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REGISTER Established August, 1881. Consolidated Feb. 1, 1889. Telephone-Register June, 1889.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1892.

VOL. IV. NO. 1

J. W. COWLES, LEE LAUGHLIN, J. L. STRATTON,
 President, Vice President, Cashier
McMINNVILLE NATIONAL BANK.
 McMinnville, Oregon.
 Paid up Capital, \$50,000.

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J. D. Baker M.D.,
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A. G. SMITH M. D.,
 Have associated themselves together, and will be known in the future as Drs. Goucher & Smith. Professional calls attended to day or night. Office: Two doors east of drug store. Residence within a short distance from the office.
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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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 Fresh Meats of all kinds constantly on hand. Highest price paid for Butcher's stock.
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 Situated at the Southwest corner of the Fair Grounds. All sizes of

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 kept constantly on hand at lowest living prices.
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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 found a pure air absolutely free from malaria, good medical beautiful surroundings and magnificent views. Ample references given if desired. For further particulars, address the physician in charge.
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 With a Hoe, SOW FERRY'S SEEDS and nature will do the rest. Seeds largely determine the harvest—always plant the best—FERRY'S. A book full of information about Gardens—how and what to raise etc., sent free to all who ask for it.
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LA GRIPPE
 If you have these symptoms...

LA GRIPPE
 If you have these symptoms...
 By using S. H. HODSON'S Liver Cure and S. H. Cough Cure as directed for colds, they were SUCCESSFULLY cured in two years ago during the La Grippe epidemic, and very flattering testimonials of their power over that disease are at hand. Price 75c and 50c. For sale by Rogers Bros., McMinnville, Or.

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 Soon Lots will be scarce and Command a Higher Price.
 Buy Now Before Too Late.
 Price Ranges \$50 up. For full particulars apply to
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 THE CURE FOR CATARRH OF THE NOSE, HAY-FEVER AND COLD IN HEAD.

Ely's Cream Balm is not a liquid, ointment or powder. Applied into the nostrils it is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the nose, allays inflammation, heals the sores. Sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price.

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O. O. HODSON.
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HAY FORKS, STRAW FORKS, BARLEY FORKS, FORKS at all PRICES.

Penitential Stoves and Ranges, Argand Stoves and Ranges, Stoves and Ranges by the French!

Hose Plain and Wired These!
 Over a Thousand Feet Sold This Season and Still Plenty of Hose Left.

HODSON'S
 Will sell you better goods and at Less Money than any one in town.
 CALL AND SEE HOSE.

FIVE HUSBANDS A PIECE.

THE SHE MORMONS OF INDIA AND THEIR DOMESTIC SYSTEM.

Life Among the Polyandrists—How the Writer had the Narrow Escape from Being One-Fifth of a Married Man.

I have called them the she-Mormons, but that hardly expresses what they are. What I mean is that whereas among the Mormons there are several wives to one husband, among these people there are several husbands to one wife. Just as among the Mormons the man who has the most wives is considered "holy" in proportion to his marriedness, so here the woman who has the most husbands is deemed to do her duty most conscientiously in this world and to have the best chance of happiness in the next. The existence of these strange people in the Nagas hills of India and in some of the remote groups of islands in the Pacific ocean, is as great an anomaly as the existence of the Mormons in a Christian country like the United States. But here they are and there they have been for more ages than history records. They are perfectly satisfied with themselves and fanatically attached to their peculiar institution. Far from feeling bashful or uncomfortable about their domestic arrangements, they have a sort of pitying contempt for all other people, whom they regard as mere barbarians in that respect, however much they may admire them in others. In the same way the Mormons of Utah call decent, moderately married folks "Gentiles," as a term of reproach. The scientific name for the she-Mormons is Polyandrists, from two Greek words, signifying many men or many husbands; but they have no name for themselves, except their tribal or local names, for the simple reason that they do not marry at all. They have got hold of the right way of apportioning the sexes whilst other people have got hold of the wrong way, that is all.

As far as I was able to ascertain there are no wives among them with only one husband. There seems to be some either marries a great deal or she does not marry at all. It would naturally be supposed that there must be a great many unmarried women, since those who do marry absorb an undue share of the eligible men. But, curiously enough, that is not so. For some reason which I cannot explain there is a large excess of males over females, which is all the more remarkable since the greater part of the young men are killed in war. The explanation probably is that female infanticide prevails to a large extent, as it does in China and other countries. Only the healthiest and most promising girls are reared. There are a few unmarried women, but they are looked down upon by men and women alike. They are ill-treated all their lives, and when they die, their bodies are buried in a hole in the ground, and they are not allowed to be buried in the same way as the others. I found myself the object of the tenderest solicitude on the part of a bevy of brown skinned nurses, who were never tired of lavishing on me those fascinating little attentions that seem to be part of untutored woman's nature. They knew how to mix the coolest and most seductive drinks, and how to prepare the most delicate food, and they loved to sit by me for hours together, adjusting their mats or carrying shells, and chatting or singing in the low sweet voices, while the children looked my pillow with flowers and kept up a constant current of air with their great grass fans.

It was not till a week or more of this idyllic existence had passed that I began to notice one or two charming attention that the others. She soon suggested a right to take charge of me, as it were, to shake up my pillows and rearrange my couch a dozen times a day, so that my injured limb might always be at ease, and above all to serve my food with her own hands, having previously prepared every bit of it herself. She showed no feeling against the other girls, but she let them help her seat on me, so to speak, instead of letting them wait on themselves. At length, when I was getting nearly well, the question arose of when would my friend return. I saw how the poor woman dreaded the subject. When I told her of my plans and of my intention to leave the island and to sail away to a distant country, she broke down in tears. I was very sorry, but she would never part with me. Had she not nursed me and made me well again? Why should she be robbed of me?

In this perplexity a thought struck me. I knew that conjugal fidelity was deemed the highest virtue, and that a breach of it, by man or woman, was punished with a horrible death. Here lay a way out of our difficulty. Calling the woman and her husbands into the open space in the midst of the village where groups of excited natives had already assembled, I asked them whether it was lawful for a married man to marry a woman other than his wife. They replied that it would be a crime, an abominable wickedness. I left the rest to my friend. Stepping forward he said: "Then how can you ask this man to marry that woman? He is a married man! He is the husband of my sister, and I will kill him before I will let him marry another woman."

The whole throng of men and women sent up a shout of shame and sorrow, but made no move to restrain us, and before they could recover from their confusion we ran down into our boat, boarded the cutter, slipped her cable and cleared the reef with a rushing tide.

It was the narrowest escape I ever had in my life of being the sixth of a married man.—Edward Washfield in Examiner.

and they are very skillful cooks, furnishing various and wholesome meals from the simplest and sometimes scantiest materials. If any one of their husbands is sick they nurse him devotedly; and if he dies they nearly break their hearts with grief till their buoyancy of spirits gets the upper hand again.

The system on the whole works far better than could be expected. There are exceptions to the rule, however, and in those cases it works very badly indeed. I heard of one where a wife conceived such a passionate partiality for one of her four husbands, the oldest and ugliest of them all, that she insisted on retaining him year after year, to the total exclusion of the others, not one of whom ever saw the inside of the private apartment, the sanctum sanctorum which is assigned in every house to the sole use of the husband and wife of the year. No persuasions could induce her to show any countenance to the others, one of whom was a younger brother of the favored husband. At last, as divorce is unknown there and conjugal fidelity is strictly observed, the three unfortunate bachelors had to await their turn. The favored husband had a pathetic farewell, joined a war expedition against a distant tribe, and never came back.

Another case ended very differently. Here a wife took such a dislike to one of three husbands that she not only would not give him his turn as paterfamilias, but would not have him in the house at all. He was a fine young man and a great warrior and might have had his pick of all the girls in the village, and no one could tell why his wife was so bitter against him. He tried his very best to conciliate her and so did her two other husbands, who were attached friends of his; but all in vain. Not only would she not let him share the home, but she never saw him without assailing him and cursing the day she married him. At last her fury against him reached such a pitch that she dragged out of the house a beautiful three year old boy that called him father and dashed his brains out with a club before his eyes. The young chief could not bear that. He seized the frantic creature in a grasp of irresistible strength and forcing her to the earth he strangled her to death. No one showed any disposition to avenge her fate and the general verdict was that she had died her own right death.

I will conclude this sketch of the she-mormons with a brief narrative of a queer adventure which happened to me on one of the islands where this outlandish institution prevails, and had been compelled to spend some weeks, not in a bed, for there are no beds there, but lying on a mat of scented grass, with a soft mattress of cotton under me. A friend who was travelling with me at the time, hired for this purpose a large airy hut, shaded by a magnificent mango tree and surrounded by a paradise of flowering shrubs and perfume-bearing plants.

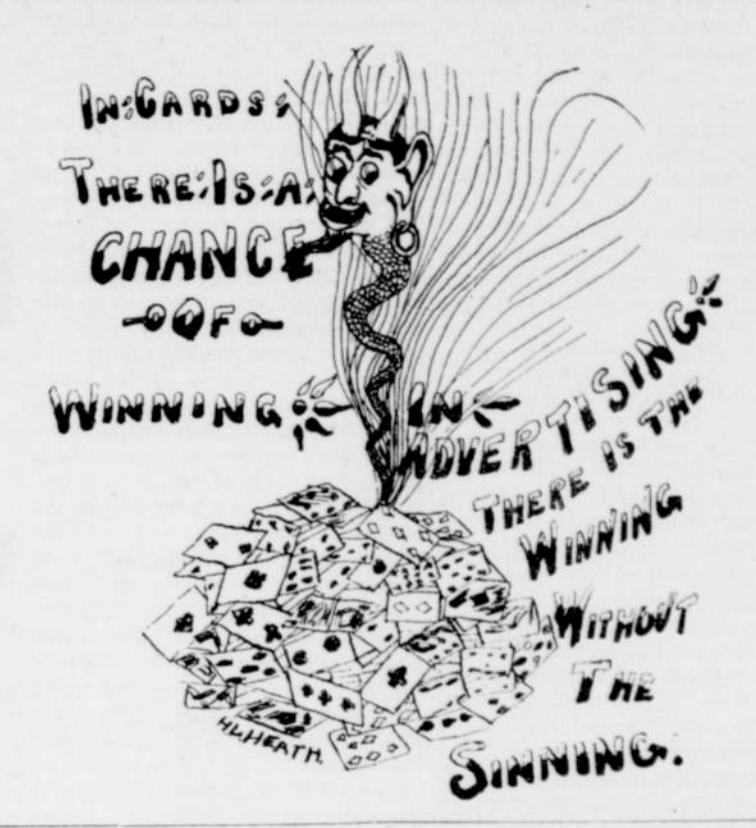
I found myself the object of the tenderest solicitude on the part of a bevy of brown skinned nurses, who were never tired of lavishing on me those fascinating little attentions that seem to be part of untutored woman's nature. They knew how to mix the coolest and most seductive drinks, and how to prepare the most delicate food, and they loved to sit by me for hours together, adjusting their mats or carrying shells, and chatting or singing in the low sweet voices, while the children looked my pillow with flowers and kept up a constant current of air with their great grass fans.

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BUSINESS MEN TAKE NOTICE.



WORLD'S FAIR WOMEN.
 A VERY LARGE EXHIBITION OF WOMAN'S PROGRESS.

American Women at the Head of the Progression the World Over—The Ladies Prominently Connected with the Enterprise.

The women of the United States are taking, both singly and collectively, the most intense interest in the World's Fair. There is no diversity of opinion as to the part that women shall take in the fair, and the fair will probably have a better exhibit of woman's work than any national exposition has ever had in the past. It was from Washington that the movement was started which gave woman a representation on the board of managers, and there is in existence there a society called the Isabella Memorial League. This is named after Queen Isabella of Spain, who furnished the funds which enabled Columbus to discover America, and who, more than any man in the world, is entitled to the credit for the opening up of our continent.

No effort will be spared in the coming exposition to show how women are now managing all kinds of business in the United States, including steamboat lines and street cars, and how they are engaged in every industry and trade, from type-writing to medicine, and from the law to the raising of fine stock. A part of the exposition will show the inventive genius of women and it will demonstrate that some of the best patents in the United States have been taken out by her, and the whole exhibit of the woman's department will put the American woman at the head of her sisters, the world over.

The work of organizing woman's exhibits is being pushed rapidly, and the board of ladies managers, a most interesting name, by the way, give the most encouraging reports of progress in all directions.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, the president of the board, is one of the brightest women of the United States. Born in Louisville, she was educated in Washington, and it was 1871 that she married the noted Chicago millionaire who at that time had made a fortune in dry goods and had retired to enjoy his wealth. He had his money to a large extent, invested in Chicago business property, and a year after his marriage the great fire came and his losses were terrible. He had then a net of 120,000, and his income in a night was reduced from \$200,000 to nothing. Ninety-five of his buildings were destroyed by the fire and when he figured up his assets after it was over he found that he had not enough of an income to pay his taxes.

Mr. Palmer talked the matter over with his wife and with her discussed the question as to whether he should rebuild or sell out and go elsewhere. His wife told him that he had no business to sell out and that it was the duty of every Chicago man to stay just where he was and to devote both his fortune and his energy to building up the then burnt city. Mrs. Potter and her husband then went over the situation together and the result was that the Palmer income was kept up again and it is said that Potter Palmer has about \$5,000,000 in Chicago real estate.

Mrs. General John A. Logan's name is a household word in connection with numerous enterprises for the practical advancement of women, and her name heads a score of charitable boards and philanthropic societies. She has done a great deal in connection with the World's Fair and she has her own ideas as to what part the women should take in it.

A curious feature of the preparation for the World's Fair is a set of lectures to be delivered by Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, one of the national committee, to illustrate the work of women in all parts of the world. The profits of these lectures are to be used to defray the expenses of a young woman from each state to the world's fair, who would otherwise be unable to go to Chicago. These women are to be women workers and who have exhibits.

The vice president of the ladies' organization of the fair is Mrs. Beriah Wilkins, wife of the ex-congressman, Mrs. Wilkins is a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed Ohio woman, who is noted for her popularity. She was a leading social figure during the administration of President Cleveland, and often received with Mrs. Carlisle while Senator Carlisle was speaker of the house. She is a woman of practical common sense

THERE WERE NO LEGS.

So the Audience of Twelve Shot Out the Lights.

"The smallest and most unappreciative audience I ever saw," said Tagliapietra, the haritone, "was in Marshall, Tex., fourteen or fifteen years ago. It consisted solely of twelve cowboys, and they stayed in the house just two minutes. At the end of that time they showed their want of approval by shooting out the footlights and leaving the hall. The stage was a rude platform at one end, raised on horses so that one could see clear under it. Not more than four or five people could go on at once, but we had to have the \$300 and I decided to give the show. I asked Major Cumming, the manager, if he had any scenery, and he replied with great dignity that he most certainly had. When I came around at night I was dumfounded by discovering that the scenery consisted of common sheets tacked up at the rear and sides of the stage. There was no curtain and a dozen kerosene oil lamps served as footlights. There was no use kicking, so we got ready to produce La Favorita under these conditions.

"There was not a soul in the house when we commenced, but we were told the audience was across the street getting a drink and would come over as we got to work. In a few minutes they came—twelve tall, lank-necked cowboys, with their trousers in their boots, broad sombreros, clanking spurs, pistols in their belts and a lantern in the right hand of each man stalked noisily in and sat down on the frame benches. Poor Little, who was on the stage, nearly fainted, as I hastened on the first chorus and rushed as many as I could on the stage as we could. The rest stood around on the floor. The cowboys listened patiently until they could make themselves heard, when the leader sang out:

"Say, Muncieber, ain't there no legs in this show?"

"I replied very deferentially that we were wedded to music and that Tagliapietra's Grand Opera company was not a leg show. A look of great disgust spread over the leader's face, and he said:

"Thunder! Boys, let's mosey," and drawing out his pistol, shot out the lamp nearest without spilling a drop of oil. Each man followed suit, till the lights were all extinguished; then grudgingly picked up their lanterns and courteously invited us all to take a drink. Then they stalked out as gravely and silently as they came in."

OSWEGO.

The Future Manufacturing Suburb of Portland—Already a Lot Built of \$40,000 Per Month.

It is a well known fact that a manufactory, employing labor, no matter where situated, is the nucleus of a city. The greater the number of employees, the greater the prospective city. The Knapp gun works of Germany support a city of 95,000; the Pullman Palace Car Co. of Pullman, Ill., a city of 12,000; Oswego, Or., is in its infancy. To-day the Oregon Iron & Steel Works and other industries, make a pay roll of \$42,000 a month. With an increase in the manufacturing output, the city increases in population. Population increases values in real estate; therefore Oswego offers to-day, to the careful investor, the very best field for investment. Oswego is only two miles outside the limits of Consolidated Portland and has cheap train service of 8 cents a trip, and eight trains a day; also six steamboats each way on the Willamette. Oswego is a beautiful site for a town. Oswego has a splendid 2,400 water power, which is offered to manufacture for a term of years free, and land with it. Oswego has pure spring water in pipes over the town. Oswego is a beautiful lake where the pleasure lovers of Portland will soon establish a summer resort. Property values in Oswego will advance rapidly and permanently, as its future is founded on the development of the favorable location for manufacturing. Lots in Oswego invite the home-seeker. Lots sold on easy installments of \$10 down and \$5 a month. Ask the publisher of this paper for a plat of Oswego, or address a postal card to Bartwick, Hatty & Co., 71 Alder street, Portland, Or.

Having With Wolves.

Many a thrilling tale has been told by travellers of a race with wolves across the frozen steppes of Russia. Sometimes only the picked bones of the hapless traveller are found to tell the tale. In our own country there are legends of a life-and-death race against the wolf consumption. The best weapon with which to fight the foe is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This renowned remedy has cured myriads of cases when all other medicines and doctors had failed. It is the greatest blood purifier and restorer of strength known to the world. For all forms of scrofulous affections (and consumption is one of them) it is unequalled as a remedy.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.
 Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.
 Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Pastries, and Wholesome.
 No other baking powder does such work.