The Telephone-Register.

Circulation Guaranteed Greater Than That of Any Other Paper Published in Yamhill County.

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McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1890.

VOL. II. NO. 19.

Lots For Sale!

A SIX ROOMED HOUSE AND TWO Lots, 100x100 feet, price, $800; or with three lots, 100x150 feet, $900; or four lots, 100x200 feet, with barn, $1100. A good variety of fruit trees, new fence and sidewalk. I also have fourteen other good residence lots for sale at from $75 to $100 per lot, or a good block for $700, or a half block for $350. Call or address me on the premises, three blocks north of the courthouse, McMinnville, Yamhill county, Oregon.

[April 10:tf] A. D. SIMPSON.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned John H. Walker has been appointed by the County court of Yamhill county, Oregon, administrator of the estate of James A. Walker, deceased.

All persons, therefore, having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same with proper vouchers to the undersigned at the law office of F. W. Fenton, at McMinnville, Oregon, within six months from this date.

Dated May 7, 1890.

JOHN H. WALKER,
Administrator of of said Estate.
F. W. Fenton, Attorney for estate. (May 8-48)

Mt. Vernon.

4,904.

In Wallace's year book of 1888, on Page 242, you will see the registry of Mt. Vernon, record 2:26. This record was made in a race in Oregon.

PEDIGREE.

MT. VERNON was sired by Champion Knox, son of Bismarck; dam by son of Old Rifleman; Bismarck by Gen. Knox, 140 (son of Vermont Hero, 141, by Sherman's Black Hawk, 5, by Sherman Morgan, son of Justin Morgan, the founder of the Morgan family.) Dam by Eaton Horse (son of Winthrop Messinger.)

Thus you see MT. VERNON is a standard animal, both in breeding and performance.

DESCRIPTION.

MT. VERNON is a golden chestnut, weighs 1,200 pounds, and is without question one of the speediest and gamiest stallions in the world.

He Will Stand

At the following places during the season ending with July 1, 1890:

Sheridan—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

McMinnville—Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

TERMS---INSURANCE, $30.

The citizens of Oregon now have a chance to breed for speed, size and road qualities for a very low price. Address:

JOEL MARTIN,
[April 17] McMinnville, Or

An Old-Fashioned Love Song.

Tell me what within her eyes
Makes the forgotten Spring arise,
And all the day, if kind she looks,
Flow to a tune like tinkling brooks;
Tell me why if but her voice
Falls on men's ears, their souls rejoice;
Tell me why, if only she
Doth come into the companie
All spirits straight enkindled are,
As if a moon lit up a star?
Tell me this that's writ above,
And I will tell you why I love.

Tell me why the foolish wind
Is in her tresses ever kind,
And only blows them in such wise,
As lends her beauty some surprise;
Tell me why the changing year
Can change from spring if she appear;
Tell me why to see her face
Begets in all folks else a grace
That makes them fair, as love of her
Did to a gentler nature?

Tell me why, if she but go,
Alone, across the fields of snow,
All fancies of the Springs of old
Within a lover's breast grew bold;
Tell me why, when her he sees,
Within him stirs an April breeze;
And all that in his secret heart
Most sacredly was set apart,
And most was hidden, then awakes,
At the sweet joy her coming makes.
Tell me these that's writ above,
And I will tell you why I love.

—*H. C. Bunner in Scribner's*

SOCIETY IN HAYTI.

Some of the Peculiar Things Done at Dancing Parties.

The average ball in Port-au-Prince, a genuine society affair, has some interesting characteristics. You are expected to arrive about 6 o'clock in the evening and stay until daybreak. Your host, not your hostess, is the conspicuous personage. She is nobody and nowhere in particular—that is, according to Hayti's code, says a correspondent to the Philadelphia *American*. Your host has selected a few of his gentlemen friends to assist him in receiving. They meet the guests upon their arrival and escort the ladies to their dressing room, and, waiting for them, take them down to the grand salon, where the women, young and old, are seated around the room and left to themselves, and the gentlemen congregating out on the galleries until a dance is called, when the partners are chosen and the wallflowers are brought forward. But the dance over, there is no pleasant gossiping between the sexes—no sitting on the stairs and all that, but the ladies are straightway lead back to their seats and again left to meditate or chatter among themselves. Two buffets have been set up for the occasion, one for the gentlemen—out on the gallery as a rule—where drinks and cigars are served, the other near the salon, for the ladies, supplied with light wines and confections. A ball is rather stupid for women unless she has plenty of partners. Even the display of fancy hosiery that Haytian belles delight in palls upon the yawning wearers after a time. Sitting there, between the dances, they stretch out their slippered feet, and the effect of these bright stockings is some compensation for the ennui they must endure that the men so merry outside may enjoy their ball.

The horseback parties up into the mountains are a marked feature of Hayti's better social life. The cavalcade starts off at daybreak, or perhaps even earlier; the objective point being some mountain cabin, where the contents of the hampers will be spread, and possibly beds provided for a night or two. Through the heat of the day, from 9 until 4, the party will loll about in the dense shade, eating fruit, singing and playing cards, the delicious mountain air making it hard for a stranger to believe that he is in the tropics, and wonder why a sanitarium is not built upon the invigorating heights.

The Haytian gentleman who would express the utmost courtesy to a stranger in Port-au-Prince invites him to use his bath, the highest distinction he can offer, and one most gratefully appreciated if the stranger is staying at the hotel of the capital. Every Haytian with any claims whatever to respectibility even, has a bath, a large swimming bath as a rule, through which the clear, cold mountain stream is running, and in which he dives many times a day. These swimming baths are latticed pavillions, standing near the villas, their basins some ten or more feet square or circular, with broad steps leading down to them. They are usually about three feet deep, but sometimes deeper, and are furnished with every convenience for bathing.

The Honest Waiter.

There was an occurrence not long ago in the city of Minneapolis, which well illustrates the making of virtue a necessity and profiting thereby. A lady, than whose name there is none better known in the theatrical world, was playing an engagement at the Grand. She stopped, of course, at the West. One day she was engaged in looking over her wardrobe, or a portion of it, in her room, and, being busy, had her luncheon sent to her room. When it came her stage diamonds, made of the purest paste, were scattered about on the table, among them being a large cross, heavily set with sparkling diamonds. It caught the eye of the waiter who brought up the tray, and, by a little juggling with his napkin, he secured it. He rushed down town as soon as possible, to, in vulgar parlance, "hock it, but found that he could raise but 50 cents on it. He was a "smooth" guy, so he hastened back to the hotel, only to find that the lady had departed for the matinee performance. To the theatre he went, and, securing admission at the stage entrance on "pressing business from Miss ——, —— hotel." he found the lady and restored to her the diamond cross, which, he plausibly set forth, had become entangled in a napkin. She was so delighted with the fellow's honesty that she bestowed on him a five dollar bill. This is a true story, and one which will not be incorporated among those in the Sunday-school books under the title, "Reward of Honesty."

How Sounds are Made Visible.

Among the most interesting results of its investigations that modern science has revealed to us is the fact that musical sounds can, so to speak, imprint themselves upon matter and produce definite forms as unerringly and surely as the electric needle can record the motions of the fluid which is discharged from a distant battery. Sound is a thing so ethereal to fancy, that its very nature long baffled the penetration of men, and we cannot wonder that the recondite aspect of its power to which we specially allude should have remained entirely unknown until a comparatively recent period. Yet if we reflect upon the constitution of sound, we shall see nothing very surprising in the fact that it can be productive of form. When an elastic body vibrates, it imparts its vibrations to the surrounding atmosphere. The air vibrating in response to the movements of the body is itself the sound, though not recognized by us as such until these vibrations have been conveyed to our ear. But as a breeze will cause a twig to stir, and as the slightest whisper of a wind will create motions among the leaves, and lift them to a new position from that which they occupied in the dead and tranquil calm preceding, so similarly the harmonious vibrations of the air will evidently have their effect in altering the conditions of the body they impinge on, no less than the breezes which strike the leaves. Experiment has amply proved that the human voice alone is capable of printing form upon matter as successfully and as distinctly as a violin bow drawn across the edges of a plate. The discoverer of this great fact is a lady, Mrs. Watts Hughes. The experiments are conducted as follows: A hollow receiver is procured, over the mouth of which is stretched an elastic membrane. The surface of the membrane is covered with a semi-fluid paste, of such consistency that very light impressions can be easily received. The singer then approaching the apparatus sings onto the membrane, exercising the greatest care that his notes are singulary steady and perfectly accurate in the intonation of the given sound. At once the musical note mirrors itself on the paste, and in the most upexpected forms. The statement will doubtless not readily be believed when we say that the forms of flowers, as perfect as if they were drawn, occur among the rest, and, indeed, contribute the majority of the figures. Daisies, with every petal exactly shaped, are common; lilies, as symmetrically made are not rare. A change of note or of *timbre* will produce a miniature tree on the paste. By some slight variation, impossible to estimate, the figure of a starfish will appear on the surface of the membrane; another peceptible difference of sound will lay, side by side with the starfish an anemone. Occasionally the vibrations—presumably owing to an unconscious augmentation of force on the part of the singer—will imprint themselves in the form of shells, beautifully voluted, the wrinkles in the scroll being so incisively indented that when photographed they appear as if creases in the picture. Suddenly deserting these marine forms as capriciously as it took them up, the sound will create ferns, suspend bunches of fruit, and otherwise adorn with similar emblems the surface. There is, of course much room for conjecture in the explanation of these various forms. Some facts, however, we know for certain. When the sound is producing flowers on the paste, the singer can at pleasure increase the number of petals by gradually making the tone ascend. At each fraction of a tone on which his voice rises a new petal is added to the flower. He can thus, by a careful management of his breath, increase a pygmy daisy that lies first imprinted on the paste to a gigantic sunflower, occupying nearly the whole surface. In the other forms—*e. g.*, the shells—this addition of piece by piece does not appear, and the scroll once fashioned remains. The forms thus produced on paste are photographed while the membrane is in sonorous vibration; or water-color impressions are taken, which are transferred onto glass immediately after being produced. The advantage of the latter is that the minute beauty and delicacy of the forms can be shown to perfection by the use of different colors for the various parts of the same object. Such results of modern science as the precedeing brings us to the threshold of an interesting antiquity. The Greeks, who were certainly innocent of any such research into the mysteries of sound as we have just described, held in the person of Pythagoras, his school and numerous natural philosophers who followed him, the doctrine that music is the principle form of nature and that every shape in the natural figure in the animate and inanimate world was determined and created by the divine infusion of music into the formless matter of chaos. "By whatever means it were introduced," says one of the greatest of these ancient thinkers, "for on that point we are left entirely without a basis for speculation, music and nothing else but music, must have been infused into matter so as to bring the formless universe into harmonious order and produce the forms we see around us of landscapes, rivers, trees, flowers, instead of the everlasting chaos which preceeded." It is not a little singular in illustration of this ancient idea to find the vibrations of musical sound at the present day being proved to produce the forms of flowers, trees, shells and other natural objects, spontaneously and without any previous suggestion of the form by pencil or the hand of man; to see the same power, when exercised upon a chaos of grains of sand, at once throw the sand into patterns of symmetry, whose lines and curves might very easily, if we were disposed to carry out the analogy be constructed into miniature models of winding rivers sweeping mountain chains, and other objects which give order and outline to the vague monotony of a landscape. Pythagoras, who went further than others of the same school, proceeded to the great detail in exemplfying the power of music in giving form to matter. He made the bold assertion—for which he was called a madman—that the octave gave our globe its present form. We would not like to enumerate all the treatises that have been written or to allude to the endless derision which has been showered upon this philisopher for his apparently wild and meaningless assertion. But we will remark—in strange agreement with such a hypothesis—the experiments of Chaldni have revealed that whenever an octave is sounded on the glass plate the sand, whatever its previous position might have been, invariably ranges itself in form of a circle. Into this phase of the subject, however, we do not intend to go, beyond remarking that a vast literature of dreams and speculations existed in antiquity—to which belongs the doctrine of the harmony of the spheres—connected with the subject of which we have been treating. In modern times the little that has been done in the way of scientific investigation has been recorded above. But the field is an ample one, open for any experimentalist; and if the moderns would only investigate it as much as the ancients dreamed about it, discoveries not only interesting but surprising might be expected.—*J. F. Robotham, in Cassell's Family Magazine.*

STORIES OF JESSE JAMES.

New Light on the Character of the Famous Missouri Bandit.

"Jesse James, the Missouri bandit, possessed many manly qualities," feelingly exclaimed Uncle Dick Henderson at the Brunswick last week. "I knew him well. He was turned into a nemesis after the Pinkertons threw that bomb through the window of the Samuels residence and blew off the arm of Jesse's mother. Ever after that occurrence both Frank and Jesse declared war on the Pinkerton men. The killing of Jesse James by Bob Ford was the cowardly act of a treacherous, ungrateful fiend. Bob wasn't 'eating regular' when Jesse took him to his home, gave him shelter and treated him well. One day Jesse was dusting off a picture and had his back turned, Bob shot him from behind. Of course you know that, but very few people ever learned what picture Jesse was dusting when he got his death wound. It was the large picture of his dear old, white haired mother whom he loved dearly.

In one robbery at Blue Cut, when the James gang went through a train, Jesse led the way and relieved the passengers of their valuables. He came to one woman in black, who was sobbing bitterly. He stopped and inquired the cause of her sorrow. As she handed him $70 in greenbacks, she cried out convulsively: "Its all I have in the world. My huaband's corpse is in the baggage car. Tears came to the eyes of the train robber. Going into his pocket he returned the $70 and added two crisp one-hundred dollar bills to it, which he forced the widow to accept. He never would rob a cripple or an old, gray haired woman either. He once took an overcoat off his own back to in the streets of Liberty, Mo., to give to an old shivering man who had been turned out into the cold by an unfeeling son-in-law. I could name many other instances.

"Little Jesse James' the son of the dead bandit, is making quite an income out of the sale of pebbles from his father's grave to the tourists who frequent the old homestead at Kearney, Mo. Mrs. Jesse James is a pretty, quiet little woman, who fully appreciated the devotion of her husband. She says her husband never came home drunk, and was at all times kind and attentive. Yet he was a criminal in the eyes of the law, and finally met an ignominous death by being shot in the back by the paid assassin of Gov. Crittenden.

I tell you, I believe in superstition," concluded the speaker. "Charlie Ford killed himself. Bob Ford is now a tramp on the face of the earth. His blood money is spent and he is despised even byeriminals. Gov. Crittenden is dead politically, and only recently failed in business. Jesse James, the victim of their conspiracy, sleeps peacefully in the little churchyard at Kearney, charged with more crime than he ever committed. His devoted widow is a living monument to his devotion as a husband, even though all the world may despise his memory as a hunted bandit who met an untimely death from a man who accepted shelter and food beneath his roof."

Live Frog in a Rock.

Many well-authenticated stories of the finding of live toads and frogs in solid rock, are on record, and that such things are possible was demonstrated here on Thursday afternoon, when a workman engaged in Varley & Everill's lime rock quarry, north of the city broke open a large piece of rock which had been blasted out, and a frog hopped out of a pocket in the centre of the stone. Of course, the occurrence created a tremendous sensation among the workman, and operations at the quarry were for the time suspended, and the movements of the frog were watched with great interest. The animal was somewhat smaller than the ordinary frog and was perfectly white. Its eyes were unusually large and very brilliant but the frog was perfectly blind. There was only a line where the mouth should have been, and on the feet there was a dark, horny substance. Mr. Everill at once took charge of the curiosity and put it in a tin can, but the frog died yesterday morning. He brought it down town and it was examined with interest by a large number of people, and afterwards it was presented to the museum, where it will be preserved in alcohol.—*Salt Lake Herald.*

Fatalism and Faith.

Fatalism, complete and unmitigated, is at the foundation of all Oriental religion and philosophy, all ancient or modern pantheism and most of the various types of agnosticism. While this has been the point at which all the infidel systems have assailed the Christian faith, it has nevertheless been the goal which they have all reached by their own speculations. They have differed from Christianity in that their predestination, instead of being qualified by any concession to the play of free will or any feasible plan of ultimate and superabounding good, has been a real fatalism—changeless, hopeless, remorseless. Scoffers have long pointed with indignation at the Christian doctrine that a child inherits a moral bias from its parents, but nowadays agnostic biologists carry the law of heredity to an extreme which no hyper-Calvinist ever thought of, and the cavillers at "original sin" have become eloquent in praise of Buddhism, which handicaps each child with the accumulated demerit of pre-existent beings with whom he had no connection whatever. The Christian doctrine imputes punishable guilt only so far as each one's free choice makes the sin his own; the dying infant who has no choice is saved by grace; but upon every Buddhist, however short lived, there rests an heirloom of destiny which only countless transmigrations can discharge. If we turn to Mohammedism we find a doctrine of fate, clear, express and emphatic. The Koran resorts to no euphuism or circumlocution in declaring it. Thus in Sura lxxiv, 3, 4, we read: "Thus doth God cause to err whom he pleases, and directeth whom he pleases." Again, Sura xx, 4, says: "The fate of every man have we bound around his neck." With the lower forms of religious belief—fetich worship, animism, serpent worship, demon worship—the case is still worse. The only deities that are recognized in these rude faiths are generally supposed to be malevolent beings, who have not only fixed an evil fate upon men, but whose active and continued function is to torment them. Looking at the dark facts of life, and having no revelation of a merciful God, their votaries have simply been inspired with dread, and all their religious rites have been devised for appeasing the powers that dominate and distress the world. And yet we are asked to believe that even this wide spread horror, this universal nightmare of heathen superstition is better than the Calvinistic creed. If we inquire into the tendency of all types of pantheism in this particular phase we shall find them, without exception, fatalistic. They not merely make God the author of sin, they make him the sinner. There is an important sense in which all forms of materialism are fatalistic in their relation to moral responsibility. James Buechner assures us that "what is called man's soul or mind is now almost universally conceded as equivalent to a function of the substance of the brain." Walter Bagehot suggests that the newly-born child has his destiny inscribed upon his nervous tissues. Mr. Buckle assures us that certain underlying but undefinable laws of society, as indicated by statistics, control human action irrespective of choice or moral responsibility. Even accidents and the averages of forgetfulness or neglect are the subjects of computation. To support his position he cites the average of suicides or the number of letter deposited yearly on which the superscription has been forgotten. Thus underlying all human activity there is an unknown force, a vague, supreme something—call it deity or call it fate—which controls human affairs irresistibly. That which differentiates Christianity is the fact that, while it does represent God as the originator and controller of all thing, it yet respects the freedom of the human will, which Mohammedism does not, which materialism does not. Not only the word of God, but our own reason tells us that the Creator of this world must have proceeded upon a definite and all-embracing plan, and yet at the same time not only the word of God but our consciousness that we are free to act according to our own will. How these things are to be reconciled we know not, simply because we are finite and God is infinite. One may say that God predetermined and then foresaw what he had ordained; another says that he foresaw and then resolved to effect what he had foreseen. Neither is correct—or, at least neither can know he is correct. God is not subject to our conditions of time and space. It is impossible that he whose knowledge and will encompass all things should be affected by our notions of order and sequence. The whole universe, with all its farthest extended history, stood before him from all eternity as one conception and as one purpose. The too frrequent mistake of human formulas is that they to undertake to reason out infinite mysteries on our low ant hropomorphic lines—one in one extreme and another in another. We cannot fit the ways of God to the measure of our logic or our metaphysics. What we have to do with many things is simply to believe and wait. On the other hand, there are things of a practical nature which God has made very plain. He has brought them down to us. The whole scheme of grace is an adaption of the great mysteries of the Godhead to our knowledge, faith, obedience and love. And this leads directly to the chief differential which Christianity presents in contrast with the fatalisms of false systems, viz., that while sin and death abound, as all must see, the gospel alone reveals a superabounding grace. It is enough for us that the whole scheme is one of redemption, that the Lamb was slain from the foundation of the world—nay that he made the world and made it for an infinitely benevolent purpose. If dark mysteries appear in the Word or in the world, we are to view them in the light of Calvary and wait till we can see as we are seen, for this world is Christ's, and must subserve his purpose. Our position, therefore, as before the abettors of heathen philosophy is impregnable; the fatalism is all theirs, the union of sovereign power with infinite love is ours. We have reason as well as they. We realize the facts and mysteries of life as fully as they, but are not embittered by them. We see nothing to be gained by putting out the light we have. We prefer faith to pessimism—incarnate love to the tyranny of "unconscious will."—*Rev. Dr. F. F. Ellinwood, in the Homiletic Review for June.*

It Sizzled the Blood.

We are indebted to Frank Smith of Whitewater for a graphic description of the manner in which a Piute Indian prepared his deadly arrows. He gathered a dozen or more rattlesnake heads and put them in a spherical earthen vessel. With these he put half a pint of a species of a large red ant that is found hereabouts. The bite of this ant is more poisonous than that of a bee. Upon these he poured a bit of water, and then sealed up with moist earth this vessel. He then dug a hole two feet deep in the ground, in which he built a roaring fire, and then put in some stones. When the interior of the hole and the stones were red-hot he made a place in the bottom for the earthen vessel and put it in. About it and upon it he put the coals and hot stones and upon the top he built a fierce fire, and kept it up for twenty-four hours. Then he dug out his vessel and standing off with a long pole he disengaged the top and let the fumes escape. He insisted that had they struck his face it would have killed him. The mass left in the vessel was a dark brown paste.

To test the efficacy of his concoction the Indian with his hunting knife made a cut in his bare leg just below the knee, and let the blood run down his ankle. Then, taking a stick, he dipped it into the poison and touched it to the descending blood at the ankle. It immediately began to sizzle as if it were cooking the blood, and the poison followed the blood right up the leg, sizzling its way until the Indian scraped the blood off with the knife. He assured our informant that had he allowed it to reach the mouth of the wound he would have died instantly.—*Banning Herald.*

A Novel Railway.

Spain has a novelty in the way of a sumerged railway. It runs through the surf off Oreton, near Bilbao, 650 feet out into the ocean. The mines of Oreton are extremely rich in iron, but there is no harbor there, and great difficulty has heretofore been experienced in getting the ore off to ships. Now that the submerged railway has been built, it is a simple matter. It runs out into deep water, and an iron tower, seventy feet high, worked by a counter-balance runs from the cliffs to the waiting vessels, which are moored bow and stern in the roadstead. When the tower arrives at the ship, its top, bearing its load of ore, is about even with the vessel's deck. As soon as the iron is loaded on to the ship the weight of the counter-balances pulls the tower back to the cliff, where it runs up the mouth of a chute and automatically opens its mouth. The chute comes down from the mines, and when it has dropped on the tower enough ore to overcome the weight on the counterpoise, the tower starts away to sea again.

Down on Agriculture.

The basest fraud on earth is agriculture. The deadiest ignis fatus that ever glittered to beguile and dazzled to betray is agriculture. We speak with feeling on this subject, and we've been glittered and beguiled and dazzled and deceived by the same arch deceiver. She had promised us bees and they flew away after putting a head on us; promised us early potatoes and the drought has withered them. She promised cherries; the curculio has stung them; they contain living things uncomely to the eye and unsavory to taste. She promised us strawberries and the young chickens have devoured them. We were in the sheep business and a hard winter closed down on us, and the lambs died in the shell. No wonder that Cain killed his brother. He was a tiller of the ground. The wonder is that he did not kill his father and then weep because he did not have a grandfather to kill.—*Walla Walla (Or.) Journal.*

A colored dentist in Macon, Georgia, uses no instrument except his fingers in extracting teeth. By means of long practice his fingers have become as strong as forceps, and he claims that he can pull teeth faster and with less pain than any dentist with his instruments.

The climate of China is said to be growing not only cooler, but drier. Animals and plants accustomed to hot, moist regions are gradually retreating southward. Two thousand years ago the bamboo flourished in the forest of North China, but it can no longer be found there.

The late Bishop Lightfoot left behind a large number of sermons in manuscript, which will be published.

"Mark Twain's', friends wish to contest the claim that Edwin Booth is the laziest man in the world.

M. Jules Ferry has shaven off his side whiskers, which leaves the caricaturists nothing but his nose to seize upon.

Berte Harte is a very careful worker—careful that he does not overwork himself.

HE RODE ACROSS SIBERIA.

The Most Remarkable Ride on Record Just Accomplished.

It is a matter of astonishment to a great many that in this age of feats of endurance so little has been heard of equestrian feats of the Capt. Burnaby order. Since the famous ride to Khiva, perhaps the most notable achievement of the kind was that last year of Cornet Asayeff, who, it will be remembered, rode from Lubeen (in Poland) to Paris. Few are aware, however, that both Burnaby's and Asayeff's feats are now being surpassed. A Siberian Cossack, Dmetree Pjeshkoff by name, is now on a ride from Blagovjechensk, in Eastern Siberia, to St. Petersburg. Blagovjechensk is a Cossack station on the Amour, in lattitude 50 degrees north, longitude 127 degress east and the distance Pjeshkoff will have to cover before he reaches his destination is about 8,000 versts, or 5,400 English miles. The intrepid rider set out on the 7th of November last, and on the 27th of February, 113 days afterwards, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, arrived at Omek (55 degrees north, 74 degress east) having accomplished 4,900 versts, or nearly 3300 miles of his journey. On the third of last month he resumed his task and is expected to arrive in St. Petersburg at the end of the month.

The hero of this remarkable feat, a man of some education is commander of a hundred in one of the Cossack regiments stationed on the Amour, and has had therefore to obtain leave of absence from his duties to enable him to carry out his project. The ride is remarkable enough on account of the distance to be covered, the many dangers and difficulties of the read, and the trying nature of the climate of the districts through which the road lies. But more remarkable than any other circumstance is the fact that the same horse will carry Pjeshkoff from one end of his journey to the other. This animal, which on its arrival in St. Petersburg, will be as much an object of admiration as its rider, is of the ordinary Cossack breed. It was born in Siberia and was purchased by Capt. Pjeshkoff for 150 rubles, or £15. It is thirteen years old, and of a light grey color. In height it is only 1 arshine 15 versaks, and is therefore much under the average size. At Omsk it underwent an examination at the hands of General Taube and various officers of the staff, and was reported to be in excellent condition, save that the hair on its back had been worn away by the constant friction of the saddle. In the person of Capt. Pjeshkoff it has only a light-weight to carry, that officer weighing only 3 poods 22 pounds, but saddle, saddle-bags, etc, bring up the total weigh to be carried to 4 poods and 38 pounds. This weight in English measure taking the pood as being equal to 36 pounds avoirdupois, would be about 11½ stone. The food of the horse consists of oats and hay. Capt. Pjeshkoff has noted in the diary which he keeps the weight of each of these consumed per diem, and has observed that the appetite of his steed increases as the distance travelled becomes greater. At the start 8 pounds of oats and 10 pounds of hay per day were sufficient to satisfy it, but by the time Omsk was reached 30 pounds of the former commodity and 15 pounds of the latter were required. As for drink, for the greater portion of the journey, thus far, the horse has drank no water in the liquid form, being obliged to be content to quench its thirst by snow snatched up on the road. An English horse reduced to such necessity would not survive the ordeal, but most Cossack horses are used to it and receive no harm whatever.

The line of route from Blagovjechensk lay through Streijtensk, Verchnevodinsk, Irkutsk, Atchensk, and Tomsk and at each of these places stoppages were made, amounting in all to twenty-five days. To obtain the exact time occupied in the saddle between November 7th and February 27th it is necessary therefore to deduct this number of days from the 113 days comprised in that period. Throughout the whole journey to Omsk Capt. Pjeshkoff states that he met with no untoward or unpleasant treatment until he reached Tomsk, where he had the misfortune to excite the suspicions of the police and to be obliged for one night to put up with such accommodation as is usually accorded to suspected people. He was treated at first very rudely by his official captors, and was only released on furnishing sufficient evidence that he had no designs on the life or property of the citizens.

Capt Pjeshkoff's dress consist of a short wadded coat, a fur cap, long fur boots and fur gloves, etc. As an extra protection from the cold he wears a short fur overcoat, and a bashalik, or cowl, which is drawn over his cap when it is windy. His arms are a revolver, a sword, and a "reenshal," or a two-edged dagger. His saddle, which is of Moscow make, contains all the necessary conveniences for carrying fodder, his own changes of linen, horseshoe nails, hammer and other such necessaries. He carries no provisions, buying whatever he requires in the shape of food at the different stations on the road.

As may be expected, this daring rider is the recipient of many ovations at the towns at which he stays en route. On the eve of his departure from Omsk the officers of the Siberian Cossack regiments stationed in that city gave a grand banquet in his honor. The route by which he will reach St. Petersburg, lies through Tioumen, Perm and Kazan. In Russian military circles his feat is exciting the liveliest interest and the Russian war department are informed by telegram whenever he reaches any town of importance.

Mrs. William Waldorf Astor is one of the best mandolin players in the Four Hundred.