The Telephone-Register
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McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1891.
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IT IS Natural for any sensible person to want to buy the Best Goods for the Least Amount of Money. If you have any doubt as to where you can do this

LET US SET YOUR MINDS AT REST!

Take it in the Stove Line for instance, we have them in All Styles, All Sizes and All Prices. Every One Full value for the price asked. Long experience has taught us that

ANY STOVE MADE BY BRIDGE, BEACH & CO., WE CAN RECOMMEND AND WARRANT,

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Carries the Largest Assortment of Harness and Saddles and also the
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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.
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Livery, Feed and Sale!
Everything New
And Firstclass.
Special Accommodations for Commercial Travellers.
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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. DERBY & BOYER,
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$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's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

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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.
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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.
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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.

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HAY FORKS,
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FORKS at all PRICES.
Peninsular Stoves and Ranges,
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Hose Plain and Wired Hose!
Over a Thousand Feet Sold this Season and Still Plenty of Hose Left.
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Will sell you better goods and at Less Money than any one in town.
CALL AND SEE HIM.

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ON SEPT. 8, 1891
The aim of the College is to give
THE BE T EDUCATION
—AT THE—
LEAST EXPENSE
To the Student. It has better Facilities for the coming year than ever before.
For the last catalogue address
T. G. BROWNSON,
President.

IN GRANT'S LOG CABIN.

There were Many Jolly Times There when the General was Young.

"Grant's old log cabin wouldn't add anything to the beauty of the world's fair grounds if they did bring it here. It might interest people, though, as one of the curiosities—this rough cabin home of one of the country's greatest presidents."

Thus speaks D. C. Hornsby, an old-time St. Louisan, who lived in the early days a close neighbor to Grant, the soldier-president, before he ever thought of being a soldier president; in the days, in fact, when Grant was a careless, reckless, happy-go-lucky countryman, with none of the marks of greatness yet apparent.

"Yes sir, the Grant cabin was the center of a vast amount of interest when Grant was in it," continues Mr. Hornsby, "but whether it would be so here or not is a question that cannot be answered. It was a lively place when Grant first lived in it, way back in '51 That was the year he first built it. It never did amount to much. It is nothing but a little one-story log house, with two rooms and the regulation fireplace and other attachments. Never was much to look at, but there was always plenty of good fun when Grant was there.

"The old place is only about nine miles out from St. Louis, on the Gravois river, or rather a mere creek which runs through the Dent farm. The Dent farmhouse is located in a beautiful grassy flat on the east bank of the Gravois, and the cabin was over on a little hill west of the river. Grant moved into it shortly after his marriage with one of Colonel Dent's daughters at their city home in St. Louis. He lived there three or four years, working around as he pleased on the farm, and from there went straight up to Galena, I think, and went into business. But the old settlers around that section who are yet alive well remember the times when Grant was among them, and he remembered them, too, to his last days as the happiest days of his life. Grant always had a great love for that place. While he was president he fixed up the old Dent farm in fine shape and used to take some pride in having the stock exhibited at the St. Louis fair.

"Just how Grant happened to go to that part of the country I never knew for certain," continued Mr. Hornsby. "He had just been in the army out in California and left for some reason or another. One of the Dent brothers was a sutler in the army at that time and that may have had something to do with it. Any way, he sort of wandered in there and lived on the Dent farm almost as one of the family and married one of the girls. Then they built this log cabin and moved there. There was not much work for each one to do in those times. The Dents had plenty of help and Grant and the boys used to work about when they wanted to. I was fixed about the same way. I had just finished going to school and lived with two brothers about two miles from Grant's on the Gravois road. None of us ever had so much to do that we couldn't go hunting or fishing whenever we wanted to go, and Grant was always ready. Many a time have we ridden up to Grant's house at night on a coon hunt and whistled him out of bed. We'd cry and halloo until Grant would poke his head out of the window and shout: 'Hello, boys, that you?' We would answer back, 'Hello, Grant, come on out here,' and he'd slip into his clothes and be out in a jiffy. Then after we had bagged our game he invariably would say, 'Come up to the house, boys, I've got something mighty good up there. Come up and take a nip.' We used to go up and get some of his 'mighty good,' and then go out on the chase together, or separate and go home.

"Grant was mighty good in those days, but no one suspected then that he would ever stand at the head of the nation. He was a rather careless, lazy fellow, without much work to do, and very fond of a 'nip.' But everyone in those days was fond of the jug. Those were social days when it was the custom for everyone to drink and keep it always handy for every guest. The Dents were an aristocratic family, who hadn't much idea of hard work, and so it was no wonder that Grant, who lived with them, didn't do a great deal. He didn't attract much attention outside, but he was good company to those who knew him. He didn't have much then, but he was always ready to divide squarely to the last, and, if I remember, he kept that quality to the end."

Land has reached an enormous value in London. A piece of Crown land on Pall Mall has just been leased at a rate based on a selling price of $2,500,000 per acre.

HUMAN NATURE AT THE STAKE.

Stories of Luck at Cards Gathered from Many Countries.

Congressman Crain, who represents the Galveston district of Texas, tells some remarkable stories of poker playing in that state during war time. It was an epoch there of lawlessness and mob rule, and personal bravery was the quality of leadership. One night he was playing in a game with three or four others, one of them a desperado named Boyd. The latter took advantage of the conviviality of the proceedings to hold out a card and Crain saw him do it. On the spur of the moment Crain said, "Boyd, you are cheating!" It was a foolish thing to do, unless with pistol in hand, because it meant immediate murder. But, to the surprise of every one, Boyd simply turned very pale, laughed, and replied, "Crain boards at my house, you know, and so I can't afford to shoot him."

The next evening Boyd came uninvited into Crain's room, where some other men were, and offered to play Crain a game of two-handed "freeze out," the latter assented and they sat down at the table, while the rest drew their chairs back and waited for the tragedy they supposed was coming. A few moments later Boyd again cheated, so openly that he doubtless intended to be caught, and Crain at once charged him with the offense. Immediately Boyd leaped to his feet, seized two chairs and threw them into the air. One of them struck Boyd as it fell, and he drew the pistol he had ready, crying: "Crain, you hit me with a chair!"

"Like a flash," says Crain in telling the story, "my instinct as a criminal lawyer came to my aid. I saw that his purpose was to claim self-defense in shooting me. So, without stirring from my seat, I pointed my finger at Boyd, who had me covered with his gun, and said: 'Boyd, you know that isn't true. I haven't touched you. If you want to fight I'll accommodate you anywhere you like and with any weapons, within an hour of this time. Let's fight, if need be, but there's no occasion for murder.'"

Crain's coolness of action saved him and the duel never came off, because friends interfered. He lived to secure Boyd's acquittal of murder subsequently. Later on, however, Boyd was killed with his boots on in a row.

Shortly after the close of the secession war General Forrest and his wife stopped at a hotel in Memphis and after examining their purses found the sum total of their wealth amounted to $7.30. The general being due that evening at a house where he knew poker was sure to be played, proposed that he should tempt fortune to the full extent of his means, and asked his wife to pray for his success. She would not promise, but he felt that she was for him and knew how it would be. But let him tell the rest in his own words:

"They had three tables—one was a quarter dollar table, one a half and one a dollar and a half. I wanted to make my seven dollars last as long as I could, so I sat down to the quarter table. By dinner time I had won enough to do better, and after we had eaten, sat down to the dollar and a half table. Sometimes I won and then again I'd lose, until nigh upon midnight, when I had better luck. I knew Mary was sitting up anxious, and that made me cool."

"I set my hat upon the floor, and every time I won I'd drop the money in the hat. I sat there until day broke, and then I took my hat up in both hands, smashed it on my head, and went home."

"When I got to my room there sat Mary in her gown. She seemed tired and worried, and though she looked mighty hard at me she didn't say a word. I walked right up to her and emptied my hat right into the lap of her gown, and then we counted it. Just $1,500 even, and that gave me a start."

If there is anything in a name, as Shakespeare's heroine doubted, there must be something in the name of Peabody that leads its possessors to become eminent in deeds of goodness. The world knows the life story of the great philanthropist Peabody; Boston still has in Miss Elizabeth Peabody, now approaching her eighty-eighth year, a lady whose works of benevolence have made her hardly less famous. She is the eldest of Dr. Nathaniel Peabody's three daughters, one of whom married Nathaniel Hawthorne and another the noted Horace Mann, and her reminiscences of the distinguished New England people of the century are most interesting and valuable. Another famous bearer of the name is Dr. A. P. Peabody, of Cambridge, whom Harvard regards as the most estimable preacher that ever occupied the university pulpit.

NOT WITHOUT HOPE.

Mohammedan Women Look for a Heaven Like That Prepared for the Men.

About thirty or forty women in their house attire but wearing the long white veil draped round the head, face and shoulders, wives, daughters, sisters, servants, slaves and children—white, brown, bronzed and black—were ranged in kneeling rows, their foreheads touching the ground, their attitude the embodiment of self-abasement, in presence of the one invisible God they adore. In the dim light these prostrate heaps, shrouded in their white veils, looked ghostly enough. The whole scene was mute and silent as a dream. Only at intervals, from behind a screen the voice of the priest broke the stillness, and proclaimed, in a weird, nasal, monotonous chant, that Allah was the one and only God.

Sometimes the veiled figures rose to their full height with one accord—Eastern women are very supple if they are fat—then, as the name of Allah fell upon their ears, they flung themselves down with the same uniform manner, and, rocking to and fro after the manner of worshippers in a mosque, laid their faces in the dust. My friend, the Pasha's daughter, was good enough to sit upon the staircase by my side, and act as chorus, instead of joining in the performance. After she had explained that "Moise" and "Jesu Christ" and "Mohammed" were all acknowledged by her faith to have been divinely inspired, but not divinely born, she proceeded to expound the Mohammedan theory of Paradise.

"But," I interrupted her—"I have been told that there is no Paradise for the souls of Mohammedan women. Your husbands are to have houris to console them for your loss."

It did one good to see the scorn of the Pasha's daughter at this suggestion. She imparted it in Turkish to the blandly smiling Mrs. Djevdet Pash, and the pair laughed until the blue robe of the latter slipped off her broad shoulders for the twentieth time. When they had done laughing they informed me that there was no greater mistake than to suppose that Mahammed excluded women from Paradise.

That his own daughter, Fatima, had been the great expounder of the Koran which was written to guide women to Paradise by the same path as the men were to follow. That their husbands had better just go in search of their houris! Only let them try! That their wives would soon be even with them; for were there not gilmans—men angels—beautiful as the archangels themselves, and was not (only the Pasha's daughter did not put it in this form) sauce for the goose sauce for the gander as well?

What Tarring and Feathering Means.

People who read of tarring and feathering by White Caps and others know that the punishment is a very unpleasant one, but few imagine how terribly painful and dangerous it is. In Wyoming I once saw a man who had been tarred and feathered, and, although he fully deserved the discipline, I could not help pitying him. Hardened tar is very hard to remove from the skin, and when feathers are added it forms a kind of cement that sticks closer than a brother. As soon as the tar sets the victim's suffering begins. It contracts as it cools, and every one of the little veins on the body are pulled, causing the most exquisite agony. The perspiration is entirely stopped, and unless the tar is removed death is certain to ensue. But the removal is no easy task, and requires several days. The tar cannot be softened by the application of heat, and must be peeled off bit by bit, sweet oil being used to make the process less painful. The irritation to the skin is very great, as the hairs cannot be disengaged, but must be pulled out or cut off. No man can be cleaned of tar in a single day, as the pain of the operation would be too excrutiating for endurance, and until this is done he has to suffer from a pain like that of ten thousand pin pricks. Numbers of men have died under the torture, and none who have gone through it regard tarring and feathering as anything but a most fearful infliction.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Goldsmith somewhere tells of an old lady, who, lying sick unto death, played cards with the curate to pass away the time, and after winning all his money had just proposed to play for her funeral expenses when she expired. Mazarin also played cards on his deathbed and while he was so weak that he had to have some one hold his cards for him.

A veteran hunter says that there are twice as many large game animals in Maine now as there was ten years ago, and attributes this fact to the faithful enforcement of the game laws.

JESSE JAMES' OLD PAL.

A Former Member of the Outlaw's Gang Dies a Good Citizen.

James Anderson Riley, aged sixty-one years, died in Payette, Idaho, on the Oregon Short Line railroad, Sept. 24th. This man was known as James Anderson Riley for the past year, and told on his deathbed that he was the original James Anderson of the Jesse James gang of outlaws. This was told by T. F. Alexander, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Payette, who preached the funeral sermon of Anderson. The dead outlaw has followed house painting since being a resident of that section, and was generally a good citizen. He died of blood disorder. This revelation of his past career was somewhat doubted by hearers, and after his death the body was examined. Wounds were disclosed that positively identify him as the true Jesse James Anderson.

The Rev. Mr. Alexander remembers particularly the wounds on his right breast. Anderson's photograph was compared with deceased and is well remembered by a man in Payette named Payne, who once had him under arrest in Missouri, and he declares there is no doubt of the truth of Anderson's deathbed confession. During his illness a biography of the James boys was read to Anderson and his comments at certain portions were the best evidence of his acquaintance with the doings of the boys. He would make the remark, "I was leader at that raid against that bank," and "I should have shot lower then."

The reporter was not able to get the name of the author of this biography, but deceased said it was as near correct as it was possible to write it. At one point in the reading of the biography it read, "Anderson was left on the gronnd for dead." "Now," said this James Anderson Riley, "I was left there for dead and have often since been reported dead, but it was an error. I know I am about to die this day in Idaho, and under this belief I make this confession."

Anderson said he had eight children living, four in Washington and four in Oregon. Four were by each wife. Two sons were in Eugene City and two daughters in Olympia.

Remarkable Scene at a Revival Meeting.

A few weeks ago the Free Methodists began a series of revival meetings in Sydenham, Ontario, Canada, says the New York *World*, and made many converts. As the number of converts increased so did the excitement, and the meetings, which were held in the town hall, grew so noisy that complaint was made to the authorities and the revivalists adjourned to a large vacant lot in the edge of town. Here they were addressed by J. F. Frasier, a revivalist, who sailed into the prevailing mode of female dress, and said women are born beautiful and die misshapen because of the wearing of corsets. Frasier is an earnest and powerful speaker and his words created great excitement among the women present.

"Throw off the accursed invention!" he cried, "throw it off and go to God as you left him! Burn them rather than burn yourselves in everlasting fire!"

This suggestion struck a responsive chord, and he had scarcely ceased speaking when an enthusiast piled up material for a bonfire and applied a match. It was a weird scene, the dusky evening, the crowd of religious enthusiasts, quivering with excitement, surrounding a fire which shot up long tongues of flame.

"Throw off the garment!" shouted the revivalist.

"Burn them!" hysterically cried a feminine voice in the crowd, and pushing and panting a young woman of twenty-five forced her way to the center near the bonfire. She was tugging at her dress. There was a sudden gleam of white shoulders in the glare of the fire light and she flung her corset into the flames, saying she would die as God made her and not as she had made herself.

Her example was contagious, and in less than half an hour not a woman in the crowd wore a corset, and nothing remained in the blaze but a mass of grotesquely twisted corset steels, amid which the flames playfully flickered. The excitement was so great and the nervous strain so tense that several women grew faint, but they had burned their corsets and were happy.

The Free Methodists consider the revival a great success, and talk of carrying the war into the States.

You wind your watch once a day. Your liver and bowels should act as regularly. If they do not, use *a key*. *The key* is—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a dose.

Ammonia Baking Powders Must Go.

The recent newspaper discussion of the dangerous qualities of ammonia comes from the alarming increase of its use in baking powders. People who absorb it in small quantities from day to day to day suffer from slow ammonia poisoning. Taken internally in sufficient quantities it eats away the coatings of the stomach and intestines and causes death. Slow ammonia poisoning produces various forms of stomach trouble.

Not one woman in ten thousand would use an ammonia baking powder if she knew it. Such powders not only undermine the health, but ammonia imparts a sallow and blotched complexion.

Following is the bill recently passed by the Minnesota senate. It is the danger signal which the law throws out for the protection of the people:

A Bill for an Act to Regulate the Traffic in Baking Powder.

Section 1.—Any person who shall knowingly sell or procure the sale, or offer for sale of any package of baking powder containing ammonia, not distinctly, legibly and durably branded, stamped or marked in a conspicuous place with the words in the English language: "This Baking Powder contains Ammonia" in letters of great pica or any letters equivalent thereto in length, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and punished by a fine not less than $20 nor more than $50; shall be confined in the county jail not less than ten or more than twenty days or by both fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the court.

Section 2.—The sale or offer for sale of the substance mentioned in the foregoing section in packages not stamped, marked, branded or labelled as therein required shall be prima-facie evidence of knowledge of the character of said substance, on the part of the person so selling or offering for sale and his employer.

Section 3.—This act shall be in force on and after its passage.

Note.—An incident occurred in the house when the senate bill came up for passage, in reference to an amendment proposed by Mr. Diment. This was opposed by several members. Mr. Feig said that if the bill as it came from the senate was all right then the amendment was all wrong. The amendment compelling the printing of the word "Ammonia" on the label only affected the Royal Baking Powder, and no wonder they felt the senate bill was a blow to them.

The dispatches from the bloody field that decided the fate of Balmaceda, the dictator of Chile told the grim news of the splendid execution of the Mannlicher rifles. The following dispatch from Washington gives some idea of this Mannlicher or Man-killer gun: "Army and navy officers have been watching closely the military features of insurrection in Chile, and the arms have been carefully examined by the authorites in this country. It appears that it was a Mannlicher gun loaded with cartridges the size of cigarettes charged with a first cousin to gun-cotton, and sending a ball nearly two inches long and three-tenths of an inch thick against Balmaceda's troops 30 per minute from each gun, that did the buisiness from the insurgent troops. The long, slender, hard-pointed bullets were of steel covered with a thin coat of copper, the soft metal being designed to follow the rifling of the barrel more accurately and with less wear to the gun than the naked steel would make. Single bullets went through two or three men at a time."

The Value of Lemons.

A writer who seeks to mitigate the suffering caused by excessively hot weather by describing how to make simple and cooling drinks, suitable for the summer season, incidentally pays a tribute to the great virtue of the lemon, and a medical authority has promptly written a letter confirming this commendation of the cooling fruit, and urging its more frequent use in lieu of strong medicines, which often do more harm than good. He says that, although most people know the value of a glass of lemonade before breakfast, few know that the benefit is more than double by taking another at night. A better way to fight a bilious attack than powders or quinine is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons in as much water as will make it pleasant drink without sugar before going to bed. In the morning on rising, at least half an hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a tumbler of ordinary or soda water.

A Mile a Minute for Seven Hours.

The New York Central last Monday broke all records of fast time for long runs of passenger trains on railways on either side of the Atlantic. A special train, composed of one of the company's standard passenger engines, weighing 200,000 pounds, and three private cars, weighing 200,000 pounds, conveying Vice-President Webb and a party, made a run of 436½ miles, from New York to Buffalo, in 440 minutes, including three stops, one of which occupied seven and one half minutes.

The eclipse of previous efforts of this kind is complete, nothing approaching such a feat ever before having been accomplished in America or Europe as speeding along over seven consecutive hours at more than a mile a minute gait.

The speed of ocean steamships, it is claimed, will be so greatly increased in the near future that the trip from New York to Queenstown will be made in ninety-six hours. This statement would seem incredible were it not for the well known fact that the newly-invented and powerful tubular boiler can furnish power sufficient to force a boat through the water at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. Of course no such speed could be maintained for the entire trip, or the course, 2800 miles, could be covered in eighty hours. A new boat is building which will attempt to cross in ninety-six hours. This means an average rate of speed of over twenty-nine-miles an hour.

Those who believe that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure them are more liable to get well than those who don't.

If you happen to be one of those who don't believe, there's a matter of $500 to help your faith. It's for you if the makers of Dr. Sage's remedy can't cure you, no matter how bad or of how long standing your catarrh in the head may be.

The makers are the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y. They are known to every newspaper publisher and every druggist in the land, and you can easily ascertain that their word's as good as their bond.

Three miles an hour is about the average of the Gulf Stream, though at certain places it attains a speed of forty-four miles per hour; in the Yucatan Channel for an instance, where it is ninety miles wide and 1,000 fathoms deep, the current is not more than the fourth of a mile per hour. In the Straits of Bemini the current is so rapid as to give the surface of the water the appearance of a sheet of fire.

Poison in the Kitchen.

No article entering so generally into the food of every household is so generally and villainously adultered as baking powder. These adulterated powders are shoved upon the public with the greatest persistency.

Throbbing advertisements in newspapers claiming this brand or that is absolutely pure, backed by analyses and certificates, and yet they are adulterated with ammonia or alum. It is to be hoped the law will take hold of these merciless manufacturers and punish them for destroying the stomachs of the unsuspecting consumer.

Amid all this fraud and deceit Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder stands almost alone battling for pure food and continues to furnish a pure cream of tartar powder at almost the same cost to the people as the ammoina and alum powders are sold at, yet it costs much more to manufacture.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is of the highest strength. It produces the largest amount of leavening power attainable in a pure baking powder. It is free from ammonia or any other adulteration. No powder does such work. Housewives who have tested all use Dr. Prices only.