

LINCOLN'S SHOEMAKER.
How a Poor German Cobbler Won Fame and Fortune.

Near the city of Scranton, Pa., at the outbreak of the late rebellion, there lived a poor German shoemaker named Peter Kahler. He had his own ideas of how a boot or shoe should be made to give the greatest comfort to the wearer, which were far in advance of his humble condition, but he lacked the capital necessary to put his ideas into the shoes, and the shoes before the public. Shortly after the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency the press of the country were full of the oddities of expression, witty saying and peculiarities of "Old Abe."

Among the many publications of that time there appeared a diagram of the foot of the president, coupled with the statement that the foot was so abnormally large and awkward of build, and covered with corns, bunions, etc., that it seemed impossible for him to get a shoe which he could wear with any degree of comfort. The statement and the accompanying diagram came to the notice of the humble shoemaker, Peter Kahler, and he set about the making of a pair of shoes according to his ideas of comfort and to fit the measurements of that diagram. In due course of time the shoes were completed and shipped to Washington, D. C., addressed to his Excellency Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, accompanied by a note signed by the rustic shoemaker, stating under what circumstances the shoes had been made, and hoping that the president would accept the shoes as a present from an humble admirer and for the good the maker felt sure they would do for him.

The shoes proved to be a perfect fit for the presidential pedic extremities and pleased His Excellency very much. Mr. Lincoln lost no time in sending to Mr. Kahler an autograph letter of thanks, which the rustic disciple of St. Crispin was shriveled enough to have published. The publication of this letter brought both fame and fortune to Mr. Kahler. He soon after removed to New York, where he became known as the presidential shoemaker and was patronized by the wealthy, whose carriages were to be frequently seen in front of his door. During the war Kahler took a government contract for furnishing shoes for the army, introducing the now celebrated broad-soled, low-heeled shoe, known as the "Government shoe." He made considerable money from his trade and the contract and soon established the house of Kahler & Son. Up to the time of his death Mr. Lincoln bought all the shoes he wore from Mr. Kahler. During the last two years of his life Mr. Kahler spent much of his time at Harvey's lake, the Indian name of which is Skandara lake, the largest body of fresh water in Pennsylvania and a popular summer resort.

It was while at Harvey's lake, in 1888, that Mr. Kahler conceived the scheme of what he called the "Kahler Sanitarium." This scheme he thought would bring him much wealth, and in the fall of that year he bought of Mrs. Betsey Worden her farm of about fifty acres for \$9,000, and at once had a survey made, and the portion of the farm bordering on the lake beautifully laid out in winding streets and building lots. Finding that this land was not so shaped that he could complete his plans, he wanted to buy the adjoining ground, known as the "Lake Hotel" property, owned by the estate of Caroline Rhoads, deceased, for which he offered \$20,000 cash, the offer being refused. In the spring of the present year Kahler moved his family from New York to his Harvey's lake farm, hoping to benefit his health, which had been failing, with the pure mountain air. Being a chronic dyspeptic, he suffered greatly until July last, when he died. He sunk about \$15,000 in his "Sanitarium" and "Mountain Village" schemes, but nevertheless left a large estate. He frequently related with pride that he was Lincoln's shoemaker, and the autograph letter he always carried with him.

The Kaiser's Modesty.
Here is an anecdote of the emperor of Germany, which is certainly sufficiently characteristic of that pompous personage to be true. During one of his forest excursions on the occasion of the late visit of the czar of Russia, William II, was about to light his cigar, but found that he had forgotten the knife that he used to cut off the ends. The czar was no better provided, so one of the forest keepers stepped forward and proffered his own. The emperor used it and then returned it, saying impressively, "Take back your knife. It is now a historical relic."

MISS YSABEL ECHEGUREN.
Some New Information About the Daughter of Mexico's Vanderbilt.

The steamer Colima which sailed yesterday for Mexico and way ports carried among its cabin passengers Miss Ysabel Echeguren, a young Spanish lady of Mazatlan, whose brief visit to this city has caused a flutter of excitement among the aristocratic members of the Spanish and Mexican colony. Miss Echeguren is the only daughter of Senor Francisco Echeguren, Spanish consul at Mazatlan, and undoubtedly the wealthiest citizen of the entire southern coast, and as such she is an heiress to millions.

Senor Echeguren came from Castille, Spain, to Mazatlan about forty years ago. By strict attention to business and with a naturally shrewd and discriminative mind he rapidly acquired riches until now he is reputed to be worth from \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000. From his first enterprises in the importing trade he eventually became identified with the Bank of Mazatlan, and he obtained possession of the Guadalupe de los Reyes silver mines near Casala, 100 miles from the capital of Sinaloa and the Guadalupe mines at Rosario, besides several other smaller ones in adjoining districts. All are extremely rich, and are said to produce fortunes annually. In addition his property and railroad interests are extensive, and he bids fair to become the Monte Christo of modern times.

About a month ago his daughter came to this city with Mr. Bartning of the wealthy German firm of Bartning Bros., of Mazatlan and Hamburg, and his wife, intending to spend the winter months here and return with Mr. and Mrs. Bartning after the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Bartning will be remembered as the charming Miss Fannie Lemmonneyor, of San Mateo. The young heiress has been the guest during her sojourn of the family of E. M. Cabrera, of Cabrera, Roma & Co., California street, and their lovely home on Van Ness avenue has been the scene of many pleasant gatherings in her honor. Owing to her mother's fears however, that she might like other daughters of affluent parents, be led into a hasty alliance, she was recalled to her Southern home, hardly before her pleasures had begun, and she left with deep regret the many friends her sunny disposition and girlish nature had drawn about her. Mr. Bartning being confined to his rooms at the Palace hotel by a severe illness, she went under the chaperonage of Mr. and Mrs. Wohler, of Mazatlan, the former a leading member of Mr. Bartning's firm.

She is not a stranger to San Francisco by any means, for she was there quite a time two or three years ago, when she was a pupil of Mrs. Gamble at the Van Ness Seminary. Her age is just seventeen, and she is pretty, modest and unpretending. She has a well matured mind, considering her youth, reads a great deal and, naturally is a fine conversationalist, caring more for the profounder discussions than for the frothy nothings which pass through the ball rooms or a tete-a-tete. Her figure is slight and willowy, her complexion of the dazzling color that marks the pure Castilian while her eyes are dark, melting and soulful.

Both her father and mother are pure Castilians. Mrs. Echeguren comes from the vicinity of Bilbao and has her own peculiar ideas about the marriage of daughters. If reports be true, the efforts of the young men of this city will avail naught, for she has already selected Miss Ysabel's future husband from among the young people of her native province, and when the proper time comes will announce her selection and the wedding will take place.

The Echeguren family have in contemplation a European tour next year, and it is more than possible that the ladies will make their home over there.

The Deadly Blue-Gummed Negro
The bite of a blue-gummed negro is said to be poisonous, and the following fact would seem to confirm somewhat the truth of the belief: About six weeks ago, in a difficulty near Gosport, Caesar Hill was bitten on the finger by Harry Davis, colored, of the blue-gummed variety. Inflammation set in, and in a short time amputation of the finger was deemed necessary to save the arm. But the poison was not arrested, and the hand and arm soon showed a fearful progress of the disease. The arm has been cut off, and yet it is thought very uncertain whether the disease will stop before taking the life of its suffering victim.

Many Berlin butchers have gone into bankruptcy in consequence of the continued prohibition of the importation of cattle and pigs. Another consequence of this irksome prohibition is a scarcity of fat stock throughout Germany, and the consumption of horseflesh is increasing. In Berlin alone, seventy horses a day are slaughtered, the flesh being bought at moderate prices.

A ROMANTIC AFFAIR.
Excelling the Brilliant Imagination of E. P. Roe.

The following from the Eugene Journal is a very romantic affair, barring the usual love affairs of romances, and is as thrilling as the most exciting stories of E. P. Roe, who gives nothing that surpasses it in brilliancy. The heroine is Mrs. Wheeler, the healer, and the woman who located the drowned bodies at the Siuslaw. During the war she served as nurse in the Union service and had many thrilling experiences, among them the following:

She was present at the battle of Spotsylvania. At the commencement of the battle a Union officer rode up to her and handed her a package of papers with the request that she should keep them safe until the battle was over, and then if he (the officer) should not live to call for them, to deliver the package at headquarters.

In the course of the fight a flank was turned and Mrs. Wheeler and the rest of the hospital nurses captured. Upon searching her person, the papers were found, which proved to be the work of a Union spy, who had been inside the rebel lines. She was at once arraigned before a court martial, and notwithstanding her statement of how she came by the papers and repeated protestations of innocence, she was formally convicted of being a spy, and sentenced to be hanged at sunrise next morning. She was then taken by a guard of three soldiers and confined in a small guardhouse which had but one small aperture admitting light and air, and through that aperture she saw the erection of the gallows on which she was to perish.

Inside the guardhouse there was nothing but the bare floor of earth, and two dry goods boxes standing against a wall. That night one of the guards entered the guardhouse with a piece of cornbread and a tincup of water for her supper. Mrs. Wheeler spoke and the guard stopped. He then retired and locked the door upon her again. Later on in the night she heard a voice at the aperture say: "Move the small box!" She moved the box and discovered an aperture which proved to be a tunnel. Through this tunnel she worked her way, on her hands and knees, for about one-fourth of a mile, when she emerged at the mouth, and found a man and two saddled horses standing there. Mrs. Wheeler mounted one horse, and the man, who was disguised, the other. For six miles they rode on in the darkness without speaking, but at the end of that time the man spoke and said: "You are now safe in the Union lines; ride right on," and the man disappeared in the darkness like a shadow, and she rode on.

Mrs. Wheeler came across a picket who took her to Gen. Hentzelman's headquarters. Last September while taking a little outing at Anderson's on the McKenzie river, Mrs. Wheeler and her preserver met, and recognized each other, after a lapse of twenty-six years. Her preserver's name is the well-known Dr. B. F. Russell, now postmaster at Thurston. He was one of the three guards. He was the disguised horseman.

"Push of War" by Locomotives.
An incident rarely seen on a railroad was witnessed recently at the corner of Calhoun and Tennessee streets, Memphis. It caused the passengers on two street cars some amount of annoyance tempered with amusement.

When car 32 of the Jackson Mound Park line reached the crossing at the time named it was found blocked by two freight trains with the two engines facing each other. Neither of the trains made any motion to move, and the car driver, whose name is Thomas, inquired of a brakeman the cause of the delay. The answer surprised him: "Well they met on the same track; both of the engineers claim the right of way. Neither one of 'em will back down."

At this juncture the engineer of one engine pulled his lever and attempted to force the other train back, but the effort was unsuccessful. Then the engineers argued the matter, and one suggested that they keep the crossing blocked, to which the other replied he didn't care if it was kept blocked for an hour or two.

Then the first engineer made another attempt to run the opposing train back, and again failed, whereupon he backed his engine a few feet and attacked the enemy with a running start, but in vain. It was a battle of the giants, in which both were equally powerful. The engineer then signaled an engineer who was on his engine in the yard South of the crossing for assistance. He responded, and ran his engine up in the rear of the north-bound train. Then both engineers started their engines together, and by their combined strength the south-bound train was

pushed back and the crossing was cleared. Street car 32 going South was delayed fully fifteen minutes by the contest, and car 29, going North, driven by George Lee, was delayed about five minutes by the singular contest. Both the car drivers reported the occurrence, and the scene was witnessed by a number of passengers.

The drivers say that from what they could hear from the railroad men that the engineer of engine 599 was in fault. The number of the other engines or the names of the engineers could not be ascertained.

Better than Faith Cure.

There were five men of us and three women, besides the driver, who were staging it between two towns in Kansas. We set out at 7 o'clock in the morning for an all day's ride, and had not made over two miles when the oldest man in the crowd, who was from the Nutmeg state, and built on Yankee principles, suddenly he exclaimed: "By gosh to squash!"

"What's up?" asked one of the lot. "The toothache! She's hit me in that 'ere lower double tooth, and I'm in for a bushel of trouble." "Just try and not think of it, suggested one of the women. "Keep your thoughts on your family." He tried it for two or three minutes and a smile of affection came to his face. It suddenly died away however, to be replaced by a look of ferocity, as he yelled out: "Hang my family, but it don't work! Has anybody got any camphor?"

Nobody had. We hadn't even a drop of whisky. One man had some tobacco, but the Yankee couldn't go it.

The ache, once started, grew worse, and as he began groaning a second woman suggested: "I have heard say as imagination has all to do with pains. Suppose you imagine you are sound asleep and dreaming of angels and such."

He tried it, and for a minute or two the ache let up. Then it struck him with a jump, and he seized his jaw and yelled: "Jerusha Jackson! but I'll be gaul durned if I hain't goin' to die right here! Driver, stop the wagon!"

It was stopped, and he wanted to know how far it was to a town. He was told that it was twenty miles, and he fetched a groan a rod long and said:

"It's got to be done! Driver, come down here!"

"What do you want?" "You've got to knock it out! You are the biggest man in the lot, and I guess you can hit a purty fair blow. Give me a lifter right here upon the jaw."

"Do you mean it?" "Sartin; and don't waste any more time. Spit on your hand, haul off and sock me one right on on that tooth. I want it knocked into a cocked hat."

"But you will go with it."

"Can't help that. Now imagine that I've called you a double-barreled liar, and whale away."

The driver drew back and then landed on the exact spot, and the Yankee landed head over heels in the grass. He was up in a minute, however, and he put his thumb and his finger into his mouth, pulled out two teeth and shouted: "Whoop! It's one extra, but that's all right! Shake, old man, and then drive on with the bandwagon! We—whoop! Toothache gone—pain gone—happiness come to stay! Here's a dollar, and if you want to brag around about knocking a feller fourteen feet I won't say a word."

A Samoan Deity.

There is an extraordinary reverence in Samoa for certain relics, notably sundry filthy old mats, one of which, named Papo, was venerated as a god of war. This sacred rag, says C. F. Gordon-Cumming, was simply a strip of old matting, about four inches wide and three yards long, which was always attached to the war canoe of the highest chief when he went to battle. Even when the Samoans had wholeheartedly accepted Christianity, one of their most vexed questions was how to dispose of this time-honored rag with the least indignity. The suggestion of burning it was scouted with horror, and at length it was resolved to launch a canoe, which should be rowed out to sea by a number of high chiefs, who, having fastened a heavy stone to Papo, should reverently commit him to the deep. They had actually started on this sad errand when the teachers started in another canoe and begged that the war god might be presented to the missionary, a suggestion that was received with acclamation; so the venerable rag is now preserved in the museum of the London Mission.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THE PRESENT RAPID GROWTH

Both in Public and Private Improvements and Population of the Beautiful and well situated

CITY OF McMINNILLE

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It is the Only City in Oregon that Owns and Operates COMPLETE ELECTRIC LIGHT and WATER PLANTS.

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Are comparatively few in number, but still they employ a large number of people. Among them are the McMinnville Flouring mills, with a capacity of One Hundred Barrels of Flour per day; two lumber yards, with sash and door factories in connection; a creamery and cheese factory, with a capacity of one thousand pounds of butter per day; a furniture factory, yet in its infancy, but with the surety of increased operation in the near future.

The Population of the City is 2,500

And is constantly increasing; faster in proportion than other cities of the same size in Oregon. The surrounding country is exceedingly productive, a larger yield per acre, being raised within a radius of ten miles than in any other section of the State. YAMHILL County is known as

"The Banner County of Oregon,"

And McMinnville is the county seat and metropolis of the Banner county.

This city is receiving deserved comment from the press of the State, and it is the intention of the proprietors of

The Telephone-Register

To issue on February 1st a Mammoth edition devoted entirely to McMinnville. Her business interests and business men will each receive attention in their respective columns in the issue, together with a history of the town from its first settlement to date. The educational facilities will receive their portion, together with interesting statistics, Banking, Commercial, Express, Freight, Municipal, Building, Religious and Fraternal will given. Articles by prominent people; sketches of the Lawyers, Doctors, County and City officials are being prepared, making it, as a whole, a paper which should be read and distributed throughout the State and Union in order to give the outside population a correct picture of McMinnville, the banner town of the banner county of the banner state.

The price of this paper will be 10 cents, a sum which you can easily afford to spend in order to let your friends know the true merits of our city. This is the first edition of a newspaper devoted entirely to McMinnville, and it will be complete with superb portraits of her business and professional men, with views of the principal buildings and points of interest.

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