

# YAMHILL REPORTER,

A. V. R. SETZER, PROPRIETOR.

McMISSEVILLE, OREGON.

## DROPPING CORN.

Pretty Phoebe Lane and I, in the soft May weather, barefoot down the furrows went dropping corn together.

Side by side across the field, back and forth we hurried; all the golden grains are dropped soon the plowshare buried.

Bluebirds on the hedger sat, chirping low and billing; "Why," thought I, "not follow suit, if the maid is willing?"

So I whispered "Phoebe dear, kiss me"—"Keep on dropping!" called the father from the plow; "There's no time for stopping!"

—[Maurice Thompson.]

## WAITING.

Waiting while the shadows gather, and the sunlight fades away; while the tender gleaming deepens, and the golden turns to gray.

Watching while the starlight quivers brightly in the heaven above; I am waiting for her coming, watching, waiting for my love.

Listening for the well-known footfall, and the voice whose loving tone sweetly bids me cease my waiting, watching, listening for my own.

Lingering still among the shadows, as they deepen on the beach, hearts exchange in sacred stillness thoughts that would be soiled by speech.

Thus in perfect love and trusting, winged moments pass away; till the holy, star-crowned night is sweet to us as golden day.

And as tenderly the glowing gathered on the brow of day, God shall keep her, God shall bless her, when life's golden turns to gray.

—[J. Reid.]

## THE PHANTOM COACH.

Some years ago I was traveling agent for a firm in London. My mother lived in the village of Townley, where I was born and brought up, and where I fell in love with Bessie Maple; but her father was a rich miller and I was poor, and worst of all, she had a rich suitor.

Bessie loved me, and declared that she would never marry Jonas Woodleigh; but she would not promise to marry me without her father's consent. He said to me:

"When you can settle 2,000 pounds on my daughter, as Mr. Woodleigh is willing to do, you can marry her, but not before; and in the meantime please to keep away from Bessie, as I have forbidden her to have anything to say to you."

I had no prospect of ever being worth such a sum, and could only hope that in time Miller Maple would relent.

It was on the evening of the thirty-first of October that I was passing through the village of Barthshire with my samples of goods, and took lodging for the night at a small inn called "The Swan." Strolling out I met my friend, Tom Jones, who was stopping at the "Goose and Gridiron," an inn a mile or two on, and who persuaded me to go and take supper with him. There were a number of guests in the room, and after supper Tom ordered a bowl of punch and invited all to join us in having a jolly time.

In the course of the evening some one remarked that "it was Hallow Eve, and wondered if Lady Barbara and the pirate would be on the road to-night." As Tom and I had not heard their story, the landlord related it.

"About a mile from here, overlooking the sea, stands the ruins of Greylife Castle. A hundred years ago it was occupied by Lord Allanstone, his two sons, and his beautiful daughter, Lady Barbara. The lady in her rambles around the rocks and shore met and fell in love with a handsome young man whom nobody knew, but who, it is said, was a pirate.

"One night (it was Hallow Eve) she managed to get out of the castle, and met her lover in the woods at twelve o'clock. A carriage was waiting for them on the road.

"It happened that Lord Allanstone's sons were returning home from a neighboring town, and as the lady and her lover emerged from the shadow of the wood the moonlight shone full upon them, and the young men recognized their sister. The lovers entered the carriage, and it was driven rapidly off. The brothers spurred their horses and followed. The chase continued for a mile or more, when the brothers came up on each side of the carriage and fired their pistols into the windows. The lady and her lover were both killed. Then, as the driver urged his horses on, one of the young men pulled out another pistol and shot him. They took the body of their sister from the coach, and returned with it to the castle.

"It is said that every Hallow Eve at twelve o'clock a coach rapidly driven, and two horsemen in pursuit, can be seen going down the road. It is further said that it is lucky for lovers to meet them, for in such case, if one is disappointed in love or has any obstacles in the way of his marriage, the troubles will be all removed, and he will marry the one he loves. I cannot say if this is true, as I have never seen any one who has met the ghostly chase, and in fact I think people rather avoid that part of the road at midnight on Hallow E'en for fear of seeing it."

By this time the punch had had a very exhilarating effect, and I felt brave enough to meet a hundred ghosts.

"Then," said I, "I hope I shall meet the party on my way back, for I am in need of their good services, being in love, and with little hope of success."

After this the conversation changed, and the story was soon forgotten. The clock striking twelve aroused me to the recollection that I had my goods to sort, and some waiting to do that night, so as to be early on my way in the morning; so I said good-night to the company

## A FAMINE IN TAILORS.

The Scarcity of them in the Country—How They Work

If demand for men's any indication, the most prosperous class of workers in Pittsburg is made up of the men who weld the goose and shears, known to the public at large as tailors. There is an alarming scarcity of these men in Pittsburg, and the owners of the establishments devoted to clothing the male biped look forward gloomily to the time when the workmen will demand a half interest or put down their tools. It was not always thus. Time was when tailors were plentiful, but now there are no native born men in the trade and the supply must come from across the water. An American would rather shovel smoke than ply the needle, so the foreigner is left with a free field, and men's clothes in Pittsburg are made principally by Germans and Frenchmen.

The Tailors' Union is an example of what banding together can do when proper care is taken in handling the combined force. Two years ago there was a strike of the tailors in Pittsburg, and when it cleared away the shops were divided into first, second and third class, with different prices for each division. The first-class shops consist of the leading merchant tailoring houses, some eight or ten in number; the second class has about twenty members, who charge less for clothes than their bigger rivals, and the third class embraces all who are outside of these, but principally the little stores scattered in the outlying districts or half hidden in the wayside nooks of the city. The union fixes the prices that each class must pay; the employers have the right to say which class a tailor shall enter. If a first-class house has a man they must pay him first-class wages, but if his work is not up to the standard they can discharge him. One dismissal is looked upon as an order to drop to the class below and study good methods for a little while longer, until the unsatisfactory man has either improved or pressure of trade compels the acceptance of his work.

The wages made by a first-class tailor are far better than those of the average clerk. The tailors are known as coat-makers, pants-makers and vest-makers. The first named are the princes of the craft and make the big money. In a first-class shop a coat-maker gets from \$8 to \$12 for each coat. He will have a girl at \$7 a week as an assistant, and will clear from \$25 to \$35 a week. It takes twelve hours a day to do this, but although they work in close rooms, get no physical exercise, and never lose a day unless they so desire, a tailor is always a man of many years. The man who makes the vest to go with the coat mentioned gets \$2. He, too, will have a girl to aid him, and the two of them will make from \$25 to \$30 a week, of which the man will take two-thirds. The pants-maker gets \$2.50 a pair and makes his money by employing girls. With their assistance he can bring his wages up to a level with the vest-maker. In the second-class shop wages fall 10 to 15 per cent below, the pay being less and the men slower. In the third-class shops the vests and pants are made chiefly by women, and occasionally a woman coat-maker is found in these shops. This, however, is rare, as there are portions of the work that few women can do, and on well-made pants or vests a man is the better worker when strength and skill are required. The ready-made clothing shops with which the city bristles, get all their stock from the East, and it is not to be supposed that a man who sells a complete suit for \$8 can afford to pay very much for having it made.

There are two views held by men in the trade on this question of a coming famine in tailors. Said the owner of a first-class shop, when asked about it: "The tailors have the whip hand, and if the union says work they work, and if it says quit they quit. Prices are higher than ever before, but the trade so far has justified the increase. Some day the limit will be reached, and the only thing that we can do then will be to offer the men an interest in the business. I don't know whether that would satisfy them or not. The trade is in the hands of the foreign element entirely; I don't know one American in the 400 members of the Pittsburg Union. Why Americans shun the trade I can't understand. Surely there is money enough in it. I have two men working for me, neither of whom have lost a day for the past year, and they have averaged \$35 a week. The sons of our workmen aren't taking up their fathers' trade, and some day the importation of tailors will cease. Then there will be a famine in tailors and the entire suit of clothes will be within the reach of only the millionaires of the country."

The other view was gathered from a Liberty street merchant, who patrols the sidewalk extolling the merits of his wares day after day.

"A famine in tailors? I don't believe a word of it. Mein cravats, look at dem fine, be-yu-tiful overcoats, for only two tollars and fifty cents. Does dot look like dailors dyin' out? Gone off mit yourself."

VERY NARROW.—"It's no use," wrote a Yankee editor, "for Veritas to send us more 'Narrow Escapes' until he can beat this: 'Last night, as the express train was nearing Dashville, a stranger accidentally got on the rails; but, seeing the engine and cars coming, managed to fix himself bolt upright against a bank, and 'drew in' until he was as flat as a board. The train shaved him so close that it cut the knobs of the bone studs off his shirt, but otherwise did him no damage.'"

## PERSONS AND THINGS.

Mount Jefferson Davis is the highest peak in Nevada.

Senator Sharon pays one per cent of all the taxes collected in San Francisco. Bartley Campbell thinks he will one day show the world what Shakespeare might have done.

Lexington, Ky., has a small colored boy whose skin is scaly like a fish. At regular intervals he sheds his covering and another comes.

The first public experiment with an electric locomotive is to be had on the Saratoga and Mount McGregor Railroad, November 10th.

Showman Barnum has settled down to wear away another winter, but having no show to look after for six months," he says, "I feel like an elephant on my own hands."

An eccentric individual of Dooty county, Georgia, is 76 years old, but has never in the whole course of his life spent one night from under the roof of the house in which he was born.

Clinton A. Shewden, the versatile editor of the Washington Republican, has invented a potato-peeler, and engaged himself to be married to a daughter of Assistant Postmaster-General Hutton.

The Grand Duke Alexis, who is enjoying a visit to Paris, looks older and stouter than he did when he visited this country some twelve years ago; but he is still one of the handsomest men in Europe.

A man named Gasbill recently applied to the Arkansas Legislature to change his name because his girl always objected to his figure whenever he'd metre. She said he was too high, and turned him off.

Wm. Eaton, a compositor in the office of the Danville (Vt.) Star, is in his 84th year. Until a few days ago, when he was confined to his house with illness, he had worked for nearly 76 years at the case, losing hardly a day's work.

The Children's Country Week Association in Philadelphia is one of the most successful of these useful societies. During the last season 2,713 persons were sent to the country for one week or more, and 17,000 made short visits.

A friend of the actor John McCullough in London has sent him a rare old mezzotint engraving of "The Death of Virginia." It is by Bartolozzi, the father of Vestris, and is from the collection of Skeene, the keeper of the prints and engravings in the British museum.

The Princess Louise plays the banjo, the Princess of Wales has accompanied Nilsson on the piano, the Duke of Edinburgh plays the violin, and the Duchess is able to turn the pages of a full score, while the Duke of Albany is a musical genius.

"Here is a conundrum," exclaimed Fogg the other morning at breakfast, after toying with the comminuted food on his plate. "Why is the lady who is coming over with Henry Irving like our daily fare?" Nobody succeeding in guessing, Fogg gave the answer—"Because she is a Miss Terry."

He skipped into the sanitarium with a step as light as air; "A little pun original I'll read to you," he said: "The melon-eater days have come, the sawdust bang! went the gun. He's sleeping now with daisies over his head."

A Chicago man wanted a divorce because his wife persisted in singing hymns. The court just laughed at him, and he would have lost his case had not his lawyer summoned the wife to the witness stand and started her singing. At the end of the fifth verse the court threw up the sponge and the divorce was granted.

Mr. Garrett, the railway President, says that during his last European trip he was impressed with the importance of places of amusement. He is satisfied that no city can thrive as it should without theaters, gardens, parks, and the like. "While the old folks are trading," he says, "the young folks are seeing fun. Every city should make itself attractive."

Gounod has made great progress with his oratorio, "Mors et Vita," which he is writing for the next Birmingham festival. A visitor who heard fragments of the work is of the opinion that it will be placed at the head of Gounod's compositions, and the composer himself is convinced that it will rank in advance even of "The Redemption."

It is said to be almost impossible to commit suicide by drowning in Philadelphia, because "Reddy" Shannon is sure to be around to the rescue. He is a hard-working stevedore, to whom is credited an astonishing number of rescues from drowning—no less than 165 men and boys owing their lives to him. Shannon began when he was ten years old, and has been at it ever since.

The Edwin Forrest Home, in the suburbs of Philadelphia has nine inmates, and that is the largest number it has ever contained. Forrest died ten years ago, leaving all of his property to this institution, which he planned to be an educational institution as well as charity. His estate was estimated at \$400,000, and was put into the hands of three trustees, two of whom are now dead.

When Chopin was nine years old he made his debut at a concert. His mother, anxious to adorn him, rendered him especially happy by adding to the charms of a little velvet coat a lace collar. After the concert, where he had been very much applauded, his mother asked him what he liked best. "O, mamma," he said, "I certainly believe it was my collar."

The Butler organs are crowing over the fact that nearly all the members of the victorious Boston base ball nine are Butler men. Yes, blast it; the Democrats are all athletic. Look at Sammy Tilden, for instance!

## LONDON LETTER.

A London Wedding and Some of the Gowns Exhibited Thereat.

The attire of the city dames was gorgeous, I assure you. We had a good opportunity of noting each costume as its wearer appeared, glanced with disappointment down the already-filled front seats, and then subsided into some dim retreat where the glories of her toilet blushed unseen. Three dresses were really excellent. One was a French sprigged muslin with colored flowers painted or printed upon it, made with great skill and worn by a very graceful woman. The cream-colored lace on the skirt was not overdone—a frequent fault. There was just enough of it to relieve the color of the muslin. Long loops of bright, golden-brown satin ribbon held the draperies on the skirt and fastened to the pretty fichu cape that supplemented the bodice. A very small, close bonnet of cream-colored network, just the tint of the ground of the French muslin, was tied with ribbon strings of satin like that on the skirt. A soft aigret gave it an air of completeness.

Another very pretty ladylike dress was of brown brocade in a very rich, deep shade, the edge being cut out in tabs which fell over a flounce of lovely yellowish lace; that, in its turn, hanging over a satin plaiting. The bodice, or polonaise, matched in style of trimming, and the bonnet, with its tints of cream and brown, harmonized pleasantly with the soft gray hair, but youthful face of the wearer.

The third well-thought-out dress was worn by the Lady Mayoresse. It was of ruby velvet, the front being trimmed with panels of lace and gold-colored satin. The train was immensely long, and if it be true, as some one has asserted, that a woman's perceptions and apprehensions reach to the extreme end of her balayouse, I wonder the Lady Mayoresse was not more nervous than she seemed to be.

Many of the gowns were spoiled by being tilted up short in front, a most ungraceful defect in a dress. Others were bunched unduly on the hips, making the wearers look panier-laded. An otherwise pretty gray dress was spoiled in this way. A peacock-blue viengna and plush was better managed, and a bunch of pale pink-and-white blossoms looked lovely against it.

Some one has laid down a great bunch of yellow roses against the dark-brown carved oak of one of the stalls, and you cannot think how beautiful they made each other look—blossoms and oaks. I could not help fancying that perhaps the touch of the flowers might awaken in the wood the memory of the time when it was a tree, with all its branches waving in the wind—how long ago!

The bride looked very girlish and simple in her snowy draperies. The eight bridesmaids were also in snow-drip white, their dresses being of white silk broche worn over lace skirts. Pretty wreaths of autumn-tinted creepers were arranged in their hair, setting dark locks as well as fair. Tulle veils fell over their heads. Sprays of similar leaves were fastened on their bodices, and autumnal foliage was mingled with the bouquets they carried. When the bridal group stood on the altar steps, the sun shining upon them, the effect was extremely good.

The two child bridesmaids—now so grotesquely a part of the wedding ceremony that a bride of to-day would scarcely consider herself legally married without them—also wore weaths and tulle veils, and appeared to be much incommoded by the baskets of flowers they carried, which were rather large for such tiny arms.

If there is any good in man it is bound to come out; but it should not all come out at once and leave the man empty.

## CHICAGO'S FIRST CITIZEN.

The Chicago Tribune, in closing an elaborate article on Hon. Carter H. Harrison, mayor of that city, gives the following as Mr. Harrison's opinion of St. Jacob's Oil: "When I first found myself suffering from the rheumatism, my leading thought naturally was to call a physician, but my neighbors all advised me to try St. Jacob's Oil, the Great German Remedy. I procured some of it immediately, and found it excellent for that ailment."

A new Georgia industry is the making of wrapping paper out of rice straw and palm leaves.

## STARTLING WEAKNESS.

General and nervous debility, impaired memory, lack of self-confidence, premature loss of manly vigor and powers, are common results of excessive indulgence or youthful indiscretions and pernicious military practices. Victims whose manhood has thus been wrecked by self-abuse should address, with three letter stamps, for large illustrated treatise giving means of perfect cure, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, Buffalo, N. Y.

Evansville, Ind., repudiated her bonds, and 5 per cent. bonds of other cities go a-begging.

For one dime get a package of Diamond Dyes at the drugist's. They color anything the simplest and most desirable colors.

SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS. Sore Throat, etc., should try Brown's Bronchial Trochoc, a simple but sure remedy. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

The great demand in Cincinnati is for houses at \$15 to \$30 a month rental.

"DRAGGING PAINS." Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: "Dear Sir—My wife had suffered with 'female weakness' for nearly three years. At times she could hardly move, she had such dragging pains. We often saw your 'Favorite Prescription' advertised, but supposed like most patent medicines it did not amount to anything, but at last concluded to try a bottle, which she did. It made her sick at first, but it began to show its effect in a marked improvement, and two bottles cured her. Yours, etc., A. J. HUYCK, Deposit, N. Y."

At a recent sale of the Jersey estate in Lexington, Ky., fifty-four head brought \$14,000.

Postmaster E. B. Ball, of Hyattsville, Kan., says: "Samaritan Nervine cured my boy of fits."

## AMMEN'S COUGH SYRUP.

For a cough or cold there is no remedy so to Ammen's Cough Syrup.

Heart Tonic relieves pain about the heart. Dujardin's Life Essence positively cures hysteria, and all nervous affections.

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Fleas" Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bedbugs, etc.

When you suffer from dyspepsia, heartburn, malarial affections, kidney disease, liver troubles 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 will do it. It is a great tonic, and a perfect regulator of the various functions. Ask your druggist.

Ohio real estate has boomed \$40,000,000 value in the last year.

Dr. Pierce's "Pelleto," or sugar-coated pills—the original "little live pills," (made of the best) cure sick and bilious habits, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on government seal, 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

Vanderbilt's flyer it very Maud S. about trotting performances.

All disease-breeding elements are eradicated from the human system by Samaritan Nervine.

Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all kinds of ailments, complaints, cured by "Little Pills," \$1.

Dujardin's Life Essence is the best FRENCH NERVE TONIC.

Rev. T. J. Kelly, FAVERVILLE, La., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for my stomach and as a preventative of chills with winter satisfaction."

Dujardin's Life Essence makes the old young again.

It is seldom we speak editorially of a business man, but it is with pleasure that we mention the name of Robert S. Ammen, the proprietor of the famous Ammen's Cough Syrup. Mr. Ammen is a thorough business man, and has made the advertising of his medicines to an extraordinary degree. He believes that his Cough Syrup is a tonic to the stomach and bowels, and is a county in the State, and extensively distributed in the Territories. He is one of the most successful business men of San Jose, and we mention him to the newspaper fraternity as one of the most successful paying advertisers in the country.—Editorial, Vanity Fair, San Francisco, July 17, 1882.

Strength for the weary—Dujardin's Life Essence.

### ST. JOHNS' BLOOD PURIFIER

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BRACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists. The Charles A. Vogelbein Co., (Incorporated in A. T. VOGELBEIN & CO., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.)

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TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, AND MALARIA. From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bloating of the Stomach, Headache, Fullness after eating, Erection of body or mind, Eruption of the face, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of fainting, or some dizziness, Fluctuating of the Liver, Anaemia, etc. Their action on the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, purges all impurities through these three organs of the system, producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. They are sold in bottles with daily work and are a perfect ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA. Sold every where, 25c. Office, 44 Murray Street, N. Y.

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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to naturally to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists or sent by express on receipt of \$1. Office, 44 Murray Street, New York. TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

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Dr. J. O. McLeomin, Alexandria City, Va. "I feel it my duty to recommend it." Dr. D. E. Langford, Clyde, Kansas. "It cured where physicians failed." Dr. J. A. Edgerly, Denver, Colo. "Correspondence treated." S. A. RICHMOND MED. CO., 727 N. 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa. For testimonials and circulars send stamp.