ADVERTISING IS A SCIENCE, and our business men should think of this. Your ads, if properly written, are worth money to you; if not the money paid for them is thrown away. Everyone cannot write an ad. The TELEPHONE-REGISTER will insert free of charge for one month, the best-written half-column ad of a business man who is not at present patronizing this newspaper. Let us see who can write the best ad.

The Telephone-Register.

A Well-Written and
PROPERLY DISPLAYED ADVERTISEMENT
In a newspoper like the TELEPHONE-REGISTER,
IS WORTH DOLLARS
TO A BUSINESS MAN.
"A Drop of Ink May Make a Million Think."

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

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

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1891.

VOL. III. NO. 30

OREGON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Monmouth, Oregon.

The Leading Normal School in the Northwest.—Healthful and Beautiful Location.—No Saloons.

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Those receiving diplomas from this school are entitled to teach in any county of the state without further examination.

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EXPENSES:—Tuition, Normal and Business, $6.25 per term of ten weeks; in preparatory, $5.00 per term; good board at Normal dining hall, $1.50 per week; furnished rooms with fire and light, $1 per week; good board with private families, $3.50 per week.

First Term Opens Sept. 22, 1891.

Students can enter at any time. For catalogue address

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WATCHMAKER & JEWELER.

Shop With Hewitt Bro's.

Charges Reasonable. Give me a call.
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J. S. HIBBS, - - - Proprietor.

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

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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.

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Pension, Postal, Land and Indian Depredation Claims.

LAW OFFICES OF

EXAMINER BUREAU OF CLAIMS,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

W. R. HEARST,

(Editor & Prop. San Francisco Examiner.)

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Will practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, the Court of Claims, the several Courts of the District of Columbia, before Committees of Congress, and the Executive Departments.

We obtain Pensions and Patents, Indian Depredation Claims and all classes of Land Claims, Mining, Pre-emption and Homestead Cases Prosecuted before the General Land Office, Department of the Interior and the Supreme Court.

Executrix' Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that Maggie C. Redmond has been, by the county court of Yamhill county, Oregon, duly appointed executrix of the last will and testament of Ellenor Redmond, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate will present them to me with proper vouchers at the office of Jas. McCain, in McMinnville, in said county within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 18th day of July, A. D., 1891.

MAGGIE C. REDMOND,
Executrix.

COTTAGE SANITARIUM!

At Mt. Tabor.

--Portland's Most Beautiful Suburb--

For the treatment of Nervous Diseases, especially those suffering from nervous exhaustion and prostration, chronic diseases, and all those who need quiet and rest, good nursing, massage and constant medical care. At Mt. Tabor will be found pure air, absolutely free from malaria, good water, beautiful surroundings and magnificent views. Ample references given if desired. For further particulars, address the physician in charge.

OSMON ROYAL, M. D.,
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 Sale!

Everything New

And Firstclass.

Special Accommodations for Commercial Travellers.

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

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Successor to H. Adams

HARNESS SHOP!

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

Complete and Reliable Stock

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

FRANK WRIGHT.

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.

Well, I Vum and I Vow!

THAT DODGASTED

RED FRONT

GROCERY STORE

Has not busted yet! They have a fuller stock, better quality of Goods and lower prices than ever.

WHY IS IT?

It is because we give Honest Weight, Best Quality of goods, treat Our Customers Courteously, pay the highest market price for country produce, have one price for all, no pets and sell at the very lowest possible Living Prices.

C. R. COOK & SON.

HENDERSON & GAUNT

—DEALERS IN—

STAPLE AND FANCY 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.

Assignee's Sale of Real Property.

In the Circuit Court of the County of Yamhill, in the State of Oregon,

In the matter of the assignment of Geo W. Sappington, insolvent debtor:

State of Oregon } ss
County of Yamhill }

By virtue of a general assignment for the benefit of all his creditors in proportion to the amount of their respective claims made and executed by the above named G. W. Sappington on the 27th day of December, A. D., 1890, which instrument of assignment was thereafter, and on the 8th day of January, A. D., 1891, duly filed for record in Yamhill County, State of Oregon, the same being the County in which the business in respects of which the same was made, has been carried on said assignment having been made under and by virtue of an act of the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon, entitled: "An act to secure creditors a just division of the estates of debtors who convey for the benefit of creditors, approved October 18th, A. D. 1878" and acts amendatory thereof, I have, as assignee of said debtor and assignee named in said assignment become seized, possessed of and own all the right and title to the one-half undivided interest which the said G. W. Spyington had and owned at the time he made said assignment, to-wit: The 27th day of December, A. D., 1890, of, in and to the following described real property and premises, to-wit.

Commencing at the southeast corner of lot 3, block 1, running north one hundred and ten feet, thence west fifty five and three tenths feet, thence south one hundred and ten feet, thence east fifty-five and three-tenths feet to the place of beginning, in the town of North Yamhill, as recorded in the Recorder's office in the County of Yamhill, in the State of Oregon, which said real property and premises I shall expose for sale and offer for sale as the law directs, at the Courthouse door, in said Yamhill County, State of Oregon, on the 15th day of September, A. D., 1891, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the said day, the same being between the hours of 9 o'clock in the morning and 4 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at Public Auction.

G. A. DOUGLAS,
Assignee of the estate of G. W. Sappington,
Insolvent debtor.

Dated this 16th day of July A. D., 1891.
t 32

We Want No Kings.

Go where I will, I *feel* a sound
Like sullen thunder shake the ground.

And as I listen, half in fear,
The sound swells louder and more near.

A sound of protest from the throngs
Grown weary from their cruel wrongs.

Again I listen, thrilled and stirred,
I catch its purport word for word.

As loud and louder yet it rings—
"We want no kings, we want no kings!"

The world has grown too wise and old
For monarchs with their crowns of gold.

And commerce has too many ports
For noble men to mince through courts.

Humanity has grown too wide
To let us now for queens provide.

Too weighty issues are at hand
To maintain princes in the land.

And thought has grown too bold and free
To let us longer bend the knee

To any man unless he fights
For justice, truth and common rights.

The rights of labor to its hire—
The rights of toilers to aspire

To something better than befalls
The burdened oxen in their stalls;

The right of all paid slaves to rise
Against all self-crowned monopolies

That rob the tillers of the soil
Of honest proceeds of his toil!

That steal the poor man's flour and sack
And grind him, till he buys them back

At twice their value. Down, we say,
With these false kings who rule to-day.

With Freedom's voice the welkin rings;
"We want no kings, we want no kings!"

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, in *Sunday World.*

ARIZONA'S LAKE OF INK.

Another Marvel Discovered in the Wonderland of America.

Nearly all of the 3500 Cocopah volcanoes are situated near the east end of the volcanic area which they occupy. Several small mounds, once living volcanoes, are now quiet. Between these hills of lava, rock and debris, are a large number of living, active volcanoes. From the sides of the hills, 50 to 200 feet above the surrounding waters, come forth most beautiful streams of clear warm water, some so sour, others so sweet, so bitter and so strangely flavored with alkali that no living being or animal can drink it. These waters course down the hillside, laying a coat of white, pink, purple, blue or green, made by the mineral salts they contain upon everything with which they come in contact.

In the midst of these hills is the lake of ink. There run into it scores of streams of clear mineral hot water, others that are warm and two that are cold, says the Arizona *Sentinel*. The The lake, one-fourth of a mile in length by one-eighth wide, lies like a gem set in these hills or these ancient volcanoes.

These hills are alive with volcanoes, even down to the very edge of the lake. At low water in Lake Pasqualitas it is divided from the lake of ink by a narrow ridge of hard sulphurous clay, thrown up by the volcanoes, which have assisted in making this bank. No less than sixty volcanoes, mad, spiteful, noisy little ones line this ridge.

Here came the Indians from leagues and gathered the rich vermillion paint with which they decorated themselves in time of war in the ancient past, long, long ago. On the west the volcanoes stand as close together as they can be placed. For a space of nearly a quarter of a mile by one-half mile the tread of the lone footman rings on the fragile crust till he stops through fear, balancing in his mind whether to advance or retreat, and while pondering what to do the little "kicker," the liveliest, most wicked and spiteful of all the groups of volcanoes, besmears him with its boiling hot black mud.

The black, ink-like water which fills the lake comes up to within three or four inches of the level of its shores. Its temperature near the edge is about 110 degrees, gradually growing warmer as you get down in it, and as you approach the center of the lake on the surface it is about 150 and at a depth of 250 feet it is 216 degrees. Near the shore on the east, south and west sides the water is only four to six feet in depth, for twenty feet or more into the lake, where the shelf breaks off perpendicularly and no bottom has ever been found. To the touch the water feels smooth and oily. The ashes and oil on the surface of the lake when its waters are quiet, are from one-half inch to an inch thick. The water in the lake is jet black though it does not color the skin of those who bathe there. Under a glass the coloring matter seems to be a minute black substance held in suspension by the water, which adheres to white cloth immersed in the lake. To the bather the sensation on entering the water is grand, exhilarating to a wonderful degree, so much so that a bath of ten or fifteen minutes makes one feel as if he were under the influence of the very best brandy. Millions of bubbles formed by the escaping gases keep the surface of the lake agitated, at times till it rolls, boils and foams as if ready to break over its bank and escape, and again only in myriads of sparkling globules, glittering in the sunlight. Whenever the volcanoes rage in anger the lake follows, and the sight of its maddened waters is well worth seeing.

From time immemorial these waters have been used by the different tribes of Indians, far and wide, at war, or in peace as the great, all-healing remedy, following a bath in the hot mud of the peaceable volcanoes, for all fevers, rheumatism, scrofula and venereal diseases. They take the invalid and bury him, all but his eyes, ears and mouth in the hot volcanic mud, for from ten to thirty minutes, then carry him covered with mud on a blanket, the 50 or 100 feet to the edge of the lake, and put him into the water, holding his head above it, for from fifteen to thirty minutes, then rolling him in his blanket, they carry him a few feet away, to a shade which they have provided, and lay him on the hot sulphurous sand or rock, and there let him sweat. They repeat this in the afternoon. At night they move him to a place where the ground is not quite so hot, and let him sleep, and, if possible, where he can breathe the gases and vapors of the neighboring volcanoes. The cures wrought are perfectly wonderful, and could not be believed if not seen. A few white men have been there and tried the remedies and thus far without a single failure. The Indians also drink the hot water from some of the springs, but not from all. Whenever they approach this strange, weird scene even when they come on their trips for salt, which lies in great beds, a mile or so beyond, they stop on the highest mound, and with one hand shading the eyes, they screech and cry with that fearful yell of "tra, tra, la, la, hoop ya, lip, lip, soo, oo, oo, la!" which makes your blood run a little faster in its channels, and then they wait to see if the gods of the desert are there to assist them. If all is still, with naught but the half-smothered groans, mutterings and underground heavings of these mysteries of "wonder land," they turn sadly away, to come again some other time. But if after the third wild shriek or cry of theirs old Monarch or some of his consorts answer with a volume of mud, thrown high in the air as a salute, then the Indians rush for the regal baths of mud, more than contented that the desert gods will hear and answer the wild man's prayer.

FAMOUS OLD MAN-OF-WAR.

The Frigate Constellation One Hundred Years Old, but Still in the Service.

The frigate Constellation now almost 100 years old has been once more repaired and taken to the naval academy preparatory to her summer cruise, says the Springfield *Republican*. It will probably be the last cruise of the celebrated old ship, for the new practice vessel is building rapidly, and the usefulness of the old one diminishes proportionally. With the striking off the navy list of the gallant Constellation there will disappear a ship with a good American record.

Every youngster who has been at the naval academy for years past knows her history by heart, just as he knows and loves each of her timbers and spars. She was built in 1795, the act of congress authorizing her construction having been passed in March of the preceding year. Two other illustrious ships went into the water the same year and under the same act of congress. They were the Constitution, ("Old Ironsides") and the United States and both have long since disappeared, leaving their well preserved sister to see nearly a century of actual service.

The first business transacted by the Constellation was in 1798, when, under the command of Commodore Truxton, she engaged the French ship, L'Insurgente off the island of Nevis. The Aherican carried forty-four guns, the enemy forty. An hour after the first shot was fired from the Constellation the Frenchman hauled down her flag. Twenty-nine dead men were found on the captive's decks, and forty-four wounded sailors lay in her cockpit. Her hull was full of holes, but there was still enough left of her to make a pretty good ship and the next year she sailed out of Boston harbor as bold as you please with the American flag at peak.

Truxton had a hotter fight the next year, when, in Febrnary, he tackled the French ship La Vengeance, with fifty-four guns and 500 men. They began the fight early in the morning, kept it up all day, and began again next morning. Just as Truxton thought he had the Frenchman at his mercy, the mainmast broke, and in the confusion the Vengeance got away.

She disappeared so rapidly that Truxton's men thought she had gone to Davy Jones' locker, but she turned up a few weeks later at Cherbourg, where it was learned that she had lost 160 men in the fight, and that she had struck her colors twice—a fact that had escaped the observation of the Constellation's crew in the smoke and confusion of the fight. The American ship lost fourteen men. To her commander was given a gold medal by congress for his heroism.

The next and last big fight in which the Constellation was engaged occurred in 1803, when, commanded by Commodore Murray, she was attacked off the coast of Tripoli, while becalmed, by a fleet of gunboats. It required pretty good work to keep so many boats off, but the frigate put all of her fifty-four guns into play and contrived to fight her way clear with flying colors. Since then she has been razeed and rebuilt several times, cruising in all the waters of the globe, and visiting all ports. She is the very last of the famous fighting ships of the navy of our ancestors, and for this reason, if for no other, she is a pretty good ship to have anchored off the navy's nursery.

A telegraph line from Astoria to Tillamook is the latest proposition. The government line is already built as far as Tillamook head at the seaside, and, it is understood, arrangements can be made to utilize that piece in the through line. While it is doubtful if the enterprise would be an immediate success, financially, yet it is evident that a telegraph line will sooner or later be required by the extension of the railway in that direction.—*Astorian.*

At the ripe old age of eighty-one Senator Morrill, of Vermont, plays skittles and gun in hand roams the hills for small game. There was no need in the elder day, evidently, for a professor of physical culture in the senate chamber.

A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Shall We Drive Slow Poison From Our Breakfast Tables.

A nuisance that troubled England fifty years ago is now rapidly spreading in this country, that of putting alum in the bread we eat. This question is causing a great deal of discussion at the present moment, as it is revealed that alum is being used as a substitute for cream of tarter in baking powders. A story is told that a very large percentage of the baking powders sold on the market contain either alum or ammonia, and many of them contain both these pernicious drugs. Much timely alarm is felt at the wholesale use of alum in bread, biscuit and pastry. To young children, growing girls, persons of weakly frame alum bread eaten morning, noon and evening is the most harmful. It is the small quantities taken at every meal that do the mischief. Alum is cheap, costing but two or three cents a pound, while cream of tarter costs 30c, and the high price of cream of tarter has led cheap baking powders to be made of alum. If the reader wants to know something of the corrosive qualities of alum let him touch a piece to his tongue, then reflect how it acts on the delicate coats of the stomach.

Following is a list compiled by the *Scientific American*, of the alum and ammonia baking powders that have already been tested.

*Atlantic & Pacific,	*Royal,
Cook's Favorite,	Scioto,
Crown,	Silver Spoon,
Crystal,	Silver Star,
Daisy,	*Snowdrift,
*Davis' O. K.,	Sovereign,
Dry Yeast,	Star,
Gem,	State,
Globe,	Standard,
*Kenton,	Sunflower,
Pearson's	Washington,
Perfection,	Windsor,
Peerless,	Zipp's Grape,
Purity,	Crystal.

There are, in addition to the foregoing list from the *Scientific American*, a number of such powders sold in the western states that were not found in eastern stores.

Following is the list to date:

Calumet.....Contains Alum
(Calumet Bak'g Powder Co., Chicago.)
Forest City.....Ammonia Alum
(Vouwie Bros., Cleveland)
Chicago Yeast.....Ammonia Alum
(Chapman & Smith, Chicago.
Bon Bon.....Contains Alum
Hotel .....Ammonia Alum
(J. C. Grant Bak'g P'wd'r Co, Chicago)
Unrivaled.....Contains Alum
(Sprague, Warner & Griswold, Chicago)
One Spoon Taylor's...Ammonia Alum
Yarnall's.....Contains Alum
(Yarnall Mfg. Co., St. Louis.)
Shaw's Snow Puff.....ContainsAlum
(Merchants Mfg. Assn., St. Louis.)
Dodson & Hils.....Contains Alum
(Dodson & Hils, St. Louis)
Shepards .....Ammonia Alum
(Wm. Shepard, St. Louis)
Bain's.....Contains Alum
(Meyer-Bain Mfg. Co., St. Louis)
Monarch.....Ammonia Alum
(Reid, Murdoch & Co., Chicago.)
Snowball.....Contains Alum
(Bengal Coffee & Spice Mills, Chicago.)
Giant.....Contains Alum
Milk.....Contains Alum
(McLaughlin & Co., Chicago)
Echo.....Contains Alum
Spencer Bluing Paddle Co., Chicago.)
Kalbfells Purity.....Contains Alum
(Kalbfell Mfg. Co., Chicago)
Rising Sun.....Contains Ammonia
(Phœnix Chemical Works, Chicago.)
White Rose.....Ammonia Alum
(Globe Coffee & Spice Mills, Minn.)
Woods Acme.....Contains Ammonia
(Wood & Co., Phila.)
Andrews Pearl....Contains Ammonia
(Andrews & Co., Milwaukee.)
Harries' Favorite .....Contains Alum
(H. Harries, Minneapolis.)
Fidelity .....Contains Alum
Solar.....Contains Alum
(Sherman Bros., Chicago.)
Putnams Best.....Contains Alum
(Wells, Putnam & Co., Chicago.)
China "T" House.....Contains Alum
(N. McDowell, St. Paul.)
Twin City .....Contains Alum
(J. K Ferguson, Minneapolis.)
Hercules.....Contains Ammonia
(Hercules Bkg Pdr Co', San Francisco)
Climax.....Contains Ammonia
(Climax B'k'g P'wd'r Co, Indianapolis)

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is reported by all authorities as free from ammonia, alum, lime or other adulterant. In fact the purity of this ideal powder has never been mentioned.

Great Piece of Masonry.

The distinction is now said to belong to Bombay of possessing the greatest piece of solid masonry construction that the world has seen in modern times. It appears that for years past the water supply of Bombay depended upon works known to be defective, involving the possibility of a water famine in the great eastern seaport, and in view of this a consultation of eminent engineers was held under the direction of the government, with the result that a large dam was determined on to inclose the watershed of the valley which drains into the sea south of Bombay. This gigantic structure, designed and accomplished by the superior engineering skill of T. C. Glover, is two miles long, 118 feet in height and 103 feet wide at the base, with a roadway on the top 24 feet wide, the stonework alone costing $2,000,000. The lake of water which this dam imprisons is some eight square miles in area, and sixty miles of pipe perform the service. Twelve thousand Hindoos were specially trained by Engineer Glover for employment on this dam.

Fully $500,000 has been spent on the empress of Austria's new palace at Corfu. The wood carving alone in one suite of rooms cost $15,000. A villa built for the empress near Vienna a few years ago at an expenditure of $400,000 has never been occupied by her because she took a dislike to the place after it was finished.

THE SUNSHINE OF DEATH.

"When the Light Kisses the Rock Blood Shall Atone for Blood."

Two Seminole Indians have been executed according to the Indian fashion for murder in the Indian Territory.

Though they were regularly condemned to death for their crime no obloquy attaches to their memory. On the contrary, the whole tribe joined in the funeral ceremony and even the executioners, relatives of their victims swelled the chorus of the dirge that the Seminoles chant above their dead warriors who are entitled to honor.

When the council declared that the two braves must die for their crime that settled everything. No precautions were taken to prevent the escape of the condemned men. None were needed. The whiteheaded chiefs had decided that they should die, and the manslayers had too much pride to show by running away that they were afraid of death.

So they went about pretty much as usual, mingling with the other Indians and on the sixth morning after the council had given its decision they knelt on the death rock and received the bullets of the executioners.

It was on a hot afternoon just a week ago when the council rendered its decision. The council filed from the little house in which they had been deliberating for seven hours into a corral. In the center of the inclosure there is a large flat rock. The oldest chief, wrinkled, bent and feeble stepped upon this rock as upon a platform.

The entire tribe gathered to hear the fate of John Frog and Jack Wolf and when the old chief raised his hand there was the quiet of death.

Let all be silent that they may hear the words of the council. Blood has flowed from the body of Harg. The widow and children cry for food and there is none to give them. Death came through John Frog and Jackson Wolf and it is our thought that there was no cause for the shedding of blood. Now this is our decree: When the sun shall kiss the death rock on the sixth morning then shall John Frog and Jackson Wolf pay the debt by giving their lives into the family of Harg that they may wipe out the stain, for our fathers have said it that blood must be wiped out by blood. And to the widow and children of the murdered man shall be given from the sustenance of John Frog and Jackson Wolf sufficient to keep them from want for one year. It is spoken!"

The trial itself was very different from an ordinary court proceeding. First everybody who knew about the case testified. There was no question of inadmissible evidence. It would have turned a white lawyer gray to have heard the hearsay and presumptive evidence. But there was no question as to the fact of the killing. All of the proceeding was conducted with the utmost deliberation and the council did what little questioning was required.

After the evidence was all in came the relatives of the dead man. They told the Court that Harg's wife and children were left destitute and dilated on what a good man Harg was; how he was always kind to his friends and they were his friends. Harg was a good man in the tribe they said and a brave man and a strong man. They told of his courage, his skill with a gun his proficiency as a rider and all the other things in which he was an adept.

Last came the arguments for the defense.

Harg was a good man but John Frog had wrestled with him and conquered him. Harg was a good shot but Wolf could shoot as well. What benefit could come because one good man had been killed from killing two other good men. The tribe had to support Harg's family. Wolf and Frog had families too and if the men were killed that would simply make more widows and fatherless children.

The days went by and the people began to gather about the Death Rock, from which the sentence had been delivered.

It is a great flat bowlder nearly circular, and the top is hardly two feet above the ground. It is a dull brown stone, but the original color is hidden by darker stains. Ever since the Seminoles came to Indian Territory this rock has been washed by the blood of those put to death.

All of the customs they followed when they ranged through the everglades of Florida they brought with them to the Territory and though they are now a civilized tribe the custom of allowing the relatives of the dead to inflict the punishment of the murder still obtains.

The Death Rock is so situated that the sun does not strike it until 11 o'clock.

When the sun shall kiss the Death Rock was the language of the sentence and the execution could not be carried out until that time. Had clouds obscured the sun Frog and Wolf would have lived until they were gone.

As the first tinge of dawn lightened the sky on the morning of the 28th the rapid beating of drums roused the village and called together the members of the Light Horse Company. It was the signal of death. With the dying away of the sound men, women and children came from the houses and the village was alive with the preparations for a holiday. There were hurried preparations for the morning meal, and then every one went toward the inclosure surrounding the council chamber. Neither the dead man nor those who were to suffer the penalty had relatives in the village and from the outlying country came those who were to be the principal actors in the tragedy. As the sun rose there came from the woods along the creek which runs north of the village those who had camped there throughout the night, ready to be on hand at the earliest possible hour for the ceremonies, which were to take place.

Meanwhile the light of sunlight was steadily getting nearer and nearer to the death rock. No one minded it except the six relatives of the dead man who had won at dice the privilege of carrying out the sentence. One of them gave the word when the line of light fell across the rock.

Instantly Frog and Wolf who had been laughing and talking among the crowd, stepped out and walked toward the rock. They began to sing and chant—a low monotonous tune at first, but as they got nearer to the rock it grew louder until they were fairly screaming as they mounted the rock. They were like actors in a play. They took great pains with their singing, but otherwise showed no emotion. They sat upon the edge of the rock and folded their arms.

The captain of the Light Horse bandaged their eyes and the six relatives stepped out and leveled their rifles.

The two were still singing but the song was low again and the monotonous chant could hardly be heard.

The rifles roared out, the song stopped and through the smoke could be seen the two Indians, fallen face downward and stone dead.

They had a warrior's funeral, in which the whole tribe joined, for they were brave men and the decree of the council had wiped out all anger and bad feeling between the families.

The Czar and Wheat.

The ukase forbidding the export of rye from Russia, published August 11, surprised the grain trade of Europe and America, and served to greatly stimulate prices of rye as well as of wheat. It is stated that the decree will not be enforced until August 27. Prices are likely to advance still further, and the demand for rye from the United States for export will be increased. But as the domestic crop is not likely to exceed 30,000,000 bushels at the most we are not likely to have much to send abroad. In the fiscal year 1889-90 we exported 2,257,000 bushels of rye, and in 1890-91 only 337,000 bushels. Heretofore Russia has always been the great rye exporter, sending on the average to Germany 28,000,000 bushels, to Holland 8,000,000 bushels, to Italy 4,000,000 bushels and to Norway and Sweden 12,000,000 bushels, an aggregate of 52,000,000 bushels. Canadian rye, as per *Bradstreet's* advices, is being purchased freely for export, but Ontario's rye crop in 1890 was only about 1,563,000 bushels, so very little relief can be secured there by the great rye-consuming nations of Europe. It now appears as if wheat would have to take the place of a large proportion of the 52,000,000 bushels of rye which Russia will not send abroad this year. This wheat must be obtained from without Europe, or Europe will have to go without. The United States is the only country having any considerable wheat to export.

No Doctor's Bills in Japan.

When a rich man calls in a physician he does not expect that he will be presented a bill for medical services. In fact, no such thing as a doctor's bill is known in Japan, although nearly all the other modern practices are in vogue there. The doctor never asks for his fee. The strict honesty of the people does not make this necessary. When he is through with a patient a present is made to him of whatever sum the patient or his friends may deem to be just compensation. The doctor is supposed to smile, take the fee, bow and thank his patron.—*Interview with a Japanese Physician.*

No prima donna of English birth, it is said, has appeared this season at Covent Garden, in London. Albani was born in Canada; Melba in Melbourne; Nordica, Emma Eames and Sybil Sanderson in this country.

A Perfect Baking Powder.

The constantly growing demand for Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, the standard cream tartar powder for forty years, is due to two causes.

FIRST:—The extreme care exercised by the manufacturers to make it perfectly pure, uniform in quality, and of highest raising power.

SECOND:—The recent investigations exposing the fact that certain other brands of baking powder contain ammonia and still others that were found to contain alum. These unscrupulous manufacturers are being found out, and the consumers are giving them a wide birth.

Nothing is left to chance in the manufacture of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. Chemists are employed to test every ingredient as to purity and strength. Hence; its marvelous purity and uniformity. Each can is like every other. It never dissapoints. BEST is ALWAYS the CHEAPEST.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is reported by all authorities as free from Ammonia, Alum, or any other adulterant. In fact, the purity of this ideal powder has never been questioned.

BEAUTY OUT OF RUBBER.

What New York Women Are Wearing as a Successor of the Bustle.

Although the bustle has been doomed and has sunk into obscurity yet womankind is not satisfied and a makeshift is in sight, or rather it is in use and not in sight. It has taken the form this time of artificialy developed hips.

It is the same old bustle that has reappeared, but it is cut in two and the two halves moved around; one on each side.

A lady who knows all about such things told me. She had one on herself and when I commented on her increased robustness she laughed, blushed, patted her hips and said;

"It's not me; it's rubber. False hips are the latest craze, and one that is becoming popular with wonderful rapidity. The pads are made of inflated rubber bags. They are not so inconvenient as the old-time bustle and not much more of a nuisance to wear. Go down fifth avenue any day and you will be surprised at the number of remarkably broad-hipped women you will meet. They have grown wonderfully stout in the past month.

"Why do they do it?"

"Oh, the great advantage to be gained in appearance is the smaller look it gives to the waist. I don't think there is any other reason. That's quiet enough for any woman.

"The fashion has its serious drawback too. Sometimes the pads slip around and the effect is unplesant. Again too, I am always in fear that a pin will puncture one of the things and that one side of me will go off with a loud report. You can imagine how lop-sided one would look after such an accident. It's horrible to think of."

A Whale's Horse Power.

Sir William Turner, the present eminent professor of anatomy in the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, says the St. Louis *Republic*, has given much attention to the study of whales their structure, habits, etc. He estimates that the great Greenland whale (average length fifty feet) attains a maximum speed while swimming of ten miles per hour, the Finner whale (maximum length eighty-five feet) often making twelve to fourteen miles an hour. Mr. Turner in one of his lectures, said that he and John Henderson of Glasgow, the the well-known builder of the Anchor Line steamships, had spent much time in trying to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to the horse-power exerted by large species of the whale in making a speed of twelve miles per hour. As a base for their conclusion they took the size and dimensions of the great Finner which was stranded on the shore at Longuiddry some years ago. It was eighty feet long weighed seventyfour tons and had a tail which was twenty feet across at the extreme end of its flanges. With these data Messrs. Turner and Henderson calculated that a whale of the dimensions mentioned in order to attain a speed of twelve miles an hour must exercise a propelling force of 145 horse power.

Our Old Fire Company.

"That was a gay old company that we belonged to, Joe; away back in '68 when you and I ran with the machine. Do you remember that big fire in Hotel Row one freezing night when fifteen people were pulled out of their burning rooms, and came down the ladder in their nightclothes; and how Dick. Greene brought down two kids at once—one in his arms the other slung on his back? Poor Dick; He got the catarrh dreadfully, from so much exposure and suffered from it five year or more. But, he finally heard of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and tried it, and it cured him up as sound as a flint. I tell you, Joe, that catarrh remedy is a great thing. It saved as good a man and as brave a fireman as ever trod shoe leather."

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE