

**Eating an Orange.**

Until the last few years, since oranges have become popularized, it was a matter of no little difficulty and concern to those who desired to eat gracefully to hit upon the best way to eat an orange. The thick, easily broken skin of the Spanish and Italian oranges admitted of but little variation in method. The skin was carefully removed, and the fruit separated in its natural sections and eaten piece by piece. With the thin, tough peel and tender interior skin of the Florida orange this was a matter of greater difficulty. Fastidious people objected to the style which is the delight of childhood, viz., punching a hole in the orange with the forefinger and extracting the juice by pressure and suction, and soon the fashion was set of dividing the orange in halves at the equator, if the expression may be permitted, and digging out the pulp with a teaspoon. Some genius improved upon this by cutting off only a small slice at the top of the orange, at the Arctic circle, so to speak, then with a sharp knife cutting out the core. A second circular cut just inside the skin separates the pulp, and if the operation is skillfully performed the fruit can be eaten with a spoon without spilling a drop of the juice a recommendation which has made it more popular than any other method. The native Sicilian, who does not care if he does get a little of the juice smeared upon his countenance, takes his long, sharp knife—every Sicilian carries a long, sharp knife for family purposes, as he generally has a vendetta or two on hand—and cuts the orange spirally around so that it becomes a long strip of pulp and peel. He grabs this at either end and draws it rapidly through his mouth, absorbing the juice as it passes. It is not pretty, but it is remarkably effective. A modification of this style is practiced in the United States, and used to be known as the "New Orleans fashion." It consists of dividing the orange diagonally into four sections, cutting across the core. It is not, however, considered good form by the many orange experts.

Another fashion of eating an orange—which is considerable trouble, and has but little to recommend it on the score of elegance—is to cut just through the skin at the equator, and by carefully turning the peel back, form a cup of the skin at each pole of the orange. The pulp is then litten off around and around, as a schoolboy eats an apple. While this style keeps the face comparatively clean it smears the face most unpleasantly. The same objection may be urged against the fashion of peeling the orange on a fork and holding it in that way while eating it.

Some people thrust a fork into the core of an orange, peel the fruit and then slice it as one would an apple, losing thereby a large quantity of the juice. At a dinner table, if the orange knives are very sharp—a circumstance which rarely happens by the way—this is perhaps as good a way as any. It is simple and makes no fuss, and there is an air of refinement about touching the fruit only with the knife and fork, if it be gracefully done, which recommends it to many people.

**Seed Corn 4,000 Years Old.**

During the season of 1889 a most remarkable crop was raised by David Drew, at Plymouth, N. H. In 1888 Mr. Drew came into possession of some corn grains found wrapped with a mummy in Egypt, supposed to be 4,000 years old. These were planted and grew. It had many of the characteristics of real corn; the leaves were alternate; it grew to be over six feet high; the mid-ribs were white; but the product of the stock, there is where the curious part comes in. Instead of growing in the ear like modern maize, it hung in heavy clusters at the top, on spikelets; there was no tassel; no silk; each sprig was thickly studded with grains, each provided with a separate husk, like wheat grains.

**The Stitches in a Shirt.**

The following singular calculation of the number of stitches in a plain shirt has been made by a Leicester seamstress: Stitches in collar, four rows, 3,000; cross ends of same, 500; buttonhole and sewing on button, 105; gathering neck and sewing on collar, 1,204; stitching the wristbands, 1,118; ends of wristbands, 68; buttonholes in wristbands, 148; hemming slits, 264; gathering sleeves, 840; setting on wristbands, 1,468; stitching on shoulder-straps, 1,880; hemming the bosom, 393; sewing in sleeves and making gussets, 3,050; sewing up side seams of sleeves, 2,554; cording bosom, 1,164; "tapping" the sleeves, 1,526; sewing all other seams and setting side gussets, 1,272; total number of stitches, 20,640.

**Jamaica Lore.**

The island negro is full of legends, stories and quaint proverbs, says Howard Pyle in *Harper's Magazine*. It is a pity that they should never have been regularly collected and recorded, for the race of the old-time house-slave-woman, who held her audience breathless with the wonderful doings of "Anancy" and his wife, "Crooky," and a son, "Tacomma," is now almost passed away. All of the strange, out-of-the-way phenomena of tropical nature are alive with suggestions of the supernatural and the mysterious to the negro mind.

At various parts of the island are subterranean rivers that here and there make a sudden appearance, and then disappear again in the bowels of the earth. In places the water appears only in circular sink-holes, always brimming but never overflowing, even in the wet season, or never diminishing, even in the dry. In one of the mountain fastnesses a negro pointed out to me such a gloomy pool, with neither inlet or outlet. To him it was the habitation of some monstrous subaqueous creature named Croomie. He told me that nobody ever dared go near the margin, for Croomie would catch him and pull him under. I could gather nothing from him but the bare facts, for when I pressed him for further details concerning Croomie's character and habits, he evidently took my questions for covert ridicule, and withdrew himself into the shell of non-comprehension.

In their peculiar dialect the negroes possess a fund of quaint saws and proverbs. "Alligator lay eggs, but him no fowl," says one. "Fishermen never say him fish 'tink," says another. Referring to the land crab, "Little crab hole spoil big race horse." Some of these quaint sayings show not only the keen insight of the semi-savage into the characteristics of the voiceless creation, but also a wonderfully sly and cunning knowledge of the weakness of poor human nature.

"Duck and fowl feed together, but no roost together." "When a man dead grass grow at him door." "Dog run for him character pig run for him life." "Hungry dog eat cockroach." "Man bit by snake, him run away from lizard." Such are a few of the many score of the like sayings that pass current from mouth to mouth of the merry black island peasantry.

**The Coming Man.**

I imagine that, when we look back from our home in the unseen universe ages hence we shall see, without much doubt, a race of men differing from those of to-day much as the man of to-day differs from his simious, perhaps simian, ancestors, writes Professor Thurston in the *North American Review*. The brain will be developed to meet the more complex and serious taxation of a more complex and trying civilization; the vital powers will be intensified; the man, reducing the powers of nature still more completely to his service, will depend less on the exertions of his muscles and they will be correspondingly and comparatively less powerful, though they will probably, nevertheless, I imagine, continue to grow somewhat in size, as they unquestionably have grown since the Middle Ages; the lungs must supply aeration to a larger and more rapidly circulated volume of blood richer in the phosphatic elements especially needed for the building up of brain and nerve; the digestion must supply its nutriment in similarly increased amount and altered character and composition; the whole system must be capable of more rapid, more thorough and more manageable conversion of the energies of the natural forces to the uses of the intellect and the soul which inhabits it.

**Why Women are Rarely Robbed.**

It is singular that more ladies are not robbed on the public thoroughfares, for the majority of them carry every cent they possess in their pocketbooks, which in turn are carried in their hands. I suppose, however, the reason thieves do not snatch more of these money-books is that they know well the chances are they would get little, even after successfully evading the police, after an assault of the kind upon a woman. The great handsome silver-tipped Russian leather affairs called purses are very attractive in themselves, but in nine out of ten cases the inside of them are "very lonesome." A professional thief said once that it was regarded as extra hazardous in his profession to rob a woman, either in the house or on the street, and for two reasons: Firstly, that a woman always screams, and, secondly, she has seldom much to be taken. A man, on the contrary, either gives the thief a chance to get away or fights, and then his watch, money or valuables are much easier to get at.

**The Health of Canada.**

The Park toboggan slide is the finest and longest artificial slide in Montreal, and it is the most frequented, says a writer in the *New England Magazine*. There are two chutes, both nearly a mile in length, and every night during the season the toboggans are continually whizzing down them, traveling at the rate of the "Flying Dutchman" of world-wide railway repute. The scene around the slide is very picturesque. A thick mantle of snow is thrown over all the surroundings. Torches placed on either side of the shutes cast their shadows upon the faces of the animated groups, and outline for an instant the forms of the travelers who fly past, leaving a little cloud of snow in their wake. Montreal's fairest and most famous divinities crowd together on the landing-stage, awaiting impatiently their turn to descend. Of course there is some danger in tobogganing. That's half the charm of the thing. Down the far-stretching glare of ice, in the uncertain light, one can see a toboggan just shooting the dip, with another speeding along half-way down the slide, and as the second toboggan flies into the shadow the sense of danger makes one's veins tingle with pleasurable excitement.

The physique of the Canadian people has become the admiration and despair of the world. The men are noted for their brawn and muscle and their excellence in all athletic exercises. The women are noted for their erect and graceful carriage. They do not amble, but walk military-wise, straight from the hips. The mingling of French and Scotch, English and Irish, has produced a distinct type of beauty which combines the Anglo-Saxon race with the wit and vivacity of the daughters of La Belle France. I believe that no woman is ugly. There certainly are no ugly women in Canada—I do not think there is one that can be honestly called plain. The climate forbids any such thing. All our Canadian maidens are endowed with a healthful ruddiness that is at once attractive and aggressive. This is the result of plenty of fresh air and exercise of snow-shoeing, skating, and dancing. Canadians rival all nations in their skill and knowledge of the two latter diversions.

**A Chinese Panacea.**

The Chinese consider ginseng their most valuable vegetable remedy, a superstition that has rebounded to the profit of many a hoosier, for China offers a ready market for all that can ever be dug in this state. They readily pay in New York \$30 an ounce for the real Korean article as medicine, and \$2.50 for ours, and of course one is often substituted for the other. The very word is a Chinese one, signifying "the power of man," so called because it is supposed by them to increase virility. And all this is because of the frequent fanciful resemblance of some roots to the human body, legs and all. The hunting of these roots is pursued with all the ardor of gold-seeking. Large and choice specimens are carefully preserved in embroidered coverings and inclosed in cases of varying sizes, the whole being locked in brass-bound chests, an extraordinarily fine specimen being valued at \$500, and this for a paltry root named by us Panax, and classed as a feeble tonic stimulant, and in a country where a human life is not valued at the paltry price of the rice it takes to sustain it!

**Reed When Angry.**

When Speaker Thomas B. Reed gets angry, says the *New York Tribune*, his features assume their most benign aspect and an almost seraphic smile illuminates his countenance. Those who know him best say that it is the time to stand from under.

A member of the Pennsylvania delegation in congress was reminded, apropos of this peculiarity of Mr. Reed's, of the reply an old Quaker lady made when she was told how lovely Quakeresses were generally; what a charming simplicity was theirs; how quiet they appeared; what a serene spirituality, so far removed from all earthly taint, shone in their faces. "That is all very nice and sweet to think about," replied the old lady, with a sly twinkle in her eye clearly denoting that she herself had "been there;" "that is all very nice, but when they look like that they are just a-boiling inside."

Can it be the Honorable the Speaker of the House of Representatives is "just a-boiling" whenever he looks his most angelic?

Murat Halstead has been hired, it is said, to edit a portion of a New magazine. This means, it is presumed, his gradual retreat from Cincinnati on New York. His recent experiences in Ohio politics must make him feel very much like emigrating.

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

**How Birthmarks are Hidden.**

A correspondent writing from Paris on the subject of the concealment of personal defects, says the reason why the bodies Mme. Modjeska appears in are always decorated with a cluster of flowers or knot of ribbon just at the left of their fastenings is that an ugly scar on the breast, which looks as if it might be the result of a wound from a poignard—a souvenir of some past romance—must be concealed in some way. When this device becomes monotonous a little scarf of silk will be trailed carelessly across the open corsage in diagonal lines, a tiny fan of lace will spring out from the corner or a little knot of feathers will wave softly against the disfiguring mark.

Pretty Mlle. Anthelme, who made such a successful debut in the Nouveautes two years ago, is afflicted with a most undesirable and repulsive birthmark. She is a pretty woman, with a tall, commanding figure, dark hair and eyes, but she is a sort of female Esau, like Lucille Western, and has a thick growth of silky hair from her waist up. Of course her skin is carefully shaven above her bodice, but it has a coarseness of texture and a blue tint which necessitates the fair Anthelme's encrusting with blazing jewels that part of her throat which evening dress exposes.

Sophie Croizette of the Theatre Francais had a deep vaccination scar far down her plump arm, which she used to conceal with a knot of ribbons or trail of flowers and with a gold bracelet before she became so stout that the bracelet had to be as large as a waistband. Speaking of the disfigurement one night to some friends one of the ladies quietly picked up a wax taper off the toilet table, and, holding it above the arm, allowed a single drop of melted wax to fall over the place. When it hardened she dusted a little pink powder over it, and Croizette's scar was lost to sight. Croizette's make-up box contained ever after a bit of wax taper.

**Suggestive Bookbinding.**

Edgar Saltus' new book is bound in pale green, the color of absinthine. He has made arrangements with his publishers that this color is to be kept exclusively for the outside of his literature, and no other author is to have the privilege of using it. This is going to set a fashion in bindings, and the probabilities are that one is going to be able to tell an author's books on sight, by the tint on the outside. Stevenson's, perhaps, will be bound in Highland plaid; Rider Haggard will have something lurid, with lions and savages on it. Howell's will be in virgin white, as suggestive of how harmless and milk-and-water the contents are, and how well suited to the eye of the young person. Stevenson's "Wrong Box" has been returned from three different quarters to its American publisher, with an indignant note from the purchaser, saying that the cover was defaced with a torn scrap of newspaper that stuck so tightly even hot water would not remove it—a warning to publishers not to trench too far upon the denseness of the general public.

The newspapers of the country are calling with a loud voice upon James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier Poet, to brace up. He seems to have a great deal of sympathy. A literary society in Indianapolis proposes to give him a reception as soon as he sobers up. His friend Pink Fishback says that the drunkenness of Mr. Riley was due to the fact that the contract which he made with Major Pond turned out to be very profitable to the major. Riley could not bear to see the major making \$400 while he only received \$200. Hence his poetic nature gave way and he sought solace in the flowing bowl.

Says a Washington newspaper: "The most noted father of the house and senate of the past was a man altogether forgotten now. His name was Nathaniel Macon, and Jefferson called him the last of the Romans! He was a democrat from North Carolina, and he had a political career of more than fifty-seven years. He resigned from the senate when he was eighty years old, and died at eighty-nine. He was for forty years in congress, and during the whole of his career he never recommended a relative to office."

Several persons who took part in the foxhunt near Media, Pa., in the interest of Adjt-Gen. Hastings' gubernatorial aspirations have been convicted of offending the statute against cruelty to animals. They should also be fined for inflicting a deathblow to a towering political ambition.

Senator Hearst, of California, is said to talk less and to listen more of all the members of the senate. These are rare accomplishments in a statesman.

**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 M'MINNVILLE**

Demonstrates that the Nucleus for a Great City has been formed. During the last two years in the neighborhood of

**\$200,000** Have been Spent for Public Improvements.

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

And soon the Rattle and Ring of a Street Car Line will be heard.

No city in the Willamette Valley presents a better field for the operation of Capital.

**The Manufactories of the Town**

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. YAM-HILL 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 intetion 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.

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.

Send in Your Orders Immediately for Copies.

**HARDING & HEATH, PUBLISHERS**