

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.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1893.

VOL. V. NO. 4

Look at the Map.

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.

Look at the Map.

Established August, 1881. Consolidated Feb. 1, 1889.

DR. BAKER,
PHYSICIAN AND HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.
Upstairs in the Garrison Building.

W. FENTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Rooms 1 and 2 Union Block.

M. RAMSEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Rooms 6 and 7 Union Block.

TURNEY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office of surgery and diseases of women in Block McMinnville, Or.

MICHAUX,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
LAFAYETTE, OREGON

DIELSCHNEIDER,
Watchmaker and Jeweler.
All kinds of Watches, Jewelry, Plate Ware and Spectacles, McMinnville, Or.

BREATH & GOUCHER,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
(Office over Braly's Bank.)
McMinnville, Oregon

McMINNVILLE
WICK AND DRAY CO.,
BLIN & COLLIER, Proprietors.
All descriptions moved and care and packing guaranteed. Collections will be made monthly. Hauling of all kinds.

COMMERCIAL STABLE
Gates & Henry, Props.
McMinnville, Oregon.

Feed and Sale
Everything New
And Firstclass.
Accommodations for Commercial Travelers.
Second and E Streets, one block
Cooks Lane.

W. L. LAUGHLIN & C. APPERSON
McMinnville National Bank.
McMinnville, Oregon.
Capital, \$50,000.

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TRADE MARK
ERADICATES BLOOD POISON AND BLOOD TAIN.
SPECIAL bottles of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) entirely cleansed my system of contagious blood poison of the very worst type.
Wm. S. Loomis, Shreveport, La.

TRADE MARK
CURES SCROFULA EVEN IN ITS WORST FORMS.
I HAD SCROFULA in 1881, and cleaned my system entirely from it by taking seven bottles of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.)
C. W. WILCOX, Spartanburg, S. C.

TRADE MARK
HAS CURED HUNDREDS OF CASES OF SKIN CANCER.
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

TRADE MARK
Bile Beans
Small
Guaranteed to cure Bilious attacks, Sick Headache and Constipation. 40 in each bottle. Price 25c. For sale by druggists.
Picture 7, 17, 20, and sample dose free.
J. F. SMITH & Co., Proprietors, NEW YORK.

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SKULLS AND CROSSBONES.
WITHIN THE GHOSTLY PRECINCTS OF SAN NICOLAS ISLAND.
Unknown Mysteries that are Inviting to Lovers of Adventure and Archeological Research—A Modern Golgotha Where Spectral Lights Gleam at Night Upon Countless Deaths' Heads.

The Channel Islands off the coast of Santa Barbara and San Buenaventura are objects of curiosity and mystery to all but a few lovers of adventure and archeological research. These islands constitute California's only archipelago except the six rocky islets of the Farallones. Notwithstanding this and the unique attractions of the southern group, they are today more solitary and unvisited than in the centuries preceding the settlement of this coast by the Americans. Each island has its own wild tradition which in years gone by has been imperfectly chronicled by writers of romance who gazed wistfully out to their dim, sea-circled heights from old Mission gardens alongshore. What visitor to Ventura but has heard some sea hunters' account of the nameless hermit of San Clemente; the grim legends of Acaepa, the Demon Island of Indian superstition; the eager quest after smugglers' treasure in the wonderful caves of Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz and the breathless tramps over San Miguel's twin peaks in search of Cabrillo's unmarked grave?

But all these thrilling stories must sink into insignificance before the marvelous history of San Nicolas, one of the smallest of the group and the farthest from the mainland. It was on this strip of sandstone that a woman lived alone for eighteen years, and was at last rescued by Captain Niveley in 1853, who brought her to his home in Santa Barbara, where she died a year later. This female Crusoe was the last of a superior race who once inhabited this island, and whom Cabrillo described as "comparatively white and of ruddy complexion." The native men were finally exterminated by Aleutian skin hunters and the women left alone on Ghalashat or Sea Otter Island, as San Nicolas was then called. When these women were brought off the island by the Mission padres one of their number was unintentionally left behind. For the half of a century this poor unfortunate has been known as the "lone woman of San Nicolas." Her shag-skin dress and other relics are yet on exhibition in Rome, where they were sent by the Santa Barbara fathers.

San Nicolas is eighty miles south of San Buenaventura. Its topography shows nearly level plateau with an elevation of 800 to 1,000 feet. The length of the island is seven and a half miles and the average width four miles. Two-thirds of the surface is covered with drifting sand, and the remainder grows a species of nutritious grass and moss on which a thousand sheep find pasture. Several springs have been discovered, but their water is slightly brackish. Of late years the island is rarely visited except by sheep shearers and shell gatherers, who make annual trips over in small schooners, fishing smacks and Chinese junks.

Viewed from a vessel's deck when a couple of miles off shore, San Nicolas looks but a bit of barren rock dropped down in the brimming expanse of the ocean. Upon nearer approach the bottom of the sea is vividly laid bare through 100 feet of green brine. On a bed of exquisitely tinted shell and pebbles a pair of rusty iron rocks lay apparently within twelve feet of the surface, but upon sounding, the actual depth proved to be twelve fathoms. There are inconceivable numbers of splendidly painted fish—barracuda, rockcod, flounders, halibut, panpanes, redfish, bonito and goldfish—all darting to and fro in a gorgeous wilderness of kelp. In fact all manner of strange finny and crustacean creatures wallow among sea palms, ferns and mosses, some of the more cumbersome looking for all the world like mottled bowlers trundled over by grass and vines.

A loud cry from the stern, and in an instant after a colossal dripping blood-rolls out from under the deck, heaving the vessel to a noble swell that sends every land lumber tumbler tumbling. Then another animated mass heaves in sight off the port quarter and still another not a dozen yards to starboard, until the Hattie rocks crazily among no less than a dozen Pacific whales, each gamboling with the ease and swiftness of the lightest animal. A moment longer and the brave little vessel is out of these agitated seas and all hands gazing back at the inoffensive monsters now spouting with great gusts and a noise like the hollow blowing of a blast.

The wide fields of kelp surrounding the island furnish inexhaustible food and shelter for seals, sea lions and leopards, though their number has greatly decreased since their wholesale slaughter by hunters in former years. Nevertheless there are still enough of these uncouth animals to make an approach here by night something long to be put in mind. The profound hush of the ocean is cleft by a hideous mingling of throaty barks and moans, and the water thrashed into lurid foam by fiery shapes—huge, unwieldy bulks writhe and tumbling in apparent excess of torment. In places the sea itself is luminous, an unearthly light pulsating through depths upon depth of seaweed mesh flashed through by the gleaming shuttles of fish. Now and again a sea lion rears its formidable head above the fire-black waters, its shaggy mane trickling rivulets of sparks. This weird spectacle of seals a-fishing is not the least striking of all the phosphorescent phenomena seen in these waters.

The only safe landing ground at San Nicolas is at Coral harbor, a pretty cove formed by two sandstone arms thrust out from the main barrier of coral shore. The entrance is but six or seven yards across, and the water within is as placid as a lake and sufficiently deep to float a vessel of twenty tons burden. On the bleak silver strip of beach several immense white pelicans promenade with stately dignity. On the approach of the dingy they spread their heavy, pointed wings and vanished over the truncated rocks. An eagle, perched upon a pinnacled crag, surveyed the scene with carriage brooding eyes. The water multitudes, shags and gulls patrolling the long lying rocks, evidently intent upon the frolicsome fish in the shoals. Farther up the slope of the beach there is seen a dilapidated shearing shed, and a weather worn shanty belonging to Chinese shell gatherers who haunt these lonely cliffs during late summer and fall.

Nothing more desolate than the general appearance of the island can well be imagined. As far as the eye can trace there are barren levels with innumerable circular depressions where primitive dwellings once stood. Not a vestige remains of the materials used in the construction of these rancheries. Hundreds of shell mounds are scattered about, and upon investigation are found to consist of astonishing numbers of mollusks, the bones of every species of fish found in the channel, skeletons of seals, sea elephants, whales, sea otter, Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz and the breathless tramps over San Miguel's twin peaks in search of Cabrillo's unmarked grave?

There were also numerous canine skeletons, several of which indicated a species of bull terrier. Judging from the immense quantities of dead land mollusks everywhere, there must have been a time when the island supported a luxuriant vegetation. Of all this verdure nothing is seen today but a few scattered thorns, and now and then a cactus formerly reaching its grotesque arms out of the interminable sweeps of sand.

An examination of some of the mounds disclosed all sorts of curious utensils, stone cooking pots, ollas, mortars, pestles, drills, bone needles and fish hooks, shell beads, charm stones, pipes, cups and a few arrow heads, spear points and swords made of bone. The absence of many weapons proved the peaceful attributes of the islanders. Small imitations of boats and fish carved from crystallized tale and serpentine also betrayed a rudimentary knowledge of the art of sculpture. In many places circular piles of small black pebbles contrasted oddly with the white sand. In some instances these pebbles were closely packed in "brush pens" in which a woman for years found her only shelter from the cutting wind and sand.

Unlike the dusty, burn-dried floors of the mainland, had long since merged the superhuman efforts of this courageous life into the universal fate of an entire race. Indeed, every foot of this uncanny island is eloquent of the labor, oppression and extinction of this almost unheard of people.

The sheep kept on San Nicolas grazed on the smooth tableland of the eastern slope. Unlike the dusty, burn-dried floors of the mainland, these island sheep are picturesquely white and as nimble and wild as goats. They need no shepherd by night or day, as there are no beasts to torture or destroy them, the lonely animals being a black and cinnamon brown fox, the kangaroo mouse and a diminutive lizard. Several species of land birds are found here, among them the bald eagle, raven, ground owl and plover.

A trip westward along the coast over the mountain of shell mountains, sets one to wondering how it was possible for a limited population to consume such prodigious numbers of mollusks. In fact, the infinite variety of mollusca on San Nicolas is said not to be exceeded by any other known region of equal area. The shore line is of coarse sandstone burrowed by the pounding surf into fantastic alcoves, bridges' columns and caves. Sometimes these savage cuts form rude effigies bearing a surprising likeness to living creatures. One of the most conspicuous is the exact counterpart of the neck, breast and body of a bird with an alert, hooded head. This piece of nature's sculpturing must be forty feet long, and beheld from a distance looks quite as perfect as if fashioned by man.

Next the surf the rugged seawall is scaly with shellfish with its valve held tightly open to drink in the falling spray, and the cliffs resound to the scraping blows of the shell gatherers, numbering half a dozen. Chinamen. They make use of crowbars to pry off the abalones from the rocks. Last season one of their number heedlessly took hold of an open valve which instantly closed upon his hand in a grip so viselike that the poor fellow was unable to get away and so was drowned in the rising tide. These shell gatherers fight every foot of their way over slippery slopes with the heavy swells of the sea disputing their advance. It is extremely laborious work, and is attended with more or less danger, yet half a hundred tons of these giant shells are shipped yearly to San Francisco for ornamental purposes, while large quantities of the dried meat are shipped to China, where it is highly esteemed as a delicacy.

Going westward from this gnarled, surf-lashed the ground makes a gentle descent to a wide mesa, terminating in a steep escarpment. The atmosphere from this elevation is so delicately clear that the eye can readily distinguish the peaked tops of all the Channel Islands but San Miguel. Seven miles off the northwest spur of San Nicolas is a black lump of rock known to mariners as Beggs' Rock. Here the

good ship, John Beggs, was nearly lost in 1824. Immediately at our feet there stretched a dreary desert of stupendous bareness. A singular characteristic of the place was heaps of the bones of whales, their arrangement and packing so systematically correct as to have withstood a century's sweep of winds over this exposed point. Only one human skeleton was found here, its bleached dismembered aspect in keeping with the driven desolation of the spot. The merest blast had piled the sand dunes all about, but spread no kindly drift over this "rough sketch of man." All around were the casts of roots of trees in the shifting sand ranging all the way in size from coarse fiber to several inches in diameter. These semi-petrifications were intact, the wind and sand having blown them to the loose earth. They gave a metallic ring when tapped with a rock or shell. A still more remarkable feature of the desert was the presence of broken columns composed of indurated sand.

At the extreme west end of the island there is a colossal precipice 1,000 feet in height, its channeled and slitted face softened by a luxuriant growth of emerald moss and lichens.

The geologist, as he scanned all the sights on this strange island is to be seen on the broad plateau south of the Chinese camp at Coral harbor. Here many notes of the geologist's letters were hundreds of disjointed skeletons and the mainland. Their circumstances being several inches more and the facial angles denoted a much higher grade of intelligence. The geologist was concerned they were having a good time and that was their main object, but Two Strikes, cross as his name indicates, came back with his sons and friends and, worse than the frontier whiskey which once induced Colonel Cady ("Buffalo Bill") to steal his own saddle, they opened fire on the festive cowboys with such deadly effect that they were all killed. Then Two Strikes was making history. On the next day when Captain Brown, in charge of the various Indian stampedes that are chronicled in the unwritten history of the Black Hills country. It was not without its tragic side, though it was so ludicrous that the sorrow of the one sad accident connected with it is all but overshadowed in the general fun that has been poked at the Hat Creek stampede of 1888. The story has been handed around among the old timers of the Black Hills for the last five years but has never been told in print.

One morning in June, 1888, a new settler, or tenderfoot farmer, Hempstead by name, was cheerfully plowing the little patch of corn he had put in for his proving up crop on his pre-emption claim in the lower end of Hat Creek valley. As he came to the end of the row nearest the trail he was halted by a strapping big Sioux Indian, who sat astride a little pony. Now, Hempstead could talk no Sioux and the Indian could talk no English; so the ensuing conversation while not very words, was decidedly animated. Mr. Indian who was one of the big men in the Wounded Knee of the Farmer's alliance, and therefore something of a farmer himself, felt a kindly interest in the welfare of the white man and undertook to talk crops to him in good farmer fashion. But the white man was not well up in the work of the order as exemplified on the reservation, and when the Indian gave the grand hailing sign the paleface interpreted it to mean some sort of threat and therefore governed himself accordingly.

The more the Indian undertook to tell his white brother about the progress of the crops on the reservation and what sort of corn did the best, with an occasional side remark about the prevailing low prices and the inordinate appetite of the corporations that were grinding the life out of the farming classes, the more the white man concluded his last and the conclusion was that the town was beleaguered. Men came down from the mountains, and after expressing surprise at the sudden congregation of the farmers, stayed to help defend. For four days the suspense was continued. Then came the news from Oelrichs that the expected attack had not materialized and the fears were quieted. And then came the pathetic side of the question. When the news was borne down the valley of Spring creek it came to the doors of one of the happiest homes in the Black Hills country; and found the husband and father away. The wife, with the timidity of refinement, gathered her niece, a young lady of eighteen, and the school teacher, a girl of seventeen, and with her three little children, started in the night for

Rapid City. The road lay along the bank of the creek and in one place was a dangerous ford. Down into this the fleeing women drove, unaware that the sudden frosted in the mountains had swollen the creek to a raging torrent. In the wild rush of waters their wagon was overturned and only the mother and one child gained the bank again. In their flight from a danger that had no real existence, the other four found death in the swirling torrent.

When telegraph and railroad had been repaired the scare soon died out and people laughed at it except when they recalled the awful struggle of the hapless women and children in the night against the rushing waters of Spring creek. Some weeks later Dick Ward, one of the best known of Western plainsmen and scouts, met the Indian who had talked crops to Hempstead and in good Sioux the Indian told Ward of his conversation and asked why the whites had pursued him. All of which confirmed Dick in the view that he so frequently expresses to his intimates that "there is no good in a tenderfoot, any way you take him, and least of all in the tenderfoot farmer."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.
Little Things Which Operated to Save or Take Away Life.
The question whether the person who fires a pistol or a cross at another on a dark night can be identified by means of the light produced in the discharge has long interested medico-legal minds. The question was first referred to the class of physical science in France and they answered it in the negative. A case tending to show that their decision was erroneous was subsequently reported by Fodere.

A woman positively swore that she saw the face of a person who fired at another during the night surrounded by a kind of glory, and that she was thereby enabled to identify the prisoner. This statement was confirmed by the deposition of the wounded man.

A case is quoted by Fonblaque in which some policemen were shot at by a highwayman on a dark night. One of the officers stated that he could distinctly see from the flash of the pistol that the robber wore a dark brown horse of remarkable shape about the head and shoulders, and that he had since identified the horse in a London stable. This evidence was accepted, for it was considered more satisfactory than that of the man who swore that he recognized a robber by the light produced by a blow on his eye in the dark.

In a case of murder by strangulation, the woman who perpetrated the crime had been a nurse in an infirmary and accustomed to lay out dead bodies. After the murder she unthinkingly carried out her professional practice by smoothing the clothes the hands of the dead, and she was identified by the length of her hair, the arms or straight by the sides and the hands open. The doctor who was called in at once declared that such a condition of the body was inexplicable on the supposition of suicide, considering the amount of violence that must have attended the strangulation.

In another case the criminal had attempted to make the death appear like the act of suicide by placing the lower end of the rope near the hand of the deceased, but he selected the left hand, whereas the deceased was right-handed and he did not leave enough rope for either hand to grasp in order to produce the very violent constriction of the neck, which had been caused by the two coils of the rope. A surgeon pointed out these things. Both criminals confessed their crimes before execution.

An escaped convict was on trial before a French court and the question turned upon his identity with a prisoner known to have been tattooed. There was no appearance of colored marks upon his arm, and the question submitted to M. Leroy, a medico-legal expert, was whether the man had ever been tattooed. M. Leroy applied a strong friction the skin of the man's arm. This had the effect of bringing out white lines as cicatrices, with a slight bluish tint. By this means the word "Sophie" was plainly legible in white marks upon the reddened skin. This proved the identity of the convict and he was released.

The importance of examining closely the hair found on weapons was shown in a case in which a hatchet, having clotted blood and hair adhering to it, was produced as evidence against a prisoner suspected of murder in a little country town. It was found under his bed. This, with other circumstantial evidence, had turned public opinion strongly against the prisoner, but when the hair was examined by a microscopist who chanced to be in the court room, it was found not to be human, but that of some animal. This circumstance led to a more complete sifting of the evidence, and the accused was acquitted. It turned out that he had killed a dog with the hatchet and had carelessly thrown the weapon under the bed. So his life literally hung on a hair.

One Small Bile Bean every night for a week cures Torpid Livers, 25c. per bottle. Present and cure Constipation and Sick-Headache, Small Bile Beans.

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been too lusty, "Ten dollars, yes," said the agent of faculty. "Just step this way and I will get it for you." Then going to the bookkeeper, he said: "Give Mr. J. \$10, will you, Fred?"

The bookkeeper handed over the money without any trouble, and the Springfield man became very strongly of the opinion that he had made a mistake in forming such an unfavorable estimate of the agent. His manner changed, and after talking a while, the two men became as close friends as ever.

The Springfield man then thought it better to lead the agent to believe that he had not come to the city for the express purpose of collecting the \$10, and spoke of the order he wanted filled. He finally gave it to the agent and went home satisfied he had made a mistake and atoned for it.

In due time the order arrived, with it came the bill. The Springfield man looked at it over and when he reached the very last item opened his eyes wide for it was: To borrowed money.....\$10

The agent had made no explanation to the bookkeeper and had allowed matters to take their course. The Springfield man gets his orders filled elsewhere.

HE MISTOOK THE SIGNS.
HOW A FARMER STAMPEDED SETTLERS IN TERROR.
Thought it a Warning of an Impending Massacre—Humorous and Pathetic Incidents on the Dakota Plains.

When the cowboys attached to the Humphrey & Stenger outfit, which has the beef contract for the Pine Ridge agency celebrated Ground Hog day by going over to one of the towns bordering on the reservation, and after accumulating jags of the typical cowboy kind, returning home and in the excess of their bibulous exuberance undertaking to induce the dignified Two Strikes to do a ghost dance, while the cheerful crack of the revolver did service in lieu of an orchestra, they were making history, but they didn't know it. So far as their immediate existence is concerned they were having a good time and that was their main object, but Two Strikes, cross as his name indicates, came back with his sons and friends and, worse than the frontier whiskey which once induced Colonel Cady ("Buffalo Bill") to steal his own saddle, they opened fire on the festive cowboys with such deadly effect that they were all killed. Then Two Strikes was making history. On the next day when Captain Brown, in charge of the various Indian stampedes that are chronicled in the unwritten history of the Black Hills country. It was not without its tragic side, though it was so ludicrous that the sorrow of the one sad accident connected with it is all but overshadowed in the general fun that has been poked at the Hat Creek stampede of 1888. The story has been handed around among the old timers of the Black Hills for the last five years but has never been told in print.

One morning in June, 1888, a new settler, or tenderfoot farmer, Hempstead by name, was cheerfully plowing the little patch of corn he had put in for his proving up crop on his pre-emption claim in the lower end of Hat Creek valley. As he came to the end of the row nearest the trail he was halted by a strapping big Sioux Indian, who sat astride a little pony. Now, Hempstead could talk no Sioux and the Indian could talk no English; so the ensuing conversation while not very words, was decidedly animated. Mr. Indian who was one of the big men in the Wounded Knee of the Farmer's alliance, and therefore something of a farmer himself, felt a kindly interest in the welfare of the white man and undertook to talk crops to him in good farmer fashion. But the white man was not well up in the work of the order as exemplified on the reservation, and when the Indian gave the grand hailing sign the paleface interpreted it to mean some sort of threat and therefore governed himself accordingly.

The more the Indian undertook to tell his white brother about the progress of the crops on the reservation and what sort of corn did the best, with an occasional side remark about the prevailing low prices and the inordinate appetite of the corporations that were grinding the life out of the farming classes, the more the white man concluded his last and the conclusion was that the town was beleaguered. Men came down from the mountains, and after expressing surprise at the sudden congregation of the farmers, stayed to help defend. For four days the suspense was continued. Then came the news from Oelrichs that the expected attack had not materialized and the fears were quieted. And then came the pathetic side of the question. When the news was borne down the valley of Spring creek it came to the doors of one of the happiest homes in the Black Hills country; and found the husband and father away. The wife, with the timidity of refinement, gathered her niece, a young lady of eighteen, and the school teacher, a girl of seventeen, and with her three little children, started in the night for

Rapid City. The road lay along the bank of the creek and in one place was a dangerous ford. Down into this the fleeing women drove, unaware that the sudden frosted in the mountains had swollen the creek to a raging torrent. In the wild rush of waters their wagon was overturned and only the mother and one child gained the bank again. In their flight from a danger that had no real existence, the other four found death in the swirling torrent.

When telegraph and railroad had been repaired the scare soon died out and people laughed at it except when they recalled the awful struggle of the hapless women and children in the night against the rushing waters of Spring