

**MARVELS OF HYPNOTISM.**  
Experiments which are baffling to the comprehension.

The end I have ever held before my eyes, then, and which I hope I have never lost from view, is this; to study the hypnotic phenomena according to a strictly scientific method and for this purpose to employ processes purely physical and which can always be compared with one another, so that the results obtained by me may be rigorously tested by all observers who shall use the same processes under the same conditions. Take one example from among a thousand. I present to a woman in the hypnotic state a blank leaf of paper and say to her: "Here is my portrait; what do you think of it; is it a good likeness?" At a moment's hesitation she answers: "Yes, indeed, your photograph; will you give it to me?" To impress deeply in the mind of the subject this imaginary portrait I point with my finger toward one of the four sides of the square leaf of paper, and tell her that my profile looks in that direction; I describe my clothing. The image being now fixed in her mind I take that leaf of paper and mix it with a score of other leaves precisely like it. I then hand the whole pack to the patient, bidding her go over them and let me know whether she finds among these anything she has seen before. She begins to look at the leaves one after another, and as soon as hereyes fall upon the first one shown to her (I had made upon it a mark that she could not discern) forthwith she exclaims: "Look, your portrait!" What is more curious still, if I turn the leaf upside down, as soon as her eyes rest upon it, she turns it over, saying that my photograph is on the obverse. I then convey to her the order that she shall continue to see the portrait on the blank paper even after the hypnosis has passed. Then I awaken her and again hand to her the pack of papers, requesting her to look over them. She handles them just as before when she was hypnotized, and utters the same exclamation: "Look, your portrait!" If I now tell her that she may retire, she returns to her dormitory, and her first care will be to show to her companions the portrait I have given her. Of course, her companions, not having received the suggestion, will only see a blank leaf of paper without any trace whatever of a portrait and will treat her as a visionary. Furthermore, this suggestion, this hallucination, will, if I wish, continue several days; all I have to do is to express the wish to the patient before awakening her.

The foregoing experiment has been made hundreds of times by me and by others, and the fact can easily be substantiated; their objectivity is as complete as could be wished in researches of this kind. Hypnotism is directly amenable to our means of investigation, and must be an integral part of the known domain of science; to that goal our efforts ought to be directed.—From the Forum.

**Labouchere on the Ballet.**

As a matter of personal taste, I rather prefer for ballet girls a quantity of petticoats reaching nearly to the knee rather than the present habit of exposing almost the entire leg; while in respect to low evening dresses, if a girl has good shoulders I like to see them. At the same time I know of nothing more ugly than the fashion of cutting the dress exceedingly low behind and exposing a vast surface of back. As to indecency, the entire matter is purely conventional. In that earthly Paradise, the Garden of Eden, Eve wore no dress at all. In Turkey I have seen ladies, who for the world would not expose their faces, recklessly draw up their wide trousers and expose their legs. To the pure all things are pure.

I remember once having some conversation with the purveyor of the "fleshings" in which ballet girls encase their legs. He explained to me how the "fleshings," or, perhaps I should say how the legs, are made. The artist fits on a tricot. He then marks where the leg is defective, and he has the tricot thickened at these places. "Calves," he said, "give us the greatest trouble. Nature generally makes them wrong. They are either too high or too low, and we have to work in the calves so as to remedy this and to make the ankles appear small." The artist told me that he made legs for many ladies in society. "What can they want your legs for?" said I. "Well," he replied, "you see that their dresses might catch getting out of their carriages, and they like to be prepared for any accident of this kind." He further told me that he had a large practice in arms for gentlemen. It seems that those who have mere sticks wear stuffed tricot under their coats to give themselves a manly and muscular look.—London Punch.

**French Detectives.**

Some interesting information respecting the Paris detective force has been given by M. Valoei, in his book on the Surete, which is in reality a series of biographies of the principal members of the force. The Police de Surete must be distinguished from the Surete Generale, which is really the "political police force" acting under the orders of the Minister of the Interior, and in a most secret manner.

The Police de Surete, on the other hand, is a body, the members of which look for their orders to the Prefect of Police, or Cabinet du Prefect, and perform their duties openly, and without any of that impenetrable mystery which envelops the proceedings of the ministerial myrmidons.

The Dogberry of the Surete could not, in fact, pursue his investigations without making himself known generally speaking—although when following up a clue in a criminal case he does not disdain to adopt the disguise which is supposed to be permanently used by extra clever detectives of "blood and thunder fiction." The ordinary "plain clothes man" rejoices in the high-sounding designation of Inspector, and has as his respective chiefs the Sub Brigadier, the Brigadier, and the Principal Inspector.

This force was first founded by the famous Vidocq in 1832, when it only comprised thirty-one men, to whom were added fourteen "outsiders," who were called indicators. In 1848 the body was increased to 160 men, being reduced to 60, until it was brought up to its present redoubtable number of 300 Inspectors, who are directed by M. Goron, now in London engaged in the "Millery Mystery." He has under him one chief clerk, who acts as his principal deputy or "understudy;" four other clerks or secretaries, five chief inspectors, ten brigadiers and twenty sub-brigadiers.

The 300 detective inspectors are attached to sections, such as the special brigade of picked men, the Department of Information and Warrants, that of Requisitions or "Searches," the Pawn Officers, the Streets and the Disorder Houses. There is also another important section, that of the Center or Permanence, to which belong the detectives told off for various eventualities.

During a period of fifty-seven years, the Surete has had twelve chiefs, of whom the best known, not including Vidocq, was Claude, whose memoirs obtained a world-wide reputation. In later times, M. Mace, another head of the detective department, has published his experience in the famous force, and has therein ventilated various theories about its failings and shortcomings. Notwithstanding such sharp criticism, however, the French Surete maintains a high character for efficiency, and its victories have by no means been inconsiderable during recent years.

**Jefferson's Grandchild.**

In Georgetown, D. C., in an humble cottage which rents for \$20 a month, lives the only surviving grandchild of Thomas Jefferson. Her name is Mrs. Septimia Randolph Meikleham, widow of David S. Meikleham, long since dead. She is now in her 76th year, a cultured, amiable, venerable old lady, with two daughters and one son in her household. A luxuriant growth of curly, silvery-white hair surrounds her face, which bears a striking resemblance to that of her illustrious grandfather. Her descent from him is direct and clear. Born January 3, 1814, under her grandfather's roof at Monticello, Va., she is the daughter of Jefferson's favorite child, and House-keeper Martha, who married Thomas Mann Randolph, Jr., afterward governor of Virginia, by whom she bore twelve children, all of whom are dead except the eleventh child and seventh daughter, the present Mrs. Meikleham, the only living representative of Jefferson of two removes, since her sister, Virginia Jefferson Randolph Trist, died in 1882. Mrs. Meikleham is infirm by reason of advanced age. Her son, a man of artistic temperament, now in middle life, earns scarcely enough for self-support. Of her two daughters, both of whom are middle-aged, the younger, Miss Esther A. Meikleham, born while her parents were sojourning in Scotland, is employed as clerk in the patent office at a salary of \$1,000 a year, while the other has charge of the housekeeping. Repeated attempts by influential legislators to secure for Mrs. Meikleham a moderate pension have resulted only in failure. In the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Congress, Representative W. E. Robinson, of New York, introduced a bill to pay her \$5,000 a year, subsequently amended to \$2,500. Congress, however, refused to pass the measure on the ground that its enactment would set a dangerous precedent for other claims less meritorious for civil pensions.

**Children Cry for**

**She Had Used Her Eyes.**

A very pretty young lady, whose beauty lies principally in the liquid depths of her large, melting eyes, accompanied a young lady to Havlin's theater one evening. They occupied two front seats on the left of the parquet circle. The theater was well filled. Directly across from the young couple, in the front row of the right side of the parquet circle, sat a party of ten young men, clad all in full dress. The young lady's big soulful eyes roamed about the house between the acts, and once or twice they rested on the ten young swells over the way. Once she thought she recognized one of them as an old friend, and she lifted her opera glasses to her great, luminous orbs for the purpose of looking closer. In response to what seemed to be a preconcerted signal the ten young men gravely arose in their seats and leveled their ten opera glasses directly at the fair one. It was an awful shock to her. Dropping her own glass to her lap she vainly endeavored, in spite of burning cheeks and snapping eyes, to look unconcerned. "Did you see that?" she murmured to her escort, after she had regained her equilibrium. "Yes, I saw that," he replied, and his tone was one of sarcasm, too. He cruelly inferred that the young lady had invited the onslaught by an artistic use of her melting eyes. She resented the inference and there was a coolness thereabout during the remainder of the evening.—Chicago Herald.

**A Chambermaid's Luck.**

The transfer of the Robin Mine for \$7,500 recently brought out a peculiar story attached thereto. One of the owners in the mine was a young woman who came to this city from Kansas about five years ago, and has since been engaged in the entirely proper and honest occupation of "sheet-shifting" at various boarding-houses in Leadville. To be plainer, she is a chambermaid—not at all handsome, but decidedly sensible, and her name is Mary. Mary became interested in a certain prospector not long after coming here, and it was through him that she was induced to help pay the yearly assessments on the claim, says a Leadville paper. When the mine was sold the other day, therefore, she received a little over \$3,000 as her share in the transaction. Mary will return to Kansas, and may, it is said, marry the man who "put her onto the deal," provided he consents to go East also. Inasmuch as she has been working for little more than her board during her stay in Leadville, hadn't a cent to spare and was in a slough of despondency, the little sum will give her quite a "lift" in the world.

**A New Way of Clearing Land.**

A new invention is said to have been patented in New Zealand and other colonies, which, if it does all that is claimed for it, will revolutionize the settlement of timber lands. It is a composition, which, when trees are inoculated with it, mingles itself with the sap and circulates through every branch and leaf, utterly destroying the life and rendering the standing tree in three months' time dead and rotten, and so highly inflammable that when fired it burns away literally root and branch, for the fire creeps down the roots into the ground, consuming them so thoroughly that the land can be sowed afterward. It is available also for old stumps, doing in a month what nature takes years to accomplish. It is the boring of a hole about six inches into the tree with an inch auger, filling with composition and afterward plugging with cork, tough clay or other suitable substance. It is also very inexpensive, costing only a few cents even for a large tree.

**With Head to the North.**

The superstitious belief that human beings should sleep with their heads to the north is now believed to be based upon a scientific principle. The French Academy of Sciences has made experiments upon the body of a guillotined man, which go to prove that each human body is in itself an electric battery, one electrode being represented by the head and the other by the feet. The body of the subject upon which experiments were made was taken immediately after death and placed upon a pivot free to move in any direction. After some vacillation the head portion turned towards the north, the pivot-board then remaining stationary. One of the professors turned it half way around, but it soon regained a position with the head-piece to the north, and the same results were repeatedly obtained until organic movement ceased.—St. Louis Republic.

Queen Victoria receives 340 or more letters a day. As they all bear the odor of disinfectants, it is no wonder that the old lady is not well.

**Pitcher's Castoria.**

**She Earned the Present.**

The latest fad in fashionable circles is the birth gift. It is the proper thing now for the husband to give his wife a present upon the advent of each and every addition to the family. Something useful as well as ornamental is selected by the husband, who has had a tip as to what would be the most acceptable.

This is a very pretty custom. It has a tendency to develop the sweetest and purest maternal instincts in woman, as will be shown in this instance.

A young couple had reached that stage in their career where it was necessary for the party of the second part to hustle out and purchase the birth gift. This he did, and when the little stranger was dressed, the proud papa marched to the bedside bearing the precious cherub and laid out an elegant seal skin coat for its mamma. As he carefully deposited the outfit on the bed the fond mother rolled the kid to one side and commenced to count the buttons and loops on the cloak, even before inquiring whether the child was a boy or girl.

Another young husband in the same neighborhood concluded that diamond earrings were about the only proper gift with which to celebrate the arrival of his first offspring. So he bought the diamonds, put them in his vest pocket and held himself in readiness to make the presentation. But nature wasn't running on schedule time in this case, and for three days and nights this young man fidgeted on the ragged edge of suspense before he got a chance to spring the jewels. When finally told that he was the father of a thirteen pound girl he plunged into the room and crowding the diamonds into his wife's hand he blurted out:

"There, Kate, are your earrings. The Lord knows you've earned them."

**Birds that Speak.**

The parrot is generally supposed to have the monopoly of the power of talking among birds, but, as a matter of fact, the parrot is decidedly inferior to the mynah. There are always examples of these birds in the insect house at the Zoo, and they repeat various phrases with great clearness of utterance. Curiously enough the hen has a gruff voice, while the cock speaks in a clear, high tone, like that of a child. The mynahs can be easily provoked into showing off their powers of speech, and will greet the visitor with "Good morning," in response to his salutations. The mynah is a kind of starling, and this latter bird is well known for its imitative powers. Some years ago an account was published of a talking canary, which could articulate quite plainly and would repeat quite a series of phrases.

Gibson, of Maryland, is claimed to be the handsomest man in the House, but Kilgore, of Texas, with his gray hair and beard, ranks first as the most perfect type of perfect physical manhood. Col. Kilgore, although over fifty years of age, is as yet active as a Texas cowboy. He often rides horseback on pleasant afternoons, and invariably selects the most vicious and treacherous animal he can find. It matters not whether the horse be a buck or a pitcher, Col. Kilgore cannot be removed from a dignified poise. Indeed, he sits in a saddle like he had been there every day of his life. On a recent ride some distance in the country he was bantered by a colleague that he could not pick a stone from the ground while his horse was in a sweeping gallop, as do the cowboys in the various Wild West shows. Kilgore could not stand such a challenge, and, with his horse in a full run, leaned down and gathered up stone after stone, which he took occasion to chuck back at his companion.

Ex-Postmaster-General Don M. Dickinson is in Washington. "His silky, Van Dyke whiskers are still a beautiful joy," says an impressionable observer. Dickinson lives in Detroit, in the house owned by Minister Palmer, of Spain. Mr. Dickinson expects to see Cleveland again president, and hopes to hold a cabinet position again himself.

Ferdinand Ward, whose financial Napoleonism landed him at last in Sing Sing prison looks like a physical wreck. He is bent and lifeless, and his cheeks are sunken. His face has become white, and he looks ten years older than when he entered the prison. He has become a very expert type-setter.

The Maharajah Holkar, who left England abruptly at the time of the Jubilee because he considered himself slighted, refused to meet Prince Albert Victor of Wales, at Bombay. The maharajah seems to possess a good deal of praise-worthy self-respect.

**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**

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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 March 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.

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