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Look at the Map.

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McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1899.

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W. G. GOUCHER, Executor. Attys for said Estate.

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CASH LOST OR SPOILED. WHERE THE OLD GREENBACKS GO. Certificates and Notes to the Amount of \$700,000 Destroyed Every Day--New Plans Entertained by the Treasury.

There is too much dirty and worn-out paper money in circulation. The treasury wants to give people a chance to exchange such currency for new bills free of charge. It will ask congress to appropriate for this purpose the amount which is now paid for transporting silver. At present any bank or firm that wants cartwheel dollars can get them by applying to the government, which defrays the cost of exchange for the sake of getting the coins into circulation. However, the country seems at length to have absorbed all the silver that it wants, so it is deemed advisable to stop this privilege. The cash thus expended could be more profitably applied to making the transfer of notes and certificates for redemption free.

As things are now a corporation or individual sending worn-out money to the treasury for redemption must pay the expressage on it at the rate of 15 cents per \$1,000 each way. If the transportation of such paper cash were made free, many people would exchange their old bills for new ones who might not be willing to do so even so small expense for the sake of obtaining the opportunity. Anybody having a torn or dirty \$5 note could increase its value by exchanging it for a new one by express to Washington, receiving a brand new duplicate of it a few days later without its costing him a cent. The express company would collect its charges from the government. By affording this inducement to the public a great change for the better would be made before long in the appearance of the notes and certificates in circulation.

Just at this time when cholera threatens, this matter possesses unusual interest. There is no article or substance touched by human beings which contains so many and such a variety of bacteria, disease producing and otherwise, as the promises to pay issued by the government. They go through thousands of hands, accumulating dirt, perspiration and all manner of unpleasantness. A well worn bill is literally a breeding ground for microbes in scores of varieties. Naturally the stopping of the privilege respecting the transportation of silver would have a tendency to restrict its circulation, but to offset this the treasury seriously contemplates with drawing the \$1 notes and certificates wholly. The adoption of such a measure would compel the circulation of silver dollars.

The paper money now redeemed by the treasury averages \$700,000 a day. Much of it has been damaged or partly destroyed in a variety of extraordinary and even absurd ways. Pigs, cows and goats figure among the causes instrumental. Such animals seem to swallow a considerable amount of money in the course of every year. Partially digested masses taken from their stomachs and supposed to represent sums in cash, furnish some of the least agreeable subjects for examination which are submitted to the experts in the redemption division. At the same time they do not find much pleasure in dissecting such material as was recently offered to them in the shape of a wad of bills from the decomposed under a murdered man and the charred packet book from the person of a woman that was burned to death.

Out of all the paper money issued by the government it is reckoned that one percent is lost or destroyed by accident. Mice are particularly fond of chewing it up and making their nests with it. Babies are much addicted to eating it. With them the case is much more hopeless than with the goat or cow, because it is not usually practiced upon the infant and recovered the sum swallowed. An emetic is the most drastic measure that can be employed in such an instance. Drunken men often light their cigars with \$5 or \$10 notes for no other reason than to exhibit their indifference to wealth. Subsequently they try to get the remains redeemed, if there are any. Cash in this shape is often buried under the cellar floor, where it rots away.

However, the most effective agent for the destruction of small hoards of money is the parlor stove. Many people who have no faith in banks consider their cash safe when it is stored away in this household appliance for the summer. Autumn comes, the fire is lighted and up goes the family wad in the smoke. Just about 100 such cases are reported to the treasury every fall by victims of this peculiar form of impudence. Usually they have nothing left to show for the amount lost but a few ashes. Thus \$50 has been requested for some charred morsels of paper packed in a thimble and sent all the way from Texas. The biggest sum ever lost by fire was consumed at a suburban fire. It was a cool—perhaps that is hardly the adjective—\$1,000,000, but the government could easily replace it. The great bulk of the paper money destroyed is burned during transmission by rail. Fire almost invariably follows a collision. The express car is involved in the conflagration and the safe which carries suffers. Express safes are commonly of the portable kind and not fireproof. Under such circumstances they are taken from the wreck and sent unopened to Washington, where the contents are examined. Accidents of this kind occur almost every day. The worst instance of this kind dates back only half a dozen years. Two trains—one a passenger express, the other a freight—met in a Kentucky tunnel. The cars were heaped together and they burned for thirty hours. Of the \$1000 which the safe on the ex-

press train contained, \$700 was identified and redeemed. Anybody who finds mutilated paper money will do well to refrain from giving notice that it is a windfall in sending it to the treasury for redemption. Such treasure trove, being forfeited by law to the government, is promptly confiscated. The experts at the department are sharp at their trade and hard to deceive. They know how to tell a torn fragment of a bill from one that has been chewed by mice. Yet people are constantly trying to cheat them. One boy, employed to sweep a New York bank, sent a quantity of pieces of notes which he had collected. He claimed that they were all that were left of \$200, which had been eaten by rats, but examination disclosed the fact that they represented at least \$1,000 if anything. In such a case the applicant always wins when an affidavit is demanded. In another instance a man sent in the charred remains of what he stated had been \$5000. They were found to be equivalent to \$7100, and this sum was paid to him after an investigation which appeared to show that the error was merely a freak of stupidity.

As things are now a corporation or individual sending worn-out money to the treasury for redemption must pay the expressage on it at the rate of 15 cents per \$1,000 each way. If the transportation of such paper cash were made free, many people would exchange their old bills for new ones who might not be willing to do so even so small expense for the sake of obtaining the opportunity. Anybody having a torn or dirty \$5 note could increase its value by exchanging it for a new one by express to Washington, receiving a brand new duplicate of it a few days later without its costing him a cent. The express company would collect its charges from the government. By affording this inducement to the public a great change for the better would be made before long in the appearance of the notes and certificates in circulation.

Small copper coins are lost in such enormous numbers that the government is obliged to keep on coining cents at the rate of several millions of them every month. They change hands so often as to be subject to a multitude of accidents, and owing to their small value they are not taken care of. This is no cause of regret to Uncle Sam inasmuch as he buys pennies in blank form from a firm in Connecticut at the rate of 1000 for \$1. On reaching the mint in Philadelphia, whence all of them are issued, they have merely to be stamped. There are 119,000,000 old copper pennies somewhere. Nobody knows what has become of them, except that once in a while a single specimen turns up in change. A few years ago 4,000,000 bronze 2-cent pieces were set afloat. Three millions of them are still outstanding. Three million 3-cent nickel pieces are scattered over the United States, but it is very rarely that one is seen. Of 900,000 half cents which correspond in value to English farthings, not one has been returned to the government for recoinage or is held by the treasury.

Congress appropriates from \$100,000 to \$150,000 yearly for recoinage of the current silver coins now in the possession of the treasury. These are mostly half-dollars and are not circulated because there is no demand for them. Not long ago the stock of them amounted to \$25,000,000, but it is only about half that now. The money set aside for recoinage is not intended to pay for the cost of the minting, but is required to reimburse the treasurer of the United States on account of the loss of weight which the silver pieces have suffered by abrasion. The loss amounts to \$30 on \$1000, and it has to be made good in order to set the treasurer's accounts straight.—René Bache, in the Examiner.

Did you ever hear of a man renouncing Christianity on his death-bed and turning infidel? Gamblers not free-thinkers haven't faith enough in their profession to teach it to their children. No atheist with all his boasted bravery, or no man who would not invert his umbrella on his time stun. I never have met a free-thinker yet who didn't believe a hundred times more nonsense than he can find in the bible anywhere.

It is always safe to follow the religious belief that our mothers taught us—there never was a mother who taught her child to be an infidel. A man may learn infidelity from his books and from his associates, but he can't learn it from his mother nor from the works of God that surround him. If an infidel could only comprehend that he can prove more by his faith than he can by his reason his impudence would be much less offensive. Unbelievers are always so ready and anxious to prove their unbelief that I have thought they might be a little bit doubtful of it themselves. The infidel, in his impudence, will ask you to prove that the flood did occur when the poor idiot himself can't even prove, to save his life, what makes one's egg sweet and one sour, or tell what a hen's egg is white and a duck's egg black. When I hear noisy infidels proclaiming his unbelief I wonder if he will send for some brother infidel to come and see him die. I guess not. He will be more likely to send for the orthodox man, who engineers the little brick church around the corner. JOS. BILLINGS.

New Guinea is extremely rich in plants, the number of species discovered in the last sixty-five years being 2000. They increase appetite, purify the whole system and act on the liver. Bile Beans Small.

A FORTUNE IN A STONE. J. L. GRAVES AND HIS \$294,000 DIAMOND. It Once Adorned the Neck of an Indian Idol—Its Estimated Rank Among Other Precious Boulders of the World. More than a quarter of a million of dollars crowded into a single diamond, which measures only one inch and an eighth in diameter is in the possession of J. L. Graves, who is now at the Palace Hotel. The stone weighs just seventy carats and in color is a future lemon green—the only one of the kind to be found in the world to-day. Microscopically the stone is perfect in its cutting, and for beauty it has perhaps no superior in the world, though there are stones of greater size, such as the *Examiner*.

J. L. Graves, the owner of the treasure, said yesterday, as he turned it from side to side and inspected it affectionately: "There are but two diamonds in the world of superior value and none of superior beauty. It is simply perfect in every way, and the most perfect microscope will fail to show a single defect in it." The history of the diamond is a romantic one. Years ago, so the story runs; it was the property of a Rajah of India, and was used to decorate the neck of an idol.

"With it," said Mr. Graves, "was a necklace made in the form of a serpent and this stone was suspended from a ring in the mouth of the reptile. The necklace is of antique workmanship, and I have been told by natives of India that the pattern is that of an age which existed more than 1500 years ago. Every detail is exquisite, and the gold is so pure that it bends in the fingers. With it I procured a bracelet which is supposed to have adorned the left wrist of the idol, and it has been worn smooth by the contact of the lips of the faithful who kissed it during the many long centuries it remained in the temple.

I purchased the diamond a little more than a year ago from one of the Maraghpore, in the possession of whose family it had been for centuries. The tradition is that during the tribal wars in India in the centuries long gone by it fell into the hands of the ancestors of the man from whom I purchased it. During one of their numerous conflicts the forces of the rajah who owned the diamond originally were routed and their temple looted. The idol was overturned and the necklace and diamond torn from its neck as one of the spoils of war.

"When I purchased it it weighed just 167 1/2 carats, and I had it cut down to 70 carats, lessening its size by more than half, but in reality enhancing its commercial value. Originally it was very irregular in form. While the Indians had learned the art of cutting diamonds to a limited degree, their methods were very primitive and rude. They had not discovered the art of polishing a stone with a revolving wheel, but rubbed the diamond on a flat surface, covered with diamond dust. It was tediously slow process and must have taken many years to polish a big stone. When I had it sent to London a little more than three months were consumed in the operation, and then it was hurried through. From this it is easy to see how long the natives of India must have engaged in their work and what wonderful patience they possessed.

"It is difficult to buy a valuable stone from one of the rajahs. To make an outright offer for it would be to give of fesse, and sometimes months of the most delicate negotiations are necessary. For instance you happen to be travelling in India and chance to discover in the possession of a rajah a diamond which you would like to own. You must show no interest and act as if you were altogether indifferent. After a few days you may mention the matter in a casual way to one of the attendants and make known your wishes. At first he will probably give you but little encouragement, and will tell you in a deprecating sort of way that there is but small hope of the rajah parting with his treasure. He will intimate, however, that he will see what can be done and will let you know in a few days to the result of his efforts. Nothing more will be said for some time and then the attendant will come around with the information that while the diamond is not for sale the rajah wishes to present it to his friend. This, of course is understood, and from that time on the negotiations are easy to conduct, and in the end the money is paid over to the go-between and the gem secured.

"That is the way in which I managed to secure this stone from the rajah of Maraghpore, and I can assure you that the negotiations were of the most diplomatic nature and extended over many weeks. "Aside from its size the value of this diamond is greatly enhanced by its color. It is a perfect lemon green when seen in a good light and is of absolute purity. The distinction of color was noticed early. Ben Mansur found his minute system of classification upon it, placing them in the following descending order of value: First, the white, transparent; second, the Pharaonic, (without explanation); third, the olive, or white passing into yellow; fourth, the red; fifth, the green; sixth, the blue; seventh, the fire-colored. The first two are the most plentiful, while the others are rare. The blue diamond combines the azure of the sapphire with its own adamantine lustre, and becomes most beautiful by the addition. The rose-colored far eclipses the ruby, as does the green the emerald. In other words its native beauty is greatly enhanced by the colors mentioned. When any of these three tints is decided, but es-

pecially the green, it enormously augments the commercial value of the stone. Not so, however, with the milky tinge that imitates the opal, nor the yellow, which is the commonest of all and resembles the pale topaz. This latter, regarded as a great defect, disfigures the majority of stones, especially the larger ones brought from Brazil. Of the colored diamonds this is the most valuable, while next to it ranks the Blue Hope, the great South African stone.

"In estimating the value of this diamond I have followed the accepted rule as laid down in England. The latter, regarded as a great defect, disfigures the majority of stones, especially the larger ones brought from Brazil. Of the colored diamonds this is the most valuable, while next to it ranks the Blue Hope, the great South African stone.

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WOUNDED AT BALAKLAVA. A SURVIVOR LIVES AT PETALUMA. Only One Hundred and Ninety-two Lived After the Terrible Battle and Not a Participant Left Unwounded.

With right hand crippled by a sabre cut, side pierced by a Cossack lance, forehead seamed by a Russian musket ball and throat scarred by a bayonet thrust, a hero of the light brigade which fought at Balaklava is dragging out his falling days in Petaluma, neglected and embittered by England's ingratitude. The man is William F. Humphreys and his home is a little tenement on Sixth street in the town mentioned, where he now lives, forgotten by the world which will soon cease to speak of what he did in his youth at Balaklava.

Humphreys is an Irishman of Dublin and although nearly sixty years of age he shows what must have been a viry and powerful frame before wounds and disease bowed the shoulders, whitened the hair and made the step halting. Never having known his parents, his father being killed in the East Indies and the mother dying when he was only three days old, the baby was cared for by a grandmother and had every educational advantage until he was eighteen.

At that age a love of adventure inclined him to the army, and commission as a lieutenant in the cavalry service was purchased for him by his grandmother. It was in 1849 that he began to learn tactics and within a few months his advance in the art of war was so marked that he was sent from the training school to join his regiment.

Until the mutterings that preceded the war of the Crimea were heard young Humphreys lived the cheerful life of the English officer; just enough discipline to maintain efficiency while all beside was pleasure. The Crimea was progressed with varying fortunes until October in 1854. Toward the end of the month, on the 24th, when the allied forces were about Sebastopol, the Turks had a battery of field guns. On the next day the commander-in-chief decided to retake the guns.

"The Light Brigade" had been called for by accepting such soundings from the various regiments of light cavalry as chose to volunteer for the service. It was presumed to contain the choicest of the mounted soldiery of England and was commanded by Lord Cardigan, a young peer who had in service justified the favoritism which originally gave him position in the English army. The light brigade numbered 640 men, despite Lord Raglan's intimation that forty less would be in the formations. There were in the brigade two squadrons of fifty men each from the Fourth light dragoons, Eighth hussars, Eleventh hussars, Thirteenth light dragoons and Seventeenth lancer. The commanding officers of the squadrons, in order named, were Lord Paget, Colonel Thewell, Colonel Douglas, Captain Oldham and Captain Morris. Twenty-three officers, twenty-three sergeants and eight trumpeters were shot down on the field and 451 horses were killed.

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action and at 11 o'clock rode out from the pines into the open and narrow valley at one end of which two full Russian batteries were in position. It was easy enough to see the guns, then, and Humphreys in telling the story says: "They looked big enough to ride into but we were ordered to take them, and there was nothing else to do. Lord Cardigan rode alone ahead of us and Captain Nolan instead of going back to Lord Raglan, as he should, was also riding before us, but on a line diagonal to the right. Nolan kept waving his sword to us, but we paid no attention. When we had advanced a trot for a few hundred yards a chain-shot struck Nolan in the chest. His horse wheeled and galloped toward us and we could see that Nolan had received a mortal wound, but he still sat erect, his sword arm was in the air, though the sword had dropped, and when we came near he shouted and tumbled from his horse.

"Lord Cardigan kept increasing his pace and we kept up. After the first cannon shot, which killed Nolan, we were in a hell of smoke, thunder, chain shot, canister; solid balls, grape and everything else that could be thrown from a cannon.

"Out of the 600 officers and men who formed the Light Brigade when we rode out from camp, only 192 lived after the charge, and of the survivors not one was unwounded, most of them having several injuries. "As we got up near the battery the smoke was so thick we could see nothing, but we galloped on into the earth works.

"It was only fifteen minutes from our leaving camp until 408 of the brigade had been killed. We had made the charge and were forming again in the valley below. "I rode a little black mare, nearly thoroughbred. I just let her go and attended to the use of my sabre. Just as we got within the battery line a gunner jabbed his bayonet into my throat, the point piercing to the roof of my mouth. Then a bullet hit me and I nearly dropped from my mare. My horse reared and a sabre cut nearly took my right thumb off. There were Cossacks in plenty and one of them jabbed a lance into my left side, but we beat the Russians off and did what we told to do.

"The 192 survivors of the Light Brigade were sent back to England to get well and the brigade was reformed. I expected promotion, of course, at least to a captaincy, but a young nobleman from Eton college was made captain of my troop and I was so disappointed that I sold out my commission for £2000 and came to America, and here I am inevitable and crippled, just waiting for the next day."

Diamond Digging. I have just spent a few days among the river diamond diggers near Hebron on the Vaal, says a writer in the *Weekend Chronicle*. The work there is carried on by individual diggers, the man leasing his claim and working it himself with the aid of a few native laborers. They are a motley crowd, these diggers, and representatives of almost every nationality. It is a hard and precarious existence. Diamonds are few and far between, but when found, nevertheless, they are generally of first-class quality and realize high prices.

The diggers are mostly men of very small means. Their tools and washing gear are about all they have and they consequently live very poorly. Meat of rough quality is often the only food that passes their lips from one month's end to another. This they usually get on credit from some store-keeper, who furnishes them with the bare necessities of life on the chances of their funds. Most of the diggers, of course, have a find some time or other, though there are strange instances of ill luck, following the quest for diamonds year after year. I had a conversation with one old man who had been at this sort of work for nineteen years, and I am afraid to say how long it had been since he had a turn of luck. He has lived nearly all the time on meal and there he was talking away at about the hardest work man can undertake, yet seemed willing to go on to the end. This labor, however, though heavy, has a wonderful fascination for those who once take to it. A very fine stone had been found a few days before my arrival. It was valued at between \$250 and \$400. Towards the end of last month two brothers had a wonderful run of luck. They found stones to the value of over \$20,000 in a very short space of time.

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

Look at the Map.