

Look at the Map.

State of Oregon, Yamhill County. Here you will find the most productive section in the world. Land is cheap, offering special inducements to fruit raisers and dairymen.

Look at the Map.

The Telephone-Register.

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

REGISTER—Established August, 1881. Consolidated Feb. 1, 1893. TELEPHONE—Established June, 1892.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1893.

VOL. IV. NO. 46

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McMinnville, Yamhill County. Here is the County seat. Here is published THE TELEPHONE-REGISTER, monarch of home newspapers, accorded first place in all the Directories.

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TO CLOSE OUT.

Desiring to close out our business we will sell everything now in stock at cost. This stock, as our customers will know, contains everything in

THE GROCERY LINE.

Canned Goods In Endless Variety

Crockery and Glassware.

MILLSAP & SON.

W. F. DIELSCHNEIDER.

Watchmaker and Jeweler. Dealer in All Kinds of Watches, Jewelry, Plated Ware, Clocks and Spectacles, McMINNVILLE, OR.

CALBREATH & COUCHER.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. (Office over Draly's Bank.) McMinnville, Oregon.

J. D. BAKER. SURGEON AND HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN. Office upstairs in the Garrison Building.

RAMSEY & FENTON. ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. McMinnville, Oregon. Office, Rooms 1 and 2 Union Block.

J. P. TURNEY. SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN. Speciality of surgery and diseases of women. Union Block. McMinnville, Or.

J. C. MICHAUX. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. LAFAYETTE, OREGON. Jan. 31, '93.

W. E. MARTIN. Has the Finest Saloon in the City and keeps the Best Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Billiard, Pool and Card rooms in connection. Post Millwaukie Beer on draught.

McMINNVILLE TRUCK AND DRAY CO. CARLIN & COULTER, Proprietors. Goods of all descriptions moved and careful handling guaranteed. Collections will be made monthly. Hauling of all kinds done cheap.

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.

J. W. COWLES, LEE LAUGHLIN, E. C. APPERSON. President, Vice President, Cashier. McMinnville National Bank. McMinnville, Oregon.

Paid up Capital, \$50,000. Transacts a General Banking Business, Deposits Received Subject to Check.

Interest allowed on time deposits. Sell light exchange and telegraphic transfers on New York, San Francisco and Portland. Collections made on all accessible points. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL. Send name, age, sex, symptoms, or send photo of the part affected. We will send you a full prescription for the cure. No charge for the medicine. Write to W. F. Sawyer, Myrick's Treatise, Cor. 10th & 11th Sts., New York, N. Y.

Have You Ever Noticed That?

Have you ever noticed when you're buying berries by the peck that those on top are large and ripe, without a spot or speck, while those beneath are small and green—not worth the looking at, and are almost worthless—have you ever noticed that?

Have you ever noticed in the winter, when the days are cold, the farmer leaves a larger chunk than what your horse will hold; but when the days are scorching hot and nearly fry your fat, he leaves the merest trifle—have you ever noticed that?

Have you ever noticed that the man who's always telling you about the wonderful things he's done and what he's going to do, is loafing at the present time—his purse is lusted flat, and "won't you lend a fever?" have you ever noticed that?

Have you ever noticed fishermen all have such awful luck? The mammoth fish they nearly caught fell back into the brook, and while of great fresh water whales they ever wildly chat, they bring home tiny minnows—have you ever noticed that?

Have you ever noticed office-seekers, ere election day, grasp everybody's hand and something kind and fetching say, and who, when safe in office, with a salary big and fat, forget the humble voter—have you ever noticed that?

BUFFALOS IN HARNESS.

TAMING SURVIVORS OF A ONCE MIGHTY HERD.

Some Interesting Experiments on the Famous Jones Ranch in Nebraska—Success in Breeding the Hybrid "Catalo"—Conducting a Bison Farm to Save the Species From Total Extinction.

Five miles west from the city of Omaha, Nebraska, grazing over a magnificent rolling prairie may be seen these days a herd of strange looking animals. A barbed-wire fence limits their wanderings, and a group of whooping cowboys, mounted on branded ponies, rounds them up morning and night in a corral, where the curious are permitted to view them at 25 cents a view.

They are American bison, curiosities even in this western city and on these hills which only a few years ago shook with the tread of the mighty armies of their ancestors. What magnificent monsters they are, and how grandly they loom up over their puny kindred on the neighboring hills, the domestic cattle.

There are sixty in the herd, and Juno is the monarch. Plainmen who have slaughtered his kinsmen by the hundred, say they never saw a finer animal. He weighs 3000 pounds; his brown beard nearly sweeps the ground. His strong black horns are almost lost in a magnificent crest of silky brown hair, and his shoulders are level with the head of a tall man. "Devilish Dick" as he is called, is almost as fine a specimen, but there is a vicious gleam in his eye which prevents a very close inspection of his points. Four years ago one of the cowboys came a little too near this tremendous brute and one sudden toss of the massive head sent the cowboy to the country where there are not supposed to be buffaloes.

This is the C. J. Jones herd of buffaloes, one of the few melancholy remnants of the millions that once swarmed over the plains, and almost the only hope of the perpetuation of the species. The disgraceful story of the extermination of the American bison has no parallel in the history of game slaughter.

As late as 1871 it is estimated that there were in the great southern herd, which covered the country south of the line of the Union Pacific railway, between 5,000,000 and 1,000,000 head. In that year the railways penetrated the country and the systematic slaughter began.

To-day even the bones which whitened the plains for miles have disappeared and there is not known to survive a single specimen in a wild state. With the Jones herd an earnest and intelligent effort is being made to save the species from utter extinction, and the fact that the animals can be domesticated and made a source of profit has also been demonstrated.

In 1873 Mr. Jones began to realize that the wholesale slaughter was beginning to make rumpus upon what then appeared an inexhaustible supply of game, and made his first effort to preserve the species. On the Solomon river in western Kansas he captured seven calves which he subsequently sold. He went on expeditions to the fast receding haunts of the animals each year afterwards until 1888, and the herd now at Omaha is a testimonial to his courage, skill and pluck in the chase. Everyone of the adult animals was run down, lassoed and tied with his own hands.

His last and greatest feat was in May 1880. There was known to be at that time a small herd in the uninhabited "panhandle" of Texas which could not long escape the men. With an elaborate outfit of men, horses and camp equipment Mr. Jones started from Garden City, Kansas, to capture it. For forty-two days and nights the party followed the animals across the stacked plains until they had finally lassoed or rounded up the entire herd. Only buffalo hunters can realize what this achievement means.

From this herd "Buffalo" Jones now secures three or four full blooded buffalo calves each year and a number of

half-breeds—"catalo" he calls them. The hybrid product of the buffalo and Galloway cattle is a magnificent animal. Its robe is nearly black, fine and silky in texture, and with a brilliant luster, characteristic of the Galloway cattle. For enough of one of these robes to make a coat Lady Foster, wife of Treasurer Foster of Canada, once offered Mr. Jones \$300, saying she preferred it to seal.

In half-breed the domestic animals seem to predominate, and the casual observer might not notice the long hair the small hump at the shoulder and the slight shaginess about the head. These catalo have been bred back until they were only one-sixteenth domestic, when even his trained eye could see no difference from the full blooded buffalo.

The profits of buffalo raising are very considerable. The animal feeds cheaply and looks after himself in all sorts of weather. His robe also is worth five times as much as wool. In domestication his meat is equal to any range beef. One good animal will yield each year for enough to make a blanket. A taxidermist will give from \$100 to \$500 for his head, and if Mr. Jones' big bull, Juno, were put on the market he would bring \$1000.

What the possibilities of domestication may be are yet to be determined. The two big bulls of the Omaha herd are driven to a cart by the owner, and when it is considered that their agility is remarkable for the size of the animals, that their strength is tremendous and that they have the speed of the average horse, this means something.

Mr. Jones is more than an adventurer or a speculator. He has become an enthusiast on the subject of buffaloes, and no man ever rode hobby more earnestly or honestly. When he began capturing these animals he knew no plainmen, but his association with them has filled him with a love for the great shaggy brutes and a zeal for their salvation that is quite sublime in its way.

In beginning the work of subjugation pitchforks were used by men when going about among the animals, but the buffaloes were intelligent enough to comprehend the nature of the sharp tines, and when the pitchforks were not to be seen they reassured their majesty. Mr. Jones hit upon the device of having short pieces of gas-pipe plugged at either end with wood and these plugs filled with sharp brads. These weapons were carried concealed, and when the animals became demonstrative they were jabbed into the tough hides or hurled at the big humps with all the force possible. At first the burly fellows received these attacks with a pained surprise, but in time they apparently concluded that these mysterious prods were a part of man and they better not provoke attack. At any rate, they have become quite docile under the treatment. Men go among them quite freely, separating them or driving them about as readily as though they were so many cows.

In connection with his work of domestication, Mr. Jones has experimented with the buffalo's fur, and has succeeded in making a cloth as fine as lamb's wool. Under the long, coarse hair of the animal is a short fur of softness of even texture. When the hair is shed in the summer the under fur either falls off or is plucked by hand. In the latter case the animals are tied, and the more unruly are thrown to the ground and their legs fastened by ropes fore and aft. There are ten to twelve pounds of fur on an animal, enough to make a big brown blanket as warm as an old time buffalo robe and as light as a bedspread. This cloth sells as high as \$20 a yard. Mr. Jones wears in winter an overcoat made of it and trimmings of the glossy fur of the catalo, and underclothing stockings and other garments have been woven of the same material. He presented one of the blankets to the Prince of Wales for use as a lap robe, and has received a grateful acknowledgment of the unique gift.

In his several expeditions Mr. Jones captured 130 buffaloes eighty-two of which survived. Full grown animals taken wild invariably die in captivity. He had no success saving any over six months old. Many animals, even among the younger ones, died apparently in fits of anger. When they found themselves prisoners they went into a fearful rage, stiffened their limbs as though in cramps, lay down and died. Others broke their necks in trying to escape.

On his first expedition Mr. Jones captured eleven buffaloes but saved only four. He was 200 miles from a ranch having a cow, and he had to feed the little fellows on condensed milk which did not agree with them. On his third trip he took cows with him to the stacked plains of Texas, and of thirty-seven saved thirty-two.

Most of the animals were from three weeks to four months old. The buffalo calf is of a tawny color, resembling the hue of the sand and the grass and the shrubbery of the plains. For the first three weeks of its life it is hidden by its mother, and its color blends so closely with its surroundings that wolves and other enemies may pass within a rod of it without discovering its presence.

In addition to his own captures Mr. Jones bought forty-two buffaloes in Manitoba, fourteen of which succumbed on the journey south. He has raised seven them dropped this year, and has every prospect of continued success in that direction. He has ten of these catalo. The buffalo and the catalo, by the way, run together, and the domestic cow suckles a full grown bison as calmly as though an infant of its own species.

Mr. Jones has furnished buffaloes from his herd to parks all the way from the Golden Gate on the Pacific, to Austin Corbin's rookribbed estate in

Vermont. Others have gone to stir the curious interest of gazing holiday crowds in Europe. Wild west shows and rich individuals with private zoos to stock have also drawn on this herd for their supplies.

The oldest buffalo living is supposed to be one in a Paris zoological garden, which is known to be twenty-nine years old. Juno, nine years of age, is the patriarch of the Nebraska herd. These animals breed readily in captivity and this herd is capable of an enormous increase if properly handled.

Some time ago Mr. Jones made a generous proposition to the government looking to the regeneration of the race. He offered, if the government would provide the land and pay the bare expenses, to take his herd to Texas, watch them carefully and let them breed for twenty years without taking any of them away. A congressional committee made a report favoring the setting aside of the land, but omitted the necessary appropriation on the plea that all of Uncle Sam's spare cash was needed for dredging unknown creeks and piling fatheadless wallows. Unfortunately Mr. Jones is a poor man. Austin Corbin and certain Englishmen are scheming for possession of the herd, and there is danger that this, the buffalo's last hope of salvation, may be ruined.

WHERE THE WOMAN RULES.

Among the Pueblo Indians she is Supreme in the Household.

The laws of the Pueblo's are simple but admirable, and are thoroughly enforced. Crime is practically unknown, and for occasional minor lapses the offender is induced to jail by a handcuff more civilized than our own, since it fits about the neck and the culprit can neither be tortured by it, nor reach nor pull back upon his captors. The gentleness of officials and laymen is notable. A resister is never clubbed nor choked in our prisons. The social order is a humble one. I tried to yell, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around the curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew his soft plug, went down grade fifty feet to the mile, and not a confounded brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute and calling for more steam. My hair stood up like a cat's tail, because I knew the game was up.

"Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the headlight of the 'special.' In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw ears shivered into atoms, people mangled and mangled and bleeding and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There was a dead stand still, with the door of the fire box open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing at the people before him. If I live to be a thousand years old I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."

Feats of Penmanship.

John J. Taylor, of Streator, Ill., once wrote 4,100 words on the blank side of a postal card. This was sent to a Chicago paper, which heralded the story to the world as being the most wonderful piece of penwork ever executed. As a matter of fact, Mr. Taylor's effort has been discounted on several occasions. Beady, the penman of Ottery St. Mary, Liverpool, once wrote the following pieces entire, without the slightest abbreviation, all upon a piece of white card-board three and a half inches in size. Goldsmith's "Traveler," "The Deserted Village," "Essay on Education," "Distress of a Disabled Soldier," "The Tale of Akin," "Generosity," "Justice," "Irresolution of Youth," "Fidelity of Man," "Friendship" and "The Genius of Love." In the center of the card there was a perfect picture of Ottery church, all of the shades and lines being formed of parts of the writing. As a kind of tail piece he added the anthem of "God Save the Queen," embellished it with 72 stars, 51 crescents and 19 crosses, finishing the whole by drawing a picture of a serpent, which enclosed the whole of the prodigious production. If you wish to ascertain exactly how much Beady's effort exceeded that of Mr. Taylor, count the words in Goldsmith's pieces.

It is our earnest desire to impress upon the minds of the public the superiority of the service offered by the Wisconsin Central Lines to Milwaukee, Chicago, and all points east and south. Two fast trains daily leave St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, equipped with Pullman vestibuled drawing room sleepers, dining cars and coaches of the latest design. Its dining car services unsurpassed, which account, to a great degree, for the popularity of this line. The Wisconsin Central lines in connection with the Northern Pacific R. R. is the only lines from Pacific coast points over which both Pullman vestibuled, first class and Pullman tourist cars are operated via St. Paul without change, to Chicago.

Pamphlets giving valuable information can be obtained free upon application to your nearest ticket agent, or JAS. C. POST, Gen'l Pass. and Trk. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

The original of the symbol "ewt." for hundredweight is as follows: (C is the initial letter of the Latin word "centum," meaning a hundred, and wt are the first and last letters of the word "weight," and are used for a contraction of it.)

Mexico has 22,500 miles of telegraph and 6,600 of railroad. A district messenger service will soon be introduced.

One Small Blue Bean every night for a week arouse Torpid Livers. 25c. per bottle.

HYPNOTIZED BY A PIANIST.

How a Railroad Engineer Interpreted a Recital by a Master.

"I was lounging around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the oldest locomotive engineers running into New Orleans, to a Times-Democrat reporter, "and as I had nothing to do I dropped into a concert and heard a slick-looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the keys away upon one end just as if he were gauges and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up as if he wanted to see how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed out on the main line as if he was half an hour late.

"You could hear thunder over the culverts and bridges, and getting faster and faster, until the fellow roared about in his seat like a madman. Somehow I thought it was old '39' pulling a passenger train a getting out of the way of a special. The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the driver went like a buzz saw, and I got excited. About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little, he kicked the damper under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle away back under the tender, and, Jerusalem jumpers! how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that she was 'pounding' on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ashpan.

"But he didn't hear. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, the trees appeared to be a mudbank and all the time the exhaust sounded like the hum of a hummer. I tried to yell, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around the curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew his soft plug, went down grade fifty feet to the mile, and not a confounded brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute and calling for more steam. My hair stood up like a cat's tail, because I knew the game was up.

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Wives are sentimental, too. They are clearly love presents that seem to come directly from the heart and which are such as no one else could possibly give. A crayon picture of yourself, life-size and tastefully framed would make a very loving gift. A link bracelet with your pet name for her engraved upon the inside of it would be appreciated and so would one of the new and pretty rings, which seem specially designed for love gifts.

A wife with a woman's true unselfishness is pleased with gifts which are meant quite as much for the family as for herself. An encyclopedia with all its volumes complete, for example, or an unabridged dictionary, or a new table for the sitting room with a shelf underneath and a top large enough to do duty for all the evening occupations would be well received by her.

Wives like pretty furniture. They like brass bedsteads; they have a feeling almost akin to love for dressing tables and dressing bureaus and they may be said to feel a species of household adoration for divans, low book-cases, carved paper stands and music racks.

These things sound very grand and expensive. But, really, they are not expensive at all. You can buy a very presentable specimen of almost any of the things just mentioned for a sum within the limits of a ten dollar bill.

Wives are very fond of gloves. Perhaps they are more so than one would at first suppose, for the reason that a woman who has a husband and a family to provide for does not as readily spend money for gloves as does the one who has herself alone to buy for.

Wives are delighted to be presented with little things which show love and thoughtfulness. A certain wife, not far from New York was charmed last Christmas to get a pair of dainty red house slippers of shiniest leather, with scarlet hose to match.

A great pot of plants for the parlor at first suppose, for the reason that a woman who has a husband and a family to provide for does not as readily spend money for gloves as does the one who has herself alone to buy for.

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PRESENTS FOR WIVES.

Which They Will be Very Glad to Receive on Christmas Day.

Strange, isn't it, that a man never knows what to give his wife for a Christmas present? He may live with her year after year, and yet, when it comes to selecting a Christmas gift he is apparently as much in the dark upon the subject of her tastes and desires as if he had just met her for the first time. But, since Christmas is surely coming, and since men will be men—and only men—to the end of the chapter, it is well to take the situation right in hand and advise these benighted as to the tastes of women in general and wives in particular.

Wives all like the same things. Or at least there are many things which all wives like. Whoever saw a wife who didn't want a nice, upright piano, a big rug, some new pictures or a pretty new chair?

But these things are rather expensive, and the man who does not feel that he cares to spend more than ten good dollars for even so great a thing as "my wife's" Christmas present can find many lovely things entirely within his figure.

The list of desirable gifts may be headed with an article which is perfectly sure to please. No doubt about it. What is it? Why, a fine umbrella, of course. Select, if you can, a handle which matches your wife's winter costume. You know in winter a woman carries an umbrella two or three days in the week, so make the gift such a pretty one that it will be an ornament, and not a burden. Beautiful umbrellas with Dresden china handles can be bought at from \$4 to \$20. A nice one, which you need not be ashamed to give can be bought for about \$6. Then there is the whole line of gold and silver handles and finely carved ones of natural wood from which to choose. You can surely find a very acceptable present here.

Wives have a great fondness for nice furs. If your wife is wearing black garments and if you feel sure that she has not bought a muff for two or three years get her a sable muff or a Persian lamb, or a mink muff trimmed with cunning little heads and tails; or get her a new-fashioned boa. And if she dresses in colors there are many beautiful fur and feather neck trimmings which women like and which are to be bought of all dealers.

Wives are sentimental, too. They are clearly love presents that seem to come directly from the heart and which are such as no one else could possibly give. A crayon picture of yourself, life-size and tastefully framed would make a very loving gift. A link bracelet with your pet name for her engraved upon the inside of it would be appreciated and so would one of the new and pretty rings, which seem specially designed for love gifts.

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THE MYSTERIOUS COMET.

Trotting through Space 1875 Times Faster than Nancy Hanks.

After the general disappointment at learning that the new comet now speeding around the sun is not the famous short period comet of Biela—and cannot be expected to touch our planet, public interest in celestial events has been rekindled by the earth's encounter with large shoals of meteors that must be regarded as debris of Biela's comet. Along the immense orbit which the Biela comet once won, when entire, to travel, there must be scattered numerous meteoric clouds of sufficient density to give rise to star-showers. On November 27, 1872, twenty-six years after the comet divided into parts, when the earth was passing its old track, a memorable storm of blazing meteors was encountered. On the next passage of the comet's orbit, in November, 1888, the exhibition of the Biela meteors was repeated. On the latter occasion Professor H. A. Newton estimated that the total hourly number of meteors visible at one place in a clear sky reached a maximum of about seventy-five thousand. The densest part of the stream was not over one hundred thousand miles in thickness, and it was calculated that the meteors did not leave the orbit of the Biela comet earlier than 1841 and might be considered to have orbits oscillating to turn them subjected to careful study.

In such showers the Biela meteors always emanate from Andromeda, and they are projected in lines parallel to the comet's orbit at the point where it intersects the orbit of the earth. A chart of the shower of November '72, shows a few random meteors cutting wildly across the paths of the Bielas, but these errant stars do not belong to the same system. All the Bielas do not move in straight lines, some being diverted perhaps by striking the air and meeting with sufficient resistance to turn them aside from their original line of flight. As the meteors of the Biela system are traveling in almost the same direction as the earth in its orbit, they appear to be somewhat tardy in their movement, emit a red light and ordinarily have short trails. Although more than once this week very striking displays of these meteors from Andromeda have been reported in various parts of the United States, it is improbable, though not absolutely certain, that equally fine or finer displays are in store for us.

These minute and mysterious bodies making their silent revolutions about the sun in an orbit several hundred millions of miles long may have some wonderful tales to tell of the remote regions of space which for ages they have periodically visited. Through the debris of disintegrated comets, they must have had an important history before they ever came together to compose a tenuous cometary fabric.

Most probably, as is generally supposed, they were originally stragglers to the system and fragments of sidereal masses shattered by collision, or, as Mr. Croll suggests, projected from nebula by the explosive force of the heat of concussion which produced the nebula. In either case they may yet make important revelations respecting the physical history of the stars from which they were once thrown off, and at least attest the unity of the material universe. We are warranted in expecting this from the fact that the volcanic dust ejected from the depths of our giant cones, as Cotopaxi and Vesuvius, when subjected to careful analysis, proves to be chemically akin to the meteoric dusts reaching the earth from distant realms of space.—New York Herald.

Five Dollars Well Invested.

"Read again upon the waters will return again—sometimes," moralized Thad Holt, of Texas, as he sat in the rotunda of the Laclede and trimmed his nails with a bowie-knife bearing a six-inch blade. "In 1860 I was going down the river from Memphis to New Orleans. There were three or four gamblers aboard and several wealthy planters, and they were all high rollers. As I paced the deck I noticed a long link Mississippi leaning against the wheelhouse. He looked as though he hadn't experienced the luxury of a square meal for a week. I felt like giving him a dollar, but hardly knew how to make the tender. Young antebellum Southerner was a very 'teehy' party, and I began paving the way for my contemplated benefaction. 'Beautiful night,' I said. 'I reckon' was the reply. 'Live down here,' he said. 'Say look here,' I exclaimed. 'You look like a fellow that had gone against the buck and got broke. Can I do anything for you?' He looked at me a moment, then his chin quivered a little as he said: 'Dunno. I'm busted fatter'n a sandbar. Mont lend me a dollar or two. I slipped a \$5 gold piece into his hand. 'You're white, mister—white clean through,' he said and turned away. An hour later I found him sitting at the gambling table with a stack of gold and bills in front of him that would fill a ping bat.

"The next morning he came to me and slipped a \$100 bill into my hand. He gave me his name and took mine. I had about forgotten the circumstances when I was called on by attorney and informed that my acquaintance of the boat was dead and named me as his heir. He left an estate in Mississippi valued at \$18,000.

The hill near Jerusalem where the crucifixion of Jesus occurred, is formed of limestone. The shores of the Dead sea are lined with pumice-stone showered out of some volcano that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, which cities finally sank beneath the waters of the Dead Sea.