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McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1892.

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### A WHITE SLAVES STORY.

#### INCREDIBLE ADVENTURES OF A WOMAN AMONG CANNIBALS.

The Living Death of a White Woman  
Among Savages—A Priestess of Health-  
en Gods. Forced to Commit Murder.

We always think of slaves as black people, and by a sort of habit of association we come to feel as if slavery were the natural lot of blacks. But in some parts of the world the tables are turned. The blacks are the ruling people, and if any whites are allowed to live among them at all it is only in the condition of the lowest slaves. I have seen a white man, a British subject, who I suppose would have called himself a gentleman, put up to auction at the price of a musket and a glass bottle and bought in because nobody would bid any advance on that.

The particular case of slavery I am going to tell about now, however, was a very hard case indeed, because the victim was an innocent girl, and the sufferings she underwent were in no way due to any fault of hers. It all came about in this way: Several attempts had been made to explore the northeastern part of New Guinea, which is a terribly savage country and very unhealthy besides, but all in vain. White men could not live in the fever-stricken marshes along the shore, and any effort to reach the high lands in the interior, where the climate is better, brought them into contact with powerful tribes armed with spears, and general expeditions having ended disastrously, the project was almost abandoned, when an Englishman named Hamilton, who had been an official in India and was a famous traveler, proposed a fresh plan and was authorized to organize an exploring party. He found that the native inhabitants of Java, the great Dutch colony in the Indian ocean, who were something like Chinese, but much finer and more civilized, had been driven from their native land by the New Guinea natives. His plan, therefore, was to enroll a body of two or three hundred Javanese, to land at a spot where a mission station had formerly been established, and by easy journeys to penetrate into the interior and conciliate the chiefs of the tribes inhabiting the mountainous region. So little afraid of the perils which had deterred other travelers, that he took his young wife with him, and in order that she might not be without female companionship he prevailed on an English girl of eighteen, a governess in a wealthy family in Java, to form one of the party. If these poor women had had the slightest idea of the sort of country they were going to explore, they would have refused to start on such a mad errand; but Hamilton had such unbounded belief in his own influence over savages and was so carried away by enthusiasm for exploration that he inspired them with all sorts of romantic notions.

They set out in the highest spirits, and at first all their favorable expectations seemed to be realized. They marched the first day by a native track through dense jungle; but for several days after that they traveled by water up a broad sluggish river in immense canoes dug out of the trunks of trees. It was only when they reached the rapids of this great stream and landed on the opposite side, that they realized how completely they were cut off from civilization. The natives here had never seen a white face and were just as hostile to the yellow-skinned Javanese as if they had been wild. The difficulties were too great for him and he saw that he must either gain a decisive victory or else meet an ignominious retreat. He determined on the boldest course, and picking 100 of the strongest and bravest of his men, he marched forward and made a desperate attack on a fortified native town, which seemed to be the enemy's stronghold. He carried the assault with unexpected ease, burnt the town and drove the inhabitants into the forest; but what was his horror on returning to his camp to find it in the hands of an overwhelming number of savages, who already had their ovens prepared for a cannibal feast and were dancing around the fires singing hideous songs of triumph.

Without a moment's hesitation Hamilton fell upon them and a sanguinary struggle ensued. In the end the savages were repulsed, and Hamilton had the joy of finding his wife unharmed. Her unhappy companion, however, who was already broken down by sickness and fatigue, and who had fainted from fear, had been carried off by the enemy with a number of other prisoners. The adventures that befell Hamilton and his wife before they regained the outer world need not be recounted here. Suffice it to say that two years elapsed before their friends learned the result of the expedition, when a feeble, emaciated man and woman with a handful of sickly Javanese, were taken on board by a British cruiser from a part of the coast many hundreds of miles distant from the mission station.

Hamilton's sole idea had been to keep his wife alive and get her out of the country; but to his credit be said he had no sooner achieved that object than he was ready to return, at the risk of his own life, to endeavor to rescue the girl whom his rashness had confined to slavery. His knowledge of the character and habits of the tribes of

### NEW GUINEA

led him to believe that her captors would not put her to death, but would keep her a slave and probably attach her to one of their pagan temples; and the result showed that he was perfectly right. He got three or four intrepid men to go with him, and through infinite dangers and sufferings they succeeded in finding where she was and opening communication with the tribe who owned her. Eventually they arranged for her release on payment of what seemed to the natives an enormous ransom in the shape of rifles, ammunition, glass beads and other such things as they value most.

I saw her when she was restored to liberty and civilization, and a more pitiable spectacle I never witnessed. She was still but twenty-three years old and should have been in the bloom of early womanhood, for she had great personal attractions when she set out on her ill-fated journey. Instead of that she looked like an old woman. Her hair, which hung in tangled masses below her waist, was quite white; not merely sprinkled with gray, but as white as the hair of a person seventy or eighty years of age. Her face was long and thin and seamed with deep lines of sorrow and terror, and in her eyes there was a look of hopeless misery that more than anything else told what she had been through.

Kindness, however, good food and all sorts of pleasant and family surroundings soon had their effect and before many weeks were over her intelligence resumed its way, memory returned and physical and mental strength were to a large extent restored together. She is now doing anything but a terrible work of her former self. But she became a different creature from what she was at the time of her release, and when we came to hear her story we only wondered she ever lived to tell it.

After the retreat from the Hamilton camp, when she was carried off with a number of Javanese, the savages made straight for a place in the mountains where they dwell in caves or houses excavated from the cliffs, a fastness to which they retire when in extremis and from which it would be next to impossible to dislodge them. Here she was placed in a small cave or dungeon, the floor of which was scattered with bones of previous occupants, while their skulls were ranged over the entrance or stuck on wooden pegs on the walls. In a little while a number of men, fantastically dressed, entered the cave with a white flag with fresh blood came to her and made signs to her to follow them. She learned that these were priests and she discerned easily enough that the place they took her to was a temple. It was a large wooden building with a conical roof, and at one end of it was a raised platform on which sat two frightful idols of immense size, carved out of dark wood or stone and ornamented in grotesque fashion with tortoise shells, mother-of-pearl, and gaily dyed cloths. She was compelled to prostrate herself at full length before these monsters and was made to understand that in some way she belonged to them and was to be their slaves. What was meant she was soon to find out. The idols, it seemed, had many slaves, all females, some of them little more than children, who lived in the temple and were really the slaves of the priest.

She was taken to a high mound outside the building, where the opening in the wall was, and there she found the Javanese in the hands of the priests, and surrounded by a throng of natives, about to be offered in sacrifice to the idols. He was stripped entirely naked, bound hand and foot and laid on his back on a wooden altar with his head and neck hanging over. A knife of steely metal and as sharp as a razor was placed in the hand of the terrified girl and she found herself forced forward until she stood by the head of the victim. The poor wretch's eyes were fixed on hers, as if imploring her to spare his life, but she was a helpless tool in the hands of the two strong priests who held her. Seizing her wrists, and guiding the knife, they made her inflict two long deep cuts in the young man's throat. Then a priest grasping the girl's hand on the left of the victim and a native on the right bending the neck of the dead man sharply downward, forced her to divide the vertebrae and muscles and the head fell.

It was her first lesson in the performance of a human sacrifice, a duty she was forced to fulfill so often that she not only became exceedingly expert at it but utterly callous. Each of the Javanese prisoners in turn she was compelled to immolate, and afterwards many hundreds of victims met their death at her hands, captive warriors, old women, young children, shrieking slaves—all placed under the knife—and that knife was wielded by a delicate-minded and tender-hearted girl, to whom before it would have given the keenest distress to inflict pain on any living thing.

Nor was this, perhaps, the worst she had to endure. Having offered the blood and head of the victims to the idols in the manner described, it was her next duty to prepare the body for the feast that followed, to divide it into parts, to wrap them in leaves and put them in the oven and serve the revolting banquet.

The white girl, fortunately, was often too sick to take actual part in these orgies, about which she could never be induced to speak, although she had always been compelled to witness them. The penalty for not participating in them herself she cheerfully bore. It consisted in placing herself at the feet of the idols and gashing her naked body and limbs with a sacrificial knife until she fainted on the floor of the temple. It was that which caused the awful scars and sores we noticed when she was restored to us, a cruel record of by no means the worst things she suffered when a slave of the pagan gods.—Edward Wakefield in Examiner.

### THE TOILET SECRETS OF BEAU- TIFUL CENTURIES AGO.

How Marie Antoinette "Tubbed" and Marie Elizabeth's Cosmetics Bathed in Wine—Some Eighteenth Century Bonbons.

All Paris is buying a new volume entitled "Directions for Woman's Toilette" and the publication of such a book in France is not without significance as a sign of how ideas are progressing in that country. It is something novel to hear our American notions of personal cleanliness laid down for French women by one of themselves; and this book is very great on the subject of baths and daily ablutions, says the Chicago Herald. It shudders with pious horror at the uncleanliness of courtiers and fine ladies in past ages, the days when "one washed their hands but not their feet," as the author naively remarked.

"Unhappy ages," continues the author, "in which people were ignorant of the use of water; a thousand years without a bath," as M. Michel put it in one of his historical works. Bad pestilence and other horrible maladies desolated poor humanity—in fact only to read how the courtiers of Louis XIV neglected their persons makes one sick with disgust." Even in the unwholesome ages gone by the noted beauties found out the secret of preserving their loveliness by additional aids. Isabeau of Bavaria heard that chickenweed was good for the skin and had enormous quantities brewed thereof, and bathed in them daily. Diana of Poitiers was another of the queenly cosmeticians, and plunged into a tub of rainwater every morning.

The eighteenth century beauties looked to be funny in tubbing and put all sorts of funny decoctions into the water to improve their skins—such as the bouillon in which veal had been boiled, water distilled from the honey extracted from roses, a preparation of almond, nutmeg, the milky effluvia of green barley, and luscious distilled with Mexican balsam dissolved by the yolk of an egg. These rather nasty sounding concoctions were feely used by the ladies who sunned themselves at the courts of Louis before the revolution. Queen Marie Antoinette made liberal use of a "tub," putting into the wild thyme, laurel leaves, marjory and a little sea-salt. Marie Catherine de Medici, the Russian beauty who exercised so much influence over Czar Alexander I, used to bathe in Malaga wine, after which the wine was sold to persons about the court for their table consumption without disguise as to its previous use.

But to return to the book. This is the way the authoress describes the "Cabinets de Toilettes" of Parisian women of taste: "Some have the walls lined with porcelain in blue, rose color or pale green, and all the effect is bright and clean, but rather cold to the eye. People generally prefer hangings on the walls in neutral colors or pale tints, so as not to "kill" the effect of the toilets. Often silks of a pale or bright hue are recovered with tulle or muslin in order to tone down their colors and at the same time keep the effect of the texture and folds. Crochets, with large flowers, are also used for the walls but these are not so common. The silks have rather a stiff look.

"I myself should like my dressing room done up in sky blue or lilac, etc., with a few tulle, for these colors, from which all dresses stand out well, would be well retained through the transparent material. On the floor should be a pearl gray carpet, with roses on it, or pearl gray and lilac. From the ceiling should hang a small chandelier, of which one could light the candles for dressing for the evening. I mean wax candles well fixed into their holders and shaded with floral colored crystals, so as to give a pleasing light and yet not spill wax on to velvet or brocade dresses. The window or windows, should be of ground glass, with pretty designs, and be well draped with silk and tulle curtains, having a lace border.

"Into this temple of the toilet, of course the necessary washstand and bureau are to be introduced, but the latter is to be draped like the walls and the former to be provided with a silver service if possible, of fine porcelain at any rate. The chimney piece should be "opposite the windows and have nothing on it but a Dresden clock or a pretty piece of terra cotta with flower vases, or are frequently refilled, or even a single basket full of roses. At one side of the hearth should stand a sofa, in blue or mauve stuff broaded with white, with sundry puffs and folds here and there, a touch of gold, a drapery of soft, silky fabrics, etc. The care of the person who inhabits such a shrine of beauty is, of course, to be provided for on the same scale of aesthetic devotion."

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Herbert Ward demonstrates his usefulness as the husband of a literary woman by taking the entire charge of the literary affairs of his wife, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and making all business arrangements for her. It is following the president of the husbands of actresses who "manage" their actresses-wives on the stage.

### HISTORIC COMPLEXIONS.

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### LOTTERY

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Never be without Pierce's Pellets in the house. They are gentle and effective in action and give immediate relief in cases of indigestion, biliousness and constipation. They do their work thoroughly and leave no bad effects. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One a dose. Best liver pill made.

Herbert Ward demonstrates his usefulness as the husband of a literary woman by taking the entire charge of the literary affairs of his wife, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and making all business arrangements for her. It is following the president of the husbands of actresses who "manage" their actresses-wives on the stage.

### LOTTERY

THE TOILET SECRETS OF BEAU-  
TIFUL CENTURIES AGO.

How Marie Antoinette "Tubbed" and Marie Elizabeth's Cosmetics Bathed in Wine—Some Eighteenth Century Bonbons.

All Paris is buying a new volume entitled "Directions for Woman's Toilette" and the publication of such a book in France is not without significance as a sign of how ideas are progressing in that country. It is something novel to hear our American notions of personal cleanliness laid down for French women by one of themselves; and this book is very great on the subject of baths and daily ablutions, says the Chicago Herald. It shudders with pious horror at the uncleanliness of courtiers and fine ladies in past ages, the days when "one washed their hands but not their feet," as the author naively remarked.

"Unhappy ages," continues the author, "in which people were ignorant of the use of water; a thousand years without a bath," as M. Michel put it in one of his historical works. Bad pestilence and other horrible maladies desolated poor humanity—in fact only to read how the courtiers of Louis XIV neglected their persons makes one sick with disgust." Even in the unwholesome ages gone by the noted beauties found out the secret of preserving their loveliness by additional aids. Isabeau of Bavaria heard that chickenweed was good for the skin and had enormous quantities brewed thereof, and bathed in them daily. Diana of Poitiers was another of the queenly cosmeticians, and plunged into a tub of rainwater every morning.

The eighteenth century beauties looked to be funny in tubbing and put all sorts of funny decoctions into the water to improve their skins—such as the bouillon in which veal had been boiled, water distilled from the honey extracted from roses, a preparation of almond, nutmeg, the milky effluvia of green barley, and luscious distilled with Mexican balsam dissolved by the yolk of an egg. These rather nasty sounding concoctions were feely used by the ladies who sunned themselves at the courts of Louis before the revolution. Queen Marie Antoinette made liberal use of a "tub," putting into the wild thyme, laurel leaves, marjory and a little sea-salt. Marie Catherine de Medici, the Russian beauty who exercised so much influence over Czar Alexander I, used to bathe in Malaga wine, after which the wine was sold to persons about the court for their table consumption without disguise as to its previous use.

But to return to the book. This is the way the authoress describes the "Cabinets de Toilettes" of Parisian women of taste: "Some have the walls lined with porcelain in blue, rose color or pale green, and all the effect is bright and clean, but rather cold to the eye. People generally prefer hangings on the walls in neutral colors or pale tints, so as not to "kill" the effect of the toilets. Often silks of a pale or bright hue are recovered with tulle or muslin in order to tone down their colors and at the same time keep the effect of the texture and folds. Crochets, with large flowers, are also used for the walls but these are not so common. The silks have rather a stiff look.

"I myself should like my dressing room done up in sky blue or lilac, etc., with a few tulle, for these colors, from which all dresses stand out well, would be well retained through the transparent material. On the floor should be a pearl gray carpet, with roses on it, or pearl gray and lilac. From the ceiling should hang a small chandelier, of which one could light the candles for dressing for the evening. I mean wax candles well fixed into their holders and shaded with floral colored crystals, so as to give a pleasing light and yet not spill wax on to velvet or brocade dresses. The window or windows, should be of ground glass, with pretty designs, and be well draped with silk and tulle curtains, having a lace border.

"Into this temple of the toilet, of course the necessary washstand and bureau are to be introduced, but the latter is to be draped like the walls and the former to be provided with a silver service if possible, of fine porcelain at any rate. The chimney piece should be "opposite the windows and have nothing on it but a Dresden clock or a pretty piece of terra cotta with flower vases, or are frequently refilled, or even a single basket full of roses. At one side of the hearth should stand a sofa, in blue or mauve stuff broaded with white, with sundry puffs and folds here and there, a touch of gold, a drapery of soft, silky fabrics, etc. The care of the person who inhabits such a shrine of beauty is, of course, to be provided for on the same scale of aesthetic devotion."

Our dear little daughter was terribly sick; her bowels were bloated as hard as a brick.

We feared she would die.

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### Better than Bonds.

A fruit enthusiast of the Wisconsin section figures out that \$1000 invested in a prime orchard will yield a larger income than \$5000 invested in government bonds. Of course, most of us would rather take the bond's if given the opportunity to choose, but it cannot be denied that the fruit theory has been proved to be correct and the investment in a prime orchard worth at least \$1000 in the reach of most of us, while the investment in stocks of bonds of the size mentioned is small; in fact, we may say it is extremely limited to the number of us who are likely to choose that way. An additional advantage of the fruit theory is that a very large percentage of the investment can be represented by manual labor, while in the bond business labor has no consideration whatever. The Times would advise its readers seeking investments that will bring the "gray hairs" a glory to the grave to advance ago to make the prove to a "without question, unless it is a content to live on very small returns from capital invested.—Jacksonville Times.

Our Winters Will Grow Milder.

A reverse of seasons is supposed to take place upon this earth once in every 10,000 years, due to the varying inclination of the earth's axis. About 1500 years ago we entered the epoch of a more genial winter temperature and if nothing happens to prevent, we may expect a gradual softening of our winter elements during the next nine thousand years, when another glacial epoch will begin. What sort of a country will this be in the year 11,500? Will it resemble Egypt, with remains of great buildings buried or sticking up out of the sand, and known to