Looking Backward

Many a firm that never gave such an expenditure a serious thought a few years ago, now counts its Newspaper Advertising appropriation as one of its most necessary (and most profitable) outlays.

Is there a hint here for you?

The Telephone-Register.

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Many a firm that now says "there is nothing in Newspaper Advertising for us," will find within the next few years that there has been much in it for others in the same line.

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

REGISTER—Established August, 1881. TELEPHONE—Established June, 1886. Consolidated Feb. 1, 1889. McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1891. VOL. II. NO. 50

J. F. CALBREATH. E. E. GOUCHER.

Calbreath & Goucher,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,

McMINNVILLE, - - - OREGON.

(Office over Braly's Bank.)

J. D. Baker M.D.,

SURGEON AND HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

Office at B. F. Fuller's drug store. Residence, first house south of Baptist church, McMinnville, Or.

The St. Charles Hotel.

Sample rooms in connection.

Is now fitted up in first class order.

Accommodations as good as can be found in the city.

S. E. MESSINGER, Manager.

McMINNVILLE

TRUCK AND DRAY CO.,

CARLIN & HIGH, Proprietors

Goods of all descriptions moved and careful handling guaranteed. Collections will be made monthly. Hauling of all kinds done cheap.

W. T. SHURTLEFF. H. J. LITTLE.

SHURTLEFF & LITTLE,

McMINNVILL, - - OREGON

MONEY TO LOAN

—ON—

Improved Farm Property

On Short or Long Time in Sums to suit. Lowest Rates and no Commissions.

INSURANCE NEGOTIATED.

COTTAGE SANITARIUM!

At Mt. Tabor.

--Portland's Most Beautiful Suburb--

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.

OSMON ROYAL, M. D.,
107 Third St., Portland, Oregon.

WM. HOLL,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Dealer in All Kinds of Watches, Jewelry, Plated Ware Clocks and Spectacles. McMINNVILLE, OR.

H. BALLINGER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office in Fletcher building, Third Street, McMinnville, Oregon.

JOHN DERBY, JESSE EDWARDS.

Edwards & Derby,

Proprietors of The McMinnville

TILE TILE **FACTORY** TILE TILE

Situated at the Southwest corner of the Fair Grounds. All sizes of

First-Class Drain Tile

kept constantly on hand at lowest living prices. EDWARDS & DERBY,
41- McMinnville, Oregon.

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 furniture manufactured here in your own state and county.

B. CLARK.

Prices Consistent with Good Work.

DR. J. C. MICHAUX

Practicing Physician and Surgeon,

LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

Jan. 21, '88.

S. A. YOUNG, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon,

McMINNVILLE, - - - OREGON.

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

DR. HARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. TRADE MARK.

DO NOT GRIPE, SICKEN OR CONSTIPATE.

SURE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE, and all troubles arising from Indigestion or Constipation. Improves the Complexion by Purifying the Blood.

The dose can be nicely adjusted to suit the case, as one pill can never be too large a dose. Easy to take as so much sugar. 42 pills put up in a strong vial which can be carried in vest pocket. A Great Convenience to Travelers and Business Men. None Genuine without "Crescent" Trade Mark. Sold Everywhere, 25c. a bottle. Sample Dose and Dream Book for 2c. in stamps.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC. PURIFIES the BLOOD, REGULATES the LIVER and KIDNEYS and RESTORES the DEBILITATED to HEALTH and VIGOROUS STRENGTH. 'Crescent' Trade Mark.

THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

J. B. ROHR,

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 Furnishing a Specialty.

Work taken by Contract or by the Day. Experienced men employed.

Third Street, McMinnville, Oregon.

GEO. RAMAGE,

The painter, paper hanger, kalsominer and decorator can be found during the day hard 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. 15-8t

Harness and Saddles.

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.

Brick For Sale!

We have a large quantity of

FIRST CLASS BRICK,

Which we will place on board cars in Hillsboro for

$6.75 per 1,000

Address all orders to

J. S. ADAMS,
Hillsboro, Oregon.

The People's Market.

Carries the Best Line of Choice Meats in the City. Game and Fish in Season. Poultry, hides, etc., bought for the highest market price and cash paid for same. Your attention is called to the fact that we always serve the best meats to be found. Your patronage is solicited.

H. M. BOND.

McMINNVILLE NATIONAL BANK.

Corner Third and C streets, in Braly block.

M'MINNVILLE, OREGON.

Transacts a General Banking Business.

President.....J. W. COWLS
Vice President.....LEE LAUGHLIN
Cashier.....J. L. STRATTON

Sells sight exchange and telegraphic transfers on Portland, San Franco and New York.

Collections made on all accessible points. Interest allowed on time deposits.

Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Eurisko Market,

J. S. HIBBS, - - - Proprietor.

Fresh Meats of all kinds constantly on hand. Highest price paid for Butcher's stock.

THIRD STREET, McMINNVILLE, OR.

THE COMMERCIAL STABLE!

Gates & Henry, Props.

McMinnville, - Oregon.

Livery, Feed and Sale!

Everything New

And Firstclass.

Special Accommodations for Commercial Travellers.

Corner Second and E Streets, one block from Cooks hotel.

Administratrix' Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned Kittie Davis has been appointed by the County Court of the County of Yamhill State of Oregon, Administratrix of the estate of Jefferson Davis, deceased.

Therefore all persons have claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same with proper vouchers to the undersigned at McMinnville Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 20th day of November, A. D., 1890.

KITTIE DAVIS
Administratrix of Said Estate.
F. W. Fenton, Attorney for Estate.

Administratoris Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been by the County Court of Yamhill county, Oregon, duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Jasper N. Cobb, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present the same to me at the office of James McCain, in McMinnville, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 15th day of November, 1890.

WM. M. COBB,
Administrator.

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Is the oldest and most popular scientific and mechanical paper published and has the largest circulation of any paper of its class in the world. Fully illustrated. Best class of Wood Engravings. Published weekly. Send for specimen copy. Price $3 a year. Four months' trial, $1. MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, N.Y.

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ADVERTISERS or others, who wish to examine this paper, or obtain estimates on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 45 to 49 Randolph St., the Advertising Agency of LORD & THOMAS.

RUSSIA'S FRA DIAVOLO.

HE IS CALLED KROUKOWSKI, BUT HIS NAME IS "DENNIS" NOW.

After Spending His Own Ample Fortune, He Conceived the Brilliant Idea of Spending Other Peoples' for Them---How He Fooled the Police--The Moujiks Regard Him as a First-Class Hero.

At Loutsk in Poland the Criminal Court was engaged the week before last with one of the most extraordinary trials on record and one that has been fully reported in the French and Russian journals. The accused was a Russia nobleman named Kroukowski whose exploits as a brigand put Fra Diavolo and all his brothers in the shade. And the interesting thing about all his criminal and romantic career is there is no room for fiction in this story, because it has been thoroughly established by evidence corroborated and sworn to in court,

For years past this man, Kroukowski, was in the habit of carrying on a nocturnal warfare upon the rich nobles of Volhynia. Being the son of rich parents who lived in the Podolsk government, he received an excellent education. When his fortune began to slip away from him he organized a band of brigands, the principal officers of which were his coachmen, his valets and some moujiks on his own estate, says the New York *Sun*. Then he set out for the Kejoff government, and commenced to take the castles of the nobles by storm or strategy, according to circumstances. In a short time after a few skirmishes with the czar's troops, he found himself and his band surrounded, and nothing seemed left for them but death or surrender. The troops, however, succeeded in capturing a comparatively small number of the brigands, and their astonishment was great when it was discovered that the chief had escaped. Then they remembered that a feeble and white-headed old man, bent with age, was permitted to pass through their lines. That bogus old beggar was Kroukowski.

Two years slipped by, and nothing more was heard of him, until suddenly he appeared at the head of another band of robbers, which he organized and equipped for service in Galicia, where his exploits were re-commenced. Of course he never remained very long in one place, and his movements were singularly rapid. He came upon a community like a blizzard, and his boldness knew no bounds. At Loutsk and Doubno it was shown in the evidence that he often used to walk about the streets and flirt with the ladies; but every time that the police got wind of his presence the search for him proved fruitless. One night, however, the police became aware of the fact that the celebrated bandit was in a little inn at the outskirts of the village of Kevertsi. The troops were immediately called out. The place was surrounded and all the doors carefully guarded. Suddenly a Russian officer in full uniform appeared. With an air of authority he asked to see the officer in command of the troops. The latter approached him respectfully and told him the object of his visit. The handsome officer seemed surprised at first and then smiled at what he appeared to regard as a hoax. Then he requested the young lieutenant in command to be so good as to give a letter with which he presented him in the politest manner possible, to his friend, the Chief of Police.

The lieutenant took the letter, promised to deliver it, and saluted. The fine looking Russian officer stalked away, after having returned the military salute with which the troops honored him. When the lieutenant got back to the village with his men and reported he handed the Chief of Police the letter which he had received from his brother officer. The latter opened it and read in French the following.

"Kroukowski, Chief of Brigands, presents his compliments to the Chief of Police."

The unfortunate young lieutenant lost his place for allowing himself to be duped.

Kroukowski also followed the example of his Italian confreres in making prisoners and demanding a high ransom for them. One of his prisoners was the daughter of a prominent Russian count. The count paid the ransom and got back his daughter. He then proposed to the outlaw to marry his daughter, and promised that if he did so and returned to an honest life he would do his utmost to secure his pardon and would succeed beyond a doubt. But Kroukowski replied that he regretted exceedingly that a previous engagement put it out of his power to comply with the count's request. He was very much in love with another lady.

The authorities then went to discover that interesting young lady. They found her and a watch was placed upon her house, where, at last, after a desperate fight, Kroukowski was captured.

Although his fights and duels were innumerable, there was no evidence to prove that he ever committed a cold-blooded murder. That was all that could be said of him, except that he was a charitable robber, and his gifts to the poor were princely. As he earned his money easily, he parted with it lightly, and was a great favorite with the moujiks, to whom he really owed his facilities for fooling the solders and the police for so long a time. But the court sentenced him to penal servitude for life, and his appeal to the czar has been unanswered. He will be sent to the island of Sakhalina, in Siberia, where he will be chained to some other convict in the gold mines, from which no prisoner has ever yet escaped.

But the moujiks still have faith in him. They already regard him as a Chevalier de Monte Cristo, with plenty of hidden treasure, who is sure to come back and share it with them like a gentleman.

One Trial Was Enough.

"When the Kansas Pacific was first opened," said B. W. Vedder, a locomotive engineer, to a *Globe-Democrat* reporter, "the Indians were very hostile, and there was constant fear that they would wreck the train. That they did not is due to their ignorance of the best methods of destroying it.

"One of my firemen had an experience with the Cheyennes that he will never forget. He was on the road near Ft. Wallace when he saw that the Indians had cut the telegraph wires, and he knew that we might look out for squalls. They were never satisfied with simply cutting the wire, but chopped it into inch pieces with their tomahawks to effectually stop the mysterious messages. As the train came near a large patch of sunflowers which grew on each side of the track, over one hundred Indians rose up, stretched a strong rope across the track, braced themselves and prepared to receive the shock of the locomotive. As was afterwards learned, they had taken rawhide strips, braided together, and, with a force of fifty at each end, thought they would be able to stop the train. The moment the locomotive struck the rope the air was full of Indians. They were thrown in all directions. Some were jerked clear across the track, and more than a dozen were killed or seriously wounded. This was the last attempt made for years to stop the trains."

Use of Pussy's Whiskers.

The long hairs on the side of a cat's face are organs of touch. They are attached to a bed of fine glands under the skin, and each of these long hairs is connected vith the nerve of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt more distinctly by the animal, although the hairs themselves are insensible. They stand out on each side of the lion as well as on the common cat. From point to point they are equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood in an imperfect light we shall at once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate to him through the nicest feeling any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body; they prevent the rustling of boughs and leaves which would give warning to his prey if he were to attempt to pass too close to a bush, and thus in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet and the fur upon which he treads—the claws never coming in contact with the ground—they enable him to move toward his victim with a stillness even greater than that of the snake, which creeps along the grass and is not perceived until it is coiled around its prey. It this evolution or design?

A Man Who "Wanted to Know."

The Trappist Monastery, situated in Kentucky, is the home of those monks upon whom the injunction of perpetual silence is placed. The stories that sift through to the outsideworld with more or less romantic detail concerning the individual monks of La Trappe are many. There is one told of a brother al Gethsemane, which is old, but full of dramatic suggestion. He was a soldier of Napoleon, so it was said, and after the emperor's first abdication took the cowl of the "Brown Brothers," and ultimately came to Gethsemane. Forty years he lived in silence, hearing nothing of the world's history, but with one item of curiosity left unquenched. When he came to die and was lifted from his hard couch and laid upon the harder floor, strewn with straw, when all followers of the order must meet extremes, the Abbot, as is customary, told him he was at liberty to ask any questions he desired. "What became of the emperor?" the old man asked promptly and then, for the first time, learned Napoleon's fate, long after that restless clay had become dust.

Names of the Justices.

The jolly jokers, who are always ringing the changes in matters humorous, direct attention to the fact that the supreme court now has two colors, a Gray and a Brown. Some years since the chief-justice was Taney. It has had one Miller, and now boasts of a Brewer. It has had two Chases, Samuel and Salmon P., but only one scion of the Smith family ever reached that distinction—William Smith, of Alabama, who declined the honor, and was succeeded by John McKinley, of the same state, who, by the way, was no relation to William McKinley, otherwise known as "McKinley Bill." The court also had a Barbour, Philp P., of Virginia, and likewise a Story, the distinguished Joseph, of Massachusetts. There was also a Campbell on the supreme woolsack, who succeeded Justice McKinley.

The emperor of Austria lives very simply in his palace in Vienna. He is very abstemious, and he is most happy when seated at the work-table in his paivate study with a fragrant cigar in his mouth. He is still a good sportsman, and when clad in his court dress he presents a picturesque and manly figure. In state affairs he works hard and carefully.

Only one member of the numerous family of the Bonapartes lives in Corsica, the home of the great founder of the family. This is the Princess Marianne, wife of Lucien Bonaparte, who, separated from her husband, lives a life of seclusion in the village of Ajaccio.

Mrs. Belle Wooster Higgins, of Sullivan, Me., has had nineteen years of sea life and has sailed to every part of the globe. She is an expert in navigation and could take a ship to any port, foreign or domestic, should it ever become necessary.

Food Wasted in Hotels.

The thing which, perhaps strikes me most disagreeably in the American hotel diningroom is the sight of the tremendious waste of food that goes on at every meal. No European, I suppose, can fail to be struck with this; but to a Frenchman it would naturally be most remarkable. In France, where, I venture to say, people live as well as anywhere else, if not better, there is a perfect horror of anything like waste of good food. It is to me, therefore, a repulsive thing to see the wanton manner in wnich some Americans will waste at one meal enough to feed several hungry fellow-creatures. In the large hotels, conducted on the American plan, there are rarely fewer than fifty different dishes on the menu at dinnertime. Every day and at every meal you may see people order three or four times as much of this food as they could under any circumstances eat, and, picking at and spoiling one dish after another, send the bulk away uneaten. I am bound to say that this practice if not only observed in hotels, where the charge is so much a day, but in those conducted on the European plan—that is to say, where you pay for everything you order. There I notice that people proceed in much the same wasteful manner. It is evidently not a desire to have more than is paid for, but simply a bad and ugly habit. I hold that about five hundred hungry people could be fed out of the waste that is going on at such large hotels as the Palmer House and the Grand Pacific hotel of Chicago—and I have no doubt such five hundred hungry people could easily be found in Chicago any day.—*Max O'Rell in North American Review.*

Counterfeit Currency.

"More counterfeit money is in actual circulation than people in general believe," remarked a teller in one of Chicago's leading banks recently. "Of course only the better class of counterfeits remain in circulation, and even then do not pass undetected long. The detection of a counterfeit bill, however, does not retire it from circulation by any means. A grocer, for instance, who finds a $5 counterfeit bill in his money-drawer at night is liable to argue that he cannot well afford to lose the amount, and also that a counterfeit which was good enough to deceive him is good enough to deceive someone else. The next day some coustomer gets it in change, and ten to one it is passed through a dozen hands before the discovery is made that it is bogus. But its mission does not end here. Perhaps the last holder of the bill can tell who paid it to him. If so the counterfeit starts to retrace its course, but it rarely goes very far before it stops and the whole scheme is worked over again. We frequently have counterfeit money offered for deposit. A merchant may bring in several hundred dollars and among the bills is a single counterfeit. Of course it is thrown out as soon as discovered. But where does it go? Into the hands of the man that brought it in. Does he destroy it? Perhaps, if he is a scrupulously honest man.

United States of America.

The man who probably first put this combination of words together was Thomas Jefferson. Certain almost is it that their first official use was in that immortal document, the Declaration of Independence, adopted by congress on July 4, 1775. Of the committee appointed to set forth the reasons for the declaration Jefferson, of Virginia, had received the largest number of votes, and was in that manner singled out to draft the confession of faith of the rising empire. Bancroft in his "History of the United States," says: "From the fullness of his own mind, without consulting one single book, Jefferson drafted the declaration, submitted it separately to Franklin and to John Adams, accepted from each of them one or two verbal unimportant corrections, and on the 28th day of June reported it to congress."

Prince Rudolph's Pretty Widow.

In the present Austrian society one of the most interesting figures in many regards is undoubtedly the Archduchess Stephanie, the widow of that unfortunate prince who died by suicide at the beginning of 1889. Although Belgian by birth, her father is the reigning King Leopold II—she has a good deal of the Hapsburg blood running through her veins. Queen Marie Henriette, her mother, being a daughter of the late Archduke Joseph, palatine of Hungaria Her union with the heir of the Austrian crown was enthusiastically applauded by the populace. She was a sweet girl of seventeen with blond hair and blue eyes, when she married Rudolf in 1881, and the first years of their marriage were happy ones. She is thoroughly educated, and is gifted with an enthusiasm for scientific pursuits.

Parnell's Dulcina.

Permit me from a personal knowledge of that lady, to say the following: Mrs. O'Shea is an unusually beautiful, cultured and refined woman, of imposing presence. Her feature are highbred and intellectual, and her delicate complexion is begotten of neither pearl powder or rouge. Up to a few years ago Mrs. O'Shea was the leader of a brilliant circle in London, and to meet Mrs. O'Shea was the lodestone that attracted statesman and artists to receptions and 7 o'clock dinners. Captain O'Shea is that species of the sterner sex known to the gentler sex by the term brute. I do not mean to take up for this woman, who has dishonored her children and made them targets for scorn, but I do not believe in turning a woman into a monstrocity because she has fallen from grace.—*Savannah News.*

CAN-CAN A L'AFRICAINE.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY'S IMPORTED PARISIAN PLEASURES.

The Opera of Faust Acted by Native African Savages---Bad Actors are not Hissed They are Just Killed---A Black Harem Dancing the Can-Can---Decapitation for Making a Misstep.

Monsieur de Courville, who has just returned to Kotonou, on the African coast, from the court of the king of Dahomey, brings interesting and somewhat sensational information in regard to the antics of that monarch since the agreement upon terms of peace with the French. M. de Courville has for about five years past represented a leading Marseilles house at Whydah, and for that reason and his familiar knowledge of the nitives and their language, was elected for the delicate duty of negotiating with the despot, who for several months had been making fierce war upon the settlements. He possessed the rare qualifications of being in the good graces of King Bedazin. De Courville reached the capital without any companions, and under the escort of a corps of Dahomeyans, who had been deputed to safeguard him by the king. It was shortly after the terrible expedition against the Egbas, upon which tribe Bedazin avenged his defeat at Kotonou, and several thousand of whom had been driven as prisoners to the Dahomey capital. Within about five miles of Abomey M. de Courville was shocked by the spectacle of a living man tied to a cross near the side of the path pursued by him and his escort. The poor wretch was, it is true, alive, but not far from dead. His face was swollen by the stings of insects and his whole body was scarred by their bites. The cross was of rough-hewn wood and in shape similar to that known to every Christian. The victim was tied tightly with a rope made of a vine which grows thickly in the Dahomey forests. The rope sunk deep into the flesh and he was utterly unable to help himself. The lower portion of the body indicated that some wild animal had been gnawing at him. Hardly had the traveler passed one than he came upon another and similar spectacle. All the way to Abomey hundreds of wretches were exposed upon crosses, some of them dying and others dead. DeCourville, of course, dared not utter a word of disgust or pity. His guard told him that all these were Egbas captured in the recent raid and punished in this way for resisting Bedazin, who claimed to be the lord paramount of the Egba country. In one place where a cross had stood, was curled up an immense python, The serpent had apparently been making some effort to swallow the man on the cross, for the latter was crushed to a jelly and the cross lay recumbent and broken on the ground. But the pitiless rope of vine still held the remains to the timber and the serpent was disappointed in its meal. De Courville was informed that the doomed miserables had been exposed to their fate in the course of the previous three days and within a week the sun, the insects and the wild beasts and birds would leave little more than the bones. Already the vultures were hovering about and in some instances had begun their feast.

The change from this horrible spectacle to the scenes of the capital was marvelous. Amazons in their white uniforms were hurrying about; troops of slaves escorted men over whose heads were held golden umbrellas, and whose lower limbs bore the blue garter, the Dahomeyan badge of nobility. All were converging toward a low and large building in the center of the town, whose whitened walls contrasted with the palaces of cane and hardened mud surrounding, and in which dwelt the aristocracy of Dahomey. The low building was the residence of royalty. Not more than twelve feet in height and constructed of sand brick plastered over, it was nevertheless expensive and commodious, being quadrangular in form and extending about 100 feet on on each side, enclosing an ample courtyard. De Courville was escorted into the courtyard, and there, he says, he met a sight the grotesqueness of which will haunt him as long as he lives. On a chair, or throne, covered with lion's skins and shaded by an umbrella of gold and silver, sat Bedazin, the chair being on a platform raised about two feet above the level of the yard. On either side of the throne stood a powerful Amazon carrying drawn in his left hand a short, heavy sword with a bright, keen edge. About the king were ranged a score or more of his chieftains. On the opposite side of the yard was another platform, raised at least three feet. Along the edge of this platform were imitations of lampshades or reflectors, as if some one had tried to devise a theatrical stage as closely as possible under the circumstances. On the stage some twenty women were leaping and dancing with all the suggestiveness of the can-can, but without the inimitable Frenchiness which has made this performance attractive to many. The women were handsome negresses evidently from the royal harem, and they seemed to treat the dance as a compulsory duty that could not be over too soon. They had manifestly been trained to the performance and handled their heels remarkably well, considering their limited opportunities for satisfactory rehersals.

The king received De Courville as an old friend, and caused a stool to be brought for him to sit down on. The Frenchman had hardly been seated when one of the dancers made a misstep. The king was swift to notice it. He said nothing, but with the right hand made a peculiar sign to the Amazons not unlike the "police verso" of the ancient Romans which condemned the unlucky gladiator. The two guards strode swiftly to the stage. They seemed to know by instinct what was indicated. Seizing a young, fine looking woman among the dancers, they dragged her from the platform, and before she could utter a shriek, she was beheaded, the head rolling almost to the feet of the king. The dancing went on just as if nothing had occurred, the remaining dancers not daring even to notice the fate of their companion. Bedazin was no doubt secretly anxious to hear the news brought by the French envoy, for a few minutes later he arose from his throne and retired to his audience chamber, the performance ceasing as soon as his back was turned.

Bedazin, it is well known, was educated in France and spent two weeks in Paris just before his return to Dahomey. While there he visited almost nightly the Jardin Mabille and when not there he was at the opera. On his return to Dahomey he appears to have forgotten everything he learned in civilization except his French, the opera and the Jardin Mabille. Upon succeeding his father, after the usual ceremonies, the king started to organize an opera troupe composed of the pick of Dahomey's female population. The women selected were all added to the royal harem and Bedazin applied himself to teaching them to dance the can-can and perform a sort of African opera. He had with him some librettos of "Faust," and with the aid of these he managed, by eliminating some characters and suiting others to his stock in hand, to construct an opera which, for real weridness and singularity, rather goes over any production of European composers. To aid in the work a number of the leading chieftains were pressed into service. The incapables were soon weeded out by summary decapitation, and the remainder, thus encouraged, developed a truly astonishing proficiency. Performances were held both in the night time and in the afternoon, and the only audience to be pleased was the king. Others were present, but they had no opinion to express, and claequers were quite unknown and would have been useless.

On the night following his arrival De Courville was invited to witness the royal opera, the king being evidently anxious for a French criticism on the performance. It was a spectacle even more grotesque than the can-can.

The acting halted a little, the king explained, owing to the fact that Faust had been killed in an attack on Kotonou a few weeks before and the new Faust was not yet perfect in his lines. He was a young prince of royal blood and made rather an attractive Faust. Mephistopheles was a gigantic chief, black as ebony, and with coarse, protruding features. He was a good enough devil of the brutal, savage sort, and the finesse of the part had been pretty well eradicated in revision, In the duel scene he was exorcised, not with a cross, but with a shield bearing the royal arms of Dahomey, a tiger's grinning front. An Amazon represented Marguerite. The looking glass scene was omitted and the opera terminated in appearance of the king himself on the stage, whereupon all the performers prostrated themselves and remained in the dust until his majesty retired. The dialogue was limited and was howled in a sort of a doleful monotone, whether the scene was of love, tragedy or sorrow. Altogether it was a most peculiar illustration of the effort of a taste of high civilization upon an appetite born and developed in the grossest barbarism,

De Courville had many conversations with the king, whom he desribed a good looking African with regular features that wear, however, the stamp of hereditary autocracy and a sinister suggestion of crucity.

The one redeeming feature of this despot, says De Courville, is devotion to the memory of his mother, who died twenty years ago, when the future czar of Dahomey was yet a child. He has erected to her memory a costly monument of Italian marble, imported from France before the opening of hostilities, which Bedazin is said to have postponed in ordet to secure the safe arrival of the tombstone. The inscription on it is in French, written by the king himself, and pays a fervent tribute to the virtues of the departed queen, who, it appears, had a slight strain in her veins of the Portuguese De Souza blood. In the negotiations with France Bedazin is virtually a victor, for, while he yields his claim to Kotonou, he receives a yearly compensation from France more than equal to the customs receipts of that port, and he also retains possession of Whydah.

Prepare your Spring advertisements.

Revolutionary Widows.

The last Revolutionary soldier died years and years ago, but the Revolutionary widows are still with us. Twenty venerable women whose husbands "fit" for American independence are carried upon the pension rolls. It is amazing how the widows of soldiers hold on. At the present time Uncle Sam is disbursing $38,847 a year to the old soldiers of the war of 1812. But the widows of the war of 1812 are drawing in pensions the snug sum of $1,263,239 annually. When we get down to the Mexican war we find the survivors a little the best of it. They draw $1,728,027 a year. The Mexican war widows get $695,054. But the widows are creeping up on the survivors. It will be only a few years until the Mexican war widows will be drawing more pension money than the survivors. That is the way the pension laws work out. At the Pension Office this is well understood. It is explained in a few words. The old pensioners marry young wives and leave them their blessings and pensions. The pensioners of the civil war will reach their maximum in numbers eight or ten years from now if there are no more pension laws enacted But the widows' list will keep on growing for a quarter of a century. Fifty years from now there will not be a Grand Army man living. Seventy-five years from now a grateful public will still be reimbursing widows for what their husbands suffered at Gettysburg and Chickamauga. Women are yet to be born who will become widows of old soldiers and draw pensions for their husband's services in the war of 1861-5.

There are to-day over one hundred thousand widows on the pension rolls. The pensioners number 400,000. These figures will be reversed in twenty years. Ninety-eight thousand widows draw $12 a month. Last year the civil war pensioners drew $71,877,617. The civil war widows drew $17,006,857, more than one-fourth of the magnificent total.

Teeth and Hair not Indisperable.

With us there is, to say the least, a strong and decided prejudice in favor of luxuriant tresses and pearly teeth. But it is only a prejudice, and by no means universal. We see no lack of beauty in the infant's naked, rosy scalp, or in its sweet little toothless mouth. We even see a kind of majestic beauty in the ivory dome that covers the sage's busy brain. A white, shinning billiard ball is by no means unpleasing to the eye, and no one can fancy its beauty improved by covering half of it with a coat of hair, however soft and silky, lustrous, brown or golden. Birds had teeth once; how should we welcome a prospect of the return, a retrogression, to their former semi-reptilian condition. Would you think your canary or your brilliant-hued cockato improved in its appearance if the smooth, even edges of its bill were garnished with saws of pearly teeth like a little feathered and winged alligator? The possession of a full complement of teeth has always been regarded an an indispensible condition of perfect health. To our prehistoric ancestors who had no other grain-mills than their molars, it must have been so, and the modern soldier in active service would find his hard-tack and leathery salt beef rather unsatisfactory fare without the dental integrity which the examining surgeon so properly insists upon. But the constantly improving science of cookery supplies the remedy for the civilian, and as to the soldier, he is, like his teeth, a relic of undeveloped civilization. The "dogs of war" must go, teeth and all. Experience has demonstrated that the luxurious diet of civilization, which gives so little for the teeth to do, is, on the whole, more conducive to vitality and longevity than the hard fare of savagery. Long before toothless gums shall have become the rule all occasion for teeth will have passed, either for beauty or use.

Worse than

Leprosy is Catarrh, and there is but one preparation that does cure that disease, and that is the California Positive and Negative Electric Linament, sold by Rogers Bros. It also cures neuralgia, rheumatism, headache, sprains, burns and all pains. Try it and tell your neighbors where to get it.

Senator Ingalls will celebrate his fifty-seventh birthday on the 29th inst, but he would enjoy the occasion more keenly if he was sure Kansas would send him to the senate for another term.

Articles of interest on every page.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 5, 1889.

We, the members of The Board of Health of the City and County of San Francisco, cordially approve and recommend the Royal Baking Powder. It is absolutely pure and healthful, composed of the best ingredients of the highest strength and character.

In our judgment it is impossible to make a purer or stronger Baking Powder than the "Royal."

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