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?

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REGISTER—Established August, 1881.
TELEPHONE—Established June, 1886.
Consolidated Feb. 1, 1889.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1891.

VOL. III. NO. 6

The St. Charles Hotel.

Sample rooms in connection.

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 all 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.

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.

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 cal look over the stock and get prices.
FRANK WRIGHT

USE FERRY'S SEEDS
BECAUSE THEY ARE
THE BEST.
D. M. Ferry & Co's
Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced
SEED ANNUAL
For 1891 will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last season's customers. It is better than ever. Every person using *Garden, Flower or Field Seeds*, should send for it. Address
D. M. FERRY & CO.
DETROIT, MICH.
Largest Seedsmen in the world.

$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 live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easy 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 $3000 a year each. It is **NEW** and **SOLID.** Full particulars **FREE.** Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

DR. HARTER'S TRADE MARK.
LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
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. 50 cents.
THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

$6000.00 a year is being made by John H Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may and make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything, EASILY, SUBSTANTIALLY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

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 addles 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.

C. R. COOK & SON,
(Successors to J. H. Henderson.)
GROCERIES AND CROCKERY.
A full assortment of goods in the above line always on hand. Prompt attention paid to the wants of customers.
YOUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED.
C. R. COOK & SON.

DR. ABORN
IS NOW AT PORTLAND, OREGON.
THE SCIENTIFIC HEALER.

FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT POSSIBLY CALL PERSONALLY, HOME TREATMENT PLACED WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL THAT WILL GIVE INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF AND A PERMANENT CURE.

The most speedy, positive and permanent cure for Catarrh of the Head, Asthma and all Throat, Bronchial, Lung, Heart Stomach, Liver and Kidney Affections Nervous Debility, etc. Consumption, in its various stages, permanently cured DR. ABORN'S ORIGINAL MODE OF TREATMENT and his MEDICATED INHALATIONS gives instantaneous relief, builds up and revitalizes the whole constitution and system, thereby prolonging life. Weak, nervous, debilitated and broken-down constitutions, old and young, invariably gain from ten to thirty pounds in from thirty to ninety days.

DR. ABORN'S phenomenal skill and marvelous cures have created the greatest astonishment on the Pacific Coast and throughout the American continent, during the past twenty-five years. Asthma, Catarrh of the Head, and all Throat, Bronchial and Lung trouble instantly relieved, also Ear Diseases and Deafness often cured permanently at first consultation. DR. ABORN'S essay on the "Curability of Consumption," and a treatise on "Catarrh of the Head," with evidences of some extraordinary cures, mailed free. Call or address

DR. ABORN,
Fourth and Morrison Sts., Portland, Oregon.

NOTE.—Home treatment, securely packed, sent by express to all parts of the Pacific Coast, for those who cannot possibly call in person.

ALL INVITED TO CALL FOR FREE CONSULTATION

ADVERTISERS of others, who wish to examine this paper, or obtain estimates on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 48 to 49 Randolph St., the Advertising Agency of LORD & THOMAS.

MAMMOTHS ON THE ICE.

THE TYN-SCHU OR GIANT RAT OF CHINA AND THE MASTODON.

Professor Charles Frederick Holder's Strange and Interesting Tales of the Lore and Reality of Prehistoric Hunters---Capturing the Monsters in the Paleozoic Ages---A Whale on Ice.

When the first European visited China and began to obtain information regarding the traditions of the country they learned, among other things, that in the natural history of the people was an enormous subterranean rat called tyn-schu.

The rat was five or six times as large as a horse, had terrible teeth and lived chiefly in the northern country, where forced its way beneath mountain ranges so that when a tremor of an earthquake was heard in China the parents would turn to the child and say.

"My son, behave yourself. The tyn-schu is burrowing beneath the mountains, making the earth tremble."

Thus it came to be believed by all that the big rat was an actual fact. No one could be found, however, who had met with the tyn-schu, until a hunter from the far north was discovered who said he had seen one, and here is his story.

"I am a fisherman, and some years ago I travelled in Northern China and Siberia, following up the rivers to the northern ocean. One winter the cold had been more severe than usual, and we started down the Lena before the ice had gone. It was still very cold, but we kept on, hoping to secure many fish to dry and carry into the interior later on.

"One day we were passing a high cliff that was partly undermined by a turn in the river, when my comrade asked me if I had ever seen a tyn-schu. I replied no. 'Well,' said he, 'there is one coming out.'

"I looked up, and there, about forty feet from the beach, was a big black mass of something. I could see two long teeth; a long tail and his shaggy fur, and it was evidently struggling to get out, as the ice cliff was cracked.

"'When he sees the sunlight,' my comrade said, 'it will kill him, and when we come back we shall find him dead.' Sure enough, several months after when we went back, there lay the monster on the beach, dead. It had crawled out of its hole and died in the sunlight, and was mostly eaten up by bears and wolves. We cut off the big teeth, which were as much as two men could lift, and took them up the river, where I sold one, which I heard was sent to the emperor.

Such was the Chinaman's story, and that he believed that the rat was really a living creature there can be no doubt, and the belief is supported by the finding in China of gigantic bones beneath the surface, of these rats that have been accidentally caught by rays of sunlight.

The origin of this superstition is a veritable giant of the ice, says a writer in the New York *Herald*—a huge elephant which existed thousands of years ago in nearly all countries, and especially about Northern Europe and Siberia.

In the long ago of geological ages the climate of the far north was much milder than at present, and the Siberian islands in the Arctic ocean were covered with trees and were the home of vast herds of monster elephants. When the first white men visited this desolate region they found the shore in some instance literally covered with the tusks, everywhere protruding from the sand, partly hidden by it, showing that here was a graveyard of monsters of the olden time. When the account reached the centers of civilization men went out to see if it was true, and in a short time an extensive ivory trade in these ancient relics sprang up.

There was then an indefinite idea of the animal which bore them, but gradually the fact became known that they were the tusks of an enormous elephant known as the mammoth.

Imagine Jumbo a third longer, a third higher, and covered with a coat of woolly hair from two three feet in length and some idea can be formed of this king of the elephants that lived in the long ago. For a long time a very exaggerated idea of the animal was entertained and some curious pictures of it were made, but finally a specimen was found and then another.

The first and best specimen was discovered by a native fisherman. He saw its tusk protruding from the bank or tunda, and watched it for several seasons, until finally he found it lying upon the beach. The wild animals had been feeding upon it, and think of it! the mammoth may have been dead anywhere from five to fifty thousand years, yet its flesh was so perfectly preserved and the eye so fresh that a scientific man said he could hardly distinguish between it and the eye of a living animal.

Thousands of years ago this gigantic creature had perished, perhaps falling in to a crevasse in the ice, and ever since had been frozen up like solid rocks. Gradually undermined by the river, the body had fallen out, as we have seen.

About thirty pounds of the red hair and wool were gathered by the fisherman, the tusks and portions of the feet and all sold to a Russian official, who immediately sent word to St. Petersburg, whereupon the emperor ordered that the entire skeleton should be preserved. The skeleton was secured, with some of the skin and hair, and all are now in the royal museum of St. Petersburg, illustrating the enormous size of this giant.

This was in the last century, and ever since people have been on the lookout for the giants of the ice. Several specimens have been found, the most remarkable by a Russian engineer named Ben Kendorf, in 1846. He was engaged in surveying the coast of the mouth of the Lena and Indigirka rivers, and his story is so striking that I give it just as it is taken from a letter written to a friend who was then in Germany.

* * * Afterward we landed on the new shore and surveyed the undermining and destructive operation of the wild waters, that carried away with extraordinary rapidity masses of soft peat and loam. While we were all quiet we heard under our feet a sudden gurgling and stirring, which betrayed the workings of the disturbed river.

"Suddenly our jager called loudly and pointed to a singular and unshapely object which rose and sank through the disturbed waters. I had remarked it, but had given it no attention, considering it only driftwood. Now we hastened to the spot on the shore, had the boat drawn near, and waited till the mysterious thing should again show itself. Our patience was tried, but at last a black, horrible, giant-like mas thrust out of the water and we beheld a colossal elephant's head, armed with mighty tusks, with its long trunk moving in the water in an unearthly manner, as though seeking for something lost therein. Breathless with astonishment I beheld the monster hardly twelve feet from me, with his half open eyes, yet showing the whites. It was still in good preservation.

"A mammoth! a mammoth!" broke out the Tschernoniori; and I shouted: "Here quickly!" chains and ropes!" As the animal again sank we waited for an opportunity to throw the ropes over his head. This was accomplished after many efforts. We then threw a chain around his tusks, which were about eight feet long, drove a stake in the ground about twenty feet from the shore and made chain and rope fast to it. The day went by quicker than I thought for, but still the time seemed long before the animal was secured and the water had loosened it. The soft peat, or marsh land on which he had stepped thousands of years ago gave way under the weight of the giant and he sank as he stood on it, feet foremost, incapable of saving himself, and a severe frost came and turned him into ice, and the moor which buried him. The latter, however, grew and flourished, every summer renewing itself. Possibly the neighboring stream had heaped over the dead body plants and sand. God only knows what cause had worked for its preservation."

If this specimen could have been preserved the entire skin of one of these monsters could have been mounted. In recent times other specimens have been found and there is hardly a locality has produced its teeth and bones, showing the wide range of the great elephant.

Near Colchester a fine specimen was unearthed and at Scarborough the teeth have been dredged up in numbers, showing that where water now flows formerly was a grazing ground for the hairy elephant.

In Italy the bones have been discovered in the volcanic gravel of Ponte Molle, showing that they roamed Italy when the site of Rome was covered by a river of lava.

In Germany prehistoric man doubtless hunted the mammoth.

Near Cronstadt its bones have been found in great quantities, packed as closely as if they had been placed so artificially. In the village of Thiede, near Brunswick eleven tusks were found in a heap.

In the southern portion of this country an allied form, probably as large, but without hair, was found and called the American elephant. Recently one was discovered near San Juan, California.

The writer, as soon as he learned of the find, attempted to reach the spot, but little was left to tell the story. The railroad had cut directly through the skeleton, so that the tusks were all that could be secured and some of the teeth. The locality was examined afterwards by the writer, who found that the body must have lain in a bed of fine sand, that was undoubtedly a quicksand, and in this trap the big animal had been caught thousands of years ago, to be held until today.

Some fun-loving hunters, after a season in Alaska, have reported that the mammoths still roam the unexplored area of that country and the state of Washington, but that is simply a fabrication. The mammoth has lived its time and belongs to past geological ages, the exact cause of its extermination being a mystery. That it was known to man and hunted by him is very probable. The evidences of this are rare, it is true. A piece of tusk has been found in France with a fairly correct representation of the mammoth engraved upon it, presumably by some prehistoric artist. Again, arrow heads have been taken from beneath remains, while the much discussed elephant pipes of the interior Indian mounds of this country may be evidence in this direction, though this is not positive.

The mammoth was formerly as common as are horses today, and the ivory from its tusks is still an important commercial item. Mammoth tusks frequently weigh 320 pounds apiece, and fine specimens bring large prices. One tusk was sold some years ago for $500, and fifteen years ago 10,000 were received in London. They weighed about 140 pounds apiece, the price being 1s 6d per pound.

The mammoth is not the only ice giant the ice cliffs of the North conceal. Some years ago a hunter, in traveling across a rough country, came to a deep crevasse, and upon looking in saw the body of some monster that had been washed out.

He lowered himself into the chasm and found it to be a huge rhinoceros, an animal that was as well fitted to live in Siberia as the mammoth, having a covering of thick hair and wool to protect it from the rigors of the cold. The head of the monster was large and the nose armed with two tusks, one of which was enormous, being nearly four feet long and large enough to be used as a club by the natives.

If you can picture an ordinary rhinoceros a third larger, or perhaps half as large again, covered with reddish hair and an undercoating of wool, with a tusk four feet in length, another two feet, some idea can be had of the strange creature that roamed the country with the elephant and perhaps fought with it, as these animals are known to do in Africa today.

The big rhinoceros is also well known to the Chinese; its horn is supposed to be the tooth of a big dragon or unicorn, and when ground up forms a valuable item in medicine.

In the Chinese Repository is the follow from the pen of Dr. Lie She Chan, a distinguished authority on medicine in his time, on the subject of dragon (rhinoceros) bones:

"The bones are found on banks of rivers and in caves of the earth, places where the dragon died, and can be collected at any time."

We need not go so far back to find animals preserved in the ice. Whalers tell of gigantic whales which have been seen entombed in icebergs, and several authentic cases are on record where big whales have been observed thus imprisoned, held aloft and floating around at the whim of the Arctic currents.—*Charles Frederick Holder in S. F. Examiner.*

MARK TWAIN IS HOMERIC.

An Englishman who Delights in Huckleberry Finn.

Mark Twain. If you praise him among persons of culture, they cannot believe that you are serious. They call him a barbarian. They won't hear of him, they hurry from the subject: they pass by on the other side of the way. Now I do not mean to assert that Mark Twain is "an impeccable artist," but he is just as far from being a mere coarse beffoon. Like other people, he has his limitations. Even Mr. Gladstone, for instance, does not shine as a Biblical critic, nor Mark Twain as a critic of Italian art nor as a guide to the Holy Land. I have abstained from reading his work on an American at the court of King Arthur, because here Mark Twain is not and cannot be, at the proper point of view. He has not the knowledge which would enable him to be a sound critic of the ideal of the Middle Ages. An Arthurian Knight in New York or Washington would find as much to blame, and justly, as a Yankee at Camelot. Let it be admitted that Mark Twain often and often sins against good taste, that some of his waggeries are mechanical, that his books are full of passages which are only good enough for the corner of a newspaper. Even so, the man who does not "let a laugh out of him"—like the Gruagach Gaire—at the story of the Old Ram, or of the Mexican Plug, or of the editing of a country newspaper, or of the Blue Jay, or at the lecture on the German language, can hardly have a laugh in him to let out. Chesterfield very gravely warns his son that it is wrong and vulgar to laugh, but the world has agreed to differ from Chesterfield. To "Homo Ridens" Mark Twain is a benefactor beyond most modern writers, and the cultured, who do not laugh, are merely to be pitied. But his art is not only that of a maker of the scarce article—mirth. I have no hesitation in saying that Mark Twain is one among the greatest of contemporary makers of fiction. For some reason, which may perhaps be guessed, he has only twice chosen to exercise that art seriously, in "Tom Sawyer" and in "Huckleberry Finn." The reason, probably, is that old life on the Mississippi is the only form of life in which Mark Twain finds himself so well versed that he can deal with it in seriousness. Again, perhaps his natural and cultivated tendency to extravagance and caricature is only to be checked by working on the profound and candid seriousnes of boyhood. These are unlucky limintations, if they really exist, for they have confined him, as a novelist, to a pair of brief works, masterpieces which a fallacious appearance has confounded with boys' books and facetiæ. Of the two, by an unheard-of stroke of luck, the second, the sequel, is by far the better. I can never forget nor be ungrateful for the exquisite pleasure with which I read "Huckleberry Finn" for the first time, years ago. I read it again last night, deserting "Kenilworth" for Huck. I never laid it down till I had finished it. I perused several passages more than once, and rose from it with a higher opinion of its merits than ever.

What is that we want in a novel? We want a vivid and original picture of life, we want charcter naturally displayed in action, and if we get the excitement of adventure into the bargain, and that adventure possible and plausible, I so far differ from the newest school of criticism as to think that we have additional cause for gratitude. If, moreover, there is an unstrained sense of humor in the narrator, we have a masterpiece, and "Huckleberry Finn" is nothing else. Once more. If the critics are right who think that art should so far imitate nature as to leave things at loose ends, as it were, not pursuing events to their conclusions, even here "Huckleberry Finn" should satisfy them.

Already "Huckleberry Finn" is an historical novel, and more valuable perhaps, to the historian than "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for it is written without partisanship and without "a purpose." The drawing of character seems to be admirable, unsurpassed in its kind. By putting the tale in the mouth of the chief actor, Huck, Mark Twain was enabled to give it a seriousness not common in his work, and to abstain from comment. Nothing can be more true and more humorous than the narrative of this outcast boy, with a heart naturally good, with a conscience torn between the teachings of his world about slavery and the promptings of his nature. In one point Mark Twain is Homeric, probably without knowing it. In the Odyssey, Odysseus frequently tells a false tale about himself to account for his appearance and position when disguised on his own island. He shows extraordinary fertility and appropriateness of invention, wherein he is equalled by the feigned tales of Huckleberry Finn. The casual characters met on the way are masterly; the woman who detects Huck in a girl's dress; the fighting families of Shepherdson and Grangerford; the homicidal Col. Sherborne, who cruelly shoots old Boggs, and superbly quells the mob of would-be lynchers; the various old aunts and uncles; the negro Jim; the two wandering impostors; the hateful father of Huck himself. Then Huck's compliment to Miss Mary Jane whom the thought of aftermards "a many and a many million times," how excellent it is! "In my opinion she had more sand in her than any girl I ever see; in my opinion she was just full of sand. It sounds like flattery, but it ain't no flattery. And when it comes to beauty—and goodness, too—she lays over them all." No novel has better touches of natural description; the starlit nights on the great river, the storms, the whole landscape, the sketches of little rotting towns; of the woods, of the cotton-fields, are simple, natural and visible to the mind's eye. The story, to be sure, ends by lapsing into burlesque, when Tom Sawyer insists on freeing the slave whom he knows to bee free already, in a manner accordant with "the best authorities." But even the burlesque is redeemed by Tom's real unconscious heroism. There are defects of taste, or passages that to us seem deficient in taste, but the book remains a nearly flawless gem of romance and of humor. The world appreciates it, no doubt, but "cultured critics" are probably unaware of its singular value. A two-shilling novel by Mark twain, with an ugly picture on the cover, "has no show," as Huck might say, and the great American novel has escaped the eyes of those who watch to see this new planet swim into their ken. And will Mark Twain never write such another? One is enough for him to live by and for our gratitude but not enough for our desise.—*Andrew Lang in London News.*

JESUS, FROM SAN CARLOS.

AT WAR WITH TWO GREAT NATIONS ALL BY HIMSELF.

How He Lived and Murdered and Died in the Sierra Madre---What the Pious Sister of St. Genevieve Did for a Perishing Indian and how he Requested her Merciful Kindness.

They were all gone. The floor of the little canyon was covered with the debris of the camp. There were the ashes of all the little campfires, the bones of horses and cattle slaughtered for food and all the rest of the litter to show where a hundred Apaches had made their stronghold for two months. The Indian who looked down upon the place couldn't understand it. He had only been gone a few days to see if the soldiers were coming from the West, and when he left his hundred fellows were still enjoying the fruits of the great raid. They had as many horses and oxen as they could drive before them, and the squaws were gay with the rings and watches that had been torn from the bodies of those who met the column on its wild ride from the reservation to the Mexican mountains.

It didn't take him long to understand. There were tracks there never made by moccasins, and he followed the broad trail until he comprehended. The soldiers had come and were taking the renegades back to San Carlos. He looked for signs of a battle, but found none. The cactus was not torn up, there were no empty cartridge shell, no graves and no blood stains.

The last raid before this one that he was on the soldiers had also found them, and many were killed in the fight, and when he got the rest back to the reservation some were hanged and some were sent away with iron rings fastening their hands and feet. So he did not follow the back trail long. Maybe they would break away from the soldiers. If they didn't they would be sure to come back in the spring after they got their blankets and the white men began to crowd the road with teams. So he made up his mind to wait. He did not go back to where the big camp had been. That was hard to reach and well hidden in the mountains, but the soldiers knew where it was now, and the strongest article in his faith was to keep out of the way of the soldiers. Soldiers he could not understand. They were always after him and his kind when they left the agency, and yet when they had him there they derived neither amusement nor profit from him, for they never tortured him or made him work. He never stole the soldiers' horses and did not kill them, except when they pursued him, because they went too many together, so he could not see why they were always after him. He had kept away from them pretty successfully so far, though he did limp from a rifle ball that got him during one raid. That is why his fellows called him "Coyote-that-drags-his-foot" Thirty years ago, when he was only a little boy, a man in a black dress at the Mission had thrown a few drops of water on him, and then said something in Spanish, and ever since that time the white people had called him Jesus, and he was down on the agency books as Jesus, and it was against that name that the rations and blankets he drew was entered.

He assisted at the burning of the mission and the killing of the priest some years later.

Back he turned into the mountains. For a week or two he waited to hear from the rest of the band, but no riders came back. He would wait until spring, then some of them would surely break away frow the reservation and take the war trail back into Mexico. Old Geronimo and Chatto and the rest always broke away in the spring. He didn't know that the incomprehensible white men would send the bad chiefs off in the railroad train so far that they could never get back.

So Jesus started out alone. There are not many people about the Sierra Madre, but he knew a trail where the prospectors sometimes traveled, and he loitered along this trail. At last he saw a mounted man against the sky on top of a hill. He knew it was not an Indian, even at that distance, because Apaches do not ride along a ridge where their silhouettes can be seen from miles and miles away. So Jesus simply slipped behind a rack and waited, and the man with his packed burro trotting ahead came on down the trail and passed the rock behind which the Indian hid, and when he had passed Jesus rested his Winchester across the rock and shot him fair in the middle of the back. The man rolled off, of course, and Jesus watched him struggle and choke and die, and then cut the body and crushed the features with rocks. Then he caught the dead prospector's horse. He did not need a horse, so he simply hamstrung the animal and left him to die of hunger and thirst. He could have killed the horse with less trouble, but that would not have been in accordance with what he had always done, and the Apache is a creature of habit.

The murder of the prospector would of course be discovered, and men would come to hunt him. Jesus, from long experience knew this, so he maimed and mangled the dead man some more to show his derision and contempt and went away. What he found in the pack was welcome. He got drunk, and he ate till he could eat no more, but he did not celebrate his triumph this way until he was back in the high mountains again.

So Jesus lived alone in the mountains. He did not molest the ranches, except to steal a horse or a cow for food, when he did not want to waste ammunition on a deer. There was danger about the ranches, and Jesus took no chances on getting shot. He killed a man whenever he could do so safely, not because he cared about plundering them, but on the same principle that a man kills a snake whenever he meets one.

One day he went out to the road that led to the north. He waited among the rocks and brush of the deep canyon until he heard the sounds of wheels, and pretty soon a carriage came along with a Mexican and a woman and a baby in it.

And from his perch among the rocks he shot the man, but he did not kill him outright. The Mexican had life enough to know that he was in an Apache's ambush and killed the woman before a second shot from Jesus' Winchester finished him. That man knew what an Apache was, and Jesus, in revenge, mutilated the dead bodies and killed the baby.

As usual men came out to look for him. But he kept out of their way, and even managed to pick off one of the band who separated from the rest of the pursuers.

The fear the simple Mexicans had for the solitary redman was unbounded When some fresh manifestation of his presence would stir a neighborhood the ranchmen would follow his halting slurred track clear into the rocky Mother mountain. Once or twice he was seen, but then he was on horseback and there was no catching him among those mountains. He was the specter of that part of the country, and the dark mothers scared their babies into quietness by telling them that the "Lame Coyote" would hear them. For three years Jesus kept his lonely trail of murder and thievery. He spoke to no one in all that time, unless to his dead. From them he got ammunition and weapons. The precautions solitary travelers took to defend themselves against him thus furnished him the means of prosecuting his single-handed war against two great nations.

At last a regiment of Mexican cavaly was sent to round him up. They found his camp among the cliffs by the Lake of the Virgin and waited for him, but the Coyote saw the too numerous tracks and only came near enough to see his danger and then away again to still deeper fastenesses. And then came what Jesus had so long waited for.

Half a dozen of his tribe, hard pressed after the murder of a teamster, crossed the line and came into their old camp in the Sierra Madre. He found them by the same instinct that an antelope finds its mate. And the Mexican soldiers saw the trail and knew that there were more than Coyote-That-Drags-His-Foot in the mountains. There was no catching him by pursuit, but there are other ways of getting a wolf than by running him down.

They sent a dozen women and children to the most isolated ranches as a bait. Then in the night some of the soldiers joined the women, and then they waited.

Three days passed before Jesus and his comrades came to the bait, and during that time not a man showed himself outside of the adobe house.

Just at dark on the third day they came—not with a rush, but crawling and sneaking until only the space of the dooryard separated them from the houseful of women and children. Then they started up boldly. The Apache yell of triumph was still in the air when the soldiers fired. Each bullet found an Indian and all fell, and when the soldiers came out to make sure of their work there were six dead Indians in the dooryard. So the soldiers went away, and the holy sister of St. Genevieve, who had come with the other women, prayed until far into the night for the dead. While she prayed she heard a voice from out of the moonless night—a weak, dying voice—and it pleaded and begged for water.

"Agua! Agua!"

The voice was growing weaker.

"Agua! Augua!"

It was almost a whisper—a hard, rattling whisper from a palate blazing and from thirst.

The good sister could not listen to it. The words of her prayer came back to her—her plea for divine marcy for the poor savages.

"*Dios mi manda,*" she murmered, "God sends me.,'

She filled a canteen from the cool *olla* and stepped out into the night. She could not see, but the hoarse voice of the dying Indian guided her. She stumbled over something in the dark and it made her shudder. She reached the side of the form from which the faint cries for water came, a form with a great bleeding, mortal wound in it, through which the soldier's bullet had gone, and stooped over to put the canteen to its lips.

As she did so the right hand of the dying man shot up, and the holy sister of St. Genevieve fell backward with a knife driven through her heart. For Jesus was an Apache.—*Charles Michelson in S. F. Examiner.*

You've tried Dr, Pierce's Favorite Prescription have you and you're disappointed. The results are not immediate.

And did you expect the disease of years to disappear in a week? Put a pinch of time in every dose. You would not call the milk poor because the cream does not rise in an hour? If there's no water in it the cream is sure to rise. If there's a possible cure Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sure to effect it if given fair trial. You get the one dollar it costs you back again if it don't benefit or cure you. We wish we could give you the makers' confidence. They show it by giving the money back again, in all cases not benefitted, and it'd surprise you to know how few dollars are needed to keep up the refund.

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Robert Burdette says he gave his first lecture in Dubuque at the suggestion of his wife. Dubuque was at that time criticising pretty sharply every thing from Burlington, and he believed if he got out of the town alive he could make money elsewhere. The people of Dubuque not only permitted him to live, but invited him to return, so Mr. Burdette knew at once the people of New York and Boston were waiting for him.

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