

YAMHILL REPORTER,

A. V. R. SNYDER, PROPRIETOR.
McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

TYING THE KNOT.

"This is a true-lover's knot," he said,
As he twisted over a bit of thread,
And carefully drawing the ends astray...

A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

"I'm sorry I can't go to London
with you," said Mr. Bridgnorth,
who had just crossed the Channel with me...

"I thanked my new friend for his
kindness, put his letter in my pocket,
and bidding him may warm adieux...

"The stout gentleman busied himself,
for a time, with his newspaper,
and then threw it down with a grunt...

"Do you know the—the gentleman
you were talking with just before the
train started?" he asked, in a quick,
sharp voice.

"I do," I answered—mentally adding,
"quisitiveness, I see, isn't exclusively
a Yankee fault."

"By the way," I said, after a pause,
"Mr. Bridgnorth was kind enough to
give me a letter of introduction to a
friend of his; perhaps, on our arrival
you can direct me to the place mentioned
in the address."

"What is it?"
I showed him the superscription.
With another of his "humphs" he
handed the letter back.

"Do you want to go there at once?"
he inquired.
"I might as well," said I; "I have
no acquaintances in London, and Mr.
Bridgnorth has assured me of his
friend's kindly offices."

SOLID MEN.

The Limited Capacity of Millionaires for
Real Enjoyment—Discomforts of Wealth
Neatly Described.

Those who watch the new mammoth
millionaires now coming forward in
such numbers from America and Australia
say that one definite reason for dreading
them is their incapacity for spending
their fortunes in amusing themselves.

"I have a letter for Mr. Fitz Quagg,"
I said; "is he in?"
"Give me it, an' I'll see," said the
lackey, snatching rather than receiving
the letter from my hand.

"Cutting short my acknowledgments,
Mr. Fitz Quagg took my arm, and we
sauntered leisurely along. As we
turned a corner to go down a street
less inviting, if anything, than the
one we had left I caught a glimpse,
I fancied, of a form on the other side
of the way, much resembling the
burly figure of MacGrumlie.

"I say, Dick," said Fitz Quagg, the
ceremony of introduction over, "fill
up the glasses while we're waiting for
the solids."

"Here's to our better acquaintance—
no healtaps, mind," called out the
hilarious Fitz Quagg, rising, and
draining his jorum in honor of the
sentiment.

"How long it was before my faculties
returned, I do not know; but when
they did, my companions had disappeared.
I felt for my watch to note the time.
It was gone, and my pocket book
and money with it. The truth flashed
upon me.

"Never mind," he continued; "your
property and the robbers are both
safe at the station-house. The fellow
you parted with this morning is a
noted thief, whose face having grown
too familiar in London, he has been
plying his trade on the Continent of
late. Ascertaining, probably, that
you had a large sum about you, he
came across the Channel in your
company, but finding no safe chance
to pick your pocket by the way, and
not daring to follow you farther, he
commended you to the kind offices of
his city friends, trusting to their
honor to remit him his share of the
spoil.

"As an old detective, I had little
difficulty in fathoming his scheme,
as soon as I had learned he had
given you a letter. So I kept close
watch on your movements from the
moment you left the cab, which I
dismissed immediately after. Then,
waiting till things had gone far
enough to insure the rogues a good
term of penal servitude, I summoned
assistance and pounced upon them
before they could make off with their
plunder."

"By the way," I said, after a pause,
"Mr. Bridgnorth was kind enough to
give me a letter of introduction to a
friend of his; perhaps, on our arrival
you can direct me to the place mentioned
in the address."

"What is it?"
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handed the letter back.

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he inquired.

GOING TO A CIRCUS.

Gorgeous plumes nodded in the
streets, the elephant marched with
awkward tread, and the painted young
lion in an airy costume rode in the
lion's den. The circus had come. Mr.
Mulkittle stood at the gate and
looked at the "grand aggregation,"
but when his son tried to direct his
attention to a horrible head and long
bag neck, bobbing up from the top
of a cage, the good man made a
preference of entirely disregarding the
procession.

"I don't want to see it again," the
father quickly replied.
"Have you got enough?"
"I didn't care to see it at all."

"If you keep on talking that way
you shan't go to the show."
"May I go?" the child exclaimed in
ecstasy, for the first time realizing
that there might be some hope. "If
ma says I may, mayn't I?"

"But can't you go with me?"
"I can't care to go, but if your
mother says you may, probably I'll
go with you to-night," and the
reverend gentleman plucked a rose,
held the stem in his mouth in that
way which, viewed at a distance,
suggests an enormous cancer. The
boy ran into the house to get his
mother's consent, and the minister,
knowing he would get it, took the
rose from his mouth, sniffed it, and
leaned on the gate with an air of
satisfaction. Pretty soon the boy
returned in exultation.

"Now may I go?" he asked.
"Wait until to-night, and I'll see
if you be a good boy I'll either take
you or let you go with some of the
neighbors," and the child, well knowing
that he would accompany his
father, despite the neighbor proviso,
skipped away in glee. When his
little sister suggested by means of a
"squawl" that she would like to go,
the boy said, consolingly:

"You can't go, for the lions and
tigers would want to eat you. No-
body but men and boys can go."
When evening came he was in a
perfect flutter of excitement, and
when the "mammoth steam piano"
began to squeal, he could no longer
restrain himself, but cried in im-
patience at his father's seeming unconcern.

"This is a Bengal tiger," said Mr.
Mulkittle.
"There is a sacred ox, and here is
a lion."

"Is that the kinder lion that Sam-
son killed?"
"Yes, that's the kind."

"Do you think Samson could kill
this one?"
"O, yes."

"And if he was ter kill him would
he find honey in him?"
"No."

"How came him to find honey in
the one he killed?"
"Because the Lord put it there."

"I bet if Daniel was ter go in there
they'd chaw him; don't you?"
"Not if the Lord was with him."

"The Lord could make 'em tuck
their tails and scot, couldn't He?"
"Hush, sir! or I'll take you home.
Do you hear me? Come on," he
continued, as the band with a loud
burst began to play. They went into
the circus pavilion and secured seats.
When the performance began the
boy sat in speechless rapture; but
when a man came out and began to
handle cannon-balls and hold the
boys at arm's length, the enthusiastic
child pulled his father's coat and
asked:

INCUMBUSTIBLE PAPER.

Mr. G. Meyer, at a recent meeting
of the Societe d'Encouragement, ex-
hibited a new paste combination de-
signed for the manufacture of incum-
bustible cardboard or paper of all
sorts and shades. The inventor did
not wish to make known at the time
the chemical composition of the paste,
and also of a new ink exhibited with
it, as the patents that he had ap-
plied for in Germany and America
had not yet been obtained. He made
known the fact, nevertheless, that as-
bestos was the principal thing em-
ployed in the manufacture of his in-
combustible paper.

He presented specimens of writ-
ing, printing, engraving, etc., made
with his inks of different colors, and
also showed a water-color drawing
that had been submitted to the
fiery ordeal of the potter's furnace.
The painting had preserved all its
brilliance and the paper its flexi-
bility. By request the inventor for a
few minutes exposed to a gas flame
a sheet of his paper upon which he
had written with ink of his composi-
tion. Neither the ink nor the paper
was changed. In order to demon-
strate by a most conclusive test how
great a heat the paper and ink were
capable of withstanding, Mr. Meyer
then placed a lithograph, 15x16 centi-
meters, between the two layers of
glass in a state of fusion. On re-
moval the paper was found to have
completely resisted the action of the
heat, and the engraving to have pre-
served all its sharpness.

Some four years ago the Sioux on
the Dakota reservation became rest-
less, and among other suspicious
movements, fixed a date for a grand
powwow at Sun Dance. The Govern-
ment at once dispatched word to
Crook, who was known by the Indians
to be in Texas, to repair in all possi-
ble haste to the Sioux country. As
the General's party on his arrival
sauntered into the council meeting,
the surprise and discomfiture of the
Indians was great. When the great
pipe was in due course handed to
Crook, he made a fatherly but sig-
nificantly admonitory address that
"rattled" our saddled-tinted wards
still more. As he ceased an extreme-
ly fresh young chief strode across
the floor, and, seizing the General's
arm, felt his biceps curiously. Then,
with an expression of great contempt,
he exclaimed in the Sioux tongue:

"This cannot be the great warrior—
his arm is like a squaw's!"
At this a white-haired chief named
Red Cloud angrily pushed the young
brave aside, exclaiming: "The 'Gray
Fox' fights with his head, not his
arm."

"Then," instantly retorted the
young warrior, "he should be called
the 'Gray Ram'."

The entire audience instantly fell
upon the speaker, and after a desper-
ate struggle he was bound hand
and foot and searched. Under his
moccasins were found a pair of yel-
low-topped, toothpick shoes, and his
buckskin shirt contained an eight-car-
at diamond cut out of the bottom
of a goblet. He confessed to being
the end man of a wrecked minstrel
troupe, who was trying to scalp his
way back to the settlements.

He was at once tomahawked by a
unanimous vote of the convention.

WHERE TO SEE THE GREAT TROTTERS
OF NEW YORK.
(Obscure Times-Star.)
No two men in America have had more
experiences with fine trotting stock, and none
are better judges than Calvin M. Priest, of the
New York Club Stables, Twenty-eight street,
near Fifth avenue, and Dan Maco of the Ex-
cellior Stables, West Twenty-ninth Street,
New York, the champion double-team driver
of the United States. Both of these gentle
men say, that for painful ailments in horses,
such as cuts, bruises, swellings, lameness,
stiffness, St. Jacobs Oil is superior to anything
they have ever used or heard of. This is also
the opinion of Prof. David Roberts, the cele-
brated horse-shoer of the metropolis, and thou-
sands of stockmen throughout the country.
As a pain-cure for man and beast St. Jacobs
Oil has no equal. Mr. Priest, the champion
of a valuable trotter, so stiff from rheumatism
that he could not move an inch. By one
thorough application of St. Jacobs Oil at night,
the animal was completely cured, and was fit
for the race-track the next day.

The musician, like the cook, makes
his bread out of his do.

Do good with what thou hast, or it
will do thee no good.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.
R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:
I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was,
for a time, confined to my bed and under the
care of a physician. His prescriptions did not
help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely.
I commenced taking your "Golden Medical
Discovery," and it cured me.

There is no way of vaccinating
against cyclones.

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

MADE NEW AGAIN.

Mrs. Wm. D. RYCKMAN, St. Catherine, Ont.,
says: "R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: I have
used your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden
Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Purgative
Pellets' for the last three months and find my-
self—(what shall I say)—'made new again'
are the only words that express it. I was re-
duced to a skeleton, could not walk across the
floor without fainting, could keep nothing in
the shape of food on my stomach. My
children and friends had given up all hope; my
dear death seemed certain. I now live to the
surprise of everybody and am able to do my
own work."

Reformations produced through
fear are not lasting.

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

REMEMBER THIS.
If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely
cure you. Nature in making you well when all else fails.

THE GREAT GERMAN
REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
Believes and cures
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica, Lumbago,
MIGRAINE,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSEY, SWELLINGS,
BRUISES, CUTS,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches
and pains.

HAS BEEN PROVED
THE SUREST CURE FOR
KIDNEY DISEASES.

It is a SURE CURE for all
DISEASES OF THE LIVER.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to
the female sex, such as pain and
weakness, KIDNEY-WORT is unsurpassed.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
Iron and Steel Wire Rope
And WIRE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Agents for New Jersey Wire Cloth Company, and for
the Buck Thumb Barbed Fence.

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