

TITLED ENGLISH FREAKS.

Members of the Nobility Who are not Apollons in Appearance.

Is the nobility of England deteriorating? The question may be asked in view of the startling fact that no less than fifteen peers, entitled by birth to sit in the house of lords as legislators for the kingdom, are today inmates of private lunatic asylums in the vicinity of London. How many are hidden from their friends in various retreats on the continent of Europe, it is difficult to tell; but it is significant, that of about five hundred peers, never more than one hundred gather in the upper legislative chamber, and the average attendance is not over forty. The nobility used to be noted for fine specimens of manly physique. It is not the case today. It might be invidious to mention too many instances of misshapen humanity in that class, say a correspondent to the New York World. One of the most noted is that of the Duke of Newcastle, who, if he were a poor man, instead of the recipient of wealthy revenues, could obtain a living as a monstrosity in a dime museum. The house of Newcastle is one of the proudest and most ancient in England, and it was one of the ancestors of the present duke, who claimed the credit of striking down the king of Scotland on the fatal field of Flodden, when King James and his nobility perished almost to a man in the most desperate of English border battles.

The father of the present duke was a man of good appearance and average physique, but haughty and overbearing to a marked degree. Owing valuable colonies, he occasionally gave them his personal attention. At that time child labor was permitted in English coal pits, and boys and girls who should have been at school were to be seen coming forth from the pits at evening, grimy and black as imps of Satan. Petitions to the duke to alleviate the condition of these little serfs were unavailing, and he also presented a strong opposition to the legislation which ultimately came to the relief of the miners, and redeemed England from the disgrace of infant slavery. It was during a discussion of the subject, in the house of lords, that the earl of Winchester held up before the eyes of his colleagues a picture of one of the little unfortunates, hunch-backed and blackened, staggering under a load of coal. The duke of Newcastle effected to laugh at it. It is too true, however, that his son, afterwards born, was and is much more misshapen than that poor little slave in the picture.

Speaking of marks, have you ever heard of the "cross of Cadogan"? Probably not; for it is a secret kept with jealous care, and outside of a few old inhabitants, known hardly to any except members of that illustrious family. The old inhabitants in question are to be found at Bury St. Edmunds, the seat of the Cadogan family, and it was while on a visit there I heard the tradition. The Cadogans, like many other leading houses in the English nobility, were greatly enriched by the confiscation of church property under Henry VIII, and a portion of the Abbey lands at Bury St. Edmunds fell to their share. The monks driven forth on the world to beg, left the familiar walls with bitter curses on their persecutors, as they regarded the king and the nobles that shared in the spoils. One of these monks, known as Brother Wilfrid, but whose real name is said to have been William Locke, was arrested on the charge of treason in some expression to which he gave utterance, and burned at the stake, the then ancestor of the present earl of Cadogan having been particularly active in the arrest and execution. As the flames shot up around him, the monk raised a crucifix in his right hand, and extending it towards Cadogan, exclaimed: Be this your curse.

It is said in tradition that the first child born to Cadogan after the execution of the unhappy monk bore the mark of a cross on the palm of his right hand. The child died six months after its birth; several children have been born to the several generations of the house of Cadogan, bearing this mark, and all have died in early infancy, while others without the mark have usually survived. Such is the story as told at Bury St. Edmunds. Of course, no confirmation or refutation of it can be obtained from the Cadogans themselves. The present earl is high in the confidence of Queen Victoria, a member of her privy council, and he left Cadogan Hall Sept. 1, to act as minister in attendance upon the queen at Belmont.

There are, however, other interesting incidents connected with the physique of the English nobility, outside of the birth marks connected with gloomy tradition. Every one who has met Lord Ducie has noticed that his eyes are of a distinctly different color, one black and piercing, the other bright and blue. It is a physical peculiarity in his lordship's family, handed down from the remotest generation. When his lordship wishes to have a joke with a new acquaintance he holds his monocle in such a way that only one eye is seen upon introduction. At the next glance with the new friend ventures Lord Ducie turns on him the other eye. The effect may be imagined, and it is sometimes as funny to his lordship as it is confusing to the other party, who begins to wonder whether his own sight is not affected.

Lord Weyss, of Scotland, is said to have in reality the power pretended by some clowns of moving his ears at will, and Lord Norton is noted for the exercises of ventriloquist ability. At a reception given by the Prince of Wales a few weeks ago Lord Norton ventured to use his faculty on his Royal Highness in a way that proved more successful than satisfactory. The Prince was conversing with Lady Henry Bruce, surrounded with a brilliant group, when suddenly he heard, as from one of his noblemen near him, "Your Royal Highness!" The Prince looked up, surprised at the interruption. He saw equal surprise on the faces of the party. Then he resumed conversation only again to be interrupted by the same voice. Things began to seem eerie, and

Lady Bruce turned pale. Suddenly one of the noblemen present, Lord Colville of Culross, who happened to know something of Lord Norton's gift, saw Norton standing a few steps away, apparently intent on conversation with Col. Henry Ryng. He at once taxed Norton with using his ventriloquist powers on the Prince, and the latter acknowledged the imputation, at the same time moving towards the Prince with an apology. Albert Edwin, however, was on his dignity and refused to be pacified. He met Norton with a cold stare, and the latter found it convenient to go yachting. It is of interest in this connection that a grandfather of the present Lord Norton, who also possessed ventriloquist powers, got into disfavor with George IV. when the latter was the "first gentleman of Europe," by a similar caper to that which hurt the dignity of the present Prince of Wales.

The dual House of Marlborough used to be represented by men of the physique. To-day the best looking of the family is the Duke himself, and he never would win the heart of the rich New York widow Hamersley by his appearance alone, apart from his title. The Duke of Bedford, who owns a large part of London and is a millionaire many times over, looks like an undergrown, sickly boy, although of fairly mature age. When the Duke was paying court to Lady Alice Worthy he was riding one day to her father's residence, near Surrey, when his horse bolted and threw him, not far from the Worthy family. Lady Alice could not of course marry him very much, as she could not restrain a sly laugh at the somewhat ridiculous plight of her noble admirer. He was conscious enough to hear her, and when he got well he never rode that way again.

But apart from the elder sons of the nobility, who are so rich that it hardly matters whether they are fools or not, so far as their own well being is concerned, England is swamped with the thousands of younger sons, who have to look for something else than hereditary wealth for a living. These younger sons are, as a rule, worthless fellows in every sense of the term. Their parents take care of them long enough to enable them to spend their youth in dissipation, and usually try to foist them off on the army, the Church, the navy, or the civil service. Every department is loaded with them and new offices are all the time being created for their benefit. At the recent session of Parliament Mr. Stanhope, the Secretary of War, was compelled to admit that the numbers of clerks employed in the War Office for peacetime here is little or no work. But all of them cannot be provided for at public expense and not only England but the whole world, is infested by these young men, whose titled origin is a curse to them, because it makes them ashamed to earn their bread. On the Continent all the sons of a prince are princes, and they have a title to bestow on any wealthy girl who is willing to marry them. In England only the eldest son gets the title; the others have to shift for themselves, and belong to the common people. It is a harsh law, but no harsher than that which made Victoria the sovereign of England when the former king, her Uncle William IV., had children born in matrimony by a wife who had lived with him for years, but whose marriage to him had never had the consent of Parliament.

Many of these younger sons are to be found in the convict prisons of England. George Vanehan—he is known of a dozen other names—once the most export foreigner that ever victimized the tradesmen of London, is said to be the younger son of a noble house in the northern part of the kingdom. His family trained him for the Church, but he found the duties of curate at the charming village of Wootton Bassett, in Wilts, too irksome, and he soon exchanged the pulpit for the army. It was while a lieutenant of dragoons that he discovered his own ability as a forger in drawing a requisition which required the colonel's signature. The requisition was honored, but Vanehan was in due time detected and allowed to resign. He then forged his own brother's name to a note for £700 and got the money, with which he fled to New York. The note, purporting to be a post office check, is payable when coming into property—was not found to be fraudulent for several years after it was made. Meanwhile Vanehan got out of money in America and returned to London, where he continued his forgeries.

His usual course was to get hold of a genuine signature and trace it out exactly with the aid of a candle, a box and a piece of glass. The method I am unable to describe exactly, but it worked so well that it almost deceived the persons whose names had been forged. He landed at last in Chatham prison, and has been in and out of it more than once.

With such examples before them and the growing evidence both of the physical and mental incompetency of the peerage, it is not strange that the question of abolishing the house of lords and titled peerage is more and more pressing upon the people of England.

Sorry she Wasn't a Man.
The case of the young girl, Agnes Rankin, who was recently pardoned out of the penitentiary, prompts the irrelevant suggestion that mature some times doesn't know her business thoroughly and gets conflicting elements mixed in the same body. Agnes seems to have lived in a perpetual protest against the feminine form with which she is endowed. She got into the penitentiary by stealing a horse in order to get away from home and live as a man. In the prison she frequently besought the guards to let her exchange her female attire for the breeches, and within two weeks after being pardoned she has again put on boys clothing, elipped her hair close and run away from home.—*Chicago Journal.*

Jacob Sharp is said to have taken a fancy to Lovejoy, the Porter of the Fifth avenue hotel, and helped him by buy street railway stock when it was very cheap, and the rise in the value of the stock has made Lovejoy a rich man. The old head porter of the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, is said to be worth \$250,000, made in most part from points given him by prominent business men. The moral is that whatever you do let it be done so as to win the approval of your fellow-men, though it be nothing more than carrying a trunk.

ON THE LOWEST LEVEL.

Night Scenes in the Slums of Paris, Among the Dregs of Humanity.

For more than half a century outcast life in Paris has had an attraction for both native and foreigner. There has been in it a permanent element of the picturesque, that overbears what elsewhere is merely loathsome. The accounts of this outcast life preserve a family likeness throughout the entire record.

Not long ago unable to sleep I sought to lure the restorer by a promenade, and turned into the Luxembourg, says a correspondent to the New York Sun. Amid the shaded alleys I saw continually flitting and flitting from me, as if frightened by the noise of my footsteps, shadowy pairs, "as if seeking," says a French poet, "the double solace of silence and the deep obscure." It was at a Porte St. Martin dance that I beheld many of both sexes, fagged out by their labors, strewn about the side rooms upon chairs and sofas or upon the floor either faint or languishing or wrapped in sleep. One, a beautiful woman, lay outstretched, her petticoats disheveled, and her head upon the crossed legs of a chair. Another supine, her mouth open, stoned toward heaven and everywhere plenty of legs, arms and bosoms disintegrated any other covering than the sky.

In another place, still lower in the social and the human scale, I encountered "the elite" of Paris ragamuffins. These were sprawling male and female, about the rooms and entries, brawny men and weather-beaten postmen, half covered with rags; one who had come to an equilibrium and was struggling forward, yet standing still, as in a nightmare. Another rendering up to Bacchus an account of the night's debauch; one was kicking a retreating enemy. All this, in short, about the nearest approach of the human race to the lower animals, tempting the philosopher to exclaim: "Only think of the souls, which are very clever things of celestial origin, being constrained to animate such vile bodies, sent hither, perhaps to expiate horrid crimes done in another existence?"

The Boulevard St. Michael, which runs through the heart of the Latin quarter, is a particularly interesting place at about 2 o'clock in the morning. The brasseries, which are countless in this quarter, close at 2 o'clock, and the result is that a legion of more or less inebriated students and less inebriated but more studious cocottes are turned loose, and the echoes of characteristic songs awaken the drowsy gardener, who has enclosed himself in some dark doorway and gone quietly to sleep waiting for the well-known sound. If Lord only knows when another gang will come along.

The drowsy market man nodding so sleepily along with his provisions for the great market, the noisy bands of mischievous students returning from a debauch, the festive brasserie girl and cocotte in silks and ostrich feathers, who if not as noisy as the students are fully as loud. All this, with an occasional policeman, compose a fair picture of the Latin quarter at midnight.

Hollowed always ever since in the day are out and about between 2 and 6 in the morning, carrying on their various modes of gaining an existence, to retire in the daytime into the garrets and foul corners which abound in this quarter.

But there are three notorious resorts that are typical of the kind of place these wretches frequent; indeed they are accounted as being among the sights of contemporary Paris, just as much as are the sewers and catacombs. And if reports be true, illustrious personages, such as the Prince of Wales and Grand Duke Nicholas, have not overlooked them in slumming tours. To begin with the one on the Rue des Anglais, called the Pere Lunette. This place is easily recognizable from the street by the huge pair of spectacles which hang over the door. Dimly lighted with a smoky kerosene lamp, which serves only to make darkness visible, one gradually, after entering begins to get glimpses of the depravity round about him.

Sitting along the side of the passage on the empty barrels is a row of sodden disheveled men and women with such hideous faces and so repulsive in appearance that one shudders at breathing the air in the same room with them. Croaking revilement at every incoherent, these wretches pass the night in drinking bad brandy and vile rum and singing vile songs. Passing by the visitor enters a chamber, that displays the luxury of a few tables and chairs and has the walls adorned with pictures that appeal to the depraved and the communistic character. There are portraits of Louise Michel, Baudin, etc., together with scenes of the barricades and of celebrated murders.

These different pictures all have songs attached to them and for the small sum of two sous a wretch with a fish eye, a shot-away nose, and of villainous count, pest catches up a dirty guitar and rasps out a ditty so filled with Parisian argot that a foreigner needs must be well acquainted with the language to catch even the drift of what is being sung. On leaving the place the rush of cool night air rouses the half-drunken customer to white out a request for one more drink, and curse hoarsely the departing one. Turning the corners and dodging the lurching wayfarers who abound in the district at this hour of the night one sees a little way ahead a red light, which on closer inspection reveals the inscription: Chateau Rouge. The door is opened and you enter a large, lofty, but foul-smelling room, and the people are even fouler than the odor. Like the Pere Lunette, here are tables and chairs, and it is here that the most convivial spirits are to be found. Upstairs is the sleeping room for men and for the sum of 2 cents a cot or bunk takes you there and shows the animals with the sleeping expro-

How Gold is Shipped.

When one recalls the fact that millions upon millions of dollars in gold annually seek Europe to provide for the necessities of our import trade the question of how gold is shipped to Europe becomes an interesting one. The Bank of America is the largest single shipper of gold from New York, and indeed from the United States. Shipments are made in stout kegs, very much like the ordinary beer keg. Everyone contains 500,000 in coin or bar gold. The latter is the favorite for these shipments since the government has permitted the sub-treasury to exchange coin for bar gold, as coin, in a single million dollars shipment is liable to loss by abrasion of from eight to twenty ounces or from \$128 to \$320; while the bars only lose about three-fourths of that value.

Where coin is sent double eggs are preferred. They are put in double egg bags, each containing 125 double eggs, \$5,000; and ten bags fill each keg. About the only precaution against tampering with a keg, is a treatment of keg ends technically known as "red-taping." Four holes are bored at equal intervals in the projecting rim of the staves about the head. Red tape is run through these crossing on the head the ends meeting at the center where they are sealed to the head by the hardest wax, and stamped with the configner's name. The average insurance is about \$1500 to \$1,000,000. Then there is an expense of about \$2 per keg for packing and cartage abroad ship, or \$200 for the same sum and the inevitable loss by abrasion, whatever it may prove to be. There are great Wall street firms shipping from \$25,000,000 to \$40,000,000 annually.

Spoiling a Rancher's Fun.
On one occasion, when with the government survey party in Texas, a man rode into our camp on a mule, says the New York Sun man, and gave us the news that a band of Indians had attacked a rancher about seven miles away. We made up a party of twelve soldiers and civilians and covered the distance as fast as our horses could go. Sure enough, there were fifteen or twenty Indians besieging a cabin, and they were just getting ready to set fire to it by backing up a wagon loaded with hay. We got two of them and captured six ponies, and the others were not yet out of sight when the settler opened his door and stepped out, followed by his wife. He had a rifle and she had a shot gun, and the first words the man said were:

"Now you dog-gone mean! Who lo, but what this 'ere mean? One lo— are you'uns, and what brought you here?"

"Why, man?" said the captain, "We came from our camp seven miles away to save you."

"Save h—!" roared the man, "who asked for any help?"

"Yes, 'pint him out!" ejaculated his wife.

"Why a settler rode in on a mule and said you were attacked, and, of course, we came to your help."

"Well, dot you, you have spilt all the fun. We've been waitin' right here for five years to have them Injuns show up and we'd just got 'em red hot for fun when you had to cum chargin' up and scatter 'em off." It was dead wrong on my part.

"You let, Sam, dead wrong," his wife added.

The Body of an Atlanta Chemist Changes to Marble.

A petrified human body. A body which has turned from flesh to white marble, as hard and firm as the flesh itself. This is the very strange and exceptional sight in the undertaking establishment of F. X. Billey, at 62, south Prior street. It is a case which will be spoken of, and treatises written upon in future works of embalming.

The body is that of Edward Soundstrong, formerly the chemist of the Atlanta perfumery company. Forty-five days ago Mr. Soundstrong died, and his remains were taken to Mr. Billey's office to be embalmed. The dead chemist's wife was in Sweden, his native home, and she requested that his body be embalmed, so that she could come across the ocean and look upon his face again.

The body was embalmed by Mr. Billey himself. Some days ago he noticed that the flesh was crystallizing. The fluids used in embalming are exceedingly poisonous, and, as Mr. Soundstrong had died from mercurial poison, Mr. Billey believed that the action of one poison on the other was producing the strange result. Gradually the face of the dead man became whiter and whiter, harder and harder, until now it is nothing but white stone, as white and firm as marble. Mr. Billey is an undertaker and embalmer of long experience, but never in his life, he says, has he either heard of or seen such an instance as this one.

The bereaved wife of the dead chemist reached Atlanta after her long trip from Sweden, and has looked upon the stone face of her husband. Her grief was pitiful to see. Next week the body will be taken back to Sweden, where it will rest under the sod of his native land.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

No one doubts that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy really cures Catarrh, whether the disease be recent or of long standing, because the makers of it claim their faith in it with a \$500 guarantee, which isn't mere newspaper guarantee, but "on call" in a moment. That moment is when you prove that pest catches up a dirty guitar and rasps out a ditty so filled with Parisian argot that a foreigner needs must be well acquainted with the language to catch even the drift of what is being sung.

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