

MRS. COOPER'S NIECE.

"Phillip," said old John Briggs to his son, "you are 28 years old today."
"So the family record says, father," responded the elegant young gentleman addressed; "I am disposed to place implicit reliance upon it."
"You have done nothing since you left college but kill time."
"It is only retaliation in advance, sir. Some day or other the old chap with the scalp lock and scythe will kill me."
"You are too flippant. Since your aunt Priscilla left you \$5000 a year you have done nothing but spend the money. Your income ought to be enough for a single man but you draw on me, too."
"I'll try to draw on you less, father."
"It is not that, Phillip. You are quite welcome to a check now and then, for I know that you neither game nor revel, and I don't mind your horses, your club, your natural history, nor your luxuriant tastes. But still you spend more money and get less for it than most young men of your age; have too much in fact."
"I don't find it too much sir. In fact, I was thinking what a graceful thing it would be if you were to double it, a mere trifle to a gentleman of your means. I have to use the most pitiful economy, I assure you."
"O, that's it, eh? Well, there's a mode to increase it very much. You have heard me speak of Philander Spriggs, of New York?"
"Money lender and skintint, I have heard of him."
"Nonsense, Phillip. He is quite a worthy, as well as a very wealthy man, and if he prefers to invest his ready money in loans, what of it? I lend my money, or some of it, sometimes."
"But not at cent per cent."
"No matter. I don't propose that you shall borrow money of him. He has an only child, a daughter, who will inherit his property, as you will mine."
"Does she shave notes, father?"
"Phil, be kind enough not to indulge in chaff. I have seen her and talked with her. She is young and handsome, has good taste, is a society gentleman with domestic tastes."
"Well father, you are not so old, and since you admire her so much, I see no reason why—"
"Stop your nonsense and listen. Spriggs and I had a talk over it when I was in New York, and I have concluded if you two come together we will chip in and equally settle half a million on you on your wedding day. With what you have you will do well enough for some time."
"But," said Phillip, "I don't like Spriggs for a father-in-law."
"Stuff! You don't have to marry Spriggs."
"And the name. Just thing of it! Spr-r-r-iggs."
"What of that? With marriage the name is changed. I don't think she'll gain much by it. Spriggs—Briggs. Six of one and half a dozen of the other."
"I'd like to oblige you father. I suppose I must marry some day, but it will be some one I love, and then Philadelphia like, I insist on a woman of good family."
"See here, Phil," exclaimed his father, who by this time was at a white heat, "you never knew me to break my word. I merely ask you to marry for your own good. I point out a wife in every way suitable to you. Marry to please me and I will not only start you fairly in life now but leave you all I have when I am gone. Marry to suit some foolish fancy of your own and I'll—yes, I'll find an asylum for idiots. Now you understand me." And he marched off leaving his son to his meditations.
"If I stay here," said Phillip to himself, "better give the dear old gentleman a chance to cool off. I'll ruralize a little."
That afternoon Phillip packed a portmanteau and with a fishing rod and mineral hammer started off to Montgomery county where an old college mate of his had married and settled and whom he had long promised a visit. When he arrived there he learned that Boudinot and his wife had gone to Long Branch for the season and their servants with them, the house being in the charge of a care-taker. Phillip heard of good fishing in a stream four miles off and concluded to try it. He found lodgings at a farmhouse near the place, owned by a man named Seth Cooper.

followed her with a large trunk, under which he staggered, burly as he was. Mrs. Cooper came from the kitchen and exclaimed: "Why, it's Gwenny, I declare."
"You dear old Aunt Ruth!" said the new-comer, hugging the farmer's wife. "I come to have a good time for a month."
"And so you shall, my dear," was the reply.
Phillip took an ocular inventory of the looks, dress and manner of the new-comer as he took off his hat. "A sweet face and graceful figure, and presentable anywhere," was his internal comment. "Here's luck. I shall not visit the Branch yet."
"You have a boarder, aunt," said the girl when upstairs with Mrs. Cooper.
"Yes; he's a Mr. Bee," she said. "It don't look as if he had any call to work for his living, judging from his white hands and fix-ups, and he's plenty of money."
"Be! Then he isn't a busy bee. But he's good looking; if he be agreeable he'll do for a walking stick."
Mrs. Cooper's mistake as to Phillip was natural enough. When she had asked his name on his coming he said in his airy way "Phillip B. at your service," and she had taken the sound of the initial for his surname. After she had called him Mr. Bee several times, Phillip saw the blunder, smiled at it, and as the naval officers say, "made it so," when Gwenny came to the table she was introduced—"Miss Gwenny, Mr. Bee." As she was the niece he concluded her name to be Cooper, but as the farmer addressed her as Miss Gwenny and the farmer's wife as Gwenny, Phillip chose the more respectful of the two.
As Phillip was a gallant young gentleman, and as the young lady was charming in manners he naturally paid her much attention. When a young man and young woman are thrown together under such circumstances it is not unusual for a flirtation to follow. It is generally a foregone conclusion.
Phillip soon learned that "Gwenny" was the diminutive of Gwennilian, and not of the more stilted Gwendoline, which interested him. Phillip's mother had been a Powell, with Welch blood in her veins, and bore the same name. This latter Gwennilian was a mystery to him. For the niece of a coarse farmer, for Cooper, though a worthy man, was the reverse of refined, she displayed unquestionably gentle manners. Then she showed a fair knowledge of any subject touched upon in conversation.
What was she, a teacher? She had not the look nor the way of the school ma'am. A governess? Possibly. If so, in a great family. But her belongings were not of the second-hand kind. Phillip had a keen eye for female apparel. Her lace was of the rarest; her gloves were perfect and of the newest; her dresses were pretty in material and well fitting though quiet in tone, and though she displayed little in the way of jewelry, the stone that sparkled on the head of a lace-pin was unmistakably a diamond. She had been well cultured and every word and action showed a purity that fitted her name.
On the other hand Phillip was as much a mystery to the young girl. He was a gentleman without doubt. But what was he doing there, a man of culture, refinement and esthetic tastes in that farm house? He had said nothing of the Boudinots, which would have explained it. With a little affectation of cynicism, which did not ill become him, the man was as clear as water, as frank as air. But why did he loiter there without any apparent purpose? The girl at first did not deem herself attracted, but it came to her after five weeks, and she grew shy, and the shyness for the last week of her stay infected Phillip, who became shy, too, and lost all ease. At length she announced to Mrs. Cooper that she had to return home, and that her father, who was in Philadelphia visiting a friend there, would come for her on the following day, and his friend with him. Phillip heard this with a depression that told him he had met his fate, and that it lay in the power of this girl to make him happy or miserable for life.
All the night that followed Phillip lay and tossed restlessly. He could not sleep. He felt that his father would be as good as his word, but he would win a wife then or never. Near morning he arose, dressed and sat at the window until the sun showed itself. Then he slipped out of the house and went toward a glenn a few yards off, intending to remain out until he heard the breakfast bell. It had been a favorite haunt of the two, and yet for the past two days both had avoided it. He made his way to a mossy rock which formed a sort of rustic seat and there he saw Gwenny.
"Miss Gwennilian," he exclaimed. She arose with a rather embarrassed air.
"I rested badly last night, Mr.

Bee, and I came out at daybreak. I have been here ever since. The morning air seems to refresh me."
"I have the same experience," he said.
"I have rested badly, or rather have not rested at all. I—"
She looked up inquiringly, and at something she read in his eyes dropped her own, while a flush overspread her face and neck.
"Gwenny," he said desperately, and took her hand. The fingers trembled in his, but were not withdrawn. "Gwenny," he said, we are to part to-day. Do you know I love you dearly?"
"Do you, Phillip?" she murmured, but did not look up.
"Gwenny," he said, I have been sailing under false colors, but innocently enough. I have a way among my gentlemen friends of using my initials, and so I am called among them P. B. or Mr. B. When your aunt asked my name, I said 'Mr. B.' and I did not care to deceive her; but I desire no concealment from you, unless you do not care for me. Then we will part as we met; but I shall be a changed man."
He waited for a reply. There was a slight tightening of her fingers on his, as she half whispered: "You must know that I care for you, Phillip."
"Now," said the exultant Phillip, "you must let me speak to your father to-day."
"I fear you may find him rather obstinate," she said. "He sets an undue store by his daughter."
"I can satisfy him of my position in society and that I am able to maintain you. I have means of my own, and have—well, I might say I have great expectations; but my father, who is several times a millionaire, has taken it into his head to fit me with a wife. If you will be content to share what I have, Phillip Briggs does not care for more."
"Briggs—Phillip!" cried Gwenny, releasing herself from his grasp and looking at him wonderingly. "Is your father's name John?"
"Yes."
"And he lives in Philadelphia."
"Yes."
Gwenny burst into a peal of silver laughter. "Do not feel vexed, Phillip," she said at length, "I am only laughing at the similarity of our positions. My father chose a husband for me and to escape discussion of the matter I took these few weeks' rustication. Mrs. Cooper is my old nurse, and I have called her aunt from the time I could toddle around. She was married from our house. Her husband had very little money and father bought this farm and stocked it. But oh, think, Phillip, dear, how your father and mine will chuckle! You are Phillip Briggs and I—I am Gwennilian Spriggs."—Boston Budget.

She Bleached the Horses.
A shooting affray between two jealous men has incidentally brought to light a peculiar state of affairs at a settlement known as Melton's, about thirty miles from Batesville, Ark.
For some months the country around Melton's has been infested by a bold and daring band of horse-thieves, which has defied detection. It was impossible to locate the members with any degree of certainty, though several well-known people have been under suspicion. Horses were run off in spite of every precaution that could be taken by the outraged farmers. The animals could be traced into a swamp of about a square mile in extent, and there they disappeared, all further clew being lost. It was believed for a time that the horses were killed and sold for beef, but this theory has been proven incorrect.
Public gossip connected the name of a Miss Hetty Turner, who lately became better known as "Sorrel Sue," with the gang as its supposed leader. She was given the latter name because she always appeared in public riding a sorrel horse peculiarly marked with a dark face. She is not remarkably beautiful, but she is what is very rare in this country, a bleached blonde, and her excellent horsemanship and her dashing manners brought her many admirers. The shooting affair which forces her into notoriety was an ordinary case of plain jealousy. Two of her admirers, both members of the gang, fought for her favor. One was killed, and the survivor, Duke Boland, was severely wounded. A surgeon was sent for from this place. He mistook the direction and went into the cabin occupied by "Sorrel Sue." Before he could be hustled out he saw certain things which aroused his suspicions. These he reported to Sheriff Simcoe, who with a posse managed to surround the den of the horse-thieves, capturing Sue and two of her gang. The sheriff, though pleased with the capture, was more than elated at the discovery of the peculiar method of disguising the stolen animals adopted by the gang. He found that Sue had applied the means of bleaching her own hair to that of the horses.
When the posse entered they found a horse enveloped in a jacket made out of rubber coats, being treated to a sulphur vapor bath. The appliances were very ingenious and worked very well. A black or bay horse would be stolen and run into the bleachery. After its color was changed and its tail and mane trimmed, the disguise became so pronounced that, without any great risk the animal could be taken in daylight through the very district from which it had been stolen. It was Sue's business not only to superintend the bleaching, but to ride the animal out of the country. It is reported that a prominent man of Abbott, a small but thriving mining town about eight miles from here, had a horse stolen last month and bought one of the gang's sorrels lately which proved, after intimate acquaintance, to be his own stolen property.

Marriage Unpopular in England.
The unpopularity of marriage continues unabated, and last year was the first in recent times in which, while the price of wheat fell, the marriage rate remained stationary. It is now 14.2 per 1,000. The decline in the popularity of matrimony is greatest with those who have already had some experience with wedded life. Between 1876 and 1888 the marriage rate fell 12 per cent for bachelors and spinsters, 27 per cent for widowers, 31 per cent for widows. The drop in the remarriage of widows, however, is probably due to the glutting of the marriage market with surplus spinsters. The excess of women over men in England and Wales is established at 765,000!
Another interesting fact is that the births have now reached the lowest rate recorded since civil registration began. In 1876 the rate was 35.3 per 1,000; it is now 30.6. This is very satisfactory, and it is also notable that the illegitimate birth rate has declined, the proportion, 4.6 per cent., being the lowest yet registered. The worst feature in the registrar-general's returns, however, is the fact that the male births had fallen in proportion to the female; in the last ten years 1,038 boys were born for every 1,000 girls, and last year the male preponderance had dropped by 5, and is now standing at 1,033 to 1,000. With a surplus female population of three-quarters of a million this is a move in the wrong direction.
It is worth noticing that while the increase in marriages between English people has not kept pace with the population (having increased only 4 per cent in the last nine years) marriages, according to Jewish rites, have grown no less than 65 per cent. If this rate is kept up, we shall become Anglo-Israelites indeed, in a way not dreamed of by those enthusiasts who have identified us with the lost ten tribes.

Death Caused By Spectacles.
The death of Albert H. Conoway, an eleven-year-old lad, on Wednesday, has created considerable of a sensation in medical circles. The boy was an Albino, and was of a peculiarly nervous temperament. He attended school and was a hard student.
Some weeks ago his eyesight became impaired and he had a pair of eyeglasses fitted by an optician here. The lad wore the glasses constantly and soon began to suffer with pains in his head, which soon became so severe that a physician was called in. The latter diagnosed the boy's ailment to come from his eyes, and an oculist was consulted.
Upon examination the latter discovered that Conoway's optic nerves had been strained by the use of the glasses, and that a hemorrhage of the eye had followed. The lad's condition grew worse until death resulted from meningitis. The oculist, Dr. McKay, in examining the patient, discovered that the glasses supplied by the optician were exactly opposite in their powers to those required by the boy. Owing to this fact the hemorrhage of the eye ensued.
The physicians to-day discussed means to hold the optician responsible for the boy's death, on the ground of malpractice, but as he is only a vender of glasses and not an oculist, there seems no way to do so.

Strange Funeral Rites.
A singular traditional usage was carried out at Lisbon some days after the funeral of the late king. At three principal places in the city platforms were erected covered with black cloth. A procession passed from one place to the other. The chief municipal officers of the city and the chief personages of the late royal household, all clad in mourning, formed the procession, which was preceded and followed by cavalry in mourning, the colors draped with black. Military bands accompanied the march, playing sad strains. Four shields, on which were planted the royal arms, were borne aloft on long staves. A multitude of people, all dressed in mourning, were present, several walking with the procession. Arrived at the platform, all the principal people took their places upon it and one of the shield bearers advancing to the front cried out in a chanting tone: "Weep, O Portuguese, for your king Dom Luis I. is dead." He then dashed the shield to the ground with such violence that it was shattered. This ceremony was repeated at the other platforms. Then the procession moved to the Church of Santo Antonio Da Se, where a solemn requiem service was held. During the ceremony all the city bells were tolled.

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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. YAM-HILL County is known as

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