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McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1891.

VOL. III. NO. 24

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Plans, Specifications, Elevations, Details Personal Supervision of all work placed in my hands a Specialty.

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

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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.

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TRUCK AND DRAY CO.,

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

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.

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.

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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.

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Ninth & Morrison Sts., Portland, Oregon.

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 COMMERCIAL STABLE!

Gates & Henry, Props.

McMinnville, - Oregon.

Livery, Feed and Sal!

Everything New

And Firstclass.

Special Accommodations for Commercial Travellers

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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.

HENDERSON & GAUNT

—DEALERS IN—

STAPLE A ND FACY GROCERIES.

The Finest Line of Confectionery in the City.

All kinds of Produce taken at the

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE.

Call and examine our Stock and get Prices.

HENDERSON & GAUNT.

AT THE RED FRONT

GROCERY STORE

You wil find Always on Hand

The Best, Cheapest and Freshest

GROCERIES

In the Valley.

Also Glassware, Queensware, Confectionery, Nuts, Fruits, etc.

Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

Give us a call and we will do you good.

C. R. COOK & SON.

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.

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Twenty Years

The Only Stove that Gives a

WRITTEN GUARANTEE

Signed by the Officers of the Company.

The only Stove that is Trimmed With

White Enameled Pot, Kettle and Skillet,

At the Same Price others sell you the

COMMON BLACK CASTING

—IN FACT THE—

PENINSULAR

STOVES & RANGES

LEAD THE WORLD.

I have just received a carload of Stoves and Ranges of all shapes, sizes and styles and as

I NEVER PAY FOR MY GOODS,

will sell them cheap, This beats the old Gag

"Spot Cash and no Rent to Pay."

A full line of Hardware on the same terms.

O. O. HODSON.

$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 $3000 a year each. It is NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

THE AUTOGRAPH FAD.

It is an Expensive One When Liberally Indulged.

While the stamp collecting fad periodically looms before the public and as suddenly sinks back into obscurity, its contemporaneous fad, that of collecting autographs, has always maintained a quiet but steady increase in the number of those devoted to it, especially so in the latter part of this century. The value of autographs is determined in two ways. Rarity is the chief factor, and the contents of the writing naturally affect the autographical values. Some almost fabulous prices have been paid for old autographs. Four volumes of manuscript containing letters by Bradford and other reformers were sold for $10,000 within the past twenty-five years. A full set of the signers of the declaration of independence brought $9,350 in Boston a few months ago. The original manuscript of Washington's farewell address was bought by James Lennov of New York for the sum of $2,003.

In 1865 an autograph letter was sold in New York for more than $5,000. The British museum has paid for an autograph of Shakespeare the almost fabulous sum of $1,572. This autograph is now laid on velvet in a sloping mahogany case with a plate glass before it and curtains of blue silk to protect it from too bright a light.

At a sale of autographs in 1865 a letter written by Marie Antoinette was sold for the enormous sum of $1,573. The unfortunate queen's letter consisted of four pages addressed to Count de la Marck.

At a recent sale in Boston the late Senator Hearst's son and heir, W. K. Hearst, who is an enthusiastic collector paid $700 for a letter of Andre and $450 for a letter of Captain William Munson describing the execution of Major Andre.

In July, 1869, two letters of Washington brought the high price of $662, and one by Oliver Cromwell to Col. Walton sold for $250. Another written by Cromwell brought $495.

The original manuscript of the Elegy by Thomas Gray consisted of two small one-half sheets of paper mutilated and torn. This was recently sold for $655. An agreement signed by John Milton was sold for $315 by Sir Thomas Lawrence. This was the agreement between Milton and Samuel Symons for the sale and publication of "Paradise Lost." This soon afterwards was sold for the sum of $525.

A single volume with Wm. Shakespeare's signature upon the fly-leaf produced, sixty years ago, 100 guineas, but with that exception no mere autograph ever produced $500.

Another instance where $500 has been paid is mentioned in the following extract of a letter written by Josh Billings in reply to an anxious correspondent who asked him for his autograph:

"We never," wrote the humorist, "furnish ortografFs in less quantities than bi the packig. It is a bizzness that grate men hav got into, but it dont strike us as being profitable nor amusing. We furnished a near and very dear friend our ortograff a few years ago for ninety days and it got into the hands of one of the banks and it kost us $500 tew get it back. We went out of the bizzness then and have not hankered for it since."

At a sale of Sir Walter Scott's manuscripts in London twenty-three years ago one entitled "Anne of Gierstein" brought its owner $635.

"Marmion" was sold for $998. The "Lady of the Lake" brought $1,386, and "Rokeby" was sold for $655. Fragments of "Ivanhoe" and the "Waverly Novels" were sold for $682. Several letters from Keats to Fannie Browne have brought £40 each. A manuscript entitled the "American Republic" written by Benjamin Franklin, recently brought $101, and some letters of Queen Elizabeth were sold for $300. At the same sale Robert Burns' manuscript of "Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled" for £60.

At a meeting of the Edinburgh Town council on July 15, 1890, the Lord provost said that there was for sale the original manuscript of "Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled," which was recently purchased by Mr. Kennedy, a New York banker. He stated that it was in danger of going out of the country, but that Mr. Kennedy desired that before removing it to America and placing it in a museum there, that the metropolis of Scotland should have a chance to buy it at the price he paid for it. The council thereupon agreed to purchase the song for $350. A letter signed by George Washington dated Mount Vernon and addressed to Robert E. Lee was sold to W. E. Benjamin for $420. A letter of Patrick Henry was sold for $40.

A former senate page tells this story as illustrative of the careless penmanship of senatorial dignitaries. He relates that "at one time he saw on a desk a piece of paper that had on it a comical likenes of an image of a human skeleton, in miniature, a profile view of the skull, the ribs and the other bones, even to the foot. I wondered who the senatorial artist was, and in handling the paper I chanced to turn the paper the other way. I found that it was not a skeleton at all, but was really nothing else than a very hasty autograph of Senator Geo. F. Edmunds of Vermont."

At a sale in London on the 22d of April, 1891, a letter written by the queen, together with another penned by her uncle, the duke of Cambridge, and field-master commander-in-chief of the British empire, sold for a shilling. At the same time an autograph Latin poem by Dr. Johnson, brought nearly £20. A letter written by Gladstone to Lady Herbert in 1861 was sold for seventeen shillings.

DANGEROUS PEEK-A-BOO.

Playing Tag With a Big Shark Under a Wharf.

Rupert Cowdrey, of Skiddaway, Ga., a young man fond of hunting, had an adventure recently with a shark, which in all probability would have had a fatal termination had it not been for the interference of a sailor, one Robert Hammond, who succeeded in killing the terrible ocean wolf just in time to save young Cowdrey's life. Mr. Cowdrey sought an unfrequented nook, some distance from the spot where bathing in usual and where the coast shelving rapidly leaves the water very deep. He was accompanied only by a younger brother, a boy of thirteen. He plunged into the water from the remains of an old steamboat landing and diving, struck violently a dark object that seemed to be lying innert on the sand at the bottom of the little inlet. It was the shark which rose with him, and turning on its back made for him with snapping jaws.

To avoid the shark, Cowdrey, who is a first-class swimmer, darted to the other side of the landing, interposing it between him and his foe, which hurled itself blindly against the timbers with a force that seemed to daze it. It returned however, almost immediately to the attack, which the young man again tried to parry by doubling about the crazy structure to which he was clinging; but the shark, seeming to realize the advantage it gave its prospective victim, seized the only remaining support and snapped the beam in twain as easily as though it had been of glass, between its terrible jaws.

Cowdrey seized a piece of the wreckage as a weapon, but had nearly given up hope, exhausted and breathless as he was, when shouts from the shore lent him fresh courage, and he endeavored to frighten off the shark by striking at it with the piece of wood he held. At this moment Hammond, making a running start, jumped into the water and with a few strokes had reached the young man's side. He was armed only with a knife, with which he had been opening oysters about a quarter of a mile from the scene of Cowdrey's peril, when summoned by his brother, but met the shark bravely as it darted at them, at the same time calling to Cowdrey to make for the shore. The young man who was no coward was reluctant to forsake his rescuer, but perceiving he was only embarassing Hammond by his persistence, he obeyed, only, however, to arm himself with a small pistol he happened to have in his clothes. By the time he had done this, though, Hammond and the shark had disappeared, and Cowdrey in the agony of suspense was about to plunge in, when the two rose once more and he could see that the shark was badly wounded.

It was still game, however and followed closely the sailor who was swiming slowly, but waiting until the black muzzle of the shark almost touched him when, as it flirted itself over onto its back, he plunged the knife up to the hilt in its soft belly. It sank immediately, its blood dyeing the water red and its huge tail lashing the water in its dying throes, while Hammond swam for the shore. Cowdrey has presented him with $500.

How The Czar Travels.

When the Czar travels in Russia the precautions taken for his safety could not be greater if he were in an enemy's country. A battallion of infantry is detailed for every two miles of distance, and allowing 500 men as the effective force of each battallion, every spot of ground on both sides of the track is covered by sentinels within easy distance of each other. The Czar is suddenly whirled off to the station, accompanied by the chosen twelve of his body-guard, without pomp or circumstance, swiftly and silently.

The Czar always travels in a train of five carriages. His carriage is built in a peculiar style. The windows, while ample for light, are high, so that a person sitting down is invisible from the out-side, and the sides of the car are fortified with plates of steel concealed in the ornamental woodwork, but amply strong to resist a bullet. There are two sentry boxes in the carriage, one at each end, and each looking out at an opposite side from the other. The guardsmen on duty at these apartments are shut in from any observation of the interior of the carriage but at intervals of about two feet, the whole length of the saloon, are electric buttons communicating with the guard chambers, as well as with the two carriages, one containing the suite and the other, in the rear, occupied by the guardsmen not on duty. So far, therefore, as the train itself is concerned, the Czar could be no more secure in St. Petersburg.

The train speeds on to its destination without a halt, except on account of accident. At a distance of not less than five miles ahead is a pioneer train, in which the imperial director of railways and the chief engineer of the particular railway on which the Czar is traveling always ride. As the pilot train whizzes by the reserves along the line rush to arms and guard the sides of the railway waiting until the imperial train has passed, so that the spectacle is present of continuous lines of soldiery for hundreds of miles.

"Once upon a time," said Marshall P. Wilder to a group of interested Englishmen in his hotel in New York the other day, "a little nigger sat at a table pounding his thumbnail with a hammer," and the famous story-teller screwed his face into comical grimaces expressive of recurring pain, while his hands went through the motions suggested by the story. "Presently," he continued, a man asked him what he was doing that for. 'Cause,' whimpered the nigger, 'it feels so good when I stop.' "

MEXICAN MINES AND MINING.

The Silver City of Zacatecas and its Wonderful Productions.

A city of 50,000 people a mile and a half above the sea. A great jumble of flat-roofed, box-shaped houses built close up to cobble-stone sidewalks above a net-work of tunnels which run in and out across and above each other with all the wanderings of Rosamond's Bower, says Frank G. Carpenter in the New York *World*.

These tunnels dug through veins of solid silver. Silver in specks all around and about you, from the hundreds of mines which dot the sides of the mountains to the clear, silver sky which hangs overhead. This is a bare outline of the great Mexican mining city of Zacatecas. Here everything is silver. In the days of Cortes the mines were worked, and from then till now the work has gone on, giving hundreds of millions to the world. It goes on still, and under my feet the Aztecs of to-day are working away as they did in the past and across the way I see the mules tramping their hoofs off in the vitriol and quicksilver with which the crushed ore is mixed in order to reduce it for the market. Mexico has given the world more than four thousand million dollars' worth of gold and silver, and much of the latter has come from here. This whole region is full of silver.

The mountains on every side, and, in fact, in nearly every part of Mexico, are filled with ore, and from the Pacific ocean to the Gulf of Mexico there is a vast country of incalculable possibilities. Travelers and old Mexicans tell me that the southern part of the country is even richer in minerals than the northern part, and all agree that the land has not as yet been prospected. The western coast contains undeveloped reigons of gold and silver and this will soon be opened to the railroads.

In Chihuahua, just north of here, there are mines out of which $344,000,000 have been taken in about one hundred and thirty years, and seven days' ride by stage to the west of these are the Bartopilas Mines, which are owned by Gov. Shepherd, and out of which he is taking great quantities of good ore. So far he has put all of his profits back into his mines, and he is, I am told, developing them on the same magnificent scale that he improved Washington City. He lives in the hope of a vast fortune in the future and spending, it is said, in improved machinery and fine mining furniture what any Mexican or ordinary American would consider a fortune.

A great deal of capital is now going into the redevelopment of old mines in Mexico. Humboldt estimated that there were 3,000 mines in operation in Mexico at the beginning of the century and if the legends are correct there was never so great a success in Mexican mining as at the time when the Spaniards were overthrown and driven out of the country, in 1821, when the republic was founded. These mines are to be found all over the great mining territory of Mexico, and there are hundreds of men on the lookout for good ones. If Humbolt's figures are correct there must be at least 2,000 mines yet to be reclaimed, and the search for these is active.

Senator Tabor is having some trouble with an old mine which he is deveoping. He bought an interest in the mine for $80,000 and agreed to erect reduction works, and began to tunnel through the side of the hill to strike the vein in that way. While they were tunnelling he did not want his mill to lie idle and began to work on some refuse which the owners had thrown aside as not worth bothering about. It paid so well that he kept at it, and now it is said that the original owners are making a great fuss because he is not working on the mine itself. The probability is that the matter will be settled without trouble, and that he will make a big thing out of this mine, as he has out of so many in Colorado.

The Mexican mining laws are among the best in the world. They are rigorously enforced and there is no country where the the miner of any nationality has a better chance than here. The laws permit any man to claim a mine, but in order to hold his title he must work at least four men in it for twenty-six consecutive weeks every year. If fails to do this, his mine however good, can be denounced, as it is called, by any third party and the Government will recognize that party's right to do if he takes the mine and fulfils the above conditions. Good mines are carefully watched here and failure to work them results in their loss.

The most of the work in the mines in Mexico is done by the Mexican Indians. They make splendid miners and they never strike. They get all the way from 50 cents to $2 a day, don't get drunk and work right along. Here at Zacatecus there are thousands of them, and you will not find a quieter or more orderly town of 10,000 people in New England than this city of 50,000 here in Mexico. All of the miners wear but little clothing in the mines. They do most of their work barefooted and barelegged, and the little clothing they have on is searched before they leave the mines to see if some silver has not slipped into it by mistake.

When your languid and dull in the spring of the year,
When stomach and liver are all out of gear.
When you're stupid at morn and feverish at night,
And nothing gives relish and nothing goes right,
Don't try any nostrum, elixir or pill,—"Golden Medical Discovery" just fills the bill.

The surest and best of all remedies for all disorders of the liver, stomach and blood, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

THE WHEAT CROP OF 1891.

The domestic wheat crop of 1891, as estimated by interpreters of the agricultural department's report of condition and acreage on June 10 promises to range anywhere from 480,000,000 bushels to 600,000,000 bushels, while the more experienced and conservatively inclined view 520,000,000 to 600,000,000 bushels, and if, as explained elsewhere, we should carry over 35,000,000 of wheat available and unavailable on July 1, 1891, (probably a full estimate,) the total supply of wheat for 1891-92 would amount to 532 000.000 or available for food, seed and export to 500,000,000 bushels only, if we are to carry over as much wheat one year from now as we will have on hand on the 1st proximo. In the next twelve months, according to agricultural department and census bureau indications and estimates, we will want 302,000,000 bushels of wheat for use as feed at home, and probably 56,000,000 bushels for seed, in all 357,000,000 bushels. This indicates 143,000,000 bushels as the probable available available export suplus of wheat, (and flour as wheat) both coasts, during the cereal year 1891-2. If the crop this year should exceed 500,000,000 bushels, the export surplus would be increased by a like quantity. The United States exported 149,508,000 bushels of wheat, and flour as wheat, in 1879, 180,954,000 bushels in 1880, 186,000,000 bushels in 1881 148,000,000 bushels in 1883 and 154,153,000 in 1887, the only (fiscal) years in which we have sent abroad to exceed 140,000,000 bushels. It has been accomplished in only five out of thirteen preceding years and it is five years since it has been done, during which period the world has been permitting wheat reserves to run very low. As to the outlook, it may be stated that the year 1891-92 promises to favor holders of wheat; primarily because Europe has got to buy large quantities in excess of what she has taken in previous years, not from thousands of small farmers scattered through the United Kingdom, France, Belgium and Holland, but, as pointed out by Mr. Kains-Jackson, of London, from "say 500 shippers and export merchants," who know of Europe's scarcity of supplies, and are prepared to take advantage of it. France has not anticipated requirements for the coming year, despite heavy purchases of late on our Pacific coast, by more than 15,000,000 bushels, and will have to import at least 120,000,000 more from somewhere within a year to come. The United Kingdom, too, will have to import 144,000,000 bushels during the same period; Italy probably 40,000,000 bushels; Holland and Belgium 36,000,000 bushels; Germany 20,000,000 bushels, and other European countries, probably together, not less than 28,000,000 bushels. The total wanted by Europe, therefore, as per the foregoing, is 288,000,000 bushels, which the United States, Australia, South America, Russia and India will be expected to provide. For three fiscal years Russia is reported to have exported an annual average of about 112,000,000 bushels, the United States 105,000,000 bushels, (including flour as wheat,) and India about 26.000,000 bushels of wheat. The total of United States shipments may be regarded as available for Europe, as Australian and South American exports are not considered. Reports are current that the Russian wheat crop is "short"—which may mean it is a full average, or larger than an average. India will probably have a full average surplus, for export. While the excess available from the United States and in all probability from Russia, will fully equal the deficiency shown in the foregoing, the price for months to come is not likely to favor buyers. Europe has got to purchase about 120,000,000 bushels more wheat within a year than ordinarily; the world knows her needs, and the excess stocks which she must apply for will be in relatively few hands.—*Bradstreets.*

Wood for the Printing Press.

The wood pulp business is generally regarded as in its infancy in this country, and yet the product is enormous. The Philadelphia, Pa., *Record*, which makes its own paper, has furnished a piece of special information, which gives an inkling of the magnitude of the general consumption of wood pulp. It states that a single edition of the *Record*—150,000 copies of a 12-page paper—required 17 tons of blank paper, to produce which 67 cords of poplar were used. In 22 hours from the time of felling the tree it had been turned into printed papers. The process is thus divided with respect to a test case: Chopping one and a half cords of wood, 3 hours; in manufacturing into pulp, 12 hours; transporting to the *Record* office 1 hour and 20 minutes; wetting paper preparatory to printing, 30 minutes, printing 10,000 copies, 10 minutes. This shows the rapidity with which raw material may be turned into a finished article, going through numerous processes. If the *Record* averaged 50 cords of poplar daily, it would amount to 10,250 cords of wood annually. It must then be considered that this is only one paper in one city, and that about every newspaper is printed from material consisting largely, and often almost wholly, of wood pulp, which is also used in the production of nearly all common and medium grades of paper for almost all uses. It is thus seen that the consumption of wood in making pulp is of great magnitude.

With the enormous consumption of wood for railway ties and building and the added requirements of the printing press, it is not strange that our forests are rapidly disappearing. Every state should pass laws for the encouragement of tree planting. If steps are not soon taken to restore our woods, there will ere long be a tree famine.

You should take THE TELEPHONE-REGISTER.

THE NEGROE'S DESTINY.

The Relative Decrease of Colored Population Shown by the Eleventh Census--The Negroe's Future Home.

Hasty generalizations concerning the future numerical strength of the negro in this country, based on his proportionate high birth rate, and the misleading reports of the census of 1880, have done more than anything else to render the negro problem a question for political manipulation. Only two years ago the presiding officer of a political convention stated that at no distant future the colored population would reach fifty millions. Statements such as this are regarded with different degrees of satisfaction, and if true the negro would himself soon overrun this continent.

The crudity of statements such as this, which can be used disasterously for political purposes, is shown by Gen. Francis A. Walker in the July *Forum*, in an article sketching the future of the negro, based on the statistics of the race back to 1808, when the slave trade was abolished. At that time, or from the census of 1810, the negro numbered 700,000, or 19 per cent. of the entire population. In the recent census he is but 11.9 of the entire population or while the white population has increased sixteen fold, the negro has increased but ten fold. Taking the statistics by ten and twenty year periods since 1810, Gen. Walker shows that the increase by per cent. has declined steadily, and asserts that in all probability this steady reduction in the negroe's relative importance in the population will never be reversed.

In confirmation he examines in detail the respective birth and death rates in 23 southern counties of equal population, black and white, based on the tenth census and finds that per 1000 births of those born and dying, the rate for whites was 100.1 against 140.8 blacks. The proportion of death rates between blacks and whites in the large cities is greater against the blacks. In New Orleans the death rate for whites was 25.56, blacks, 36. In St. Louis, whites, 18.19, blacks, 33.78. These results show that the negro race is maintaining its slight race of increase only by means of a very high birth rate over a very high death rate.

Another fact worth knowing is the future geographical distribution of the negro now that he can move freely from place to place. As a slave, the tropically bred negro was forced to follow the interests of his northern bred master, often in regions where he lived only at a sacrifice of vitality. Comparing between 1880-90 the rates of increase in Deleware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee and North Carolina, with the cotton growing states, it is found to be 19 per cent. in the latter against 5 per cent the former. The inference is that in those parts of the country the negro is not an economic necessity, the black population will become more and more reduced by the entrance of a vigorous white element. Industrial considerations at the same time will draw him to his more natural habit at the Gulf States, where the white man cannot take his place. Whatever growth may be expected from the colored race, will take place there, and it is not probable that a race so limited in its range will ever reach to one-third even of fifty millions.

To recapitulate, the negro in 1790 was one-fifth of the population; in 1840, but one-sixth; in 1860, one seventh; in 1890, less than one-eight. Industrial reasons and natural tendencies are draining him off toward the low lands of the Gulf of Mexico, and there his greatest rate of increase will be felt, which in the nature of things will be constantly decreasing in relation to the total population.

Facts such as these indicate that the negro problem will become less and less rather than more and more a political problem, and that the solution may reasonably be left to the operation of physiological and economic laws.

Heridity in Cats.

Why does a cat walk around upon the hearth-rug for about five minutes before he takes his seat? I am sure, as the English people say, I don't know. (They never seem to be sure of anything except that they don't know it.) A neighbor of mine however, was watching his cat going through the gyrating preliminaries the other evening, and he told me what he believes to be the truth of the matter. He says he got his facts from Darwin. I hope he does, but as the children in the Seventh Reader say: "One can't most always tell!" It seems that a cat belongs to the leopard, panther and tiger race, so that no amount of domestication has been able to eradicate inherited tendencies. The animals mentioned live in the woods, when they are not in the zoological gardens, and they have no hired help to prepare beds for them. When ready to go to rest they have to find fallen leaves and branches, not well assorted. They tramp round and round on the spot where they propose to lie down until it is reduced to the necessary condition for a couch. Our friends cat was just carrying on the tradition.

Before selecting your wall paper you should see our stock. Additions are constantly arriving. Burns & Daniels.

BONES IN A LION'S DEN.

They Were Human Bones and Told a Somber Story.

Captain Josselyn, a ranchmen living in the edge of Val Verde county, Texas has just returned from an inspecting tour over his various out-lying ranches and tells the story of one of his experiences. "Not more than a month ago I hired a good looking young man—a New Yorker, I believe—who was out of money and in distress, and I put him on my little ranch in Crockett county. I became attached to the boy; he was a good one, I am sure, but down on his luck. I left him there, getting along very well, and saw nothing more of him. Last week I went down to the ranch to see how everything was, and the first thing I heard was that Donnelly, the new man, had disappeared.

"I called one of the men, Mike O'-Leary, and we took guns and plenty of ammunition besides hunting knives, and set out on our trip. We tramped about through the mountains all that first day without finding the slightest trace of him. On the morning of the second day we took a new direction, and after a while Mike gave a shout of delight at finding a small, jagged piece of clothing hanging to a thorn bush beside a narrow trail. It was like the flannel shirt Donnelly had on the morning he went away. Then Mike and I parted company, and I got helplessly lost. At last I came to the edge of a cliff ten or fifteen feet high, the wall of which sloped back clear out of sight.

"I seized some vines to swing myself down and they pulled out by the roots and I fell. The worst of it was that instead of merely falling to the ledge below, I struck it and rolled down a slant and fell again—into the very center of the earth, it seemed to me, but I soon found that it was the lair of wild beasts and that some of them were present.

"I commenced sidling slowly around the cave, keeping close to the wall and holding my knife ready in case of emergencies. A pair of fiery eyes turned with me, and I had not moved a great many paces before, to my horror, a second pair of fiery eyes appeared beside the first, and another growl broke upon the stillness. After that I gave myself up for lost. As I went sidling along the wall the animals suddenly changed their position, so that their eyes were no longer visible. If anything could have made my position more unpleasant this was what did it. Every moment I expected them to jump upon me, I had gone about half around the cave, I should judge, at least I was nearly opposite the opening through which I had fallen, when I found a narrow cleft in the rocky wall, and I plunged into it with the energy of despair. Instantly a loud, ominous growl arose behind me, and I knew I was pursued.

"I stumbled along as hastily as I could, always with that deepening growl following me, and directly came upon a sharp turn to the right. To my amazement a gleam of light appeared away ahead of me. My! How I did run' I don't think better time ever was made than I made the rest of the way out of that cave. A glance over my shoulder helped me along amazingly. My pursuers were two enormous Mexican lions. There were two or three abrupt turns before I reached the outer air and just then one of the lions hurled itself against me. And right here occurred one of the most wonderful things I ever saw. I had fallen across my gun and as I threw out my hand it touched the barrel.

"I was on my feet in an instant, ready for whatever might come. The second lion was crouching for his leap, when I took him between the eyes, and with a scream of pain he rolled down the hill. The other beast came springing up the slope more furious than ever and so rapid were her motions that I barely had time to shoot before she was upon me. She almost knocked me down again as she fell, and my clothing was covered with her blood. Mike came running at the sound of the shots and we made torches and went into the cave. Not three feet from the opening I had found and which led to the light was another cleft in the rock, which ran by tortuous ways some thirty or forty feet and then closed. At the further end of this we found the remains of poor Donnelly. By a mere chance he had lost the way to life and the savage beasts had followed him into that gloomy crevasse from which there was no escape and had there torn him to pieces."

The Largest Gold Coin.

The largest gold coin now in circulation is said to be the gold ingot, or "loof," of Anam, a French colony in Eastern Asia. It is a flat, round gold piece, and on it is written in India ink its value, which is about $220. The next sized coin to this valuable but extremely awkward one is the "obang" of Japan, which is worth about $55; and next comes the "benda" of Ashantee, which represents a value of about $49. The California $50 gold piece is worth about the same as the "benda." The heaviest silver coin in the world also belongs to Anam, where the silver ingot is worth about $15; then comes the Chinese "tael" and then the Austrian double thaler.

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

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