

SEND TEN CENTS
A word of praise is due the McMin-
ville TELEPHONE-REGISTER for the enter-
prise shown in the Illustrated Edition is-
sued on the 27th inst. It is replete with
well executed cuts and good descriptive
matter.—Oregonian, March 29th.
For McMinville Illustrated

The Telephone-Register.

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Our Readers can have the pleasure of
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TELEPHONE—Established June, 1886.—Consolidated Feb. 1, 1889.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1890.

VOL. II. NO. 10.

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for Infants and Children.

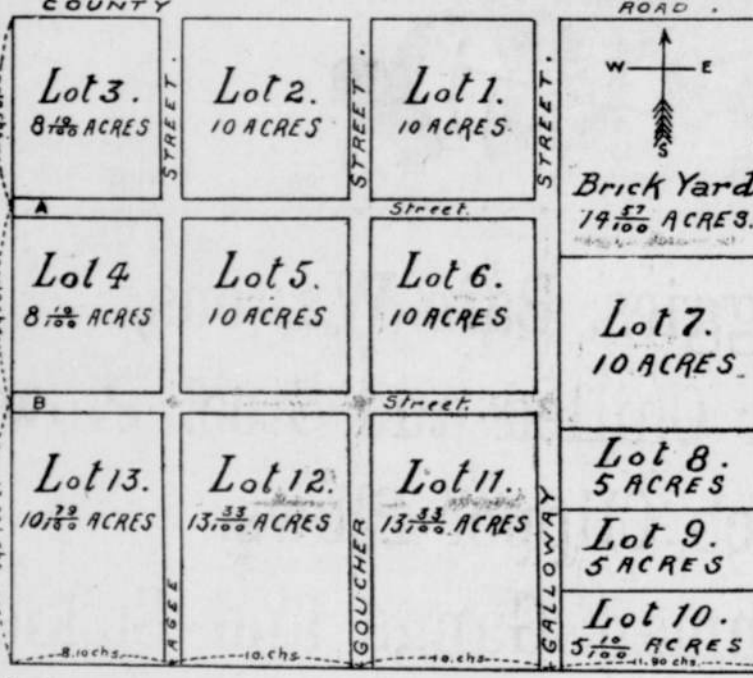
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Removal Paper Hanging and Inside Fur-
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Work taken in by contract or by day. Ex-
perienced men employed.
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Sample rooms in connection.
Is now fitted up in first class order.
Accommodations as good as can be
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Raw & Boiled Linseed Oil,

MANUFACTURED BY
C. W. TALMAGE.

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satisfaction guaranteed. Call at factory
and see specimens of furniture.
Do not buy without first seeing the fur-
niture manufactured here in your own state
and county.
B. CLARK.

Prices Consistent with Good Work.

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This powder never varies. A marvel of
purity, strength and wholesomeness. More
economical than the ordinary kinds, and
cannot be sold in competition with multi-
tude of low test, short weight alum or phos-
phate powder. Sold only in cans. ROYAL
BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

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Northern Pacific
Railroad
Is the Line to Take
To all Points East & South
It is the DINING CAR ROUTE. It runs
Through VESTIBULE TRAINS
Every Day in the Year to
ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO.
(No Change of Cars)
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PULLMAN DRAWING ROOM SLEEPERS
(Of Latest Equipment)
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS
Best that can be constructed and in
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A Continuous Line connecting with all
lines, affording direct and un-
interrupted service.
Pullman Sleeper reservations can be secured
in advance through any agent of the road
and to and from all points.
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and Europe can be purchased at any ticket
office of this company.
Full information concerning rates,
of trains, routes and other details furnished
on application to any agent, or
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Musical Goods and Instruments
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TILE FACTORY
Situating at the Southwest corner of the
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kept constantly on hand at lowest living
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I am prepared to give better
terms on farm insurance than any
other insurance agent in Yamhill
county.
READ THIS AGREEMENT!
On the day of 18.....
for value received I promise to pay to
the Oakland Home Insurance Co. or
der..... dollars in payment
of premium on Policy No. of said Com-
pany, with 7 per cent interest from date
until paid.
It is understood and agreed that this
note is not negotiable.
If this note is paid 60 days be-
fore maturity all interest shall be
waived.
This is no fake. These notes
will be taken on FARM PROP-
ERTY ONLY, and they give the farm-
er seven or eight months time on
his premium without interest. If
you don't believe it come and see
me.
C. W. TALMAGE.

Furniture Factory,

B. CLARK, PROPRIETOR.
Furniture of all the Latest Styles made to
order in Oak, Ash or any Wood
desired.
FINE WORKMANSHIP A SPECIALTY!
Orders taken for all kinds of work and
satisfaction guaranteed. Call at factory
and see specimens of furniture.
Do not buy without first seeing the fur-
niture manufactured here in your own state
and county.
B. CLARK.

A Glimpse of "Old Hutch."

"Old Hutch" came to town this week
to help along the Chicago World's Fair
Soliciting committee. He brought in
\$120,000 in subscriptions from the Buff-
alo elevators men. "Old Hutch" attract-
ed much attention wherever he appear-
ed. He wore a two-dollar slouch hat,
a black silk neckerchief under a collar
fastened to the shirt, which was but-
toned in front. His suit probably cost
\$18. His hands are brawny, and look
as though they might have just drop-
ped a plow handle. The old operator
paid no attention to the inquisitive and
curious crowd, and spoke to no one and
looked at no one. He was absorbed in
his own thoughts, evidently. Operat-
ing his grain in Chicago apparently
contributed to the seriousness of his ex-
istence.

Intra, Mintra. Cutra, Corn.
Ten small hands upon the spread,
Five forms kneeling beside the bed,
Blue eyes, black eyes, curly head
Blonde, brunette; in a glee and a glow,
Even the finger tips again
Glances along the line, and then—
Motherly Mary, age of 10,
Evens the finger tips again
Wire, briar, limber lock
Tare goes in a flock
Ruble, Ruble, rabble and rout,
Y. O. U. T.—
"Out!"

Sentence falls on curly head;
One we digit is "gone and dead,"
Nine-and-forty left on the spread.
Whether the lot may fall this day
Only God may the lot dispose

Is it more than a childish play?
The lot shall fall in many a home,
That breaks a heart and fills a tomb.
"Shall fall, and fall and fall again,
Like a law that counts or love but vain
Like a law unheeding our woe and pain.

"One by one, and who shall say
Whether the lot may fall this day
Only God may the lot dispose
True, too true. Yet hold, dear friend,
Evermore doth the lot depend
On him who loves, and loves to the end.
Blind, to our eyes, the fate goes,
Who'll be taken, no mortal knows,
But, only Love will the lot dispose.

Only Love, with his wiser sight;
Love alone, in his infinite might;
Love, who dwells in eternal light.

Now are the fifty fingers gone
To play some new play under the sun,
The childish fancy is past and gone
So let our boding prophecies go
To and from all points.
The dear God holdeth our lot below?
—Rev. J. K. Nutting in Salem (Mass.)
Gazette.

A Curious African People.

Swaziland, in South Africa, has re-
cently been brought to the attention
of the civilized world through the visit
of an English commission to the Queen
regent of that country to settle questions
of boundary and to arrange for a friendly
understanding between the natives and
whites.
Usibati, the Queen Regent, is enor-
mously stout, and, as a sign of exemp-
tion from any kind of labor, grows her
nails, both of the hands and feet, to an
extreme length. Her dress consists
of a collection of dirty black skins and
also a constant wear of snuff. Al-
though a personally good-natured old
woman, she resented with vehemence
the suggestion of one of the commis-
sioners that she abolish human sacrifices
which are quite common among the
Swazies and become wholesale slaugh-
ter immediately after the death of a
member of the royal family.
"Killing off," she declared, "was al-
ways practiced when the nation was
mourning for a deceased ruler and for
the reason that it was not right that
the people should in any way pretend
to mourn. So that they might have
good reason to weep for a ruler they
perhaps had never seen, it was usual to
kill one or two of the relations of such
people, and then at once their weeping
became sincere. As for fair trial, the
people got that, for whenever it was
considered desirable that a man or two
should be killed, the whole village is
turned out and made to sit round in a
circle; the witch doctor then goes
around and points out those that are to
die."

The executioner is known as Jokil-
bovo, or the Red Warrior. The mon-
arch has deputed four of the chiefs
the power of sentencing to death.
Should any man offend one of these, or
the laws of the country are promptly
asked to go for a walk with Jokilbovo.
This walk excites very little notice
beyond the culprit's own imme-
diate circle of friends. Its direction is
always the same, and it ends on an ex-
ecution hill with a blow from Red
Warrior's club. There is a great knack
in delivering the death blow aright, as
the Swazi cranium is not given to being
affected by ordinary knocks unless well
planted at the base of the skull.

Killed in Battle.

Did you ever think how few people
are killed during wars? asked Thomas
Sloane, of Boston, as he sat in the Col-
onnade last evening. "Well, here is a
monumentary mass recently regard-
ing deaths in battle since 1856. The
entire number killed during these thirty-
four years—exclusive of those who
died from disease—is about 2,253,000.
In the Crimean war 750,000 were killed;
the Italian war of 1859 resulted in the
slaughter of 45,000; in the American
civil war 800,000; in the Danish war, of
1864, 3,000; in the Austro-Prussian war
45,000; in the Franco-Prussian war—
France 150,000, Germany 60,000; in the
Turco-Russian war 250,000; the South
African war 30,000; the Afghan war
25,000; the Mexican and Cochiti Chi-
nese expedition 65,000; and the Bulgar-
ian-Servian insurrection 25,000.

A Monster of the Deep.

The Adventures of a Pearl-Diver
on the Mexican Coast.
"Have I ever seen a sea serpent?"
The speaker, says a writer in the New
York Ledger, was a tall, red-faced man,
a sea farer, at work upon a dilapidated
boat which he pulled up on the sands.
"No, I can't say that I have; but,"
seeing the disappointed look that came
over the countenances of his young
questioners, he continued: "I've seen
what's to my mind wuss."

"A mermaid," suggested one of the
boys.
"No," replied the old sailor, striking
the boat with his calking-iron, "wuss
nor that."
"One day while lying in the port at
San Francisco a man came aboard and
asked me if I wanted a job at \$100 per
month. I answered quickly I did, and
a week later I was sailing down the
coast to the gulf, shipped as a regular
diver to the pearl fishery. It seems
that they wanted a first-class pearl-diver
to inspect the grounds, as they had
reason to believe that the natives were
cheating them. I made my quarters at
a little town called La Paz, just around
the corner in the Gulf of California and
a queer place it was.

"I used to go out with a gang of six
or seven men, and when we got on the
ground each man would take a big ba-
cket and a rock fastened to a rope and
lower himself over, the rock carrying
him to the bottom; then, when he had
filled the basket as quick as he could
with pearls or shells, the men would pull
it up and he would swim up and get a
breathing spell.

"It wasn't the nicest kind of a life,
this being under water so much," con-
tinued the sailor, "and the Indians and
Mexicans didn't like it either; but it
was about the only thing they could do.
We moved about every day or two, and
one day one of the men came up and told
me he wouldn't go down again.

"Sharks," says I. "No, senor," says he,
"mucho malo," or wuss, in his
pigeon lingo; then he said something
to the rest and all hands knocked off.
There was nothing to do but give it up,
so I made up made up my mind to go
down, myself, and show 'em that an
American wasn't afraid of anything. I
had begun to get ready when one of the
men came for'ard and advised me not
to go. He said the man Asturo was
seen the fish salvadore, which was a
sure sign that the big blanket fish was
about. I had never heard of this be-
fore and they all seemed much sur-
prised. The head diver explained it to
me as a fish that might range from an
acre up in width and that it looked like
a big blanket, and that it settled down
slowly when it saw a diver and covered
him up, and that was the last of that
diver.

"I listened to it, but of course didn't
believe it, so the Mexicans sat down
while I got ready. A few minutes later
I was whizzing down. The water was
covered with oyster shells, which,
without waiting for the blank-
et fish, I began to pull off and put in
the basket. When it was full I went
up, jokin' the Mexicans for their cow-
ardice. They didn't have nothin' to
say, so pretty soon I went down again.
You know, lads, that a man can't stay
under water very long—two minutes or
two and a half is a very long time for
the best of divers. I reckon I'd been
down about a minute, and was bendin'
over, pullin' off shells, when I noticed
a sudden darkness. At first I paid no
attention to it, I thinkin' it was mud.
Then something jerked the line and I
stood up. Well, lads, if I'd had my
hair to speak of, it hadn't been wet
I reckon it'd stood on end and no joke.

Right over me was a big somethin' that
did look like a blanket. It was twenty
foot one way and I don't know how
long the other, shaped like a big bird,
and whittin' round like a big buzz-
ard when it's risin'. It was whittin'
round, as I said, comin' lower 'n' lower,
and I made up my mind that my
only chance was to make a break. So
I jerked at the line and dashed up. I
reckon I got about half way when the
big critter came whirlin' down. I was
within two feet of it, and its two big
horns or somethin', looked just as if
they was goin' to grab me, when some-
thin' happened. Whether it see me
and got scared or somethin' else got
after it, or what, I dunno, but it give me
a kind of a somerset, upsettin' me, so
for a second I was me, drowned, and
the next I knew the divers was haulin'
me into the boat."

"I'd seen the blanket fish, an' ac-
cordin' to the men, had a narrow es-
cape. You couldn't get one to go near
the place for two or three days. Of
course I don't want to run across one
again, but, between you and me, that
blanket fish I reckon, was the wuss
scared of the two. I'd just as soon run
across a sea-serpent," added the sailor
thoughtfully. "In fact, I dunno but
I'd rather; but," brushing the ashes
from his pipe and taking up his mallet,
"I don't expect I ever will now."

The tale of the blanket fish reads like
fiction, or some tale of the superstitious
Mexicans, but it has some foundation
in fact. In the Gulf of California, and
up as far as San Diego, is found a ray,
known to science as the Manta-birosta.
It is the largest of its kind, a veritable
monster, looking at first glance, very
much like a huge blanket spread out in
the water. The ray is often found
having a width of sixteen or seventeen
feet, its enormous side fins resembling
wings, while behind streams a long
whipping tail. Such a monster would
weigh three or four tons and one can
imagine the appearance it would make
from below. The power of the fish is
equal to that of a small whale, and oc-
casionally he huge claspers upon the
head and become entangled in the anchor
chains of vessels and the craft moves
mysteriously away, to the horror of the
superstitious sailors. Several such in-
stances are on record.

HOARDING IN INDIA.

The Form Which It Takes—The
Natives Prefer Gold in
Coin or Jewelry.

It is difficult to estimate the amount
of gold hoarded in India. But it was ap-
proximated before the royal commission
on bimetalism at £130,000,000, which
was the amount imported during the
last fifty years, and is exclusive of the
hoards for centuries past. The silver
was computed at £170,000,000. This
yields for both gold and silver the sum
of £300,000,000, which represents
nearly one-third of the value of the to-
tal amount of coin (£1,000,000,000) es-
timated by Dr. Soetbeer to be in cir-
culation in the world. The form which the
hoarding takes is that of bullion or coin
and frequently the metal is made into
ornaments, partly used for the purpose
of adornment and partly kept as a
hoard. As a rule the native prefers it
in the form of ornaments for his family
because it is also a source of gratification
to him to possess these ornaments. The simplest form of jewel
or ornament worn by the native is the
thick gold or silver wire twisted into
bangles or bracelets. The latter are
made by the silversmith to whom the
native betakes himself when he has
saved a few rupees. These are soon
beaten up into the necessary article of
ornament and hoard. Silver is also
hammered into brooches and torques in
imitation of knotted grass and leaves,
while armlets and such like are freely
fabricated. Solid or hollow gold lamps
in the form of cubes or octahedrons
strung on red silk appear as another
form of stored wealth. As may be sup-
posed, the gods of India, which are
many, absorb much of the molten gold
and silver of the country. One notable
design is called Swami, and consists of
an ornamentation of figures of Hindu
gods in high relief, beaten out from the
surface, or fixed by solder or screws. In
Southern India there are vast stores of
gold and silver in the temples. The
poor people have no strong boxes or
safes in which to place their valuables,
and so they place their hard cash and
valuables within brass pots or bhangas
has and then bury them under ground
somewhere in the room in which they
sleep, preferring for this purpose the
ground under their beds or disused
wells and other out-of-way places. Jew-
elry stands high commercially in
India, for it always commands a ready
sale. A jewel there is a veritable "joy
giver" as the origin of the word implies.
It is reckoned the most solid kind of
wealth, and fortunes are never counted
without estimating the value of the
stock of jewels. They perform a great
matrimonial function, the poorest bride
having her dowry, often equal in value
to several years of the bridegroom's in-
come. One of the greatest boasts of the
jewelry-owner is that his hoards are not
taxed, for he may be worth 100,000 ru-
pees and yet pay no income tax, for the
simple reason that the hoards yield him
no income.

But hoards take also the form of
coined money or bullion, or bars of gold
as well as jewelry. At the present time
it is believed that 10,000,000 of British
sovereigns are hoarded in India, chiefly
in the Bombay presidency, where the
impression on them of St. George and the
dragon appears to be valued on re-
ligious grounds. There are also vast
quantities of the native coinage stored,
the mohur being the principal coin in
hoards. It is of gold and of the weight
and fineness of a silver rupee, its value
being about 30 shillings. The hoarding
absorbs all the gold that pours into In-
dia, and very much of the silver, al-
though the latter is the circulating me-
dium. As the natives get wealthy they
prefer gold.—Chambers's Journal.

England in Mexico.

A curious phenomenon is present in
Mexican financial affairs. It is that
while American capital, except that in-
vested in mines, is being withdrawn
from Mexico, British capital is flowing
in and in greater volume than ever.
The inwardness of this peculiar con-
dition of affairs seems to be that Ameri-
can investigators seem to be more prac-
tically acquainted with the possibilities
of Mexico than their English cousins,
and are better able to see that for a time
at least further investments in Mexico
are not advisable. At the same time it is
a fact that United States offers a pro-
fitable field for enterprise that Ameri-
cans are not disposed to overlook. But
there is another reason for our exami-
ning the economical condition of Mexico
to-day. The ascendancy of British
capital there is complete. Last year
alone well on to \$75,000,000 were sunk
in railways, lands, mines, public securi-
ties, banks and other enterprises, which
with other investments constitute
a tremendous mortgage on the re-
sources of the republic, rendering the
maintenance of law and order a mat-
ter of almost as much importance to
Great Britain as to Mexico itself. Specially
over the railway system of the
country has England got a firm hold.
The Mexican Railway, the Interocce-
anic and the Mexican Southern are En-
glish companies; the control of the Na-
tional is in English hands, the Tehuante-
pec is being constructed with British
capital and the majority of the first
mortgage bonds of the Central have
passed into English hands. The money
for the construction of new railways,
concessions for which have been grant-
ed by the government, will probably be
sought for in London. The drainage
of the valley of Mexico has been under-
taken by English capitalists. English
banks are about to be established sev-
eral million acres of land are owned by
British subjects engaged in cattle rais-
ing, and a large proportion of the cap-
ital raised for mining enterprises has
been found in London. The activity
of English capitalists in all parts of the
New World is one of the most notable
features of this era. What the results
may be in Mexico is worth considering.
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Electric Roads.

Careful analysis of the workings of
electric roads goes to prove that when
operated with skill and discretion they
are 50 per cent less expensive to run
than horse railroads are. What does
this mean? One thing it means is that
many roads can be built that would be
out of the question with horses. An-
other is that roads not paying can be
placed on a dividend basis. In 1888 out
of nineteen horse roads reporting in New
York city, ten showed a deficiency. Last
year their net earnings were much
better, but it is evident that a horse
road is not always a mine of wealth, al-
though it may be of fertilizers. A third
point is the establishing of a new
class of investment of a solid, enduring
nature. It is within everyone's knowl-
edge that the accumulation of capital
tends constantly to the reduction of in-
terest to a minimum. There was a time
when the long stocking and the iron
chest were the common bankers' re-
serves for the savings of the timid; and
the capital that was held earned the double
reward of its bravery and scarcity. As
Walter Bagehote, the economist, has
remarked, the English people have al-
ways wanted to put their money into
something that will yield 5 per cent;
and this is undoubtedly one reason why
English capital, free and fluent, is so
much a power in the finance of the
world, and why so much comes this
way. As Mr. Bagehote says: "In most
countries most men are content to fore-
go interest, but in more advanced coun-
tries at some time or other, men are seek-
ing investment than there are known
investments for." It is thus in
America, so far as "safe" investment
is concerned, and by safe I mean such as
do not require the active care and
conscience thought of the capitalist, but
may be held by trustees, widows, hos-
pitals, universities, savings-banks and
the like. The competition of capital
for the best class of government bonds,
municipal bonds, railroad stock, etc.,
has reduced the earnings on these to a
very low figure, whether in America or
England or Germany; and the result is
that we see today, as never before, the
planning of enormous trusts and gi-
gantic industrial enterprises, which
represent in no small degree the en-
deavor of capital or savings still to en-
joy better income, but in newer fields.
Now, I look upon the electric road as
business of the country.

gime of electricity, as during one of
the best opportunities for local capital
and for what may be called the organi-
zation of local savings, which might
otherwise lie around in napkins, like
the unjust steward's talent, and be
of no use to anybody. The capital
in street railways in America
to day reaches from \$175,000,000 to
\$200,000,000. If the system I have
made as to the superior economy of
electrical power be true, how much
greater becomes the earning capacity of
this investment, how much greater are
the attractions held out to construct
the hundreds of new roads that are still
wanted and will be called for as soon as
our towns and cities grow. Of course I
am aware that it may be said that this
showing might lead to a demand for
lower fares. It might but the public is
intelligent enough to know that other
things are more necessary, such as bet-
ter cars with better heat and better
light, improved tracks, faster running
time and shorter headway, so that the
fifteen hundred million passengers on the
street railways every year may
travel in safety.—T. C. Martin in the
Electrical World.

Information About the Czar.

The Czar is said by an old comrade
to be an illiterate man, writing a school-
boy hand and strewing his manuscript
with mistakes in spelling and
grammar. He prefers to reside at
the chateau of Gatchina chiefly because
the hour's distance of that splendid
palace from St. Petersburg gives him a
sense of comparative security from
assassination. The few and simple pre-
cautions it is thought necessary to take
in this calm retreat are these: the whole
domain, including the palace, gardens,
park and forest, is surrounded by a
high wall, which is again guarded by
an entrenched camp. Hundreds of
sentries on the wall, many miles in ex-
tent, are changed every hour. Every
road and footpath is patrolled incessant-
ly, and no one is allowed to leave or
enter the railroad station or approach
the chateau without a pass. Last of all
the chief police search every corner of
the palace at least twice a day. After
this free and easy existence of happy
confidence in his subjects, it is not to be
wondered at that the Emperor dreads
the disloyal precincts of the Hermitage
or the Winter Palace.

Bismarck's Youngest Son.

"Billy" Bismarck, as he is known to
his family and friends, is one of the
most popular society men in Berlin, a
member of many clubs, a bit of a bon-
vivant, and the very image, the older
folks declare, of Graf von Bismarck at
that age. Count Billy, who is about
thirty-eight, excessively bald and with
a quick, keen face and an eye that
searcely hides the merry twinkle that
betrays his innate love of humor, is
governor of the province of Hanover.
He is a man of rare mental gifts and
with a wonderful fa-
After leaving college
law and passed a creditable examina-
tion, he went into the service of the
government, where his ability, together
with the influence of the paternal name
has pushed him forward to a point that
is usually reached only after about thirty
years of civil service. Still, his ad-
ministration in Hanover has given sat-
isfaction, where his energy and unfail-
ing fund of amiability make him very
popular.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.