeiters have been grave robbers, who, haunted by the fear of failing vision, or the loss of touch, have hoped to jump at once into a fortune and be rid of the wearing work forever. Not a few are refined, sensitive fellows, quite unlike the vulgar "silver of the queen," who spends two-thirds of his life behind prison bars.

The doing sometimes shown by these adventurers is a hackneyed subject. Think of McCartney, the wonderfully skilled engraver, lecturing on "How to detect counterfeit bills," and passing counterfeit bills of his own manufacture in the change given at the door. McCartney is just now in prison, but he has been at various times a treasury department expert, agent of the secret service, artist, mule driver, cattle dealer, saloon keeper and machinist. He is said, but probably the story should be taken with a grain of allowance, to have made a plate in two weeks that it takes most workmen six months to finish.

Half the improvements in the genuine bills have been the suggestions of counterfeiters. The little silk thread woven into the bill, which is still supposed by many people to be proof against counterfeiting, was the idea of Tom Ballard, a notorious counterfeit, now doing a thirty-five years sentence at Albany.

It is really remarkable that such fearfully long sentences have not retarded the effects of the poison when a human being stands erect would not.

"Of course there is no vegetation of any kind and it is simply an arid surface."

"A better name for it would be the 'valley of bones,' for it is full of them, and were it not for the winter snows and the summer storms which wash them away the bones and skeletons in the ravine would be simply innumerable."

"Such, in substance," said Mr. McCreary, "was the professor's statement to our party, and you can rest assured that none of us thought it would be a wise thing to take his afternoon nap there and give somebody beneath a chance of promotion."

A Bather's Sad Plight.
Speaking of bathing recalls a little incident that took place not long ago. There is a charming spot on the south side of the lake where a great many people live in cottages. Bathing is popular, and the ladies have overcome their natural scruples about the wetness of it. They have bathing suits, but ye gods, such suits! They are a cross between pajamas and a Mother Hubbard wrapper. A pretty girl in one of these extraordinary costumes is homely enough to stop the Johnston fold. One of the young ladies who bathe in the lake is rather tall, sideways, as a small boy expressed it, and, as a yachtman she was, she has great breadth of beam. She was moving gracefully through the water—she knew that when fat people like a fish—when she felt her extraordinary garment give away. To put it in its accustomed place while she was in the water was impossible. She must get out of the bathing house before any boys appeared. But just then the boys appeared rounded the point in a row-boat and made straight for her.

For a moment she nearly fainted. The water at Minnetonka is clear you know. She shouted to the boys to "go away." But they, not understanding the situation, pulled directly for her. She begged, entreated, commanded, all to no purpose. Then she got mad. She moved to where the water was shallower and sat down. When the boat came near her she grabbed it, while the boys, whom she knew very well, yelled with glee.

"Now, see here," she exclaimed, "if you don't go right away there will be trouble!"

But the boys shouted some more and one stood up so as to get a more extended view of the landscape. The girl saw a rubber circular lying in the boat. She grabbed it and then, with a jerk, pulled the boat down on one side. The youth who was standing up fell into the water, and the boat half filled before she righted. During the excitement the girl sprang up, wrapped the circular about her neck and sedately walked ashore, followed by the wet and bedraggled youth whom she ducked.—St. Paul Globe.

A Valley of Death.

Animated and exaggerated descriptions of a mysterious opening in the Yellowstone Park known as the valley of death, have occupied considerable space in the papers of the country. A gentleman who had just returned from a visit to the great national report says the Philadelphia Inquirer tells the following about the "Valley of Death" in the park: "I can tell you a good deal about the subject which has really not been brought out or published, and my informant is no less a person than Prof. Hague, who himself discovered the valley of death, so called."

"Our party spent some time camping out there. We had heard considerable about the valley in question and one day we came across Prof. Hague, who is in charge of the national geological survey of the Yellowstone Park, who, with his surveying party, was encamped at the Yellowstone lake. We asked him about the mysterious valley of which we had heard so much and his story in substance was as follows:

"There is a valley or rather a ravine of that kind which is indelibly visible to animals and under some circumstances to man himself," said the professor. "I know it and for the best of reasons; I myself discovered it. It was under those circumstances. In company with my corps I was exploring the park and we suddenly came across a deep and dark ravine which we had never before noticed. A little distance away there stood a huge bear, and no matter how easy it may look on paper to tackle one, in reality it requires considerable coolness and strategy."

"We laid our plans, therefore, and disposed ourselves according to the best known rules of strategy, discretion being by no means omitted, and at length advanced on Brinn from all practicable quarters. To our chagrin, we found on arriving near him that he was dead, and a closer inspection showed that he had been dead two or three weeks, though he was wonderfully well preserved. As there were no signs of any wounds that could have caused his death, the sight set us thinking and we proceeded to follow it up. We then searched carefully in the ravine, and soon found bones in large numbers; some very large, indicating the presence almost of prehistoric animals, while numbers of bones of ordinary sizes abounded on every side."

"We came to the conclusion that there must be a poison of some kind in the ravine, as there seemed to be no other way to account for the animal's death, so we returned to the camp to procure the means of discovering if such were the fact. We then procured some supplies and entered the ravine and followed it up. As we held the litmus paper high or were at certain altitudes no change was noticed, but when lower down or when the paper was placed near the ground it showed at once the effects of poison, and by its chemical changes indicated conclusively the presence of carbonic acid gas."

"As animals in general are low in the body and hold their heads down they undoubtedly feel and suffer from the effects of the poison when a human being stands erect would not."

"Of course there is no vegetation of any kind and it is simply an arid surface."

"A better name for it would be the 'valley of bones,' for it is full of them, and were it not for the winter snows and the summer storms which wash them away the bones and skeletons in the ravine would be simply innumerable."

"Such, in substance," said Mr. McCreary, "was the professor's statement to our party, and you can rest assured that none of us thought it would be a wise thing to take his afternoon nap there and give somebody beneath a chance of promotion."

Bullets From Battle-Fields.
A quarter of a century has elapsed since the war, yet many of the farmers of Virginia are still realizing from Yankee lead and brass quite a revenue. It is the children of the farmers living nearest the great battle-fields that bring to light most of the buried relics of the cruel past. Their little fingers, sometimes in play, gather up the heaps of adding to the family coffers, the unused pounds of lead.

In strolling through Alexandria the writer came across a veritable old curiosity shop down by the wharf. It is kept by an old junk dealer, who, yielding to a desire for a glimpse at the latest curiosity, brought to light a big box, which had just arrived from the country that morning. There, in reckless confusion, were bullets, musket balls, old pieces of brass, epaulettes, sword hilts, buckles and buttons, all battered and bruised and corroded by so many years. This box, the dealer said, would weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds, and was but one of many he was constantly receiving.

From the midst of the debris a button was fished out, upon which was inscribed the arms of Vermont (freedom and unity), showing that they must have belonged to some member of the first militia that was mustered into service, as the troops were afterwards uniformed by the United States. These war relics come from the battlefields of Manassas, Culpeper, Fredericksburg and the valley of Virginia, and are sold simply for their value as old lead and brass. Occasionally an invoice of shells arrives which shows the downtown inhabitants into a state of consternation. Not so very long ago quite a batch of these wicked looking things were promptly hustled out of town by command of the mayor.

If the farmers were wise they would preserve the most interesting of these mementoes, for there will no doubt come a time when even the most insignificant will have its value.

Safety in Railroad Travel.

In 1829, when Ericsson's little locomotive "Novelty" weighing two and a half tons, ran a short distance at the rate of thirty miles an hour, a writer of the time said that "it was the most wonderful exhibition of human daring and human skill that the world has ever seen." Today trains weighing four hundred tons thunder by at seventy-five miles an hour, and we hardly note their passage. We take their safety as a matter of course, and seldom think of the tremendous possibilities of destruction stored up in them. But seventy-five miles an hour is one hundred and ten feet a second, and the energy of four hundred tons moving at that rate is nearly twice as great as that of a 2,000-pound shot fired from a 100-ton Armstrong gun. This is the extreme of weight and speed now reached in passenger service, and, indeed, is very rarely attained, and then but for short distances; but sixty miles is a common speed, and a rate of forty or fifty miles is attained daily on almost every railroad in the country. When one reflects upon the destructive energy which is contained in a swiftly moving train, and sees its effects in a wreck; when he understands how many intricate mechanical details, and how many human hands must work together in harmony to insure its safe arrival at its destination, he must marvel at the safety of railroad travel.

In the year 1887, the passengers killed in train accidents in the United States were 207; those injured were 916. The employees killed were 406, and injured 890. These were in train accidents only; it must be remembered, and do not include persons killed at crossings, or while trespassing on the track, or employees killed and injured making up trains. As will be seen later, the casualty in these two classes are much greater than those from train accidents. The total passenger movement in 1887 was equal to one passenger traveling 10,570, 306,710 miles. That is to say, a passenger might have traveled 51,000,000 miles before being killed or 12,000,000 before being injured. Or he might travel an hour for 194 years without being killed. Mark Twain would doubtless conclude from this that traveling by rail is "much the safest profession that a man could adopt. It is unquestionably true that it is safer than traveling by coach or horseback, and probably it is safer than any other method of getting over the earth's surface that man has contrived, unless it may be by ocean steamer. If one wants anything safer he must walk. In considering the means that have been adopted to make railroad traveling safe, it must be remembered that there are very few devices in use that are purely safety appliances. Nearly everything on a railroad has an economic or mechanical value, and if it promotes safety, that is but part of its duty. The great secret of safety in railroad working is good discipline. Of all the train accidents which have happened in the United States in the last sixteen years, nearly 10 per cent. were due to negligence in operation, and 17 per cent. were unexplained. Of these no doubt many were due to negligence, and many that were attributed to defects of track and equipment would have been prevented, had men done their duty.—H. C. Prout, in Scribner's Magazine for September.

The Boy Generals.
Turning to the Union army, the youngest men who ever wore the double stars of a major-general was Gen. Perry Mackenzie of Pennsylvania. He was a brave and gallant general when but a little more than twenty-two years old, and won his grade by the most desperate fighting in nearly every battle of the army of the Potomac. Perry Mackenzie was terribly wounded three times and will never be well. He commanded the Sixteenth Infantry, United States army, as long as he was able to do duty, and in 1863 asked to be placed on the retired list on account of wounds received in service. It is difficult to say just who was the youngest general officer in the Union army. There was a very gallant quintet of young generals who made national reputations—Wilson, Merritt, Upton, Custer and Mackenzie. Three of them were certainly not more than twenty-two or twenty-three when promoted to the grade of general officers, and Wilson and Merritt were about twenty-five when they commanded divisions of cavalry. They (Wilson and Merritt) both graduated in 1850. Upton and Custer in 1861, and Mackenzie in 1862. But Mackenzie won a distinction that has never been equaled since the United States army existed. He won the brevet of every grade in the service, from first lieutenant to major-general, in two and one-half years! He graduated June 12, 1862, and Aug. 29, 1862, he was breveted first lieutenant "for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Manassas, Va.," that awful culmination of fighting from Chantilly, Groveton and fights in a second battle of Ball Run. In the history of our army famed for brilliant courage and gallant deeds Mackenzie's record stands unexcelled, and will probably never be equaled.

Custer was a wonderfully gallant fellow, too, full of that magnetic fire which will make the dullest and most sluggish nature follow where such a soldier leads. And alas, for the pity of it! Custer Mackenzie and Upton are all gone to join that host which no man can number. Merritt wears the honorable star of a general of brigade, and Wilson has achieved fame and made some money in civil engineering, but I think he regrets having left the service. He would certainly have been a brigadier-general and perhaps have attained the higher grade by this time, and he is not yet fifty. It is always a mistake for a man to give up the profession he was educated for, and I have never known an army officer who had attained the grade of field officer when he resigned who was not sorry he did it.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Women in America.
If it be true that the status of women is the just measure of a people's civilization, we Americans may fairly congratulate ourselves upon having made very noteworthy advances toward the light even within the lifetime of the present generation. Women are certainly much freer now than they were half a century ago. The old angry, and ill-directed protest of the advocates of "woman's rights," with which we were all familiar in our youth, have sunk almost into silence, but their ceasing is not because of failure so much as because of success. They have accomplished their purpose though not in the way intended. They have not given the ballot to women, but they have secured them all, or nearly all that the early advocates of woman's rights imagined the ballot only could secure. The oppression of women, against which protest was made, was very real and very unjust; but it was not, as those who protested thought, the oppression of law or political institutions. It was the oppression of custom, and social prejudice alone. The woman whose support was not provided for her by marriage had no fair chance in the world. She was fenced ground with social prejudices which narrowed her choice of bread-winning occupations to two or three over-crowded and ill-paid employments, for all of which she might be, and often was, unfit. She must meekly and painfully support herself in these ways or lead a life of humiliating dependence, and the situation was similar with respect to other matters than bread-winning. The case of such women was unquestionably very hard, and within this generation a revolution has been wrought by broadening enlightenment. A woman is now as free as any man, so far as masculine opinion governs action, to choose her work. She may engage in any occupation she chooses, without fear of losing the respect of any sensible person. She may cultivate whatever powers she has without limit, and exercise them without hindrance. How great the change has been only those can realize who are able to make thoughtful comparisons between the present and the past of thirty or forty years ago, and the gain has been as great as the change. Life is still hard upon women in many ways. They are still subject to many restraints and limitations from which men are free. To some of these they must always remain subject, because they are imposed by physical causes, in their nature irremovable. But the great, or number of women's remaining disabilities are imposed by women, and will disappear whenever women lay aside their prejudices touching women as completely as men have laid aside theirs. That part of the reform will be much slower than the other, but with an army of good women vitally interested in overcoming the prejudices of their sisters there can be no doubt that justice and sweet reasonableness will ultimately prevail. Meantime it should be the member that women are of necessity at a disadvantage in life's struggle, and to deal very gently and generously with them. The mockery of chivalry is done for, but its true spirit should be immortal in the minds of men.—N. Y. World.

She Picked the Winner.
This is the way one young woman convinced herself that she had a "sure thing." She was a pretty girl. Her hair was blonde and her eyes were blue and big. She put the end of her pencil between her lips and gazed wondrously at the blue sky. She placed the racing programme on her lap. She held it flat with her left hand. Then she took the pencil in her little fist, circled it around in the air and jotted it down on the programme. The point went through the name of Hendryx. She seized a uniformed messenger boy by the coat sleeve as he was rushing by and gave him a ten dollar note. All she said to him was "Hendryx straight." He nodded and dashed away. In a few moments he was back and he handed her a card on which were some hieroglyphics which, translated, meant that bet her horse to 1, or 10 to 1, that the animal she had selected wouldn't win. She tapped her foot impatiently until the horses appeared. When they did she inquired excitedly of everybody about her, "Which is Hendryx?" A man accommodatingly pointed the horse out, and she fixed her eyes on him. Hendryx won, but before he did the young woman had been from the pinnacle of joy down to the depths of misery and back again a dozen times. She got her \$10, laughed gleefully and sharpened her pencil preparatory to piercing the next winner. This fashion of picking the winners is quite prevalent among the novices. It is a remarkable fact some of the women have won quite large stakes that way.—Detroit Sun.

Farm Life in China.
A farmer may be hired by the year for \$5 to \$14, with food, clothing, head shaving and tobacco. Those who work by the day receive from 8 to 10 cents, with a noonday meal. At the planting and harvesting of rice wages are from 10 to 20 cents a day, with five meals, or 30 cents a day without food. Few land owners hire hands except for a few days during the planting and harvesting of rice. Those who have more land than they can till send in their sons to work for their neighbors. Much land is held on leases given by ancient proprietors to clansmen whose descendants now till it, paying from \$7 to \$14 worth of rice annually for its use. Food averages little more than \$1 a month for each member of a farmer's family. One who buys, cooks and eats his meals alone, spends from \$1.50 to \$2 a month upon the raw material and fuel. Two pounds of rice, costing 3 1/2 cents, with a relish of salt fish, pickled cabbage, cheap vegetables and fruits, costing 1 1/2 cents, is the ordinary allowance to each laborer for each day. Abernethy's advice to a luxurious patient, "Live on sixpence a day and earn it," is followed by nearly every Chinaman. One or two dependent relatives frequently share with him the sixpence.

She Wears Pants.

Mrs. Miller and Miss Jenness talked themselves hoarse persuading some of us to "strike" skirts and get into leg-bags. Some of us, says a writer in the San Francisco Report, eager to progress, grabbed the chance to feel as much like untrammelled man as possible, and got into "reform" tops at shortest notice. I about the career of the great soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army in Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi with the tricolor in his hand. I saw him in Egypt in the shadow of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm and at Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia when the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wind blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipzig in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutches like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of his former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knees, and their arms about me—I would rather have been that man, and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreariness that than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great.

Over Niagara in a Barrel.
NIAGARA FALLS, Sept. 1.—Last Sunday afternoon Carlisle D. Graham made a successful trip through Whirlpool rapids, the Melstrom and Foster's flat, that was preparatory to his effort to pass over the falls, which, according to Graham himself and two other eye-witnesses, was accomplished in safety.

The same barrel that was used before was this morning towed out into the river by two friends of Graham, and at 6:45 a. m. it was let go at a point opposite Clippewa creek. Down the current it swept, plunging over reefs, open out of sight, till at 7:10 it approached the bank and dropped 200 feet into the abyss below.

The barrel soon rose intact, and was described in an eddy. Elmer Jones swam out from the Canadian shore, caught hold of a rope attached to the barrel and towed it into the shore, where, just at 7:25 a. m., Graham was lifted out by Cahill and Jones. Graham was quickly brought, more dead than alive, to Horne's saloon on this side. Graham himself says: "The first thing I knew was when some one struck the barrel and said, 'Graham are you alive?' He complains of terrible pains in the back and head from the racking he had received, and could talk but incoherently.

About a dozen people verify the statement that Graham was in the barrel, and many more will say they saw the barrel go over.

It is not generally known that Marion Crawford, the novelist, now on his way to this country, is a candidate for the Grafton mission. Crawford is a relative of Vice-President Morton, but like Eugene Schuyler, Crawford's ambition is likely to be defeated owing to a book he once published. "An American Politician," one of the weakest of his clever novels, has as a hero a Boston mungump, the story displays a pitiful lack of knowledge regarding American politics, and the central figure is an impossibility. But there is enough free trade in the book to antagonize the state department as at present manned.

Statistics of the senior class at Yale shows that fifty-five favor free trade, forty-three are protectionists, while eighteen desire a reform in the present tariff. The importance of these figures may not seem so great to some people as the fact that three of the senior objects to dance. One of them says that he does "not see why hugging suit to music differs from sofa squeezing." Whatever may be the value of the seniors' opinions on political economy, there is no doubt that the above remark on dancing is expert testimony.

Two years ago Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, by a speech in the senate had the salary of the United States consul at Prague, Hungary, raised from \$2,000 to \$3,000. The place is still worth, with fees, about \$5,000 a year. At that time Charles Jones, of Wisconsin, a friend of Spooner, held the place. Mr. Jones recently resigned and on Saturday President Harrison appointed Roger C. Spooner, a brother of the senator, to the position. Well has it been said of Senator Spooner that his far-sightedness is equal to his eloquence. This is a good year for republican brothers and "relations" generally.

Augusta has the oldest mayor, in point of service, in the United States. Mr. R. H. May, or "Uncle Robin" as he is best known, has served as mayor of the Fountain City for fifteen years, and although there is a very large element consisting of many leading citizens who have worked long and persistently to oust him, it seems he is going to be Augusta's mayor for life.

Napoleon the Great.

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the little Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a Deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rests at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the great soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army in Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi with the tricolor in his hand. I saw him in Egypt in the shadow of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm and at Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia when the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wind blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipzig in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutches like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of his former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knees, and their arms about me—I would rather have been that man, and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreariness that than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great.

She Picked the Winner.
This is the way one young woman convinced herself that she had a "sure thing." She was a pretty girl. Her hair was blonde and her eyes were blue and big. She put the end of her pencil between her lips and gazed wondrously at the blue sky. She placed the racing programme on her lap. She held it flat with her left hand. Then she took the pencil in her little fist, circled it around in the air and jotted it down on the programme. The point went through the name of Hendryx. She seized a uniformed messenger boy by the coat sleeve as he was rushing by and gave him a ten dollar note. All she said to him was "Hendryx straight." He nodded and dashed away. In a few moments he was back and he handed her a card on which were some hieroglyphics which, translated, meant that bet her horse to 1, or 10 to 1, that the animal she had selected wouldn't win. She tapped her foot impatiently until the horses appeared. When they did she inquired excitedly of everybody about her, "Which is Hendryx?" A man accommodatingly pointed the horse out, and she fixed her eyes on him. Hendryx won, but before he did the young woman had been from the pinnacle of joy down to the depths of misery and back again a dozen times. She got her \$10, laughed gleefully and sharpened her pencil preparatory to piercing the next winner. This fashion of picking the winners is quite prevalent among the novices. It is a remarkable fact some of the women have won quite large stakes that way.—Detroit Sun.

Farm Life in China.
A farmer may be hired by the year for \$5 to \$14, with food, clothing, head shaving and tobacco. Those who work by the day receive from 8 to 10 cents, with a noonday meal. At the planting and harvesting of rice wages are from 10 to 20 cents a day, with five meals, or 30 cents a day without food. Few land owners hire hands except for a few days during the planting and harvesting of rice. Those who have more land than they can till send in their sons to work for their neighbors. Much land is held on leases given by ancient proprietors to clansmen whose descendants now till it, paying from \$7 to \$14 worth of rice annually for its use. Food averages little more than \$1 a month for each member of a farmer's family. One who buys, cooks and eats his meals alone, spends from \$1.50 to \$2 a month upon the raw material and fuel. Two pounds of rice, costing 3 1/2 cents, with a relish of salt fish, pickled cabbage, cheap vegetables and fruits, costing 1 1/2 cents, is the ordinary allowance to each laborer for each day. Abernethy's advice to a luxurious patient, "Live on sixpence a day and earn it," is followed by nearly every Chinaman. One or two dependent relatives frequently share with him the sixpence.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Women in America.
If it be true that the status of women is the just measure of a people's civilization, we Americans may fairly congratulate ourselves upon having made very noteworthy advances toward the light even within the lifetime of the present generation. Women are certainly much freer now than they were half a century ago. The old angry, and ill-directed protest of the advocates of "woman's rights," with which we were all familiar in our youth, have sunk almost into silence, but their ceasing is not because of failure so much as because of success. They have accomplished their purpose though not in the way intended. They have not given the ballot to women, but they have secured them all, or nearly all that the early advocates of woman's rights imagined the ballot only could secure. The oppression of women, against which protest was made, was very real and very unjust; but it was not, as those who protested thought, the oppression of law or political institutions. It was the oppression of custom, and social prejudice alone. The woman whose support was not provided for her by marriage had no fair chance in the world. She was fenced ground with social prejudices which narrowed her choice of bread-winning occupations to two or three over-crowded and ill-paid employments, for all of which she might be, and often was, unfit. She must meekly and painfully support herself in these ways or lead a life of humiliating dependence, and the situation was similar with respect to other matters than bread-winning. The case of such women was unquestionably very hard, and within this generation a revolution has been wrought by broadening enlightenment. A woman is now as free as any man, so far as masculine opinion governs action, to choose her work. She may engage in any occupation she chooses, without fear of losing the respect of any sensible person. She may cultivate whatever powers she has without limit, and exercise them without hindrance. How great the change has been only those can realize who are able to make thoughtful comparisons between the present and the past of thirty or forty years ago, and the gain has been as great as the change. Life is still hard upon women in many ways. They are still subject to many restraints and limitations from which men are free. To some of these they must always remain subject, because they are imposed by physical causes, in their nature irremovable. But the great, or number of women's remaining disabilities are imposed by women, and will disappear whenever women lay aside their prejudices touching women as completely as men have laid aside theirs. That part of the reform will be much slower than the other, but with an army of good women vitally interested in overcoming the prejudices of their sisters there can be no doubt that justice and sweet reasonableness will ultimately prevail. Meantime it should be the member that women are of necessity at a disadvantage in life's struggle, and to deal very gently and generously with them. The mockery of chivalry is done for, but its true spirit should be immortal in the minds of men.—N. Y. World.

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