

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.

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

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?

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

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1891.

VOL. III. NO. 41

FRANK WRIGHT,
Successor to H. Adams

HARNESS SHOP!

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

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

FRANK WRIGHT

COTTAGE SANITARIUM!
At Mt. Taber.

—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. Taber 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.
197 Third St., Portland, Oregon.

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 & RICH, Proprietors.

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

WM. HOLL,
Watchmaker and Jeweler.

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

JOHN BERRY, JESSE EDWARDS.

Edwards & Derby,
Proprietors of The McMINNVILLE

TILE FACTORY

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

First-Class Drain Tile
kept constantly on hand at lowest living prices.

EDWARDS & DERBY,
McMINNVILLE, Oregon.

DR. J. C. MICHAUX
Practicing Physician and Surgeon.

LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

Jan. 21, '90.

S. A. YOUNG, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

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

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 Imported Percheron Stallion,

PAROLI,
6859.

PAROLI,
8919.

WEIGHT,
2,000 lbs.

PAROLI is a dark dapple grey, foaled March 18, 1885, in the Commune of Bourson, Canton of Droue, Republic of France. Paroli is registered in the Percheron Stud Book of France as No. 8919, and in the Stud Book of America as No. 6859. He was imported in the U. S. in 1887, and is unquestionably as fine a Percheron Stallion as there is in America.

He will stand the present season as follows: At Carlton Sunday, Monday and Tuesday; North Yamhill, Wednesday; McMINNVILLE, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week.

TERMS—To insure (due when mare is known to be in foal) \$20.00
Season (payable July 1, 1891) 15.00
Single Service (payable at time of service) 10.00

Mares from a distance can be sent to Carlton and will be taken care of at the usual rates. **W. A. HOWE, Owner. ARTHUR ADAMS Manager.**

YOUNG HAMBLETONIAN!

Will make the Season of 1891

At the McMINNVILLE Fair Grounds.

TERMS:

Single Service. (Due at the time of Service) \$10.
Season. (Due July 1, 1891.) 15.
Insurance. (Due when mare is known to be with foal.) 20.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE:

Young Hambletonian, dapple bay; stands 16 1/2 hands high and weighs 1350 pounds; sired by Hambletonian Mambrino (5241) now standing at \$200; sire of Jane L. 2:19 1/4; Fred Hambletonian, 2:26; Kitty Ham, 2:26 1/4; Susie S, 2:26 1/4; Laddie, double team record 2:38; Hamlin, double team record at 3 years old 2:38 and the dam of Lady Beach, 2:26 1/4; dam by Milton son of Royal George, half brother to Old Kate, mother of Fantasia; 2d dam by Oregon Pathfinder (10981).

Young Hambletonian is very stylish, and notwithstanding he has never been trained, shows much speed.

J. W. GILE, Proprietor.
CHAS. WOODS, Manager, McMINNVILLE.

McMINNVILLE NATIONAL BANK.
McMINNVILLE, Oregon.

Paid up Capital, \$50,000.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
J. W. COWLES, President.
LEE LAUGHLIN, J. L. STRATTON, Vice President.
A. J. ARTHURSON, WM. CAMPBELL, R. R. LAUGHLIN, J. A. MACCUBBEN, R. P. EMMERT.

Transacts a General Banking Business, Deposits Received Subject to Check. Interest allowed on time deposits.

Sell sight exchange and telegraphic transfers on New York, San Francisco and Portland.

Collections made on all accessible points. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

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 Keptly 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.

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 Finishing a Specialty.

Work taken by Contract only by 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.

Headquarters for Tiding Table!

O. O. HODSON
Third and C streets, McMINNVILLE

Has a Fine Assortment of

LINES.

FLIES.

REELS.

RODS.

ETC.

Argand and Peninsular

STOVES
Can't be Beat.

A Large Stock of

Hardware, Tools, and Tinware

Repairing and Plumbing Done Promptly.

Roofing, Guttering and Spouting, Etc. A Specialty.

Sole Agent for
Garry's Patent Steel Roof.

REST IN THE WORLD.
Garden Seeds in Stock.

D. A. SMITH,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER.

Shop With Hewitt Bros.

277 Third Street, McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

GEO. RAMAGE,
The painter, paper hanger, kalsomine and decorator can be found during the day at work, and will be very willing to give estimates and furnish designs for all classes of work. On June 1, a shop will be opened opposite the Cook house. — 15-18

P. D. GLENN,
Plumbing,

Plumbing.

HAVING SEVERED MY CONNECTION with the City Water Works I will give my attention to all kinds of Pipe Work. Hot and Cold Water fitting. I carry a full stock of Pipe Fittings and Brass Goods at my shop, opposite the City Stables.

Call and see me.

DR. ABORN
IS NOW AT PORTLAND, OREGON.

FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT POSSIBLY CALL FOR REMEDY, PURE 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 Bladder, 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, invigorated and gain from tea to thirty pounds in from thirty to ninety days.

Dr. ABORN'S phenomenal skill in marvellous 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, Nervous Debility and Debility often cured permanently at first consultation. Dr. ABORN'S essay on the "Curability of Consumption" and a treatise on "Catarrh of the Head," will be sent free of charge to all who will send a return postpaid stamp.

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.

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.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine.

Prepared by Dr. J. W. Gile, McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

These pills are sold in all the drug stores of the Pacific Coast, and are the only pills of the kind that are sold in this country.

For a full description of these pills, and for a list of the names of the druggists who sell them, send a return postpaid stamp to Dr. J. W. Gile, McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

COULD MAN DIE BETTER?

HENRY T. GEERY DESERVES A PLACE BESIDE HIS COCCLES.

The Brave Deed of a Brave Man—He Gave His Life for His Comrades—A Memory of the Great Yellowstone Park.

Is a man ever justified in taking his own life? Ask that question of the few brave men who are left of the little band that went out upon the tragic Yellowstone expedition of 1883, and then ask them if blood was ever more nobly shed than when Henry T. Geery placed his pistol to his temple and sent his soul into eternity that he might buy a chance of safety for his comrades and friends.

It was a scene that no man can fittingly describe, that no man who witnessed it can ever forget. Fifteen brave and well-armed men had started out from Bannock City, says the Hartford Times, in the early days of April in search for gold, and near the middle of May, with their numbers badly reduced by death from the arrows and bullets of Indian foes, they had but one thought—to fight their way back to civilization or die as he befitted the high code of chivalry recognized by the pioneers of the west.

They might have made a dash for it and cut their way out by very boldness but to have done that would have been to abandon Henry Bell, who was fearfully wounded, but for whom there yet remained a hope. So he was placed on a horse and the little caravan moved upon its forlorn way. The Indians were all around them waiting for a chance to rush in and give the finishing blow with the least possible danger to themselves.

They had moved twenty miles since daybreak, slowly picking their way over the snow upon the mountains. At 4 in the afternoon, weary and cold, they halted to give Bell needed rest and to prepare supper. Pickets were thrown out and the other men had begun to unpack, when one, named Geery, gave the alarm that Indians were approaching. Each man sprang for his gun, when suddenly a shot was fired in their midst.

A glance at Geery told the story. With a deadly pallor upon his face, but with head erect, he stood leaning upon his gun. He said: "Boys, I have foolishly ended my life." In his haste he had grasped his gun by the muzzle, the hammer had been caught in a blanket and the ball had struck him in the breast, shattering his shoulder, and inflicting a mortal wound.

His comrades helped him to a sitting posture. He then calmly opened his shirt and pointing to the wound told them that he could only have a few short hours to live. "But that is too long for you to remain here," he added. "The sun is going down and the Indians will be upon you. It would be impossible to defend yourselves in this place." Then he turned his brave eyes to Capt. Stuart and said: "Jim, tell the boys I'm fatally wounded."

His comrades saw what was in his mind and begged him to take no thoughts of them, except to let them make him as comfortable as possible in his final hours. But all the answer he made was to reach for his pistol and hold it firmly in his hand and give them warning that any endeavor to take it from him would only hasten the inevitable end.

No one made the attempt, but with tears in their eyes and forgetting the dangers hedging them in, his comrades attempted to reason with him, and to persuade him that with help he might pull through, as Bell was already doing. The end was only a matter of a few hours at most. Turning again to Stuart he urged him to tell the boys how desperate was his case, but "Captain Jim," with a choking voice and tears in his eyes could only say: "Never mind, Geery, we will stay by you; all the Indians in the world couldn't drive us away."

The decision of this plain frontiersman was made, and nobody could shake his heroic resolve. "I know you would all stay by me," he said, "and for me, and remember I am not committing suicide. It is only for a short time in my case. I am only shortening my own life by a few hours to prevent your losing yours. God knows I don't want to die. I fear death, but I have a hope beyond it."

He held the muzzle of the weapon to his breast.

"Remember where I am buried—this gorge in the mountains. Describe it to my friends if you live to reach them. God bless you all! I must die and in time for you to bury me and escape in the dark."

He was about to pull the trigger when the voice of Stuart came from the group of pale-faced men who could have calmly faced anything but this: "For God's sake, Geery, don't—but if you must, don't shoot yourself there. It will only prolong your agony. Place your pistol to your temple."

The change was made.

"God bless you all and take you safely out of this."

The men turned and walked away none of them could face the final scene. The finger came down upon the trigger, the cap exploded, but there was no shot. Sam T. Hauser, afterward governor of Montana, stepped forward and said: "Geery, for God's sake, desist. This is a warning." To this he merely made answer: "I don't know what to think of it; it never snapped before."

Again cocking the weapon, he engaged a moment in silent prayer, again pressed his finger and the deed was done.

The men gathered around his dead body. Tears were in the eyes of all, and some could not speak for the sob that shook them. "Waiting for the

THE BOARDED WINDOW.

A TALE OF LIFE AND DEATH IN OHIO.

The Fight in the Dark Under Peculiar Circumstances—The Watcher Over His Dead Wife Goes to Sleep and is Suddenly Awakened.

In 1845, a few miles back from what is now the great city of Cincinnati, lay an immense and almost unbroken forest. The whole region was sparsely settled by people of the frontier—restless souls who had no sooner had hewn fairly comfortable homes out of the wilderness and attained to that degree of prosperity which today we should call indigence than, impelled by some mysterious impulse of their nature, they abandoned all and pushed further westward to encounter new perils and privations in the effort to secure comforts which they had voluntarily renounced. Many of them had already forsaken that region for the remote settlements, but among those remaining was one who had been of those first arriving. He lived alone in a house of logs, surrounded on all sides by the great forests of whose gloom and silence he seemed a part, for no one had ever known him to smile nor speak a needless word. His simple ways were suited by the sale or barter of skins of wild animals in the river town; for not a thing did he grow upon the land which he might if needful have claimed by right of undisturbed possession. There were evidences of "improvement"—a few acres of ground immediately about the house had once been cleared of its trees, the decayed stumps of which were half concealed by the new growth that had been suffered to repair the ravages wrought by the axe of some distant day. Apparently the man's zeal for agriculture had burned with a falling flame, expiring in penitential ashes.

The little log house with its chimney of sticks, its roof of warping clapboards weighted with trailing vines and its chinking of clay had a single door and, directly opposite, a window. The latter, however, was boarded up—nobody could remember the time when it was not. And none knew why it was so closed; certainly not because of the occupant's dislike of light and air, for on those rare occasions when a hunter had passed that lonely spot, the recluse had commonly been seen sunning himself on his doorstep, if Heaven had provided sunshine for his need. I fancy there are few persons living today who ever knew the secret of that window, but I am, as in due time you shall see.

The man's name was said to be Murlock. He was apparently seventy years old, actually about fifty. Something besides years had had a hand in his aging. His hair and long full beard were white, his gray lusterless eyes sunken, his face singularly seamed with wrinkles, which appeared to be long to two interlocking systems. In figure he was tall and spare, with a stoop of the shoulders—a burden-bearer. I never saw him; these particulars I learned from my father, from whom also I got the story when I was a lad. He had known him when living near by in that early day.

One day Mr. Murlock was found in his cabin, dead. It was not a time and place for corners and newspapers, and I suppose that it was agreed that he had died from natural causes or I should have been told, and should remember. I only know that with what was probably a sense of the fitness of things, the body was buried near the cabin alongside the grave of his wife, who had preceded him by so many years that local tradition had retained hardly a hint of her existence. That closes the final chapter of this true story—excepting, indeed, the circumstance that many years afterward, in company with an equally intrepid spirit, I penetrated to the place and ventured near enough to the ruined cabin to throw a stone against it, and ran away to avoid the ghost which every well-informed boy thereabout knew haunted the spot. As this record grows naturally out of my personal relation to what it records, that circumstance, as a part of the relation, has a certain relevancy. But here is an earlier chapter—that of the man's life.

When Mr. Murlock built his cabin and began laying steadily about him with his axe to hew out a farm—the rifle meanwhile his means of support—he was young, strong and full of hope. In that Eastern country whence he came he had married, as was the fashion, in *juventute mundi*, a young woman in all ways worthy of his honest devotion, who shared the dangers and privations of his lot with a willing spirit and light heart. There is no known record of her name; of her charms of mind and person tradition is silent and the doubter is at liberty to entertain his doubt; but God forbid that I should share it. Of their affection and happiness there it assurance abundant in every added day of the man's widowed life; for what but the magnetism of a blessed memory could have chained that venturesome spirit to a log like that?

One day Murlock returned from gunning in a distant part of the forest to find his wife prostrate with fever and delirious. There was no physician within miles, no neighbors; nor was she in a condition to be left to summon help. So he set about the task of nursing her back to health; but at the end of the third day she passed into a comatose state and so died, with never a gleam of returning reason.

From what we know of a nature like his we may venture to sketch in some of the details of the outline picture drawn by my father. When convinced that she was dead he had sense enough to remember that the dead must be prepared for burial. In per-

THE RESULT OF FICTION.

Domestic Unhappiness Caused by Too Premissuous Novel-Reading.

The novel of today compared with its predecessor of even a decade shows what great changes have taken place in thought and practice, says Helen Jay in *Harper's Bazar*. Greater changes still are indicated, the tendency of which is to develop in woman hitherto unknown or unused power of mind, but judging from representative fiction, these new endowments do not increase her happiness. The modern heroine may be compared to Joan of Arc. She sees visions and dreams and listens to strange and sometimes lawless voices and is more successful as a leader, saint and martyr than in the commonplace avocation of a wife.

As we read, we ask two questions: First, does the novel of today fairly represent the great number of happy, happy wives, who "thank heaven, fasting for a good man's love," and are not afraid of wasted affection, realizing that no one can attain to anything greater than love? We wonder, too, how much literature of a certain class is responsible for the very evils it now, in some instances, lashes so vigorously? Charles Lamb says that "the next thing to making a child an infidel is letting him know that there are infidels at all."

Is not much domestic unhappiness the result of suggestion on the part of some writers of fiction? The passionate love story; the defilement of a young woman; the delusion of the adolescent of unequal, improvident marriages; the bringing forward of the hysterical, selfish woman as an attractive type of character; and the insidious justification of the wrong-doer, do he husband or wife—may not these have formed part of the first cause, the effect of which is the danger which threatens the home?

Julius Simon in the *Revue de Famille* makes a strong appeal to dramatists and novelists to assist in promoting sound and sensible ideas regarding the relations of the sexes. He would have them turn from the psychology of the passions to the study of moral obligation.

An appeal might also be made to women, the readers of the world, to suffer no book to cross the threshold of the home which is not clean and wholesome in its teaching.

THE CZAR'S FUNNY ESCAPE.

Clever Use of His Masquerade Dress Saves the Emperor's Life.

Nicholas I. was very fond of masquerade balls, and one night appeared at one in the character of the devil, with grinning face, horns and tail, and appeared to enjoy the character very much.

About 2 o'clock in the morning he went out, and throwing over him some furs, called a coachman and ordered him to take him to the Quai d'Anglais. As it was very cold, he fell asleep, and when he awoke he found the man had taken him in the wrong direction, for the Quai d'Anglais is one of the most elegant portions of St. Petersburg, while before him were only some miserable houses.

Nicholas began to remonstrate, but the coachman paid no heed to him, and presently, passing through a stone gateway, he found him in a cemetery, and taking a large knife from his girdle, said:

"Give me your money and your furs or I will kill you."

"And do you give me your soul?" exclaimed Nicholas as he threw off the furs and disclosed his personification of the devil.

The Russians are very superstitious, and the coachman was so terrified he fell senseless on the ground, and the Emperor drove himself back to his palace.

Where Three Races are Buried.

The strange phenomenon of one spot having served as the burial place for people of three distinct races of the world's history is met with on a bluff of the Iowa river, some forty miles from its mouth. The three-raced bluff is known as "Graveyard point."

It is situated in the northeastern corner of Washington county, Iowa, and is the southern terminus of a line of bluffs extending for several miles along the west bank of the Iowa, the summits of which are covered with thousands of curious forms of earthworks, mounds, etc.—relics of a race of which the Indians have no distinct knowledge.

After serving for ages as a cemetery for the most numerous of the Indians took possession of "Graveyard point," also using it as a burying place. Back in the forties, when white men drove the Indians out, they, too, began to bury their dead on the bluff, the same land thus serving as "God's Acre" for three different and distinct races in three different stages of the world's development.—St. Louis Republic.

Lansdowne wishes to resign the viceroyship of India. Perhaps the monarch finds he can't live on the pay, which amounts to a bare trifle over \$500,000 year.

THE DISCOVERY OF MAHOGANY.

Carpenters Tried to Repair a House With It and Then Threw It Away.

The discovery of the beautiful and costly timber known as mahogany was purely accidental. The first mention made of it was by Sir Walter Raleigh, who used it in 1597 at Trinidad for repairing his ships. About the beginning of the eighteenth century a small quantity of it was taken to England by a West Indian captain named Gibbons, who was the brother of a brother, a physician residing in London. This gentleman, at the time of the receipt of the wood, was having a house built, and placed the planks in the hands of the carpenters.

They attempted to cut it, but because of its hardness very quickly threw it aside. The doctor expostulated, but the workmen remained fixed in their determination to have nothing to do with a lumber which so successfully resisted their attempts to saw it. The planks were then taken to a cabinet maker named Wollaston, who was directed to make a candle box of a part of it. The same objection was advanced by this workman, but being a persistent individual, he persisted and finally made the box. When polished it so outshone anything previously made that it very quickly became an object of curiosity, and the people flocked to see it.

As a consequence the wood became quite popular, especially after a portion of the physician's treasure was employed in the construction of two bureaus, one for himself and the other for the Duchess of Buckingham. These specimens of cabinet work caused the rejected wood to become a prominent factor in the construction of luxurious pieces of furniture. Thus Wollaston was amply repaid for his perseverance in fashioning it into the candle-box, and his name, together with that of the physician and his nautical brother, became inseparably connected with the history of the introduction of this wood into civilized lands.

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They attempted to cut it, but because of its hardness very quickly threw it aside. The doctor expostulated, but the workmen remained fixed in their determination to have nothing to do with a lumber which so successfully resisted their attempts to saw it. The planks were then taken to a cabinet maker named Wollaston, who was directed to make a candle box of a part of it. The same objection was advanced by this workman, but being a persistent individual, he persisted and finally made the box. When polished it so outshone anything previously made that it very quickly became an object of curiosity, and the people flocked to see it.

As a consequence the wood became quite popular, especially after a portion of the physician's treasure was employed in the construction of two bureaus, one for himself and the other for the Duchess of Buckingham. These specimens of cabinet work caused the rejected wood to become a prominent factor in the construction of luxurious pieces of furniture. Thus Wollaston was amply repaid for his perseverance in fashioning it into the candle-box, and his name, together with that of the physician and his nautical brother, became inseparably connected with the history of the introduction of this wood into civilized lands.

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