YAMHILL REPORTER.

A. V. R. SNYDER, Proprietor.

McMINNVILLE, - - OREGON

Gotham's Rich Women.

[New York Cor. Troy Times.]

Miss Harriet Lenox and Miss Kitty Wolfe are the richest spinsters, and each is noted for beneficence. One is an Episcopalian and the other a Presbyterian, but they seem to agree in the nature of true piety. Miss Lenox inherits her wealth from her philanthropic brother, and continues his method of beneficence, which is performed in the same private manner. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt (widow of the commodore) is worth nearly a million. She attends the Church of the Strangers, and is of a liberal disposition. Mrs. A. T. Stewart and Mrs. R. L. Stuart are the richest widows in the country, each being worth at least half a dozen millions, each occupies a Fifth avenue palace which cost a million, and which displays a degree of internal elegance to correspond with the magnificent exterior. Mrs. A. T. Stewart is an Episcopalian, while Mrs. R. L. Stuart is a Presbyterian. It is her purpose to maintain the same rich benevolence which characterized her husband, and the same method is pursued. The palace which she occupies was hardly finished when death removed Mr. Stewart to the house appointed for all living, and it is rare that so grand an establishment is so suddenly shadowed by mourning.

While mentioning this array of wealth I would say to my readers: Do not send these people any begging letters. They are already inundated, and hence you would only throw away your postage. They have their own ways of doing good, and do not lack for prompting. It is, however, very sad to see such a tremendous contrast in social ranks as is found between rich and poor in a great city. Turning from the four hundred millionaire to the masses we find thousands of the latter living in misery, and while two Fifth avenue widows each have a palace, there are multitudes who are glad to live in a garret.

Origin of Alfonso's Difficulty.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

King Alfonso's little difficulty in Paris grew out of his acceptance of a uniform from Emperor William, whose guest he had been. Here are some particulars about the much-talked-of equipment: On the conferment of appointments of special importance the emperor himself does the honors. The uniform decided on was that of a Uhlan. The order for it was telegraphed to a Berlin house on the afternoon of September 21, and on the morning of the 23d the head of the establishment appeared at the Homburg palace, the king's residence, with the outfit complete. It is thus described: "It consisted of a Uhlanka, an overcoat, a paletot, a short and a long pair of pantaloons, a dress czako, a pair of general's epaulets, the shoulder straps, a panache, an interim and a dress saddle-cloth, a sash, a cap, a shoulder belt, a soberrash and a sabre, with leopard's head and ruby eyes. Alfonso is slight of build, and hardly the proper figure for an officer of Uhlans, but the uniform is considered very becoming to his dark complexion. The king being a marshal of Spain, has the batons embroidered on his epaulets and is inscribed on the army list as a general, for which reason he will receive hereafter not only the salary but also the full uniform of a Prussian general.

Curiosities in Stone.

[Chicago Times.]

The tesselated flooring of the new state, war, and navy department building is composed of black and white diamond-shaped pieces of marble. Persons walking over the floor sometimes have their attentions attracted to the black blocks by figures thereon, supposed to be fossil formations, cut through in dressing the stone. The figures generally look like large snail shells, but the curves are widely separated from each other, and in most instances are exact distances apart. They do not always take this shape, however. In a stone in the corridor in front of Secretary Chandler's door, in the navy department, is a figure which, looked at from a certain angle, is an exact representation of a skull about three inches in diameter. The veins of the white marble, too, take very fantastic shapes, but they are entirely different from the supposed fossilized figures in the black stone. In a stone near the door of the room of the chief clerk of the navy department is a perfect representation of a dog's head and neck. A little further on is another figure which represents a tailless dancing bear.

Dentistry of an Extinct Race.

[Santa Barbara (Cal.) Independent.]

Dentistry seems to have been quite an art in the days when the extinct race held control here. Among the store of curiosities exhumed from the graves upon the Santa Barbara islands and now in Clark's collection are six or seven sets of false teeth. They are formed each from a shell which was fashioned to fit the roof of the mouth or could be adjusted outside of the gums. These shell teeth are perfectly formed and easily adjustable. Whether they were used for ornament or for the mastication of food is one of those mysteries the grave still holds in concealment.

Richer than Great Britain.

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

Statisticians of London are a little surprised in a review of their figures to find that the reported actual wealth of the United States exceeds that of the United Kingdom by nearly $10,000,000,000. Taking into account houses, furniture, cattle, lands, bullion, etc., the United States is worth $49,770,000,000, while the other power has in round numbers $40,000,000,000. There is, however, a smaller average of individual worth here, being but $995 to their $1,160 per capita. The percentage of remuneration to labor is much greater here, being 72 parts, while it is but 56 in Great Britain.

A GERMAN PEASANT'S WIFE

A Woman Who Carries Man's Physical Burdens---Toiling and Moiling From Year to Year.

[Amos Kaeg in San Francisco Chronicle.]

The peasant's wife has no easy time of it. She has not only to attend to what few household duties her humble cottage demands and raise a family of children, the number of whom generally corresponds exactly to the number of years she has been married, but she has to lend her aid in the field and do as much, if not more, of the farm work as her lord and master. Angular, stoop-shouldered from the heavy burdens she carries and hard-featured from exposure to all kinds of weather and cares she digs, hoes, plows and reaps. Her bare, clay-covered feet, her dirty, ill-fitting garments and her general air of slatternly neglect show how completely all her womanly qualities have been eradicated by her hard life. Laying the closely wrapped up infant down upon a sack or a truss of straw, and charging the younger children, too young to be of any use in the fields, to keep out of mischief, she pulls weeds, bent half double, until one would think her back would break, wields the heavy mattock as lightly as the best man about, or swings the heavy scythe as gracefully as such an awkward instrument can be swung, stopping now and then to still the crying infant, exactly as crying infants are stilled all the world over.

And when it comes night she shoulders the heavy basket, in which are packed all the tools and other things not to be left in the field, picks up her baby, and, with the other children hanging to her skirts, goes swinging off to the village, followed by her empty-handed, pipe-smoking, lout of a husband. It is not to be wondered at that she soon becomes old, haggard and broken down. The wonder is that she lasts as long as she does. Yet she never grumbles or complains. Her mother and mother's mother for scores of generations have done exactly the same thing. She knew just exactly what she had to expect when she married. And, knowing of nothing better, she toils and moils from year to year, contented and as happy as she can be if she has enough to eat and a place to sleep.

Her daughters, great, strapping, robust Amazons, with arms like blacksmiths and bones large enough for the Cardiff Giant, are able to do and do do a man's work. Their great bare feet push a spade into the reluctant earth as if they were shod with the heaviest of boots, and their muscular arms and broad backs are able to manage burdens at which many a man would look askance. For them, not broken down by frequent child bearing, one has not so much sympathy. They are physically able to perform without inconvenience the tasks allotted to them. Coarse in features and manners as they are, with hands like giantesses, they still show many feminine traits not yet smothered out by hard work, and delight in adorning their persons with bright colors and tawdry jewelry whenever occasion will permit of it.

Their brothers, big, raw-boned, uncouth, hulking fellows, stoop-shouldered and shuffling-gaited, work alongside of them, doing no harder work than they, but, probably, accomplishing less of it on account of the frequent stoppages in order to light the always present pipe and such similar masculine offices. They never hesitate to let the women carry all the burdens; in fact, they force them to do it, and they seem never so happy as when loafing and smoking while their mother and sisters drag along bent double under a couple of hundred pounds of potatoes or some similar burden. They and their father most always wear boots, while the women go barefooted. Such an arrangement is economical. It saves the cost of several pairs of boots per year.

The younger children, dirty and illy clothed, barefooted of course, do what they can. One of them—a boy will do if there isn't a girl of proper age—walks alongside of the plow team and wields the whip, admonishing the slow-moving team with tongue and lash. The rest pull weeds, pick up stones which the plow may uncover and make themselves generally useful. Thus everybody works, works hard and works long, and the result of all this hard and long work is much less than it should and would be among a less conservative people.

Margaret Fuller's Prophetic Words.

The Indianapolis Journal says that a New York merchant relates an incident concerning the last hours of Margaret Fuller, who perished at sea, not far from Fire island. His summer residence at that time was on the Long Island shore, and after the wreck of the ill-fated vessels a passenger who had been washed ashore said: "The last I saw of Margaret Fuller she was standing on the deck just before the ship went down, her baby in her arms, her husband at her side, and her hand upon the head of a beautiful Italian girl, who, kneeling beside her, bemoaned the cruel fate that was to prevent her from being buried in consecrated ground. 'But,' said Margaret Fuller, 'you believe in prayer; say your prayers, and everything will come right.'" A few hours after hearing the incident the merchant instituted a search for the body of the Italian girl, and found it wrapped in sea-weed, the right hand grasping firmly the beads that she had piously counted. He caused her to be buried with the ceremonies of her church, in a plot of land set apart for the purpose, and Margaret Fuller's prediction was fulfilled.

Why Do Nurses Dress in Black?

[Labouchere in Truth.]

Some "clothes philosopher" or other once started the question how far the world's history might have been altered if priests had always been dressed in red and soldiers in black; and if the popular imagination had thus transferred its fondness for a red coat from the army to the church. The British Medical Journal now raises rather a similar question by asking why the color of nurses' dresses in hospitals should usually be black? That lugubrious tint can certainly neither please the senses of the sick, call up happy associations, nor suggest hopeful prospects.

President Lincoln's Dream.

[Nashville Liberal.]

It is not generally known that President Lincoln once dreamed that he would be assassinated. While he was neither a professor of religion, nor even fixed in his belief in one particular creed, still he was fond of reading and discussing the bible. On Sunday evenings he invariably read a chapter or two from the scriptures, and then gave his explanation of it. One evening at the White House he read several passages both from the Old and New Testaments relating to dreams, to which Mrs. Lincoln and the children gave great attention. He began to chat with them on the subject of dreams, and said he had been haunted for some days by a dream he had had. Of course they all wanted him to tell it, though Mrs. Lincoln said she didn't believe in dreams in the least, and was astonished at him. So he proceeded to tell it. "About ten days ago I retired one night quite late. I had been up waiting for important dispatches from the front, and could not have been long in bed when I fell into slumber, for I was very weary. During my slumber I began to dream. I thought there was a stillness about me, and I heard weeping. I thought that I got up and wandered down stairs. The same stillness was there. As I went from room to room I heard moaning and weeping. At length I came to the end room, which I entered, and there before me was a magnificent dais on which was a corpse. Here there were sentries and a crowd of people. I said to one of the soldiers: 'Who is dead at the White House?' He answered: 'The president.' 'How did he die?' I asked. 'By the hand of an assassin,' was the reply. Then I heard a great wailing all over the house, and it was so loud it seemed to awaken me. I awoke much depressed and slept no more that night. Such was my dream." From that time until his sad death Mr. Lincoln was haunted by the fear of assassination, and Mrs. Lincoln's first words after Wilkes Booth had shot him on April 14 were: "His dream was prophetic." The remark was not understood then, but when the story of his dream was subsequently told it was explained.

Nelson's Signal at Trafalgar.

[St. James' Gazette.]

A letter to The Standard on the subject of Nelson's famous signal at Trafalgar sets forth once more, on good authority, the origin of the signal in the precise form given to it. "Nelson expects every man to do his duty," were the words first thought of; but the signal-lieutenant, Mr. George Lewis Browne, observed that for the word "Nelson" six sets of flags would be necessary, whereas if the word "England," already provided for in the signal-book, were substituted, one would be enough. Lieut. Browne's grandson, Mr. J. William Thompson, protests against its being supposed that Nelson at Trafalgar "adapted his words to the requirements of writers of popular songs." Nelson, indeed, though he may have foreseen the victory, could never have anticipated its being made the theme of the patriotic ballad called by Braham, its composer or adapter, "'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay." Could he even with prescient eye have realized the fact, it may be doubted whether he would have furnished for the song a suitable rhythmical refrain by developing the signal actually used into "England expects that every man this day will do his duty." A writer of memoirs who took part in the battle has, by the way, pointed out that the effect of the signal on the sailors was not in a direct manner to awaken their enthusiasm, but rather to irritate and provoke them. "Do our duty?" they kept repeating; "of course we shall do our duty! We'll show him whether we can do our duty!" and so on. The signal had not by any means a lyrical character, but it produced the effect counted upon—that of stimulating the men to do their utmost.

How Mr. Beck Lost His Spectacles

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

Col. Alexander Morgan, of Green Cove, Florida, who is now here on a visit, says the published story of a catfish swallowing Senator Beck's eyeglasses is true. Col. Morgan's hotel runs out to the edge of St. John's river, and immense numbers of catfish are in the habit of congregating at the wharf to eat scraps thrown from the kitchen. A bone, piece of meat, or garbage of any kind, if thrown into the water, is seized and devoured by these fish, which fight like dogs over the food. They swarm around by thousands, and are as voracious as sharks. Col. Morgan says he does not allow any one to catch these scavenger catfish, as they are not good to eat. Some of them are four feet long. If one stamps upon the wharf the fish come swarming in from all directions, rolling and tumbling over each other like hogs trying to get at a swill trough. They will seize and swallow anything thrown to them, such as cigars, nails, tobacco, buttons or jewsharps. While leaning over the wharf watching these fish Senator Beck's eye-glasses dropped into the water. A big fish swallowed them and ran away, much to the disgust of the senator.

One of Our Own Volcanoes.

The Puget Sound Argus says that a large party recently ascended Mount Adams, in Washington territory, reaching an elevation of 12,650 feet, where they descended 100 feet into the crater. There was a ceaseless drip of water from the roof of the ice-encased entrance, caused by a warm air current rising from the slumbering fires far below, which issued with a loud hissing noise. A stone was dropped and there was an almost deafening reverberation.

Australia's Tall Trees.

[Inter Ocean.]

Australia gathers the credit for having the tallest trees in the world. The eucalyptus has specimens of from 300 to 500 feet in height. They lack the girth of California trees, however.

The custom of having albums of class pictures made of heliotypes instead of photographs is spreading in the larger colleges.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BULL RUN.

The First Shot---Bees vs. Zouaves---Marching to Richmond to the Music of the Band.

["Carleton" in Boston Globe.]

I recall the march to Bull Run. I accompanied Tyler's division, which moved from Fall's Church to Vienna, the first afternoon. I hear the music of the bands playing "Yankee Doodle." The sunlight is glistening from sword and bayonet. There is the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of the troops, as if upon parade. They are no longer in camp, but on the march that has begun, and they are on their way to Richmond. At nightfall they file into the fields, kindle their fires, and cook their coffee.

Does any veteran recall the next morning—the upsetting of several hives of bees by the zouaves and the swarming out of the enraged insects, putting a regiment to flight? I see the men throwing up their arms, gesticulating wildly and running for shelter beneath a straw stack. How they make the straw fly! Horses and mules kick and rear.

We come in sight of Fairfax court house, upon the cupola of which a Confederate flag is flying. A squadron of Confederate calvary is stationed in a meadow, and Gen. Hawley, now senator from Connecticut, taking a Sharp's rifle from the hands of a soldier sends a bullet towards them. It is the first shot of the campaign.

The rebels have fled, and we push on toward Centreville. We see the abandoned earthworks thrown up by Beauregard, with cannon peeping from the embrasures. The rebels, we conclude, have spiked their guns and fled. Up the hill in advance of the skirmishers rush the correspondents in their eagerness to get news, to find that they are quaker guns—logs of wood with "painted holes," to represent the muzzles. The enemy is not there. How delightful it is this going to Richmond, to the music of brass bands!

When we went back to Washington we did not stand on the order of our going, but went! Of course we all wanted to get back to send the news to our readers, and we went as fast as our legs could carry us.

I recall William H. Russell, of The London Times, eating his lunch under the fence by the roadside, at Centreville, who made all haste to get back, and who was not near the battlefield during the day, but whose letter had a great effect upon the British public, doing more than anything else to make Great Britain hostile to the north.

Memory recalls the scene on the battlefield at the Henry house when Elzey made his appearance. I beheld it from the roof of a house by the Stone bridge. Two great columns of sulphurous smoke rise above the two armies. I see the struggle at the Henry house, the falling back of the Union line, the advance of the Confederates. Leaving my position I ran to Col. McCook of the Second Ohio and told him of the charge. A confused hum came to us from the direction of the Mathew house. A moment later there was a rush of fugitives. I see a hack containing some congressmen from Washington knocked into kindling wood by a passing cannon. What has happened I do not know, but that there has been disaster is plain. An absence of body just at the moment is as essential as presence of wind, for sweeping up through the woods is a body of cavalry, and I make the best time possible till I am beyond Bull Run. If lamentable, it was a comical scene—men white about the lips, panting for breath, running as fast as their legs can carry them—baggage wagons, hacks, cannon, ambulances, citizens, soldiers, horses, all in hurly-burly. That is the way we left the field. We altered our opinion about going on to Richmond to the music of the band!

A Mexican Home Interior.

[Cor. St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

A Mexican housewife has other ideas than ours in the disposition of her furniture. There are always straight rows of sofas and chairs set stiffly against the wall, all around the room. Though there are few occasions in life when so great a number of seats could possibly be required, yet the family feels itself poor indeed which does not possess enough to reach in an unbroken line around the entire circuit of the sala. Into each corner of the room a triangular table is fitted, and in the center is a larger one—round or oval—which has always its tall lamp in the middle, and a row of empty vases and china figures, ranged at regular distances, straight around the outer edge. This central table is generally covered with an enormous crocheted or knitted spread which sweeps the floor, and represents years of patient labor, vast expenditure of precious eye-sight, and hundreds of spools of fine linen thread; for the mistress of the manse began it when a child and finished it only in time for the wedding.

There is a noticeable dearth of those thousand-and-one little ornaments in which American ladies especially delight, for bric-a-brac, easels, brackets, etc., are not within reach of all here as in the United States. Chromos and engravings sparingly adorn the walls, and the corner tables are always crowded with glass lamps and China vases, which are valued for ornament rather than use. A chromo, dreadful enough to set one's teeth on edge—which may be bought for $2, frame and all, in St. Paul—is in Mexico, owing to outrageous duties, as expensive as a decent oil painting. At the extreme end of the sala de recibo, farthest from the entrance, is invariably seen precisely the same arrangements of furniture in every casa—a rug or square of carpet, with four or six chairs, placed in two straight lines, vis-a-vis, upon it, bounded upon the further side by the sofa against the wall. To this little island in the sea of the big bare room guests are shown with great ceremony on entering, for in this particular spot the hostess concentrates all her forces, as we understand the art of doing in spiritual seances and revival meeting

On our seventh page to-day will be found a striking and instructive illustration of the comparative worth of the various kinds of baking powders now in the market.

A Norwegian Carriage.

[Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

There were a few other carriages on the route as we passed, but the favorite mode of traveling seemed to be by cariole, a vehicle which, as far as I know, is indigenous to this country, and the use of which is not likely, I should imagine, to extend. The cariole is a sort of a cross between a sulky and a buckboard, and is a little more uncomfortable than either. It consists of a pair of wheels and of a pair of shafts attached to the wheels at one end and to a horse at the other. Upon the aforesaid shafts, between the axle and the horse's tail, is poised what looks like a small boat, not sufficiently wide for a man of broad beam to squeeze himself into comfortably and yet so wide that one of clipper build must necessarily wobble about. The legs of the occupant in either case hang out and find a precarious resting place either upon the shafts, adjacent to the flanks of the horse, or in two steps let down therefrom, while the extremities of the shafts, which project behind the wheels, have a slip of board nailed across them, which serves either as a resting place for a valise or a seat for an attendant horse boy.

It is in conveyances of this kind that a great part of the traveling in Norway is accomplished. You hire your cariole for so many days or weeks and journey along, finding relays of horses, or rather ponies, at the different post stations, distant six to ten miles from each other. The charge for these quadrupeds is moderate—about 5 or 6 cents a mile—but they are for the most part sorry animals, and there is not much pleasure in sitting behind them. One pair of little horses, on the other hand, were excellent, and they rattled down hill a little too fast. It is a remarkable peculiarity in this hilly country that they use no brakes to their carriages, and yet they trot down steep grades as fast as their horses can lay legs to the ground. It is the system of training, I suppose, that renders this safe, but any other than a Norwegian horse would most assuredly come to grief if driven down a steep hill at the pace they drive down hills here with a brakeless carriage crowding on his heels.

Curiosities Concerning the Thumb.

An article on "Thumb Lore" in the current number of The Antiquary initiates us in all the legends which have been formed of the thumb. We are told that "in the remotest days of antiquit" among Goths, Iberians and Moors the licking of the thumb was regarded as a solemn pledge or promise. Another custom of even greater grace and elegance was common in Scotland, where among the lower classes bargains were concluded by "licking and joining of thumbs." But the same ceremony was not always and everywhere a sign of agreement or a form of business; licking or biting the thumb was often a challenge, as in "Romeo and Juliet," or as in Decker's "Dead Term," an act to "beget quarrels." Sir Walter Scott also alludes to it in this sense, and many stories are told where the bitting of the thumb, or even of the glove, caused death and destruction. Kissing the thumb was regarded as a sign of servility, the ceremony being performed at interviews of tradesmen with superior customers. The important part which the emperor's thumbs played in the days of gladiators is well known; not so, perhaps, the Chinese custom, which still prevails, to preserve an impression of the thumbs of criminals, by which, as the thumb is said never to change in its formation and other characteristics malefactors are identified on future committal.

A Development.

The question concerning an operatic performance in New York is gradually developing from "How was the music?" into "How much capital did the audience represent?"

Work on the Walla Walla and Pendleton Railroad is progressing rapidly.

"Cut-thrut" is Irving's pronunciation of the word.

We call attention to the advertisement of the Chicago Magnetic Shield Company in another column.

Applications for patents average 2,000 per month.

There were 4,000 suicides in Paris last year.

The wheels of railway and other cars are now made of leather in Paris.

The Queen of Tahati arrived at New York recently.

New York city officers' place Chamberlain Church's defalcation at $77,000.