

HER LAST FARTHING.

Lost It Gambling--Borrowed \$25 and Won Millions.

Saved Her Estate from Ruin. Traveling Home with the Money the Young Woman Died of Heart Failure. A Major's Story.

"I am not a gambler myself," began the major, "but I have seen a good deal of gambling in most of the famous places of Continental Europe, and especially at Monte Carlo. I will tell you an episode which I think none of you can match.

The major was an impressive man, with a rich, full-throated voice and a manner that always commanded attention. He was seated at the Hoffman house at a table, around which were grouped a circle of men-about-town. They had been detailing various thrilling experiences at roulette and poker. The major, a non-gambler, had been playing the part of a wall-flower as the conversational whirl went on around him. Evidently it was a position he did not relish. Now he was going to assert his claims to the floor. "Everybody was interested," he said. "Some years ago at Monte Carlo. I was there in the capacity of a tourist and observer, a sort of Abou Ben Adhem, who loved his fellow man and, likewise, fellow-woman, and enjoyed looking on at the panorama of their daily life.

"At first, of course, it was a vast blur. By and by, as it resolved itself into separate individuals, I began to take an interest in the fluctuating fortunes of this or that person, to watch his winnings or losses day by day, to see how he was affected by loss or gain and to speculate what sort of a soul was hidden behind that flushed and excited face. One day—it was the 29th of the month, I remember—my attention was especially drawn to a remarkably pretty girl, who sat at one of the tables, busily engaged in playing the number 30. She was a new arrival, and probably had never been in the place before, for she looked around her with the bewildered air of a novice. Her face and manner indicated high breeding. Evidently she felt herself quite out of place in the rough impatient crowd which jostled around her. She had sat down hopefully enough, however. But as the ball spun round and round again, and her loud cries grew lower and lower and had to be replaced by fresh rays, the confident air relaxed into one of anxious expectation, then of parched fear, and, finally, of sheer despair.

"Evidently she had reached her last roll of bank bills, and still the ball whirled and whirled, and no number 30 appeared.

"Her last look of hope before her. There was a desperate look in her eyes. When the ball was started again, her trembling fingers gathered up the gold and nervously hurried it to the number 30 square. She leaned back in her chair, ghostly white.

"'Thirty-one!' shouted the croupier, at last.

"Instantly there was a sensation in the crowd. The lady had fainted. I rushed forward, took her up in my arms and placed her in an easy chair near the window. A croupier came rushing up with a cup of water. I dashed it in her face.

"In a few moments she revived. It was evidently a return to awful weakness. Her lips twitched, then she lost into a fit of hysterical weeping. I leaned over, and, whispering, asked if I could do anything for her.

"She shook her head.

"May I lend you some money?"

"She turned a haughty look upon me. Evidently she saw something in my face to reassure her (here the major drew himself up). The haughty look vanished. In its place came one of grateful, pleading trust.

"Lend me 100 francs," she said. "I will return it in a week."

"I handed her out a clean, crisp Bank of England note for £5.

"'Don't play any more,' I said, holding her hand to detain her.

"But before the words were out of my mouth she had wrenched her hand from my grasp and darted to the table. I followed in close pursuit. She was conscious that I was behind her. There was no time for changing the bill. With a sudden movement she laid it flat on number 30. As I rushed up the ball fell into the socket.

"'Thirty wins!' cried the croupier.

"The cashier counted out the winning sum and placed it on the £5 bill. The lady did not stir. She drew herself up in an attitude of stony calm. But I saw that her small, delicate fingers were trembling.

"'Gather up your winnings, mademoiselle, for heaven's sake,' I whispered. And instinctively I reached out my hand to claim them.

"Like a tiger she turned upon me. Her hand darted out and seized mine in an iron grip, she seemed to be endowed with a tiger's strength.

"'Leave them all where they are,' she hissed. 'I know what I am about.'

"And once more the whirling ball slackened, wobbled a moment—a terrible moment that seemed an age—before it dropped into the latter.

"'Thirty wins,' sang the monotone voice of the croupier.

"Still the lady did not move. Warned by my first experience I only looked at her pleadingly.

"'No,' she said, in answer to my look, 'three times, that was my dream.'

"'A third time the croupier shouted out, 'thirty wins.'

"A glistening mass of gold and silver and a formidable roll of bank notes were piled upon the original winnings.

"The girl gathered them all up and thrust them into her bags. Her eyes were glistening with tears, but she gave no other sign of emotion.

"'Now, at least, you will go,' I pleaded.

"'No, I am going to another table.' She spoke as if she were in a dream. I made way for her. She took her seat at another table. She laid 100 francs on number 30.

"Well, to make a long story short, number 30 turned up three times, and she had left all her winnings undisturbed till the third turn. She went to a third table and the same success attended her.

"'Now,' she cried, 'now I will go home.'

"A large crowd had gathered around her. Whispers of her extraordinary success had run like lightning through the room. There were many suspicious-looking persons among them, and I deemed it best to take her under my protection.

"'Mademoiselle,' I said, 'you must allow me to see you to your hotel.'

"'She looked her gratitude. It was about half-past two in the afternoon. Banking hours were not yet over. I suggested that it would be best for her to proceed immediately to a bank and deposit the money there. She saw the wisdom of the proceeding.

"I told you that receiving teller opened his eyes when he saw the bills and the gold and the silver. As he counted them out and the figures accumulated his eyes bulged larger and larger. Finally, though, he got the whole sum down.

"'And how much was it?' calmly inquired one of the listeners—Tom Didymus.

"'I don't remember the exact amount but somewhere between \$200,000 and \$400,000.'

"'Mm,' said Tom.

"The major went on.

"'When we left the bank the girl and I strolled into a leafy walk and sat down. There her joy overcame her so that she broke into a fit of hysterics. Finally she calmed down and told me her story.

"Her name was Otilie Von Bauen. The Von Bauens were an impoverished but an extremely aristocratic family residing in a small town in Saxony. Their magnificent estates had dwindled away until little save the old castle and its surrounding gardens remained. These were heavily mortgaged. Then came the final crash. The interest money could not be raised. The mortgages threatened foreclosure. A forced sale would have left the family homeless and penniless.

"Otilie cried her eyes out at the impending catastrophe. One night she dreamed she saw a white figure on a red field. Next night and the next she dreamed the same thing.

"She had always been superstitious. Now she went and consulted with an old woman who was reputed to be something of a dream reader. The latter asked her to describe exactly how the figure looked. Then she clasped her hands.

"'Why,' she cried, 'that is just how the number 30 looks on the table at Monte Carlo. Your dream means that you should play 30 and it will turn up three consecutive times.'

"Otilie laughed. How could she go to Monte Carlo? But the more she thought of the matter the more she determined on a desperate course. She said nothing to her family, but took some of her old friends into her confidence. Some laughed, some approved. The upshot of the matter was that she succeeded in raising one thousand francs.

"And with this sum in her pocket she had slipped away from her home and with the result that I have described.

"At four o'clock of the same day I saw the lady in her train. Her pocket book was safely stored in her bags. She was full of innocent glee. She bade me good bye with the most effusive gratitude. The compartment was locked. The train puffed out of the station and was soon lost to sight.

"Next morning as I was coming my paper over a final cup of coffee and a cigar, a name caught my eye. I gave a sudden start. My heart failed me. But I read the paragraph through, and this is how it read:

"A young lady fashionably dressed, was found dead in the fifth compartment of the train that left Monte Carlo at 4. She grasped in her hand a cuba which, on being opened, revealed a bank book with a single entry for (say) two million francs newly made. The book bore the name Otilie Von Bauen. The body was taken out at the next station. A doctor hastily summoned pronounced the lady dead from heart disease. It is believed that this is the young girl whose winnings yesterday excited such a sensation."

The major paused and looked at his audience. They were evidently impressed. He looked flattered.

"A good story, isn't it?" he purred cheerfully. Then Tom Didymus spoke up:

"You say the lady won about half a million francs?"

"Well, there or thereabouts," admitted the major.

"Now major, let us do a little figuring. The lady put down five pounds the first time.

"'Yes.'

"And let it remain for three successive turns of the wheel with the accumulated winnings of the three turns?"

"'Yes.' The major was getting uneasy.

"Well, now, let us do a little mathematics. Five pounds is \$25. The bank pays \$5 for £1. At the first turn of the wheel your Otilie must have won therefore 25 times 35, which equals \$875. She leaves this on the table and wins again, making \$875 times 35, which equals \$30,625. Now, we won't carp at such little trifles as the fact that the limit at Monte Carlo is only 10,000 francs but will allow that by personal intervention of the prince the entire sum was allowed to remain on No. 30 and that No. 30 won. What is the amount of her winnings?"

"Everybody was at work at the figures and all shouted simultaneously.

"'One million seventy-one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars.'

"'A pretty tidy sum. And as the experience was repeated three times dear Otilie must have won over five million dollars.'

"There was laughter loud and long. But the major stood it bravely. He never winced, and when the noise had subsided he simply rapped on the table for a waiter.

"'Gentlemen,' he said; 'the drinks are on me.'

"Two brothers named Bailey rescued a horse from a well into which it had fallen in Polk county, in a new and novel way the other day. They piled straw in the well and the horse tramped it and rose until it could climb out.

THOSE INGOTS OF GOLD.

Observations of the Curious White Metal Enters the Subtreasury.

One day recently, when the exportation of gold was at its height and the papers of the land were filled each day with the record of "flight of eagles abroad," a large two-horse truck drove up before the subtreasury on Wall street.

Backing up to the curb, a number of ordinary laborers began carefully to unload a quantity of reddish-brown metal slabs, with which the vehicle was loaded. Immediately a crowd gathered and watched the progress of the metal from the truck up the alleyway which separates the subtreasury from the assay office.

"See those ingots of gold," remarked a down-town merchant to a New York Herald man passing.

"The bullion must be coming our way," said the other, and the two men paused with the crowd to watch the laborers at their work. Others joined the throng and many were the comments regarding the integrity of humble workmen and the prospective value of the load. It was considerable and one statistician estimated that there was at least one million dollars' worth of metal openly displayed on the street.

"In no other country," said he, "could such a thing be done. In England and the countries of continental Europe, a regiment of soldiers would be ordered out to protect so great a value."

The crowd listened to him spellbound and invariably thanked God that they were born in a free country, where there was no show of authority—all except a policeman, who was walking up to the throng, which must have numbered a hundred, said:

"Come, now, move along. Don't block the way. Did you never see men work before?"

The crowd moved away slowly, and those who passed by the front of the truck noticed the words painted on its dashboard, "Furnace Supplies." All the eloquence had been wasted. The metal was not gold, but substance for a new lining in the furnace of the assay office.

The Seigniorage on Silver.

Up to August 31, 1893, the United States treasury had bought under the Sherman act 163,947,664 ounces of silver at a cost of \$151,804,170, the average being 92.10 cents per ounce. There are 371 grains of pure silver in a dollar, so that if the entire stock in the treasury were coined it would require \$210,145,427 dollars. As a matter of fact, we have coined only 98,987,135 dollars, but have enough bullion on hand to turn out 174,061,242 more. If this be coined the total \$151,804,170; value of coined dollars, \$210,145,427; profit on transaction or seigniorage from coining, \$58,244,257. The government can make that amount whenever it wishes to do so by sending the silver in the treasury to the mints. This has been proposed to do by a number of papers in order to increase the currency. It will readily be seen, therefore, that the government can issue notes (silver notes) to the amount of \$50,000,000 on this seigniorage, or profit on its bullion transaction. The repeal of the Sherman bill will not affect this matter in the least. The Wilson repeal bill simply provides that we shall cease buying more silver, but does not affect that already purchased with the purpose and intention of coining it into dollars.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Dog and the Bicycle.

A Broadway car bowled past Grace church on a Sunday afternoon. A man stood on the back platform, turning every little while to encourage a big dog which trotted along behind the dashboard and apparently did not mind the speed at all.

Sunday bicyclers infest Broadway and seem to find the broad iron strip for the cable a beautiful roadway. Behind the panting dog on the track was a pneumatic-tired bicycle. The rider sometimes got unpleasantly near the big dog, who barked vociferously to show his displeasure, but the wheel kept close to his heels.

Whether the dog knew the sort of tire heached to the wheel or whether he didn't will probably never be known but as the car slacked up at Thirteenth street the canine turned, and stopping aside, made a vicious snap at the slowly revolving wheel. His sharp teeth punctured the tire, the pressure drove the air out and the rider found himself with a collapsed tire and a useless bicycle. By the time the rider had discovered what happened, the dog relieved of his pursuer, was half a block away. The wheelman took to the sidewalk and pushed his machine home.—N. Y. World.

An Early Diary.

The Statesman is on the track of a log book or diary which was written by Duncan McDougall, a member of the John Jacob Astor company, which founded the city of Astoria in 1811. The diary is written in an ordinary day book or journal, and is dated at New York, September 6, 1810, 7 a. m., and gives a full account of their voyage on board the Tonquin, their arrival off the mouth of the Columbia, the landing of their party, and an exact synopsis of the country, the natives, their dealings with them, and even the kind of weather prevailing each day until October 28, 1813. This is supposed to be a more accurate and complete history than could be obtained elsewhere. It is likely the original and only book of the kind in existence, a proof of its genuineness being found in the fact that the water mark in the paper is 1800 and the back of the book is bound with rawhide. The paper is rough linen and unruled.

"Parker seems to have got rich all of a sudden." "Yes. He caused it to be reported that he was dead, and all the papers printed obituary notices of him. He got all these together and instituted suits for libel against the publishers. They compromised and Parker is living on velvet in consequence."—Harper's Bazar.

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WHAT A NORTHER IS.

The Ice Storms that Occasionally Sweep Over Texas.

"What is a Texas norther?" The question was propounded by Major H. Vanderhurst, of Texas, who was airing his Apollo Belvedere figure in the glad sunshine that crept under the awning of the Lindell, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "A Texas norther, my inquiring friend, is an extremely damp and disagreeable wetness that crawls up out of the where the north pole used to be and sweeps down upon the sometimes sunny southland at a Nancy Hank's gait, catching you with your mosquitoes and underclothes on and your overcoat in soak. It is more penetrating than ammonia, and requires but ten seconds to work its way to the most secret recesses of a fat man's soul and cause him to regard the orthodox hell of fire as the one thing in all the world to be desired. When a norther has the victim in its grip he feels that he has a combination of buck age and congestive chills. It is the custom in Texas not to make a fire until somebody freezes to death. It would be a slam on the most 'delightful country on earth.' Few houses built prior to the war had any provision for heating. The custom was when a norther announced itself to keep on piling on coals until it got discouraged and gave up the contest. That custom is still generally followed. Northern people regard this eccentricity of the Texas climate with extreme disgust. They go down there expecting to find ten months of summer, and two months of cold fall weather. In winter they get glad sunshine and to inhale the unctuous perfume of magnolia buds all the year. They get into their picnic clothes and send their heavy weights to friends at home to be given the poor or packed away in camphor. Just about that time a norther arrives and, for three days, they long to go to Manitoba to get warm."

Oregon Not Represented.

Mrs. Rose Campbell and Mrs. Ella Wilson returned Thursday afternoon by the Northern Pacific from two months of travel through the East. Their time was spent in numerous cities and although much fatigued by the journey they had a delightful time. Three days were spent in Minneapolis and the resources of Washington, Chicago and the fair. They then went on to Urbana, Ohio, for a week, to Cleveland, for another week, thru through various counties visiting friends, back to Cleveland, Chicago and Minneapolis and home.

They, of course, could not find words to express their wonderment at the big exposition. But they declared they were indignant while on the grounds to have some one ask "where is Oregon, somewhere in Washington?" People have been thoroughly acquainted with the resources of Washington, while Oregon is hardly represented. A mistake was made that Oregon did not invest more money in placing there an exhibit which would have been a credit to the state.

Of course the better informed classes know the relation that Oregon bears to the union, but really large numbers of citizens of this country were actually ignorant of the fact, and hosts of foreigners were in profound ignorance as to whether Oregon is a county, village or state.—East Oregonian.

She Saw It All.

Mrs. Eliza Warren, of Brownsville, accompanied by her son and his wife, her daughter, Mrs. Joe Crooks, last week. Mrs. Warren's history is no doubt familiar to nearly all people in Oregon. She is now 57 years of age. At the age of 10 years she was a member of the mission school at Walla Walla, and was an eye witness to the massacre that took place there on the 26th of November, 1847. In this Indian butchery the great Dr. Whitman fell, and his brave, heroic wife was also a victim of the tomahawk. Mrs. Warren with 51 others were taken prisoners and held in captivity three weeks. They were ransomed by the Hudson Bay Co. officers. At that time the subject of these remarks was Miss Spaulding. Her mother and Mrs. Whitman were the first white women to tread the soil of Oregon. These truly pioneer women crossed the plains in 1836. Mrs. Warren was born at Lapwai, Idaho, not far from the present town of Lewiston, and she is now the oldest living white child born on this side the Rocky mountains.—Princeton News.

Wouldn't Take It.

The Corvallis Times gives the silver item: "We don't take United States silver coins." The speaker was a post-office clerk at Victoria, B. C., and as he spoke he passed back to Bert Brown, of Corvallis, the big dollar the latter had offered in exchange for stamps. Bert is now on the Sound, and if the rest of the Canadians were like the post office officials, he probably left British Columbia for good and sufficient reasons. The incident illustrates why this country cannot coin an unlimited amount of silver and keep gold in the country.

A cowboy in Texas thought he would have some fun with a tenderfoot and ordered him to dance, but it worked differently from what he expected. The stranger not only refused, but knocked the cowboy down, took his gun away from him and then made him dance until he fainted from exhaustion.

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BALD HEADS

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PRESIDENT.

Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as the executor of the estate of William A. Detmering deceased, has filed his final account as such in the county court of Yamhill county, Oregon, and said court has set the 3rd day of October, 1893, at the hour of one o'clock p. m. of said day for the county court room at McMinnville, Yamhill county, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of said account.

Now therefore all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified and required to appear at said time and place and show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be allowed, said estate finally settled and said executor discharged.

Dated this 25th day of August, A. D. 1893.

J. E. DETMERING,
Ramsay & Fenion, Attorneys at Law, Astoria, Oregon.

Notice of Appointment of Administrator.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been by an order of the county court of Yamhill county, Oregon, appointed administrator of the estate of James McKinley deceased.

Now therefore all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified with proper vouchers, to the undersigned at his residence, near Sheridan, in Yamhill county, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated July 11th, 1893.

MERRITT MCKINLEY,
Administrator of said Estate.
Ramsay & Fenion, Attorneys for Estate.

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261,030 PRIZES, AMOUNTING TO \$173,250.00

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To THE FIVE PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1000 piece OPERA GLASSES.
To THE TWENTY PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1000 piece POCKET KNIVES.
To THE ONE HUNDRED PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1000 piece TOOTH PICKS.
To THE ONE HUNDRED PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1000 piece PICTURES.

Total Number of Prizes for this County, 226.

CAUTION.—No Tags will be received before January 1st, 1894, nor after February 1st, 1894. Each package containing tags must be marked plainly with Name of Sender, Town, State, and amount of Tags in each package. All charges on packages must be prepaid.

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List of the people obtaining these prizes in this county will be published in this paper immediately after February 1st, 1894.

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THE GREATEST BOON ON EARTH IS HEALTH AND VIGOROUS STRENGTH. IT BRINGS WEALTH, HAPPINESS AND FRUITFUL MARRIAGE. READ THAT GENTLEMAN WRITE US—YOU MAY WRITE TO THEM—SEE BELOW.

GENERAL DEBILITY CURED.

Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir—Before I used your belt I was a weak, nervous, and almost a complete invalid. I had been suffering for years with general debility, loss of energy, and aching limbs. I had been treated by the best physicians, and had spent thousands of dollars, but had not obtained any relief. I had been told that I was incurable, and had almost given up hope. I had been told that I was incurable, and had almost given up hope. I had been told that I was incurable, and had almost given up hope.

RHEUMATISM AND LAMENESS CURED.

Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir—I got one of your belts from your advertisement in the Scientific American. I had been suffering for years with rheumatism and lameness, and had been treated by the best physicians, but had not obtained any relief. I had been told that I was incurable, and had almost given up hope. I had been told that I was incurable, and had almost given up hope. I had been told that I was incurable, and had almost given up hope.

NERVOUS DEBILITY AND LOSS OF VIGOR CURED.

Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir—I have been suffering for years with nervous debility and loss of vigor, and had been treated by the best physicians, but had not obtained any relief. I had been told that I was incurable, and had almost given up hope. I had been told that I was incurable, and had almost given up hope. I had been told that I was incurable, and had almost given up hope.

LAME BACK AND RHEUMATISM CURED.

Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir—Years of exposure and hard work, combined with a cold, have resulted in a lame back and rheumatism. I had been treated by the best physicians, but had not obtained any relief. I had been told that I was incurable, and had almost given up hope. I had been told that I was incurable, and had almost given up hope. I had been told that I was incurable, and had almost given up hope.

SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 172 First Street, PORTLAND, OREGON.