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.

Looking Forward

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.

Is not now your opportunity?

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, FEBRUARY 19, 1891.

VOL. III. NO. 3

The St. Charles Hotel.

Sample rooms in connection.

o——o

Is now fitted up in first class order.

Accommodations as good as can be ound 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 a l kinds done cheap.

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 fou d 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.

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.

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.

L. 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.

FRANK WRIGHT,

Successor to H. Adams

HARNESS SHOP!

I have purchased the Harness Shop of H. Adams and will keep a

Complete and Reliable Stock

of Harness and Horse Furnishings. The people of Yamhill county are invited to call look over the stock and get prices.

FRANK WRIGHT.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for **PATENTS**

A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, *sent free.* Address MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York.

Chichester's English Diamond Brand.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine. SAFE, always reliable. LADIES ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Phila., Pa. Sold by all Local Druggists.

DR. HARTER'S TRADE MARK. THE ONLY TRUE **IRON TONIC**

Will Purify the Blood, regulate the Liver and Kidneys and Restore the Health and Vigor of Youth. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power. Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe and speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. Frequent attempts at counterfeiting only add to the popularity of the original. Do not experiment—get the ORIGINAL and BEST.

Dr. HARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.

Dr. HARTER MEDICINE CO St. Louis, Mo.

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.**

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.

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.

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.

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virture of an order of the County Court of Yamhill County, Oregon, of date January 6, 1891, in the matter of the estate of James A. Walker, deceased, the undersigned as Administrator of said estate will on SATURDAY, the 21st day of FEBRUARY, 1891, dnly sell at public auction for cash in hand, at the court house door at McMinnvile, Yamhill County, Oregon, at the hour of one o'clock, p. m., of said day, the following real estate, to-wit:

Beginning at the south east corner of the north half of the south east quarter of section fifteen (15) in t. 3 s., r. 5 w., of the Willamette meridian, in Yamhill County, State of Oregon, running thence north one hundred and twenty (120) rods; thence west eighty (80) rods; thence north forty (40) rods; thence west sixty-four (64) rods; thence south forty (40) rods; thence west sixteen (16) rods; thence south one hundred and twenty (120) rods; thence east one hundred and sixty (160) rods to the place of beginning in Yamhill County Oregon.

Deed at expense of purchaser.

Dated this 14th day of January, 1891.

JOHN H. WALKER,
F. W Fenton, Administrator of estate.
Att'y for estate.

SUMMONS.

In the circuit court of the state of Oregon for Yamhill county.

A G Walling, Adminjstrator of the estate of Geo. L. Woods, deceased, Plaintiff.
vs
Charles Wood and John Woods, defendants,

To Charles Woods and John Woods, defendants above named:

In the name of the state of Oregon, you and each of you are here by required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the 23rd day of March, 1891, said day being the first day of the term of sakl court following the expiration of the time prescribed in the order for publication of this summons, and if you fail so to appear, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, to-wit: For a decree declaring the deed executed a d delivered to you by Geo. L. Woods on the 18th day of Dec 1889, for the undivided half of the south half of the Donation Land Claim of Caleb Woods and wife, in Yamhill county, Oregon, null and void and cancelling the same, and surrendering said land to plaintiff to be applied in the payment of the claims against tne estate of said Geo. L. Woods, now deceased, for his costs and disbursements herein and for such other and further relief as in Equity shall seem meet and unto Justice shall abpertain

This summons is published in the TELEPHONE-REGISTER by order of the Hon, R. P. Boise, Judge of the above entitled court, made the 23rd day of September, 1890

W. Y. MASTERS,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $2000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Messrs. N. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents.

THE DISPATCH BEARER.

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER WELL TOLD.

Bravery Displayed in Times of Great Danger---A Ride for the Salvation of Others---A Slang Phrase Draws Tears to the Eyes of Hardened Veterans.

The sun shone so fiercely hot on the 17th of August, 187—, that the leaves of the trees folded themselves in humble protest and the birds crept pantingly under the shade of the brushwood that lined the banks of Otter creek in their endeavor to screen themselves from the fiery orb. But the heat seemingly had no effect upon a man who stood upon an overturned wagon formed part of a breastwork that had been upreared upon a knoll about five hundred yards from the creek. He was shading his eyes with his hands as he looked earnestly along a trail which ran to the southeast.

"No signs of the troops yet," he muttered, as he rubbed his weary eyes; "good heavens! another day like this and then——"

Bang! zip! rang out the report of a rifle, and a bullet buried itself in the wagon bed.

"A miss is as good as a mile, my beauties," said the soldier, for such his dress showed him to be, "though," he added, after a moment's consideration, "I'd prefer the mile."

Instantly from the hills that lay half a mile to the westward of the creek came the report of many rifles, and a shower of bullets whistled unpleasantly close to the foolhardy soldier, who now, yielding to the entreaties of his comrades, slowly descended from the breastwork and entered the corral. Inside the corral a harrowing sight met his eyes. In a pit behind the hastily thrown up parapet lay a number of wounded men vainly calling for "water, water," the murmuring of which they could almost hear as they lay there, suffering from the agony of thirst augmented by the pain of their wounds. Their faces were pale and wan, their lips were cracked and dry, and as the sweltering sun beat upon their dying forms they moved their heads uneasily from side to side, moaning feebly, "water, water!" It was truly a heart-rending scene.

So thought old Jones, the soldier who had just descended from the lookout; for, striding over to where the commanding officer stood he requested Col. Mack to allow him to go to the creek and obtain some water for the wounded men.

"Do you know that you will almost certainly lose your life by so doing?" said the colonel, for the approach to the creek was swept by the enemy's fire.

"Why, sir, I allow that thar is a risk; but sir, they're sufferin' awful, "Jones returned, jerking his thumb over his shoulder to indicate what he meant by "they."

"Well, then, since you will go, my brave fellow, may God protect you," returned the stern old soldier, his gray eyes suffused with tears as he witnessed this touching trait of true heroism in the private.

Catching up a couple of buckets Jones clambered over the breastwork and walked toward the creek as cool and self-possessed as if he were crossing a parade ground. As the enemy's bullets plowed up the ground in front and rear of him the hearts of his comrades stood still. They held their breath and grasped their carbines more tightly as they watched the progress of this daring soldier who was willing to lay down his life if by so doing a few wounded comrades might be benefited. Reaching the creek, he filled his bucket and returned. When about half-way to the camp he stopped and rested himself, calmly directing his gaze toward the enemy's lines, who, seemingly astonished by his coolness, withheld their fire and allowed him to pass unmolested.

So the day wore on. Twice the Indians had striven to carry the camp and twice had they been repulsed. But Colonel Mack knew full well that he could not possibly hold out another day; his garrison was becoming weaker, his ammunition and rations were running low, and the Indians, having received a reinforcement, were becoming bolder. The latter, also taking advantage of the many washouts which lay between the hills and the camp had approached to within four hundred yards and were subjecting it to a most galling fire, some of the bullets even finding their way into the pit where the wounded lay.

"Some one must go and find the general," he muttered. "And yet I do not care to detail a man upon this dangerous service. I'll ask for a volunteer and it will be hard to decide among so gallant a command," and a smile of pride curled up the corners of his mouth, for the colonel thought—justly, perhaps—that no body of men could equal his. So resolving, he walked over to where the men were receiving their rations of one cracker and a small slice of raw bacon.

"My lads," began the colonel, "it is necessary that I should tell you the state of affairs. Our rations and ammunition cannot last us another twenty-four hours. If relief does not come before nine o'clock to-night it will be imperative for some one to break through the enemy's line and try and reach the general, who I believe is encamped somewhere on Cache creek. Now, I want a volunteer. Who'll go? And as he finished, for an instant a stillness fell upon the men, but was almost immediately broken by a shrill boyish voice followed by the deep bass of old Jack Jones.

I'll go, colonel," they chorused. Here again the owner of the falsetto voice spoke up:

"Let me go, colonel, Jones has a family; I hain't," he concluded, as he rose to his feet and revealed the lithe, slender form of Willie Scott, the trumpeter and life of —— troop.

"But, sir," broke in Jones, "he is only a boy. Let me go, colonel.

"But, sir," again interrupted the boy with what he thought an all-convincing argument, "I spoke first."

The colonel gazed at the two a little the one a gray-haired, bronzed-faced veteran, the other with his blue eyes wild with excitement, and an eager expression on his face that seemed to say, "I'll get there, never fear." So it was decided upon the latter.

"Come to me at half-past eight, boy," he said, and turning to old Jones he whispered, "Your chance may come yet, my brave fellow."

"I hope so," replied the old soldier, and, walking away from the spot, Jones threw himself down by an upturned wagon utterly inconsolable.

* * * * * *

It was a dark, hot, oppressive night. Not a star could be seen; the black, heavy clouds stretched themselves like a pall over the camp as the trumpeter, leading his horse, passed through an opening in the breastwork and set out on his perilous ride.

"Mind and write to my mother, Pete, if I don't get through," he whispered to his comrade as he passed out.

"Never fear, Bunkie, but"—and here his comrade's voice grew a little husky—"for God's sake get through."

"I'll try," was the response, as they squeezed each other's hand and parted.

Soon the watchers in the camp lost sight of the boy. The sound of his horse's hoofs grew fainter and fainter, and then died away, but still they leaned over the breastwork straining their eyes in the darkness as they tried to catch a glimpse of their young hero.

Nearer and nearer the trumpeter approached the Indian sentincls. Sometimes he would stop, listening intently, then move on, only to stop again, and press his hand over the horse's mouth when he fancied he heard a noise. Suddenly a confused babel broke out upon his right and a lurid glare shot skyward. Upon the brow of a hill scarcely a mile away he saw the Indian band dancing and yelling around a fire like a horde of demons. Creeping further away into the gloom he murmured as he mounted, "O God! give me time." Then he rode forward.

On the top of the hill which he was now ascending an Indian sentinel was crouching upon the ground listening to the approach of the boy. The night was so dark that he could not make out the rider until the latter was almost upon him, when, quickly firing his piece, he uttered a war-whoop that sounded clear across the plain, sending dismay into the hearts of the troopers below.

With a fierce exclamation the trumpeter drove his spurs into his horse's flanks, and discharging his revolver at the Indian rode madly forward. Pressing his knees well into his horses's side with his reins firmly held in hand, he dashed down the hill, closely pursued by the Indians, who, upon the report of the fire-arm, had instantly flung themselves upon their ponies and started in the chase.

Now began this race for life. Never was a steeple chase harder ridden. Away they flew, over hill and through divide, their horses snorting and panting with the violence of the exercise; over the rockybeds of dried-up rivulets, through clumps of shrub-oak, the young trumpeter now pulling up so abrubtly as almost to unseat himself as in the darkness he nearly dashed against the trunk of a tree; then leaping over the fallen timber that lay in his path and spluttering through the mud-holes in which his horse sank to the girth. Still he pressed on, while the enemy came thundering in the rear, making the night air resound with their war-whoops and dropping an occasional shot whenever they thought it would pay. A stern chase is proverbially a long one and undoubtedly it would have proved so in this case had not the boy's horse in crossing a rough piece of ground stumbled. He would have fallen had he not instantly been checked up. By this accident the Indians were enabled to gain some distance, when they opened fire with a surer aim.

Bang! bang! and the bullets whistled uncomfortably close to our young hero's ear.

Spurring his horse he sought to get out of range, and nobly did his faithful friend respond. Bang! bang! the guns rang out again and the boy felt a stinging sensation in his left shoulder, his bridle arm falling useless by his side. The agony of the wound was intense, the motion of the horse rendering it more so, but still he retained his seat, knowing that upon his ability to get through rested the salvation of a hundred lives. Bearing now a little to the southeast he struck the trail and dashed furiously along it. The sound of his pursuers grew fainter, then ceased, but he did not seem to hear, for a strange dizziness came over him and he swayed in his saddle like a drunken man. Clutching at the pommel, he murmured as he thought the night grew darker, O God, let me live an hour, only an hour.

So the night sped on. Sometimes the horse would relapse into a trot, and anon resume his swinging lope.

"Oh! that morning would come; that night would hold up its funeral garment and the glad sunshine smile on the earth once more."

How cold the night seemed to the boy hero as he, half fainting, sat in the saddle with his head upon his breast and the warm blood trickling from his wound.

Would Cache never appear?

But just as the rosy fingers of the morn crept up from the east, he saw with his dying eyes the long black shadow of the timber that studded the banks of the creek, and as his weary comrade uttered a joyful neigh, a bugle call rang out upon the morning air, the sound of which brightened up the boy's face.

The sound of the horse's hoofs brought a number of men outside their tents, who, seeing the pale, deathlike face of the dispatch bearer, and the limp arm hanging by his side, knew instinctively what was the matter.

The latter, seeing the men around him, drew out his blood-soaked dispatch, and hoarsely whispering: "The general—dispatch—quick!" would have fallen from his horse had not a trooper rushed forward and catching him in his arms lifted him tenderly to the ground.

With the break of day the Indians, uttering their wild war-whoops, had charged upon the camp. Bravely had they been repulsed, only to come on again and again until their superior numbers should tell upon the white men. Now they were upon the ramparts, and the defenders, almost all of whom were grievously wounded, but who seemingly felt not their wounds in the presence of the enemy, heroically disputed every step. At last, just as a portion of the breastwork had fallen in and the Indians sprang like panthers at their prey upon the little square of white men who had hastily collected around their wounded, resolving to die as men, with their faces to the foe, a ringing cheer was heard and the relief force came thundering down the slope. And as the clear, rapid notes of the "charge" echoed across the plain, each drop of blood in those troopers' veins jingled exultingly against its neighbor as they dashed among the foe. There was a crash, cheers, a volley of musketry, and the Indians were flying across the prairie, pursued by the troopers, whose carmined sabres were busy converting, as an officer in the regular army once said, bad Indians into good ones by giving them the route to the happy hunting grounds.

The fight was over and a portion of Colonel Mack's command had been saved.

That night in a hospital tent there stood a number of soldiers around the couch of one on whom death had cast its shadow. There was a sorrowful look upon the faces of the watchers as they silently awaited the issue. At last the boy opened his eyes and looked around; then as a smile of pride lit up his face he murmured as his eyelids slowly drooped, "I g-o-t t-h-e-r-e." The angel beckoned and the two went hand in hand into the silent land.

"He's gone," they told the men who had gathered outside the tent awaiting the news—gone; and the evening wind took up the refrain and sighed it to the trees, which shook their heads as if in doubt: while the stars veiled their tremulous light, as heaven in its pity sprinkled its tears upon the camp.—*Wm. K. Robinson in the Kansas City Times.*

CAMERA VERSUS BICYCLE.

BATTLE OF THE "RED NECKTIES" MEN AND THE WHEELMEN.

Too Much Civilization Proves a Failure in the South Pacific Archipelago---Blood on The Moon and Wigs on the Green---Is a Kodak a Deadly Weapon?

There is blood in the face of the moon at present when its shining over the island of Fiji, away off in the South Pacific ocean, according to private information recently received from that part of the world. It's all on account of a bicycle, a new-fangled photograph camera and a few red neckties. Fiji, it must be understood, is an English possession, situated a few hundred miles from New Zeland, and is under the government of a high commissioner from London, who represents her gracious majesty, Queen Victoria. Subordinate to him is the native king, Moalevu. Another native chief of high ronk is Vasu; who, while not of royal blood, is imagined to be a descendent of the Fijian gods and as befits one of such exalted station receives quite as much respect from the natives as does King Moalevu. Both are exceedingly jealous of the other's power and make no effort to disguise the fact. It is England's policy to impress her savage subjects from time to time with her immense power by exhibiting the means of her command to quickly suppress any evidence of rebellion or unruliness upon their part. With this object in view, King Maolevu was last fall invited by the high commissioner to take a pleasure trip to Aukland in her majesty's warship, Cordelin, where the Australian naval squadron happened to be, and where the king could have a good opportunity to see a large collection of English cannon waiting for business to turn up.

The king gladly accepted the invitation, more particularly for the reason that it was to cost him nothing, but also in the hope that some admiring English citizen in Aukland might present him with a discarded silk hat, a worn-out soldier's coat or any other gift. With such an addition to his wardrobe he felt certain that his rival, Vasu, would be so completely overwhelmned and distanced in the race for Fijian favor, that the question of supremacy would be effectively settled.

His majesty reached Aukland in safety, was taken on board of several English men-of-war, shown their armament and general ability to knock out the spots of any facetious natives in the South Pacific, and was then placed on board of a merchant steamer bound for Levuka, the capital of Fiji. In addition to the assorted collection of presents he received from the citizens of Aukland, including a suit of clothing, a couple of useless muskets and a mouth organ, was a bicycle that had long been placed on the retired list.

Moalevu's return to Levuka was the occasion of much excitement on the part of the natives. He was met at the wharf by a large number of people and escorted to his house, where a big feast followed. The next day the unpacking of the bicycle took place and the machine was brought out for public inspection. With the desire of surprising his people by exhibiting his grace as a bicycle rider, the king succeeded after some difficulty and with a certain feeling of nervousness and general insecurity, in mounting the machine, being steadied on either side by a native.

Wishing to do the proper thing and show his appreciation of the English Government's courtesy, he resolved to pay an official visit to the High Commissioner on his bicycle, and followed by a large procession of natives visited that official's quarters. On the return to his house the king and his party were met by the high chief Vasu and a number of his adherents, who had been to a feast in the neighborhood. The sight of the king's bicycle aroused such feelings of jealousy and envy in the breasts of the Vasu men that they attacked the king's party when near the United States Consulate, and before they were put to flight by the Fijian police almost killed two of the Moalevu men. The bicycle was placed among the royal treasures and a guard of four men put over it. Defeated, and with the feeling that his own glory and priestage had been seriously affected among his people by Moalevu's acquisition of such a unique and magnificent affair, Vasu made up his mind to offset it in some way, and accordingly sailed for Auckland in the steamer Wainui last December. Two days after his arrival he chanced to see a photograph camera fiend engaged in his deadly work in one of the public parks, and immediately determined that in this machine he discovered an equivolent to Moalevu's bicycle. Within an hour he had bought one and forthwith made arrangements to return to Levuka. That his triumph might be more complete and to insure the loyalty of his followers he bought 150 bright red neckties as presents for the leading men of his faction.

Two weeks later he was back in Levuka. On the following morning he distributed the neckties among his followers and brought the camera in public for general admiration. Unfortnnately at this moment King Moalevu passed by seated on his bicycle and steadied by a couple of young men and followed by over 200 natives. Vasu, who knew nothing whatever about the manipulation of the camera, but remembered having seen a man in the park at Aukland sighting the machine preparatory to taking a picture, went through the same motion when Moalevu drew near. The men in the king's party, conscious of the hatred which the Vasu men bore them, imagined that an attempt was being made to kill them and the king by some mysterious their war clubs and drawing the knives they attacked the Vasu men, who fought bravely, the latter being distinguished by their red neckties. The police were summoned but were unable to stop the fighting. A boat-load of marines from the British man-of-war Orlando, then in the harbor, was sent ashore in answer to a summons, and finally succeded in stopping the fight but not until five of Vasu's men and three of Moalevu's followers had been killed, a number also being wounded on either side.

Percy F. Richards, who arrived in New York from Fiji early in the present month, and who was in Levuka at the time of the riot, says that the leaders in the attack on Vasu's party are to be tried for murder before the high commissioner. The man-of-war Orlando has been ordered to remain at Levuka for the present in anticipation of another outbreak. The Levuka *Herald* demands the passage of a law prohibiting the use of bicycles and photograph cameras by natives in Fiji. As a precaution against possible future trouble from the same causes the bicycle and the photograph camera were burned by order of the high commissioner.

A Peculiar Plant

India, the land of poisonous serpents, immense jungles, fabulous wealth, fevers, cholera and mysticism, has again come to the front through the recent discovery of a strange plant with magnetic powers equal to a Brush dynamo. To attempt to pull a leaf from this marvellous plant is to invite an electric shock eqnal to that produced by an induction coil.

If a compass be held within six meters of this lightning-charged vegetable the needle acts as strangely as if it was being held above the true magnetic pole. Its electrical qualities, however, do not cause more amazement than the wonderful variation of its magnetic powers, which are most manifest at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, gradually diminishing until, at midnight or between midnigt and 2 o'clock a. m. when it can hardly be noticed.

Day after day these wonderful changes take place, the plant gradually loses its magnetism as the darkness becomes most intense, only to have the current renewed with seeming increased vigor as the sun mounts the tropical skies. A thunder storm augments its peculiar qualities a dozen fold, and even though sheltered it drops its leaves and branches as if it were in the last convulsions of death.

Birds and insects shun the plant as do the natives of Java the deadly upas tree. One would naturally suppose that the plant would be found growing in a region abounding in magnetic metals. The contrary is the case. There is neither iron, cobalt, nor nickel found in the home of the magnetic plant.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts, and $1

AN ATHLETIC ARTIST.

HOW BROKEN DOWN MEN MAY REGAIN THEIR HEALTH.

Pure air Plain Food and Regular Hours and Plenty of Outdoor Exercise the Principal Ingredients of the Prescription---The Method of Putting Kilrain in Shape

Out where the breakers wash the sandy beach, almost within a stones throw of the waters edge, where the barking of the seals is wafted in on the ocean breeze, where sunshine and fog alternate under the shadow of the statue-decorated heights of Sutro, where all the climate effects peculiar to a California seacoast are sought after by hordes of "personally conducted" tourists, a school for training has been recently established.

There is but one professor.

His name is William Muldoon, the famous wrestler and trainer of athletes and pugilists, a man whose profession it is to take physical wrecks, men whose constitutions have been impaired by late hours, high living and other pursuits habitual to the gilded youth of today, and without the aid of drugs build, anew their shattered and dissipated frames.

Out by this ocean-beach school of physical training a winding road leads up to the Cliff House, says the San Francisco *Examiner*. Along this road dozens of the rapid youth of San Francisco pass every day that the sun shines brightly and the wind blows in not too strong.

Yet Prof. Muldoon has but one pupil.

His name is Kilrain—Jake Kilrain, a professional puglilist. Kilrain is to meet Geo Godfrey in the prize ring next month.

That is why Muldoon has established a school for physical training out on the ocean beach and that is why Kilrain is there as his pupil. Muldoon is "training" Kilrain for his approaching contest, in other words he is regulating the every day life of Kilrain, so that when the latter steps over the ropes at the California Athletic Club on the night of March 13, his physical condition will be as perfect as it is possible for man to be.

Once some one asked Muldoon what he considered the best course of training for a young man whose naturally good constitution had been all but broken down by high living, keeping late and irregular hours, and other pursuits used with the fast pace set by the sporty boys of to-day.

"Six months in some prison at hard labor," was the reply, and then he proceeded to prove the truth of his statement.

The other day an *Examiner* man asked Muldoon how he built up the shattered physical wrecks of the dissipated or overworked and placed pugilists in the ring fit to fight for their lives.

Kilrain and Muldon had just returned from an eight-mile walk in the park. They had been taking their shower and been rubbed down by their attendant.

Muldoon looked as young and his step was as light and elastic as when ten years ago he made his first appearance here with Modjeska as the Wrestler, in "As You Like It."

"There are no rules for training a man. There can be none," he replied. Proper training for one man would break down another. I have often been asked to write a book on physical training, but have always refused. Individuals and their physical needs vary as widely as do the seasons. I have had many gentlemen under my care, men of the world on whose constitutions years of rapid living had made serious inroads, men who had spent half a lifetime defying all laws of nature and were trying to regain that which they had lost; business men who in this hunt for money had kept up a strain on their power of endurance which had deprived them of half the pleasures of life, pugilists whose stock in trade is perfect physical condition. I have had them all but have never yet found any two men on whom the same treatment would have the same effect. Commonsense application of the laws of nature, plain food, fresh air and out door exercise are all that are needed to perfect a man's physical condition. Some trainers entirely ignore the mental feeling of their patient and depend entirely upon physical exertion. In this they are wrong, for without mental diversion no one can hope to become perfect or anywhere near perfect.

"It is easy to put a man in good physical shape. Take for instance a man whose constitution has been broken down by constant application to business. If he is not afflicted with some organic disease I will almost guarantee to place him in good condition in two months if he will follow my directions. I have tried it so often when physicians have failed, and have met such success, that I feel confident of of my ability to do so.

"Physical condition in man is very deceptive. I cannot tell nor can any one else, by looking at a man whether or not he is in good condition. How often do you hear when two pugilists step into a ring and remove their coats, the exclamations of the spectators as to their condition. One may be a trifle fleshy, the other apparently nothing but bone and sinew. People will look with admiration at the man whose muscles seem to stand out like whip cords and feel sorry for the flabby looking fellow. But until they go to work and the lung-power, or 'wind' as many term it, is tested, you can form no opinion as to their condition. The ideal-looking athlete may be like a locomotive without steam. He has been overtrained.

"The appearance therefore of a man in the ring is not a good way to judge of his condition. Take Dempsey, for instance. He never shows muscle when in good condition. Godfrey on the other hand, when he is at his best, looks all bone and muscle."

"If there are no set rules for training, what is your method?"

"Why watch my man and note the course. It is not easy to make a mistake if you apply a little common sense to your method."

"What do you do with Kilrain?"

"Well to begin with, I have him out of bed at 8 o'clock every morning. There is no getting out of this. He must get out of bed promptly at that hour. Once out of bed, he first goes through a dumb-bell exercise, using one-pound bells; then with salt water taken from the ocean he is sponged off, after the chill has been taken off the water. Then he is given a thorough rubbing down with both hands and towels. After dressing he goes for a short stroll in the sun. Breakfast is ready when he returns. It is not an elaborate affair, but consists of cracked wheat or oatmeal well cooked, tea and toast, soft boiled eggs, and either a piece of fried chicken or one chop. There is but one kind of meat and very little of that. Then for an hour he reads the papers, after which he dresses for a walk in good woolen clothes. Particular care is taken that his feet are comfortably dressed. He starts out at an easy pace. I always try to pick out a new walk every day so that it will prove interesting. If possible I like to have a good many hills to climb over, as climbing up and down hill exercises two sets of muscles. Cross-country runs are the best in the world. A distance of seven or eight miles is at first covered, increasing the pace gradually. When about one mile from home I start him into an easy jog. This is kept up until within one hundred yards of the house when we spurt for the room. Inside the room he is undressed as soon as possible and wrapped up in a blanket or robe. Then I give him a swallow of hot water and gin or hot lemonade to warm his stomach. After a sweat of a few minutes he is rubbed down with coarse towels and again wrapped in dry blankets. Once more he is rubbed down with towels, and then for half a minute stands under a salt water shower. Again he is rubbed down; this time the attendant wrings his hands until the skin is dry and smooth. Then he dresses in good warm clothing and after half an hours rest sits down to a hearty dinner of bouillon, roast beef or mutton, plenty of vegetables, and half a pint of good burgundy. He is not given too much meat as meat makes the stomach feverish. If he is not hungry I do not give him anything to tempt his appetite, but let him regain it in a natural way. For the first two or three weeks I do not give him any liquor at all; only bouillon or calves'-foot jelly or tea.

When at weight burgundy is allowed but only a pint a day taken at two meals—dinner and supper. After dinner, say two hours after, he punches the bag, skips the rope or spars with me for half an hour. Then he is sponged and again rubbed down. Half an hour later he has his supper, consissing of apple sauce and fruit, toast, half a pint burgundy and a piece of cold chicken and jelly. The evening I try and make pass as pleasantly as possible in some form of amusement and by nine or ten o'clock he is in bed, after having a good hand rubbing. He always sleeps between blankets. I do not insist on his going to bed unless he feels like it, but after a days work he generally likes to rest. Such is the treatment I give him. As the time for his meeting with Godfrey draws near he will be made to work harder, He will be made to run more and walk faster, and punch the bag for a certain number of three minute rounds with the usual one minute rest. Then I find what distance he can cover in three minutes and measure it off. I let him run that distance, resting minute, and then run it over again, keeping up this for some time. This is how Kilrain is being and will be trained but the same treatment would not agree with another man."

"But don't you take him for a long walk before breakfast?"

"No. No other sensible man would. This stuff about doing fifteen or twenty miles before breakfast is all bosh. They don't do it. It would fag them out and break their spirit."

"How long do you consider a proper time for a man to remain in training?"

"Three weeks of actual training should put any man who is not afflicted with some organic trouble in good shape. Though he should have one month preparation for this training. What I mean by preparation is this: If a man has been addicted to liquor, cut off his supply. He should go on a sea voyage or out in the country where he can have pure air and rest and quiet. He should eat plain common food and be regular in his habits. A month of this will put him in good shape for the hard work of the training proper."

"How do you like your training quarters here?"

"They couldn't be better. Here we have pure fresh sea breeze all the time, a splendid beach to walk or run on, lots of interesting walks through the Park, hills to climb and splendid weather. They told us it would be cold out here and perhaps people think it is, but to us who have come out of the snow and ice, it seems like summer. I do not know of a better place, and if a man cannot be brought around in good physical shape here, why it is not in him and he couldn't be patched up any place."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

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