

YAMHILL REPORTER,

SMYDEN & WARREN, PROPRIETORS.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

IN THE WALTZ.

At last in my arms I held my queen,
As, whirling and circling to and fro,
We heard, as we threaded the waltzes between,
The glorious music ebb and flow.

I could feel her heart, like a bird imprisoned,
Against my breast through her corsage bent,
As I held her close in the waltz and listened
To the maddening music and pattering feet.

As we whirled and circled about the room,
My senses swooned with the joy and bliss;
My soul seemed drunk with her breath's perfume,
And I pressed on a vagrant kiss.

I saw a flash in my rival's eye
As I kissed the tress as it framed my cheek,
And I said to myself, as I heard her sigh,
"Now or never—this moment speak."

I bent my head till it touched the glory
Of golden hair that crowned her head,
And there in that waltz I told the story
That shall yet be new when the world is dead.

There in the waltz I won my treasure,
Full in the ball-room's glare and heat,
Whirling swift through the waltz's measure,
Keeping time to the music's beat.

As I looked in her eyes, brimming o'er like a river,
I clasped her close, for I knew I had won;
And then with a glare and a crash and a shiver,
The music ended—the waltz was done.

THE SHAH'S CHOICE.

The Grand Vizier was dying; and, as he had been such a faithful servant, the Shah promised that his last request, whatever it might be, should be granted.

"Let it be given me to know, O Commander of Slaves and Ruler of Thrones," said the dying man, "that one of my sons shall guard the treasures of the empire. Faithfully have I studied the interests of my country, never letting personal feeling prevail over judgment. Let me feel that my name shall descend in the position thus intrusted to one of my sons."

"It shall be as thou desirest, Rejerah, the Adviser," replied the potentate. "We will try thy sons; to the best fitted shall be given charge over our treasures. Justice shall be done thy memory."

Loud were the lamentations of the nation, and great was the distress of the old Vizier's family, when at last he died. But the people soon became reconciled to the new Vizier; while the three sons of Rejerah were soon looking forward to the chance of "Holder of the Golden Key," as the title went. And shortly the eldest, Ramedab, known throughout Persia as the "Ready-Handed," was called to the palace.

He prostrated himself to the ground when brought before the Shah, who thus addressed him:

"This charge is given thee, Ramedab, son of Rejerah, in honor of thy father, a servant of servants—wise for his commander, discreet for himself, and wily toward his enemies. In token of our appreciation of these traits, we now lend thee, for a time, the Golden Key to the treasure. Remember, they are Persia's. It is a great commission—thy duty is to guard them. Let not bribery, personal feeling, nor love of renown cause thee to forget thy charge. May the spirit of thy father be with thee, to lead thee to act as becomes his son."

Ramedab was then conducted to a large stone building used as a treasury by the Shah; here the gold and jewels of the kingdom were kept. It was guarded day and night by trusted sentinels, whose head officer ranked among the nobles of the land. The great house was rather isolated, on the top of a hill, but the guardian was given a silver whistle, which he blew if he saw danger; but was forbidden to use unless in extremity, when a band of soldiers, with shields and spears, would come at once to his relief. The Ready-handed entered upon his watch in high spirits; of course his sovereign would decide on him; he was the strongest, bravest, and oldest of his name. He would soon be among the grandees of Persia. He was too good a soldier to sleep on his post, so one o'clock found him awake and alert. A noise, a step—his hand was on his javelin.

"Peace be with thee and reward!" exclaimed a voice out of the darkness, and the son of the Shah, Hafiz, appeared before the astonished sentinel.

"Often have I seen thee in games of skill and strength, Ramedab," he continued, seeing the Ready-Handed was too surprised to speak. "But little did I think such honor was in store for thee. Changes are sudden and great."

"Why seekest thou me, most noble of the nobles?" inquired the soldier. "My father is stricken with illness."

"Even so, the Shah?"

"What, the Shah?"

"Even so, he may cease to live at any moment. What then will become of thy promised honors?"

Here a pause ensued, as if Hafiz wished to let his words produce an effect.

"Better look forward and plant thy foot on the next step, Ramedab. The ready are the lucky. A chance is now thine. I am in debt, as, perhaps, thou hast heard. Let me but obtain some gold, and thy future greatness is secured."

"Betray my trust?" demanded the other.

"I ask thee not to betray. Drop the key, go to the end of the walk; I will only secure a bag of gold, which will never be missed; or if it should be, who will know that it disappeared during thy watch? Does not thy brother succeed thee here to-morrow?"

to thy brothers: "Let not love of gold, of self, nor of others, cause thee to forget thy duty."

Freraddin was in turn subjected to the temptations his brothers had undergone, only added was the promise from the Shah's favorite daughter, "that if he would let her enter to obtain her annulet, which was kept among the royal jewels, she would use her influence for his promotion, and, in time, persuade her father to agree to their marriage; for the annulet was especially precious to her, and she desired to wear it at the evening feast."

But Freraddin refused; her entreaties were hard to withstand, yet the memory of his father's words decided him, and the princess departed in tears.

Next morning, the three brothers were brought before the throne—Ramedab on a litter, Amulfeda with banded arm, and Freraddin holding the key.

"It is known to all," began the Shah, "the promise given to your father, and how it has been kept. Each was tried. I commanded you not to let anything come between you and your duty. I showed not the treasures, for belief in them was part of your faith in me. You all refused the worldly bribes offered."

Here Ramedab changed color. "It is needless to say," continued the Shah, "that the trials were permitted by me. I allowed Hafiz, who needed money, to endeavor to influence you. I did not make Mufta Ramedab's enemy, but agreed to his challenging him while on guard. The Grand Vizier requested the opportunity to test your zeal; should the family of Rejerah fail, his nephew must win. For I could not do Persia the injustice to bestow the Golden Key on one untried by temptations. Ramedab, this was not the time for thee to think of thine own name; but, as thou has proved thyself brave, though a faulty sentinel, thou shalt receive a place in the cohorts of Persia. Amulfeda, thinkst thou we had not plenty to defend our name? That was not thy mission; let not visions of greatness make thee forget life's duties. Thou shalt be among the chroniclers of Persia. But thou, Freraddin, whom neither gold, nor taunts, nor woman's tears could move from the task appointed, thou keepest the key, for thou alone of the three hast learned self-control."

Loud praises greeted these words, and Freraddin always enjoyed the confidence of his monarch.—(St. Nicholas.)

THE OTHER SIDE.

She sobbed as if her heart would break, and the kind-hearted neighbor who dropped in for a friendly chat could not comfort her.

Had she received bad news from her relations or friends? No.

Were her children causing her trouble? No.

Difficulties in church? No.

Perhaps her husband's business was not prospering? But that was not it; her husband had never been so fortunate in business as now.

Finally it came out that her husband had stopped drinking, and that was the source of her grief.

"He is so changed now," she tearfully explained. "From a lively, kind-hearted man he has become morose, cross and stingy. Why, when he was about half full he was one of the cheerfulest men you ever saw, and he never came home without remembering to bring something. Why, I've let him in many a time at 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, when he would drop right down in the parlor and go to sleep on the oilcloth, but I could always depend on finding a turkey, or a can of oysters, or a ham, or something lying alongside of him. Yes, he was a good man when he was drunk. He was fuller'n a goose when he bought the piano and my watch, and everything else that cost more than fifty cents. But that's all over with now, and I wish I was dead," and she burst forth into a fresh flood of tears and refused to be comforted.

THE PENITENCE OF GOULD.

Mr. Jay Gould protests that he has reformed. He will quit the world, (which is Wall-street), and will wreck no more railroads, rig no more markets, and buy no more newspapers. He will forswear sack and live cleanly as Flastaff says, and will be as good a man as a reformed gambler can. It is a touching spectacle. Jay Gould has been for many years the terror of the stock market. Doubtless he has enjoyed the somewhat exaggerated reputation which has been spread abroad by his agents and emissaries. But, whatever may be true of his influence in the markets, and however popular views of him have been distorted, he has undoubtedly been an active and mischievous agency in all honest stock-dealing. But now, having laid aside the modest little sum of \$100,000,000, Jay Gould will retire from active business pursuits and will lead a well-ordered private life. May a peaceful conscience go with him. He has ruined many an honest man, before now, and the number of guileless lambs that he has shorn is past calculation. But if he honestly forswears speculation and railroad-wrecking, and goes into the cool, sequestered vale of privacy, the world of business will wish him permanent peace in his permanent retirement.

It is understood that among the records brought back to the Navy Department by the Jeannette survivors is a document written by DeLong, preferring serious charges against Lieut. Danenhewer.

Why are oysters eccentric beings?—Because they get out of their beds to be tucked in.

SPRING CEREALS.

A Splendid Showing Throughout the Coast for an Average Yield of Wheat and all other Cereals.

The vast area of wheat in California, and indeed the entire Pacific Coast, has been a source of anxiety to the many farmers who became discouraged at their prospects during the long drought. Since the splendid fall of rain hopes for an average crop have been realized, and everywhere, the planted wheat is rising from the ground, rich, strong and plentiful.

Edwin F. Smith, Secretary of the Agricultural Society says that a summary of reports from all parts of the State, just received, shows that, in spite of all reports to the contrary, a full average crop of 30,000,000 bushels will be produced. All actual damage from drought is more than compensated for by the increase of fully 10 per cent in the acreage. Mr. Smith estimates that the State will have for export at least 20,000,000 bushels. Four weeks ago, during the prevalence of the drought, the highest estimate for the State crop was only about 24,000,000 bushels. Mr. Smith says: "Since that time the State has had a beautiful rain, and the change in the outlook of our crop is simply wonderful. The product of the State in 1881 was 31,000,000 bushels; in 1882, 34,000,000 bushels.

As the crop of the Pacific slope may now be fairly estimated at some 65,000,000 bushels, this would leave but 335,000,000 bushels for the area east of the Sierras, which includes a vast breadth of new territory now being seeded in the northwest. In order to permit this the crop in all the rest of the Mississippi Valley would need to be reduced to a much more miserable average yield than seems to us to be warranted by any facts that have yet come to light. It is true that the growing weather of the last week has shown considerable areas to have been practically winter killed, especially in the southern half of Illinois and Indiana. But it should be remembered that this is not unusual, even in good crop years. The average yield per acre in the prolific year—1880 would have been regarded by thousands of Western farmers as a sign of crop failure if it had applied to their farms individually. So far as observant people can judge the weather of the last six months has not been nearly so unfavorable to winter wheat as was the corresponding season two years ago; the increased acreage promises more for equivalent weather conditions, and there is nothing in the way of a fair yield of spring wheat this year.

Prospects for other crops, amount of last year's crops on hand. The area covered includes all the important grain-growing sections of the State, and those portions where large amounts of potatoes form an important element in the crops. With few exceptions all counties report the winter wheat to be in excellent condition. In a few sections some damage is reported, and one or two points state that the early-sown wheat was injured by the fly. But, as a whole, the outlook is nearly as good as at this time of any year in the history of the State. With the exception of those portions of the State where dairying is a specialty, the importance of which is increasing rapidly, an increase in the acreage of winter wheat is reported. Several other counties report an increase of 5 to 10 per cent. Until within a week past the season has been backward, but the last few days of warm weather have drawn the winter wheat forward at a rapid rate and forwarded the preparation for spring. There will be considerable increase in acreage, especially in the dairy sections of the State.

The acreage of spring wheat will be about the same as last year, except in those counties where there has been an increase in the acreage of winter wheat, and in the dairy sections.

Considering oats, barley, and rye, it is impossible to obtain definite statements as yet in regard to the probable acreage, but reports from sections where attempts at an estimate have been made show probabilities of considerable increase. This is especially the case in barley, the large and growing demand of the breweries making the crop profitable.

Potatoes have come to be favorites in the markets of the country, and the handsome returns received by farmers have influenced farmers in the potato sections to increase the acreage devoted to that crop.

The active local and milling demand for grain combined with good roads influenced farmers to part with large proportions of their crops soon after the last harvest, and the State is nearly drained.

A month ago farmers were sure the crop would fall below an average yield anywhere from 10 to 30 per cent. Now they admit that the shortage will not exceed 15 per cent, and may fall as low as 5 per cent. Conservative judges, who have all along claimed a fair crop to be the most probable outcome, are strengthened in their view and are inclined to claim a slight advance over an average yield. Judging from present data their estimate seems entirely reasonable. In the northern part of the State the acreage of spring wheat will be much larger than last year. The spring work is going forward at a rapid rate. All sections report the ground in splendid condition. The chief reason for the great increase in the acreage of both winter and spring wheat is the large amount of immigration to the State.

CHIPETAS ADDRESS.

A Literal Translation by Bill Nye of Wyoming Territory.

People of my tribe! the sorrowing widow of the dead Ouray speaks to you. She comes to you, not as the squaw of the dead chief, but to weep with you over the loss of her people and the greed of the pale face.

The fair Colorado, over whose rocky mountains we have roamed and hunted in the olden time, is now overrun by the silver-plated Senator and the soft-eyed dude.

We are driven to a small corner of the earth to die, while the oppressor digs gopher holes in the green grass and sells them to the speculator of the great cities toward the rising sun.

Through the long, cold winter my people have passed, in want and cold, while the conqueror of the peaceful Ute has worn \$250 night-shirts and filled his pale skin with pie.

Chipeta addresses you as the weeping squaw of the great man whose bones will one day nourish the cucumber vine. Ouray now sleeps beneath the brown grass of the canyon, where the soft spring winds may stir the dead leaves and the young coyote may come and monkey o'er his grave.

Ouray was ignorant in the ways of the pale face. He could not go to Congress, for he was not a citizen of the United States. He had not taken out his second papers. He was a simple child of the forest, but he stuck to Chipeta. He loved Chipeta like a hired man. That is why the widowed squaw weeps over him.

A few more years and I shall join Ouray—my chief, Ouray the big jun from away up the gulch. His heart is still open to me. Chipeta could trust him, even among the smiling maidens of her tribe. Ouray was true. There was no funny business in his nature. He loved not the garb of the pale face, but won my heart while he wore a saddle-blanket and a look of woe.

Chipeta looks to the north and the south, and all about are the graves of her people. The refinement of the oppressor has come, with its divorce and schools and gin cocktails, and we linger here like a boil on the neck of a fat man.

Even while I talk to you, the damp winds of April are sighing through my vertebrae and I've got more pains in my back than a conservatory.

Weep with the widowed Chipeta. Bow your heads and howl, for our harps are hung on the willows and our wild goose is cooked.

Who will be left to mourn at Chipeta's grave? None but the starving papposes of my nation. We stand in the gray mist of spring like dead burdocks in the field of the honest farmer, and the chilly winds of departing winter make us hump and gather like a burnt boot.

All we can do is to wail. We are the red-skinned wailers from Wailtown.

Colorado is no more the home of the Ute. It is the dwelling place of the bonanza Senator, who doesn't know the difference between the plan of salvation and the previous question.

Chipeta cannot vote. Chipeta cannot pay taxes to a great nation, but you will be apt to hear her gentle voice, and her mellow racket will fill the air till her tongue is cold and they tuck the buffalo robe about her and plant her by the side of her dead chief, where the south wind and the sage hen are singing.

Gen. Francis A. Walker thinks that all the work of the Census Bureau will be ready for publication by the 1st of next July.

The New York Board of Aldermen granted permission to the Electric Lines Company to lay wires under the streets.

MARYLAND TO THE FRONT.

The Hon. Odon Bowie, Ex-Governor of Maryland, President of the Baltimore City Passenger Railway Co., also President of the Maryland Jockey Club, says: "Both in my family and in my private stables, as well as those of the City Passenger Railway Co., I have for several years used St. Jacob's Oil most satisfactorily." Such a statement ought to convince every reader of this paper.

High chairs at low prices at H. Shellhaas', 11th St., Oakland.

Rev. T. J. Reilly, FAIRFAXVILLE, ARK., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for indigestion and as a preventive of chills with entire satisfaction."

There is nothing better for Poison Oak Cuts, Burns and Sores than MOTHER CARL'S SALVE. Price 25 cts. Try it.

Dr. I. C. McLaughlin, WOLFSPETER, N. C., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for vertigo and now feel like a new man."

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

A GOOD SHOWING.

It is sometimes quite interesting to study the figures contained in the annual statements of our banking institutions, though comparisons by but a small number of readers are directly interested in these statements. There is, for instance, the statement of the Pacific Bank, one of the foremost moneyed concerns of San Francisco, which has just been issued. Its total resources on January 1st were \$3,307,491.83, with \$349,686.84 more and \$464,477.29 due in United States Bonds, and \$62,758.09, and to banks and bankers. The liabilities there is due depositors \$1,822,758.09, and to banks and bankers \$278,002.34. The capital stock of the institution is \$1,000,000 surplus \$487,482.34. The above exhibits shows a degree of solvency not attained by many of its competitors.

A move is on foot to build a \$100,000 cotton factory at Fort Worth, Texas.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is a powerful, potent, and reliable remedy, that will cure consumption, from its early stages, to its advanced stages, by a free use of this Golden Medical Discovery. See article on consumption and its treatment in Part III of the World's Dispensary Bibles Series of pamphlets, costs ten cents, stamps, postpaid. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Three-fifths of the 2,200 convicts in the Texas Penitentiary are negroes and Mexicans.

"Ladies of all ages who suffer from loss of appetite, from imperfect digestion, from weak and nervous debility may have life and health renewed and indefinitely extended by the use of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies for the various complaints incident to the female constitution. We have not only a living faith in Mrs. Pinkham, but we are anxious that her medicines should be as well known and appreciated as they are at once most agreeable and efficacious."

Magnolia has the first electric lights have been established in Florida.

A LADY WANTS TO KNOW.

The latest Parisian style of dress and bonnet, a new way to arrange the hair. Millions expand for artificial appliances, which cause nervous debility, and female weakness. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is under a positive guarantee. If used as directed, it can be dispensed with, but beware those diseases peculiar to females. By druggists.

The Holy Scriptures are published in languages or dialects.

Dresses, coats, suits, stockings and garments can be colored successfully with Diamond Dyes. Fashionable colors. Only by druggists.

When you suffer from dyspepsia, heart, malarial affections, kidney disease, liver complaint and other wasting diseases. When you wish to enrich the blood and purify the system generally. When you wish to remove all signs of weakness, weariness, lack of energy, a bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters and you will be benefited. It is a pure, known, and reliable remedy as an enricher of the blood and a perfect regulator of the various functions. Ask your druggist.

There is a Bible in Belton which was printed in the year 1798.

WHAT'S SAVED IS GAINED.

Workingmen will economize by using Dr. Pierce's Medicines. His "Pleasant Laxative Pills" and "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanse the blood and system, remove venereal fevers and other serious diseases, curing all serious and other humors. Sold by druggists.

London consumes 30,000,000 quarts of stout annually.

"There is no arguing a coward into age." But even the coward may be made to do so by trying Kidney-Wort, that medicine of wonderful efficacy in all diseases of the kidneys. It is prepared in both solid and liquid form, and can always be relied on as an effective cathartic and diuretic. Try it.

THE BAD AND WORTHLESS.

are never imitated or counterfeited. Especially true of a family medicine, as this positive proof that the remedy imitated is the highest value. As soon as it is from tested and proved by the whole world. H. B. Bitters was the purest, best, and most valuable family medicine on earth, until this nation sprung up and began to send notices in which the press and the press the country had expressed the merits of the positive way trying to induce the public to believe that the credit and good name of H. B. Many others started no-name pills in similar style to H. B., with various names in which the word "Bitter" was used, as a way to induce the public to believe they were the same as H. B. All such pretended remedies are a matter of their style or name is, and not in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits. Beware of them. Touch none of them. Use nothing but genuine H. B. Bitters. Beware of the name of H. B. Bitters. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits.

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

There has been a great deal of talk about Hostetter's Bitters, which has been so long in the market, and so well known, that it is almost impossible to find a person who does not know of it. It is a pure, known, and reliable remedy as an enricher of the blood and a perfect regulator of the various functions. Ask your druggist.

There is nothing better for Poison Oak Cuts, Burns and Sores than MOTHER CARL'S SALVE. Price 25 cts. Try it.

Dr. I. C. McLaughlin, WOLFSPETER, N. C., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for vertigo and now feel like a new man."

John Wigmore, HARD LUMBER.

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