

YAMHILL REPORTER,

SNYDER & WARREN, PROPRIETORS.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON

A CLEAR CASE.

Auburn hair inclined to curl,
Honest eyes and winning smile;
Form to set the brain awbirl,
Lips that might a saint beguile—
That's the girl.

Taller than the maiden coy,
Truthful, fearless, handsome, strong,
Heart of gold without alloy,
Haling ne'er 'twixt right and wrong—
That's the boy.

Window panes festooned with rime,
Leafless trees and hillsides bare;
Town clock sounding midnight's chime,
Street lamps glimmering here and there—
That's the time.

Needing at the mountain's base,
With its one, long, quiet street,
Clasped in winter's white embrace;
Quaint old village, prim and neat—
That's the place.

Truant arm and shy embrace,
Tender vows in willing ear,
Kisses on an upturned face,
Whispered: "Yes, I love you, dear"—
That's the case.

A YOUNG JOURNALIST'S DIFFICULTIES.

Some of the newspaper fellows were a little disappointed when the Opera Festival press tickets were passed around. A young gentleman, here and there, after having made arrangements to escort a young lady to one of the operas, would be more or less pained to discover, for example, that he was destined to be an end man in the northeastern corner of the gallery, while his lady love occupied a seat behind a pillar two floors below.

It will readily be seen that much of the pleasure of companionship would thus be seriously interfered with. The beaming smiles of approval, the soft spoken words that are wont to be interchanged during a performance, the animated conversations between acts, the recognition and pointing out of mutual friends, the young man's carefully studied explanation of the plot, all of these delightful little social amenities would have to be foregone.

Apròpos of this, the experience of a young man connected with one of the dailies. He had, in the full confidence of being able to fulfill his engagements, asked his sweetheart to pick out three or four operas that she was especially desirous of hearing, which she did with commendable alacrity, naming four and adding, "I would dearly love to see—but no matter."

Of course she insisted on knowing what else she had set her heart upon hearing, and she mentioned two other operas, and he agreed to get seats for all of them. She was enraptured with her prospective rich entertainment and went immediately to tell the folks, and then they had a delightful time in planning for the week, and the old man didn't rick his head into the parlor that night to tell his daughter that it was ten o'clock, and altogether the young fellow spent the most enjoyable evening of his existence.

When he got out into the air and had a chance to think he began to have serious misgivings as to his ability to carry out his plans and subsequent events developed the shrewdness of this latter conviction, for when the office tickets were divided up, our young man found that he had his choice between taking two seats for one performance or staying away. He took them with a sinking heart, but he did take them, for there were four other fellows who were waiting anxiously for a chance to snap them up, and indeed, the editor who offered them to him, did so with considerable hesitation.

It was a fearful ordeal that the young man found it necessary to face, but he did not flinch from it. He was a newspaper man, and the bravery that seems to be inherent in men of his profession never forsook him.

He told his girl that the chief editor of his paper had been waylaid the night before in going home from his office and robbed of \$900 in money, a solitary diamond stud worth \$300, and worst of all, ninety-six Opera Festival season tickets, with which Col. Nicholas had with characteristic generosity supplied the office. That thereupon he, the young man, had scoured the town for tickets, and had finally procured two seats, he was really ashamed to say how much he had paid for them, but they were the best that could be had at this late hour.

"You see," he added imprudently, "the speculators have all the seats that they could get hold of."

"But wouldn't the speculators sell them to you?"

"Certainly not."

"But what do the speculators do with them?" she persisted.

"Then you don't know," he said mysteriously, and trying to think of some way out of his dilemma. "Now, if I tell you this you must promise never to breathe a word of it to a living soul. You see it is not generally known, and was told me in the strictest confidence, and inasmuch as it is contrary to the ethics of journalism to betray a trust, I would never consent to divulge the secret to any one else, but with you it is different, and I feel that I can confide in you."

She was much affected by this evidence of his perfect faith in her and promised never to reveal the secret, and he told her that the speculators held the tickets until long after the festival was over, when they were sold at fabulous prices to the collectors of souvenirs.

"How singular! But," thoughtfully, "wouldn't the tickets that have been used answer as souvenirs?"

"Oh, no," he exclaimed hastily, "the

tickets must be in perfect condition to suit the curiosity collectors, and you know they punch the tickets taken at the door and that spoils them," and he mentally ejaculated that somebody ought to punch him until he was spoiled for telling such colossal lies.

"Why, these seats are not together," she exclaimed, suddenly discovering that one of them was a parquette and the other a dress-circle ticket. This was a source of fresh grief for the young man, who in the agitation consequent upon his disappointment had utterly failed to notice it.

But again his professional dignity came to his rescue.

"No," said he, carelessly, "but that will not make any difference. You know this year it is considered just the thing for the gentleman to seat his lady in the dress circle and then retire to the parquette."

"Why, how queer!"

"It does seem odd, but it is quite conventional."

Much to his relief he was not called upon to answer any more embarrassing questions, and when he left he determined to deny himself the pleasure of another visit until the night for which he had tickets.

On that evening they were a little late in getting away from the house, so that by the time he had escorted his lady to her seat and had been dismissed by her with a smile and a "Now you can return to the parquette with your mutilated souvenir," the first act was on, and he was prevented from claiming his seat.

Out in the vestibule he meditated upon the remark of his lady, and a strong feeling of uneasiness, that she had ventilated his subterfuges, oppressed him. "She has probably given the whole thing away to the old man," he gloomily conjectured, "and I'll get the fire too quick." The reader must remember that a news paper writer when conversing with himself will sometimes, in extreme cases, cut loose from the elegance of diction which flows so gracefully and easily from his pen. "At any rate," thought he, "they shan't gibe me about being locked out that subject."

At the conclusion of the act he rejoined the lady, bent upon interviewing her with a view to ascertaining upon what footing he stood in her estimation, but the probing process was crowded out to make room for new and more interesting matter.

She greeted him with:

"Wasn't that act just splendid?"

Under ordinary circumstances he would at once have vindicated his profession by filing a strong bill of exceptions, but he was anxious to clear up his harassing doubts, so he replied, "Perfect."

"Do you know," she continued, "I was afraid you were losing it all. Every time I looked in your direction you were looking up at me and smiling."

He was somewhat puzzled to understand this remarkable feat of her visual organs, but he gallantly responded:

"How could I help it?"

"At first," she resumed, "I was afraid you had not succeeded in reaching your seat for I didn't see you for ever so long. You remember when you shook your handkerchief at me and I returned the signal?"

"Yes," he said, and trying to remember if she had ever confessed to nearsightedness.

"Well, that was the first glimpse I caught of you, but after that I glanced at you often and you were always looking up at me."

"But you don't blame me so much for that?" he asked, tenderly, now more than ever determined not to acknowledge his absence from the hall.

"I can't very well, for you know I smiled every time; but I couldn't help that, it seemed so ridiculous."

Then he came near blurring out that it was d—d ridiculous, but he checked himself.

"Do you know the lady and gentleman just behind me?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, that's Mr. — and wife, one of our richest retired merchants," he whispered.

"Isn't it funny that he is up here with his wife? He ought to know the latest style."

"Oh, no! They're rich but they're not ton."

"But isn't that Judge So and So with his wife right behind us?"

"Yes, but the judge likes to appear eccentric."

"I heard that gentleman back of me say that a speculator had offered him good reserved seats for to-night at the regular price. That's strange isn't it?"

"Some of them haven't got any nerve."

Then he went away.

At the next intermission she opened fire with:

A COMPARISON.

The American Woman and the Women of Other Countries.

UNLIMITED CREDIT, BUT LITTLE CASH.

Men certainly have occasional sparks of generosity, and in the praise which is lavished on American women they have kindly—if not ignorantly—forgotten to mention the exceptionally good conditions under which American women exist. It is not in the astonishing liberty which they enjoy, for paradoxical as it may seem, French women—that is, French married women—have an equality in society and in the law which is beyond that allowed their American sisters, but in the nice adjustment of their privileges Miss Kate Field, Miss Emily Faithfull, and innumerable others have testified that the wife of the American laborer is a better housewife than the wife of any workingman; that she is a better financier than other women of her class elsewhere. To lay aside the sentimental aspect of the question, the atmosphere of respect and appreciation in which an American woman lives, and to take the most practical, if not sordid view of it, the spending of money, it will be seen that American women know how to spend money more judiciously than any other women. She is intrusted with a much greater proportion of her husband's income, and consequently she is not a child in the use of money. In France, in the bourgeois classes, the wife has an absolute equality with the husband, and indeed a greater domestic influence, as the French woman's business instinct is, as a rule, superior to the Frenchman's. The statistics of business failures in Paris show a much larger percentage of men, allowing fully for the greater number of shops kept by men. Women are conceded to be more prudent than men when they are prudent at all. In France, even when the proprietor of a shop is accounted wealthy, madame sits at the bookkeeper's desk, in a faint toilet, and is generally the most efficient member of the firm. She keeps a sharp lookout on monsieur as regards cigars and theater tickets, and takes principally upon herself the task of providing Therese and Marie with dots, and Jean and Adolphe a nest-egg for a business venture. In the upper classes a singularity is observed that is common also with English women of rank. French women of the better class have unlimited credit, but little cash. Money is power, and the French and English husbands appear to realize it and to keep their wives' hands off of it very successfully. The privilege of buying a 500-franc costume is nothing to the actual possession of 500 francs. Then comes in the servitude of the relationships—the considering the opinions of the uncles and aunts, and cousins on both sides—a tyranny to which no American man or woman of sense would submit for a day. A close investigation of French society shows that the wonderful liberty of a French married woman is more apparent than real. In the higher classes it is the liberty of a child to buy toys, and in the lower classes the liberty of doing the best part of the work. In England something of the same nature is seen. An English woman a little removed from the class where wife-beating is considered a trivial affair is an upper servant. Still higher up she is held in bondage by her maid and housekeeper and her establishment; and here comes in the wonderful helplessness of English women in regard to their children. They have no voice in the education of their sons or daughters any more than they have in regard to the number of servants they shall keep. An American mother, wishing to give a son or daughter some extra advantages, quietly arranges it, and announces that she will keep one servant less, or practice some other form of economy which is acquiesced in as a matter of course. But let an English woman suggest such a thing! She will find it is master, not mistress that settles the economies of the establishment. The bill system exists in all its pristine beauty among English women of rank. When English women are extravagant they are the most violently extravagant women in the world. The average share of an English woman out of her husband's income would appear ridiculously small to an American woman, and occasionally resenting the amount spent on keeping up family places, on hobbies of various kinds, on yachts and grouse moors, on armor and brie-a-brac, they launch out and contract even more debts. The tradesmen, especially in London, understand this credit system perfectly. The courts have decided, owing to the frequency of such cases, exactly how much and how far a husband is liable for his wife's debts, and the tradesman takes his own risks and makes his own profit. In Germany, a woman's lot is a slavery to thalers and pfennigs. The stinginess of German husbands is proverbial. A German woman scarcely buys her own hair-pins, so rigidly is she held in the matter of money. Naturally, when she has money she feels it away—and thus furnishes a specious argument against her having any more. In Italy something like the condition of things in France prevails—with this addition, that in Continental Europe wife-beating is common in all classes—and, as an instance, Mme. Adeline Patti was thought to be hypercritical in object-

ing to a little conjugal correction from the Marquis de Caux.

If American women realized the difference between the domestic status of a woman here and in Europe there would be considerably less eagerness to marry foreigners with titles. The only way they can make good husbands of them in the American sense is to Americanize them, which requires time and a good backbone. Men in all ages have been found who were willing to marry poor girls, but the United States is the first and only country in the world in which the custom prevails of a man marrying the daughter of rich parents and getting nothing with her. But this dowless wife enjoys privileges and distinctions hitherto unknown to women, and the liberty allowed her, though large, is judicious. The result of the system must be sought for in the great working class, where, indeed, the final illustration is always found, and it is conceded that, in the return for the good treatment she receives, the wife of the American laborer is the most capable and industrious housewife of her class in any civilized or uncivilized country. In the cultivated classes in the United States there appears to be a good deal of pink and white tyranny, but American men seem to thrive upon it. They have at last, after 3,000 years of slumber, awakened to the great fact that having their own way too much is not good for them.

CHINESE MAGIC.

A gentleman who has lived among the Chinese tells, as an illustration of their ability as magicians, an incident which took place under his own eye, and in his own room, where apparently there was no chance for deception.

The magician was naked from the waist upward, and his only magical instrument seemed to be a strip of white cloth twisted about his loins. Taking a dish of uncooked rice, the juggler covered it with his mysterious girdle, squatted before it, and began his incantations, which continued for half an hour.

During this process, his bare arms were passing to and fro beneath the cloth, and this was all the gentleman saw him do. At last the linen was removed, and lo! there were six plates filled with cooked edibles of various kinds, while a dish of boiled rice had replaced the one containing raw rice.

Another gentleman, describing how he was deluded, says: "A juggler in the open street seized a boy five or six years of age, dragged him struggling into the circle, threw him on his back, and in spite of the child's agonized cries and the remonstrances of the people, apparently nearly decapitated him."

"The victim gradually became motionless, while the blood streamed from the wound. Finally the magician removed the knife, muttered a few words, called aloud to the child, who soon showed signs of life, and at last raised him to his feet, when the boy appeared unharmed."

"Both actors in this strange scene were liberally rewarded by the crowd, and the boy ran off to play with his wondering companions."

THE FRENCH WORKMAN.

The French laborer probably gets more for his wages than any other. His food is cheaper and more nourishing. His bouillon is liquid essence of beef at a penny per bowl. His bread at the restaurant is thrown in without any charge, and is the best bread in the world. His hot coffee and milk is peddled about the streets in the morning at less than a sou per cup. It is coffee, not slops. His half bottle of claret is thrown in at a meal costing twenty cents. For a few cents he may enjoy an evening's amusement at any one of the minor theaters, with his coffee free. Six pence pays for a nicely cushioned seat at the theater. No gallery gods, no peanuts, pipe, smoke, drunkenness, yelling or howling. The Jardin des Plantes, the vast galleries and museums of the Louvre, Hotel Cluny, palace of the Luxembourg and Versailles, are free for him to enter. Art and science hold out to him their choicest treasures at small cost or no cost at all. French economy and frugality do not mean that constant retrenchment and self-denial which would deprive life of everything which makes it worth living for. Economy in France, more than in any other country, means a utilization of what America throws away, but it does not mean a barren existence of work and bread and water.

ROBBER PRINCES.—The robber princes are held in high esteem. They go about to the colleges, some of them, and doctors of law and doctors of divinity grovel at their feet; if any Mordecai has refused to bow down before them, his name has not been reported. Men whose riches have been increased by spoiling their neighbors are held up as shining examples for the imitation of our youth. So long as teachers of morality silently indorse such iniquities, it is not to be expected that the people will cry out against them. But the day is sure to come when plain men will clearly see that no one man can get with clean hands, in an ordinary life time, a hundred million dollars; that such an enormous pile, so suddenly collected, must be loot, not profit. That will be a day of reckoning, indeed, for the robbers and for the judges and legislators, and the public teachers who have been their accomplices.—[Century.

The population of England at the time of the last census in 1881 was 24,608,391.

ANOTHER RAT STORY.

The recent stories in the *Congregationalist*, describing the migrations of colonies of rats, remind the writer of an incident which occurred many years since in a prominent town in New Hampshire, near the White Mountains.

In a house occupied by a large family, the rats had collected in great numbers and were exceedingly troublesome. Various means were used to drive them away, but without any visible effect. There was also living in the village a young bachelor lawyer, who economized his expenses of board by having weekly supplies of provisions sent from the house of his parents in a neighboring town, which he kept in a blue chest in his office till wanted for use.

The writer, then a girl of sixteen, wrote a letter to the rats, informing them that their presence in the house was very annoying to the inmates, and asking them to have the goodness to leave the premises and cross the street to Mr. O's office, where they would find excellent accommodations, and in his blue chest an abundant supply of choice provisions. This missive was placed where it could not fail to be discovered by the rats to whom it was directed.

Only two days had passed when Mr. B., a member of the family, afterward Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, came to the house laughing, and said that Brother E., as he called the lawyer in question, had just told him he was in great trouble; his office was overrun with rats that had eaten a hole into his chest and carried off all his store of provisions. The house where the letter was deposited was troubled no more with rats; they seemed to have quitted it in a body before the time of the assault on the lawyer's provisions.

Whether or not the migration was prompted by the assurance of better quarters and more abundant supplies at the new location is a question open to conjecture, but the fact of their removal is undeniable, as is also the fact that it was with great difficulty that the rodents were expelled from the lawyer's rooms, of which they seemed determined to keep possession.

HE'D SCOOP A LITTLE.

About the time that Daniel Drew began his Wall street career, he was up the country one time to visit some friends, and two farmers called upon him to decide a case. One had sold the other five bushels of wheat, and proposed to measure it in a half bushel, and sweep the top of the measure with a stick. The other objected, and Uncle Daniel asked to decide.

"Well, legally speaking, a bushel is only a bushel," he answered.

"And can the measure be swept off?"

"I think it can."

"What with?"

"Well, if I was selling wheat I should probably use half the head of a flour barrel."

"Which edge of it?"

"Gentlemen, that is a point I can not now decide on," sighed the old man. "If I was selling to a widow or a preacher I am certain that I should sweep the measure with the straight edge, but if I was selling to a man who pastures his cows in the road and his pigs in his neighbor's corn, I'm afraid I should use the circular side, and scoop a little to boot."

When women are the advisers the lords of creation don't take the advice until they have persuaded themselves that it is just what they had intended to do; then they act upon it, and if it succeeds they give the weaker vessel half the credit of it; but if it fails they generally give her the whole.

No one ever supposed the prairie dog towns to be of any value in the West until a Yankee besieged one and began to capture the animals for their skins, which, it is said, can be made into gloves that rival the finest kid.

AN OLD FRIEND.

Few people who have lived long in this land of plenty need to be introduced to the Pacific Bank as one of the best institutions of its kind on the Pacific Coast. Among trades people as well as among farmers it is regarded as a safe and staunch concern, to which all kinds of business and interest may be entrusted with entire confidence. It has become proverbial for its conservative yet enterprising methods of management. Its facilities for doing a general banking business are as perfect as they can be made, and there are no accommodations which cannot be obtained at its counters. It recommends itself more specially to interior merchants, tradesmen and farmers, for it has made the loaning of money on grain, flour and other merchandise a specialty, and can therefore offer more advantageous conditions than any other bank.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

Ammon's Cough Syrup is prepared by a competent druggist, from a prescription of one of the most noted physicians of Europe. It is a sure and safe remedy for colds, coughs, and diseases for which it is recommended. Ask your dealer to show you a large bottle.

Unkind language is sure to produce the fruits of unkindness—that is, suffering in the bosom of others.

"All ladies who may be troubled with nervous prostration; who suffer from organic displacement; who have a sense of weariness and a feeling of lassitude; who are languid in the morning; in whom the appetite for food is uncertain and sleep at proper hours uncertain, should have recourse to Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

THE DIFFERENCE.

We often hear it said, "You can sell any human article by well advertising it." This is a part of the truth, but if the article has no merit the purchaser will not buy a second time, and will probably prevent his friend from buying by saying it is a waste of money. So the more the better the sooner it will cease to sell. On like Ammon's Cough Syrup, when once used will be appreciated, and the buyer will not only continue to purchase it again when in need of a remedy for colds or coughs, but will speak a good word for it and thus, without advertising it, will become known and have a large sale.

AN HONEST POUND.

"STAR is the only first class Tobacco is always put up in 16 oz. tins. The Consumers who always buy Tobacco should get STAR. For proof of this weight Tobacco. Tin Stars on each plug.

Carpets and furniture 20 per cent. at H. Schellhaas', 11th St., Oakland.

STROKES, Cal., Dec. 30th.—I sell Ammon's Cough Syrup, feeling confident your report as an apothecary would prevent any trash on the market, and the price about the same as the best class of remedies. I have no objection in view of the discount against it, so I wish you success.

W. A. McCURDY, Apothecary, Cor. Main and Sutter Sts., San Francisco, Nov. 15th, 1881.

The company in which you improve most will be least expensive to you.

"Unbidden guests are often welcomed when they are gone." Disease is an unbidden guest, and it is far superior to any "shoves the door." Here is a case in point. "Mother has recovered," wrote an Illinois lady to her Eastern relatives. "She took me a long time but without any good. She heard of the virtues of Kidney-Wort, got a box and it completely cured her, so she can do as much work now as she could before we moved West. Since she got well one about here is taking it."

REDDING, Cal. Feb. 15th, 1882.—We had drug stores one at Anderson, Cal., and another here. We have kept and sold Ammon's Cough Syrup for some time, and find a good satisfaction. GLEAVES & AVELL, Proprietors.

HAL'S PULMONARY BALSAM. PRICE 50 CENTS.

AN IMMEDIATE AND PERMANENT CURE FOR COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, FLUENZA, CATARRH, LOSS OF VOICE, INCIPENT CONSUMPTION and all Diseases of the Throat, Lungs. Ask for the California Pulmonary Balsam, and take no other.

SOLD BY AEL DRUGGISTS.

J. R. GATES & Co., - Proprietors, 417 Sansome St., S. F., Cal.

CHRIS. H. SCHMIDT, C. S.

BROOKLYN HOTEL.

G. S. Bush & Schmidt Proprietors.

BUSH STREET, between Montgomery and ...

WE REG TO INFORM THE PUBLIC THAT we will open the Brooklyn Hotel on about ...

FIRST CLASS HOTEL, at an expense of over ...

The building itself has been re-modelled to ...

convenience of our guests. Mr. Chris. Schmidt, for the past fourteen ...

connected with the Bush House, the latter ...

to all the wants of our patrons. Respectfully ...

G. S. BUSH & SCHMIDT.

TERMS: \$1 50, \$2 00, and \$2 50 per day.

A liberal arrangement with permanent guests.

ANTISELL PIANO ORGAN.

10,000 Pianos, 1,000 Organs. ...

ANTISELL, 407 Market Street, San Francisco.

This N.Y. Singer Sewing Machine.

With \$8 set of Attachments. ...

Happy Home Sewing Machine. ...

KIDNEY WORT.

HAS BEEN PROVED THE SUREST CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or a disordered urine ...

It is a SURE CURE FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER.

It has specific action on the most important ...

Malaria. If you are suffering from ...

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to ...

Ammon's Cough Syrup is prepared by a ...

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

Invaluable for recovering from ...