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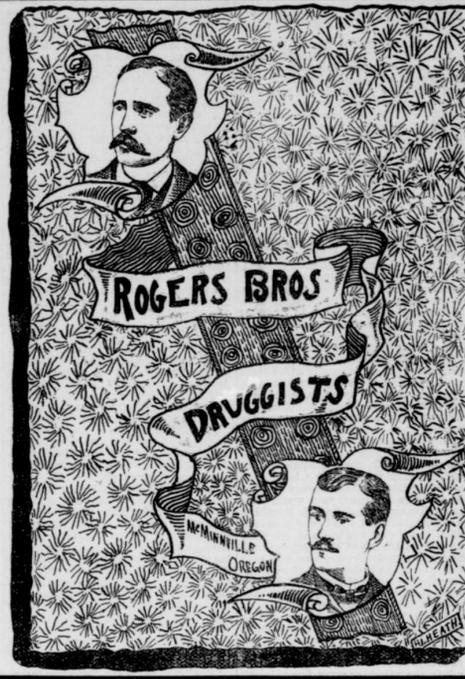
McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1890.

VOL. II. NO. 43

HOLIDAY GOODS!

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 Newest Designs!
 Lowest Prices!**

We want every one to call and examine our goods. We are certain we can suit you as to quality, assortment and price. Our goods were bought in the East, thus enabling us to sell at Rock Bottom Prices. You are always welcome; we assure you polite attention and courteous treatment.



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 ESPECIALLY
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For the treatment of Nervous Diseases, especially those suffering from nervous exhaustion and prostration, chronic diseases, and all those who need quiet and rest, good nursing, massage and constant medical care. At Mt. Tabor will be found pure air, absolutely free from malaria, good water, beautiful surroundings and magnificent views. Ample references given if desired. For further particulars, address the physician in charge.

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 Office and residence on D street. All calls promptly answered day or night.

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 Is now fitted up in first class order. Accommodations as good as can be found in the city.
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 On Short or Long Time in Sums to suit. Lowest Rates and no Commissions.
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 The painter, paper hanger, kalsomner and decorator can be found during the day hand at work, and will be very willing indeed to give estimates and furnish designs for all classes of work. On June 1, a shop will be opened opposite the Cook house. 15-84

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ELSIA WRIGHT.
 Carries the Largest Assortment of Harness and saddles and also the LARGEST STOCK IN YAMHILL COUNTY. Harness of all kinds Made to Order. Repairing Neatly Done.
 Robes, Whips and all the Necessaries are kept in Stock in Endless Variety.
 Call and See Stock. Store on Third Street, McMinnville, Oregon.

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 Furniture of all the Latest Styles made to order in Oak, Ash or any Wood desired.
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 House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter
 The Only Sign Writer in the County.
 Homes fitted up in the Neatest and Most Artistic Style.
 Designs furnished for Decorations.
 Remember Paper Hanging and Inside Finishing a Specialty.
 Work taken by Contract only the Day. Experienced men employed.
 Third Street, McMinnville, Oregon.

EMBALMING OUT OF DATE
DEAD PRESERVED IN THE FORM OF BRONZE STATUARY.
 Interesting Experiments With the New Process—Some Very Satisfactory Results—Evaluating Some of the Masterpieces of Ancient Sculpture—A Sleeping Infant Preserved in Lasting Bronze.

Up to a week since only one perfect method of preserving bodies was known to the world of science. It was only in rare cases where attempts were made to keep the remains nicely preserved, and these attempts were almost always defective and the results hideous, so that the faces of our beloved dead only vaguely preserved their natural features. Embalming at best is, in reality only a vain simulation, no matter how much care be taken. Embalming only delays the gradual process of decomposition. Antiseptic substances injected into the arteries of the cadaver do not prevent the tissues from softening while the skin contracts and blackens, says *Le Figaro*.

In the majority of instances the features of the dead are so changed in a few months as to be unrecognizable by the nearest relatives. Indeed, it is only the bony skeleton, constituted of mineral substances, that escapes the work of destruction for even a reasonable length of time. Such embalmed bodies are usually consigned to mother earth—a pasture for the microbe and poisonous germ—for, as if by secret instinct, no one dreams of daring to open the caskets in which our dead sleep their eternal sleep. As regards embalming, we are far the inferior of the ancient Egyptians, but our modern Dr. Variolet, a young hospital physician well known for his daring and original researches and scientific experiments now proposes to revolutionize the undertakers business. Thanks to Variolet's method, bodies need no longer be embalmed, but are now metallized. If we may judge by the specimens placed in our editorial hands, and which are taken for metallic casts of bronzes by experts, Variolet's work is incomparably perfect. His metallized bodies, one fragile head in particular, with grand forehead, large open eyes and finely formed lips, equals the most effective work in artistic bronze we have ever seen, while a newborn baby seems to sleep like an angel in glowing metal or rarest gold. There is nothing horrible in this metallic body preserving. The dead in their realism resemble chaste and beautiful works of art, and so exact is their resemblance that photographers in relief bring out the slightest details as to muscular projections and all the curves of real anatomical beauty. The very luster of nails and the softness of skin even seem to be perfectly preserved. These metallic bodies are exact copies of the modern realistic school of sculpture, so great is their perfection, and might serve when preserved in the nude for ornaments for the porches of Gothic cathedrals. It is a hard matter to make one believe that such artistic productions, such magnificent statues, are merely urns and anthropomorphic sepulchers containing in their interior the organic remains of a human being whose heart once beat with a million emotions, and whose flesh once trembled at the contact of passion and suffered. It is electricity, that marvelous agent, which produces such effects; it is that miraculous agent that performs this seeming miracle. We can now metallize bodies like we plate a spoon, a medal, a piece of jewelry, a leaf of tea, a flower or a butterfly. The body to be metallized is immersed in a chemical bath, consisting of soluble salts of copper, nickel, silver, or even gold when one can afford it, and the electric current passed through. Under the influence of electrolysis the salts are decomposed and the metal deposited, layer by layer, on the surface of the dead body until sufficient thickness covers the cadaver. All the contours of the body are thus brought out and the remains are covered in a rigid metallic envelope.

The little new-born babe that I saw metallized, in Dr. Variolet's office has a calm and beautiful smile on its face, galvanized, it is true, but nevertheless beautiful. The modern *Cleopatras* may now smile in their last moments, knowing that their beauty may be handed down to future generations, instead of perishing in the midnight of the tomb. In nine cases out of ten, however, anthropomorphic art exactly reproduces with impassable fidelity the ravages of disease, emaciations and deformities; the convulsive movements of death, when it comes in that form, are all perfectly depicted. The possession of such a body would be like a horrible nightmare, a perpetuation of agony in metal. Finely formed bodies of dead women would be in demand, however, for they would serve as ornaments for fountains and statuary for public parks; they could be used as carriages, perhaps even the artistic lamp posts of the future may be the metallized body of today's belle preserved in the nude and posed in an attractive position. Be that as it may, Variolet-to-day is a greater man in Paris than either Louis Pasteur or Brown-Sequard.

A few days ago I was standing by an American gentleman, when he expressed a wish to know what point was north. He at once pulled out his watch looked at it and pointed to the north. I asked whether he had a compass attached to his watch.

"All watches," he replied, "are compasses."

Then he explained to me how it was. Point the hour hand to the sun and the south is exactly half way between the hour and the figure XII on the watch. For instance, suppose that it is four o'clock. Point the hand indicating 4 to the sun and II on the watch is exactly south. Suppose that it is 10 o'clock, point the hand indicating 8 to the sun and the figure X on the watch is exactly south.

"How delicious is the winning Of a kiss at love's beginning!" sings the poet, and his sentiment is true with one possible exception, if either party has the catarrh even love's kiss loses its sweetness. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a sure cure for this repulsive and distressing affliction. By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, it cures the worst cases. \$500 reward offered for an incurable case.

This is the first step in the process. In making the anthropomorphic casts, for that is the name such mummies go by, much care must be taken. Variolet in his investigations and experiments, had the assistance of such a savant and mechanical expert as Dr. Charpentier of the school of histology of the faculty of medicine. The inquiry may be made: How is the liquid contained in this metallic cast removed? How is the escape of noxious gases and odors of decomposition prevented? Nothing is more simple than the second step in the process. The metallic cast which is a very hard metal is drilled full of holes on its posterior aspect; these perforations permit the free discharge of all liquids, vapors or gases in a few months, or, if haste is required, the cast is placed in an oven heated to 1000 degrees Fahrenheit. When the contents of this metallic effigy are completely incinerated the perforations can then be soldered up and replaced, and the image of the dead person is complete and indestructible as the ages. In from eight to ten days, at a price varying from 300 to 3000 francs (\$50 to \$500) you can have the life-size statue of your mother-in-law, should she happen to luckily die, as an ornament for your parlor; she can be cast in Florentine bronze, after nature—a charming sight for any appreciative man of the world.

Assuredly, from a scientific standpoint, such as will be realized under irrefragable hygienic conditions, the metallization of bodies is the wonder of the age. The sculptor of the future will find his occupation gone, for the bodies of great heroes and statesmen may be duplicated from plaster casts in all attitudes, while commemorative monuments will give the new art all the truth of history.

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"ONE, TWO, THREE--ONE."
 A MEMORABLE DAY THAT OCCURRED SIX YEARS AGO.

How the Vigilantes Stood It Long Enough and Then Got up and Asserted Themselves—A Fair Trial and a Short Repose—Three Hundred Executioners and Three of a Kind.

The frequent robberies which have taken place in Seattle and the reckless and high-handed manner in which the thieves and thugs have made their presence known in various parts of the city, their boldness and persistency, and their immunity from detection, certainly recall to the minds of old settlers the winter of 1888, when the town of Seattle, with its few thousand inhabitants, was overrun by thugs, desperadoes and dangerous characters. It brings up afresh the eighteenth day of January, when the people were aroused to their own defense, and the wrath of the entire city burst upon the heads of the offenders, and when it was exhausted three murderers were hanging motionless in the public square and casting ugly shadows upon the sidewalk in the clear noonday, says the *Seattle Press*.

The unusual tragedy which resulted in the richly deserved death of three malefactors, has been frequently alluded to and described in the *Seattle Post*. Any half hour in the day you may see from one to a dozen men who lend a hand to the economies of that day. They know nothing about the lynching, of course, when asked publicly, but when you get at them confidentially, behind the smoke of a fragrant cigar or over a good dinner, they can describe very graphically and with evident relish the thrilling scenes of that occasion.

There had been the "law's delay," and continuance, new trials and acquittals of the guilty; wrong-doing was not punished, and, encouraged by neglect and indifference, crime sprang up flourished almost unrestrained. From many parts of the country came the rough and dangerous. They began by standing people up in different parts of the city, and their depredations were rapidly extended until robbery became almost a nightly occurrence. The city was gradually becoming terrorized, and the gunshots were literally sold out of all manner of small firearms. Every man who was out late at night, whether he went to see his girl, attend the sanctuary, sit up with a sick friend, or visit his lodge, walked homeward suspiciously into his overcoat pockets or purses with extra precaution took the middle of the street.

The whole community was in a highly combustible state—a match, a single spark would produce an explosion, and both match and spark were supplied in the following manner.

A citizen was stopped just in the edge of the evening, at nearly twilight, as he was returning to work from dinner, and within three hundred yards from his doorstep. The order to elevate his hands was met by a quick movement toward his hip pocket, but the murderer had the drop on the courageous man and before he could draw his pistol a bullet had entered his body. The murderers (there were two of them, instantly turned and fled. A moment later people passing by found the prostrate and fatally wounded citizen. He was conveyed to the home whence he had departed not ten minutes before, and in a short time was dead.

Evening fell rapidly and soon darkness settled down over the town. But news of the murder had traveled faster than departing light. On the half-dozen business corners down town groups of men were talking hurriedly. In but a little time the bell in the solitary engine house in Seattle pealed forth a peculiar alarm. "One, two, three; one, two; one, two, three; one, two!" This was repeated twice.

Instinctively every one knew that this brazen tongue was summoning together a committee of determined men who had resolved that innocent blood should be avenged.

Within two hours 300 men arrived with pistols and were literally straining the lower part of the city through to leave the wharves and horsemen galloped toward every road leading from Seattle. Such sudden and complete investment would have taxed the skill of a wolf—for men to get away was impossible.

Three hours after the shot was fired two men were found crouching in a quantity of hay on a wharf. They were taken in custody and hurried to jail. It had been decided that preliminary examinations should be granted whoever might be caught, and that guilt must be established beyond doubt before final action took place. No mistake was to be made. Intensely excited there was observable a coolness that was perfectly relentless.

On the following morning at 10 o'clock the bell sent out its warning. One, two, three; one, two! One, two, three; One! If the prisoners who were lying in jail heard that summons it must have sent a spasm of terror through them. For no spoken language could have announced the fate that awaited them in plainer words.

Soon there appeared at Yester's hall the justice of the peace who was to hold the preliminary examination. The prisoners were brought in and furnished with counsel. As they glanced at the faces about them they must have felt that they were flying toward certain and violent death. Stores were closed, or if they were open there was neither customer nor keeper to give a reason for it. The people, the business community, had business of a more important character.

The examination was not noisy. It would have been far less terrible if it had been less orderly. The very air seemed laden with ominous quiet. A chain of complete circumstantial evidence was made out against the prisoners. Every step had been followed and there was no link missing. The men at the bar were proven to be the murderers.

Between two sturdy maple trees that shadowed the sidewalk on old Occidental square had been placed three fir timbers sufficiently strong to bear the strain of half a ton without yielding. The streets bore a deserted appearance—not a woman or a child was to be seen. It was such a quiet as fitted best the Sabbath. Some men crossed the street carrying two coils of rope and disappeared in the rear of the hall of justice.

Within the hall the staid and intelligent business men were standing outside of a frail railing. The prisoners sat within by the side of their counsel. Their faces were white with fear; they were looking at death and they knew it. They did not appear to hear the words of the judge. A sort of fascination seemed to fix their gaze toward the multitude.

The examination ended. The judge cleared his throat and began to speak: "I remand the prisoners to the keeping of the sheriff of—." Just at that moment a man rose up by the side of the judge, in full view of the entire hall, and his handkerchief fell from his hand.

The words of the judge were never completed. A roar, an awful confusion of mingled sounds, burst from the building. The prisoners were lifted from the floor as a mighty wave sweeps up the scattered litter on its border. Within one minute the murderers were beneath the scaffolding. Another and then they were hanging limp from the timbers.

The few men who begged and implored and finally resisted the executioners, were swept away as a cyclone scatters chaff.

In the jail, securely fastened behind strong iron bars, sat a prisoner on his bed, with ears intent and dilating eyes. He had murdered a policeman months before. A strange knock had been heard upon the door; it was a demand for entrance. The knocker was a timber twenty-five feet long and eight inches square. It was wielded by twenty men. A pencil in the hand of a child would have been no lighter.

It was justice, long delayed, battering directly toward the heart of guilt, and it beat with the same terrible pulsation as the bell in the engine house—"One, two, three; one, two; one, two, three; one."

The door withstood the shock well, but bolts and iron could not long keep out this executioner from the doomed man's cell. The portals were opened and the prisoner, who waited upon an order of court to free him, was escorted from the jail toward the square where were hanging the now motionless bodies of the murderers.

As this last man came around the corner of the square he saw the place left vacant for him by the thoughtful populace. He was without coat, vest or hat. His face was perfectly without color. His clean shirt was no whiter. A moment for confession, a moment long for a single cry to God for mercy, and his struggling form took its place by the inanimate bodies of his strange fellows.

"Three of a kind," remarked a gentleman from Texas, as he firmly attached the end of the line to a lumber pile near by.

ANTELOPE HUNTING.
 The Fleetest and Most Curious of North American Animals.
 The antelope of the American plains is known on its native ranges as prong-horn. It has two horns of black cartilage bending inward and downward, after reaching a length of 6 to 8 inches, and the sheaths are annually shed. The American antelope can outrun his foreign cousins and carry off more lead than they ever heard whizzing through the air. It would startle the springbok or hartbeest to hear a bullet merrily coquetting through his horns or trace a brand in his coat of stiff hair. Yet the Yankee variety of the species thinks no more of a shower of lead than of one of water. Indeed, on their arid ranges they become as familiar with one as with the other style of heavenly blessing.

Naturally as fleet of foot as any game animal hunted in this country it possesses staying qualities equal to those of a mother-in-law on her annual visit. Follow one on the fastest horse to be found and unless it turns you will find yourself after an hour no closer than when you gave chase.

No game hunted has quicker vision or keener scent than the antelope. It is quite impossible to approach them with the wind, as like a deer, they smell against the wind and look with it. Wild is but a feeble expression of their character. As they range in the open they cannot be found as deer may be, within easy or unexpected range. They heed very little their distance from water, and are found so far from this, either temporary or permanent, that it is believed they drink only at long intervals.

While the extensive inclosure and cultivation of the western prairies is slowly though surely crowding this truly game animal from its ranges, many large herds may still be seen on the "flats" of Texas.

It is almost impossible to drive for a day over one of those treeless deserts without sighting a bunch of from thirty to several hundred antelope. Of course this assumes that one keeps a lookout and scans the horizon and the intervening prairie as conscientiously as in antebellum days the settler looked for Indians.

A "tenderfoot" might not notice the little group of white spots a mile or so from the road, or if he did they might be thought to be only so many rocks or patches of sand reflecting the sunlight. The antelope's hind quarters are covered with bristles, so stiff and white that one would almost swear they had been whitewashed.

As his other hair is of a dull leaden or light brown and red color, the white patches alone are visible at great distances, and then, of course, only when the animal faces from one. As a bunch is running at a great distance, nothing is seen until, altogether, they turn. Then the brilliant white spots, with lightning celerity and precision, seem to reflect the sunlight right into one's eyes, just as a flash would be conveyed from a mirror.

Antelope are more easily alarmed by men on foot or horseback than by wagons. So it is an army custom to hunt them in spring wagons drawn by teams of four or six mules. By providential interference antelope are endowed with as much curiosity as the average woman, and when approached directly will stand still to await developments. Though their eyesight is unexcelled, they can not tell that an object which moves toward them is moving at all. So as the wagon drives on the men drop out at the back, one by one, and lie flat in the grass. At a signal all fire at the bunch gathered at a greater or less distance away. A wounded antelope always leaves the others, so there is never any doubt as to the results. If the bullet did not reach a vital spot, however, the chances are against lagging the game unless mounted on a fleet horse, as the antelope's endurance will carry it through to safety.

Sometimes hunters come unexpectedly in sight of a bunch of them feeding quietly on a hillside. To excite the curiosity of the watchful animals, one of the men will turn on his back, stick his legs in the air and execute unheard of gyrations with his boots, while others will try to creep up within easy shooting distance. Chances are usually against success in this maneuver, as at the critical moment some movement will cause alarm, and, with the speed of the fast mail train, the antelope will skip out of view.—*Outing*.

The ladies are requested to write short articles for the woman's department of this paper. They certainly can find some idea to write upon. The fourth page is devoted entirely to this department and we would be pleased to have regular local writers for it.

Those excellent stalks baked by Wm. Kuns are very fine. Try them.

Royal Baking Powder
 The United States Official Investigation
 Of Baking Powders, recently made, under authority of Congress, by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., furnishes the highest authoritative information as to which powder is the best. The Official Report Shows the ROYAL to be a cream of tartar baking powder, superior to all others in strength and leavening power.