

State of Oregon, Yamhill County.
are you find the most pro-
pulsive section in the World,
and is cheap, offering special in-
centives to fruit raisers and
farmers.

Look at the Map

The Telephone-Register.

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

McMinnville, Yamhill County.
Here is the County seat. Here is
published THE TELEPHONE-
REGISTER, Monarch of home
news, recorded first place
in all the Directories.

Look at the Map.

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

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1893.

VOL. V. NO. 24

DIELSCHNEIDER.

Watchmaker
and Jeweler.
All kinds of Watches, Jewelry, Plated Ware
and Spectacles, McMinnville, OR.

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Vice President, Cashier

McMINNVILLE NATIONAL BANK.
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Manufactures and Deals in

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COCKLES,
BRIDLES,
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than cheaper than any other
the Valley. My all home-made
the favorite with all who have
Give me a call and get prices.

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ULCERS,
CANCERS,
SCROFULA,
SALT RHEUM,
RHEUMATISM,
BLOOD POISON.

these and every kind of disease arising
from impure blood successfully treated by
this never-failing and best of all tonics and
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NOTICE!

On and after April 1st,
1893, I will sell my en-
tire stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES AT COST.

As I intend to make a
change in business.

Come in and get prices
and you'll be convinced
that I mean what I say.

F. DIELSCHNEIDER.

Sign of the Big Boot.

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THOUGHT HIM A DEVIL.

Rough Experience of a Bicyclist
in Interior China.

The Rider Has a Camera Arranged so
That He Can Take "Types" Without
the Subject's Knowledge.

Whether future chancellors of the ex-
chequer in England will handle the
cyclist of Great Britain as tenderly as
Sir William Harcourt is a matter for
speculation, says the *Pull Mail Gazette*.

What is certain is that many im-
provements for safety and ease and the
steady reduction in price of the ma-
chine itself—have increased during the
last few years, the number of riders of
all ages quite 50 per cent. Nor are
champions wanting from the ranks of
the machinists themselves to prove that
in the test of speed and endurance the
cyclist is more than a match for the
horse, and not a mean rival at
short distances for a parliament-
ary train. Among these champions
of endurance will have to be placed
Frank G. Lenz, a young American, at
present making a tour of the world on
his bicycle in downright grim earnest.

Mr. Lenz is a short, square set man of
twenty-six, and comes from Teuton
stock. His parents are German, and
he was born in Philadelphia and reared
in Pittsburgh, Pa., where he is a mem-
ber of the Manhattan athletic club.

His machine is a pneumatic tire safety
bicycle called the "Victor," of Ameri-
can make, and specially fitted up
for the trip—a little air-pump en-
abling him to re-charge the tires at will.

His journey will occupy about two
years, and his route leads across the
United States from New York, then on
to Japan, through China, India, Persia,
Turkey, Austria, Germany, Holland,
France, England, Scotland and Ire-
land. Of this journey he had com-
pleted over five thousand miles in Can-
ada and the States, a thousand miles
in Japan and just over a thousand in
China when I met him, travel stained
and weary, but still cheerful and san-
guine, at Ichang, in mid China. A
couple of days before he had been bad-
ly mauled by a murderous mob of five
miles to the west of the city of Shensi—
a perfect hotbed of anti-foreign feeling.
He had barely escaped with his life, and
the Victor had been rendered a wreck,
so far as further service was con-
cerned, "until she could be docked and
repaired," as Mr. Lenz expressed it.

"How do you like the Chinese, Mr.
Lenz?" I asked.

"Oh, they're a plaguey lot," he an-
swered with Yankee accent.

"Do you expect to get through the
country after your recent experience?"

"Guess I shall try, any way. Every-
body says I shan't—flee the United
States consuls to the oldest foreign in-
habitants."

"Yet you expect to?"

"Certainly! I may not get the ma-
chine through, though the worst, most
hostile and thickly populated part of
the journey is now accomplished. I
was told I would not get 200 miles from
Shanghai. Yet here I am sound in
wind and limb at over a thousand
miles from that city, although old 'Vic'
has got a few ribs broken in the last
scrap," he said, smiling complacently
as he looked down at the broken spokes
of his wheels.

"Did you have a narrow squeak,
Mr. Lenz?"

"Very narrow; and in the country,
too. All the trouble before this has
been in the cities and big towns. I
have stoned me, pulled my hair, in-
sisted on my riding in narrow and
crowded streets, upset me and knocked
me about generally. The country folk
and I have got along wonderfully well
before this. I have always arranged
my journeys so as to put up at a vil-
lage or hamlet for the night, so as to
avoid hostile crowds in the cities."

"What brought about the last at-
tack?"

"Well, I can hardly tell. I was in a
bad district—I could tell that—and got
through the city by night, though not
without a good deal of mud and stones
and old sandals being thrown at me,
and I pushed on a good distance into
the country before I put up for the
night. Next morning I was about
eighty, and had ridden for three or four
hours, passing my only coolie, a tele-
graph employee who was to show me
the way, as I had to leave my only
chart; that is, the telegraph poles, for
awhile. I stopped and dismounted to
await him in the middle of a plain, and
was instantly surrounded and chal-
lenged to fight, but smiled and en-
deavored to mollify my assailants, who
thereupon became more desirous of
public honors. As the crowd increased
and became more hostile I very reluc-
tantly drew my revolver and fired over
their heads. This made them draw
back and I promptly vaulted into the
saddle and dashed along the narrow
road across the plain amid a volley of
yells from the baffled fire fighters,
who were none the less valiant be-
cause a hundred to one."

"Wasn't using your revolver a dan-
gerous act?"

"No; I have a perfect command of
my temper at all times, and I know
how useless it would be for one man to
attack a hundred with their weapons
aroused, especially in a country
where life for life is a rigid law, and no
official could save my head how-
ever hard he tried, once I had killed a
"Chinese subject."

"Did the crowd pursue?"

"Yes, but that was not the worst.
They yelled 'Strike! Strike! Kill! Kill!'
and the cry passed from field to field
on either side of my path and headed
me, fast as I was traveling, for it was a
ride for life. The laborers looked hor-
rified to find a foreign or flying devil
crossing their country at breakneck
speed; and, deeming me an evil spirit

JIGGERS ARE THE WORST.

Dreadful Insects Found in Trop-
ical Countries.

Naturalist O'Reilly Tells About Scor-
pions and Tarantulas and the Great In-
juries they are Able to Inflict.

I have wandered much in the wild-
est part of the world, and what strikes
me as the greatest difference between
my own experiences and the narratives
of others is that one can pass over im-
mense distances and through the most
savage countries, and yet see hardly
anything of the large and fierce ani-
mals we love so much to read of, and
which bookmakers are always telling
us something thrilling about. I believe
that things are, after all, generally as I
found them, writes G. R. O'Reilly, a
member of the Irish Royal Zoological
Society, to the Boston *Herold*.

The perils from fierce beasts and savage
men, in wandering through un-
frequented regions, are small grievances
compared with the terrible dangers and
annoyances one has to suffer from the
very smallest and least thought of ani-
mals, the insects.

In our northern countries where
the business of the day is usually
killed off by the cold or forced to dis-
appear beneath the ground or other
places for months, they are bad
enough, but what is it in the tropics,
where the leaves of the trees, the de-
caying branches, the water, may, even
the dust itself, seem to swarm with liv-
ing beings.

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