

# Yamhill County Reporter

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McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

An exchange says: "Machine guns are deadly on boarders." So is hash.

The reigning styles of moral reformat in Madrid do not appear to include the mantle of truth.

Those who are working for a new national anthem might enroll themselves as a branch fresh air society.

France is in a dilemma. The pesetas that have gone to Spain and the dollars that are not coming incline it to America.

The Lenoke (Tenn.) Democrat says the girls of that town now wear star spangled shirt waists. Bound to make the boys see stars, evidently.

No matter whether the United States is represented at the Paris exposition of 1900 or not if Paris gets up a good show Uncle Sam will see it.

A new York paper has discovered that the bustle was on the whole a comfortable place. Now let the "Black Hole" of Calcutta be given a clean bill of health.

There is one column of the daily papers that, even in war-time, is never printed in large type—yet the "married" announcements look large to the June brides.

A Chicago mule run against by a scorcher kicked him into hospital. This animal is not going to see himself knocked out of the way by the bicycle without a protest.

A scientific exchange says: "Artificial legs are to be made with pneumatic feet, to lessen the jar on the body when walking." After this, lovers will not have a monopoly of "walking on air."

Paris press hostile! Americans boycott men milliners and dressmakers of Paris. Men milliners and dressmakers see the point and likewise see business managers of Paris papers. Paris papers gradually assuming a more friendly tone.

The Boston Herald asserts: "The Dewey cocktail is composed of red raspberry juice, white marschino and blue creme yvette. A rather queer concoction, but the colors appear to be all right." But what if color blindness should follow drinking?

There are seventy active volcanoes on the Philippine Islands, and earthquakes have yearly play spells in hopping from one to the other and gayly shaking up the inhabitants. There is probably no livelier land on the foot-stool.

Esteemed contemporaries that persist in talking of "the old veteran" can keep right on. After the close of the present war we shall have another army of veterans that will have to be distinguished in some way from the survivors of the civil war. We can call them veterans and refer to the heroes of the '90s as "old veterans."

It is beginning to be plain that this war with Spain marks the beginning of a new military epoch for the United States. It is reasonable to believe that for garrison purposes alone we shall need not less than 50,000 men. Viewing the situation in this aspect, it is freely predicted that the peace establishment of the army will hereafter be not less than what it has been made for this war—about 70,000 men. This increase will be consistent with the history of the army, which shows that every war since the revolution has left the nation with a larger army.

A few months ago a Spanish warship in New York harbor required some repairs on its machinery, and the bill presented when it was done was two hundred and fifty dollars. The officer in charge told the mechanic that his bill would not do, and ordered it enlarged to eleven hundred dollars, so "it would go around." In spite of the spoils system in our own land, there can be but one comment on such corrupt practices, and the nation that tolerates them contains the sure seeds of decay.

The present is a time of great opportunities. It is testing the preparedness of a large number of men. They see just the openings for which they have waited for years, but they find too often and too late that they are not prepared to take advantage of them. Men, and especially young men, are too apt to argue that all they need is the opportunity. The preparedness, they imagine, will come of itself. They find out their mistake when some quiet man who has spent years in thoroughly drilling and training himself steps in and takes advantage of the opening for which many have waited but have not prepared themselves.

A town improvement club offers a solution for the problem of pauperism by providing work for the deserving, and if adult able-bodied men and women will not work they should not be fed by charity. Outside work has been regulated as follows: A yearly tax of one dollar is assessed all taxpayers and is cheerfully responded to. With this fund are purchased for one item—flower seeds for distribution among the school children. Prizes are offered for the best display at the annual flower show, and the town blossoms like the rose. The setting out of shade trees, drinking fountains, seats for the weary in parks and in shady spots, and a

street-cleaning department of children, are some of the features of this most commendable enterprise. Altruism of this sort pays.

Three hundred towns and cities of the United States, moved by more than three hundred tragedies of juvenile crime, have recently ordained that children shall come home at night at the signal of a so-called curfew bell, at 8 o'clock in winter; at 9 in summer. The ancient curfew applied to old and young alike; the modern curfew has only the poetic remembrance of being an even bell. Government is the co-operative act of parents, who act together in cities and villages. Nowhere can curfew be established except at the request of parents expressed in ballots. The law no more interferes with parental rights and personal liberty than laws on compulsory education and child labor. The school and the curfew are equally justified as safeguards of public morals. Laws forbidding the sale of liquors and tobacco and corrupt literature to minors have long since illustrated the duty of the state to immature youth. Gladstone says that it is the purpose of law to make it as hard as possible to do wrong, and as easy as possible to do right. No intelligent view of personal liberty justifies turning infants loose to play with poisons and razors. The most inspiring watchword of reform is, "Give the boys a chance!" The testimony of cities which have tried the curfew is uniformly favorable. The law has not destroyed civil liberty, nor promoted communism; it has not proved difficult of enforcement, and has been well observed. It has checked hoodlumism. A chief of police who opposed the ordinance at first repented as he heard the steady patter of little feet, homeward bound, passing his office door at each ringing of the bell.

In a time like the present, when the ties that bind nations in friendship are often stretched to a dangerous tension, even the slightest manifestations of good will are not without influence in preserving unbroken relations. How much more potent and impressive there must have been that scene in the Picpus Cemetery on Memorial Day when the American colony in Paris gathered about the tomb of Lafayette, garlanded it with flowers and listened to the eulogy of that unselfish patriot delivered by the American ambassador. Upon whichever side may be the sympathies of the French people in the Spanish-American war, they cannot be insensible to such an exhibition of loving regard for the great Frenchman who gave his services to the cause of American freedom. The honor done the memory of Lafayette was also expressive of the gratitude and regard in which America has ever held the French nation, and out of which have been formed "those unbreakable ties between the two peoples" so feelingly alluded to by Ambassador Porter. The custom of celebrating Memorial Day should become as firmly established among American colonies in foreign cities where there are honored dead as it is in the United States. Americans should never miss an opportunity to show that the nation remembers its brave defenders of other lands as well as those among its own citizens. Especially should it do such honor to the memory of Lafayette, whose patriotism was of the loftiest order. He had no selfish purpose to serve. He had no possessions here to defend. This was neither his native land nor his home. His sole inspiration was the love of liberty. Each succeeding Memorial Day should find his tomb strewn with flowers—fragrant tributes of American dwellers in his native land.

One of the conspicuous elements of the torpedo's value is the fear which its use excites. The fact that its location is secret and its attack well-nigh irresistible, says a contributor in Frank Leslie's Monthly, gives it a power of intimidation out of all proportion to its actual potency, and makes fleets unwilling to face it. It caused terror and demoralization at the battle of Lissa, and later, in the Franco-German war of 1871, the French fleet was actually frightened out of Prussian ports by the rumor and belief that numerous torpedoes had been planted for their reception. A striking instance of the effectiveness of the torpedo is found in the sinking of the Blanco Enclada in Chilly from injuries thus inflicted during the revolution of 1891. The whole of President Balmaeda's fleet present had joined the insurgents, when suddenly his two swift torpedo vessels, the Lynch and Condell, arrived at Valparaiso. They were armed with two four-ten-pounder guns and four torpedo tubes. They immediately attacked the Blanco Enclada, and the ironclad was taken completely by surprise. She had no protective net out, and no guard boats were patrolling, while a portion of the crew was on shore. After two or three futile attempts the Lynch approached the Enclada within fifty yards and discharged a torpedo, which struck the ironclad abreast the engine-room. The explosion was tremendous. Many were killed, and the ship keeled over and sank in five minutes. The torpedo used carried a charge of about fifty pounds of gun-cotton. Neither of the attacking boats was injured, and this fact and the demonstration that such a charge of gun-cotton striking a vessel in a vital part is irresistible, combined to give to the torpedo a prominence in naval equipment and warfare it had not before possessed.

The violence of the wind on the Grampan hills is so great that on several occasions it has brought to a standstill trains traveling from Perth to the north.

The professional wheelman likes a long and narrow road, but the new beginner prefers a short and wide one.

## HER CARGO OF "SALT."

How a Famous Filibuster Deceived the Revenue Officers.

Among the several small vessels, whose filibustering expeditions to Cuba have occasioned this government so much annoyance and expense, few have been the subject of as much watchfulness, or kept customs collectors awake at night as frequently, as the Woodall.

This trim little vessel has been intercepted and overhauled several times; her cargo and clearance papers were subjected to the severest scrutiny; and though government officials knew, by a sort of intuition acquired by customs officers (backed by floating rumors), that the Woodall was not the innocent craft she pretended to be, nothing could ever be proved against her.

A story told by a machinist, agent an escapee of the Woodall at a time when her peculiar actions first attracted government attention, might throw considerable light upon a subject whose mystery has baffled the wit of many a clever official.

"I suppose you know all about the bayons and inlets running up from Vermillion Bay, not far from the salt mines of southern Louisiana, where President Cleveland goes hunting?" began the machinist. "Well, I had been doing some work at the salt mines, when word came that a vessel was down in the bay waiting all the men it could get to load up.

"I went with some other men. A few were turned back, but most of us were put on to the job of loading sacks of salt on to the Woodall, which lay out in an arm of the bay as close to shore as she could get.

"It was common enough for boats to run up in the bays to take on salt or lumber, but what I thought queer was a lot of box-cars laying up in the woods on a temporary track. How they came there an' what they come for I wanted to know. It wasn't so long till I did.

"We hustled that salt on board lively, I tell you. It was hard work, but good pay. Saturday the Cap'n come along an' says: 'Boys, I got a job for you to do, an' every man that ain't willing to swear he'll keep his mouth shut can git.'

"We all swore. "See them box cars? he says, pointing to the track in the woods: 'I want every last one o' them carloads stowed in the Woodall before Monday morning. Kin you do it?'"

"Of course we could. "Well, sir, the first load was a surprise. The Woodall had a false bottom as long an' near as wide as herself, laying up there ready for the cargo.

"Salt! Well, I should smite! Smelt mighty like powder, an' looked mighty like guns an' ammunition. We worked an' sweated all that night an' all day Sunday an' Sunday night. We was nigh dead for sleep, only snatching a minute's rest now and then, an' goin' at it again. We sprinkled the empty box cars with salt, an' in fact, we wasted good salt promiscuously around there.

"Monday mornin' as soon as they could git us, down come the custom house officers. Got wind about extr'y hands and rushed job, an' they was bound to find out the whole of it.

"Down in the bottom of the bay lay that cargo of powder an' lead, an' we was just loading the last few sacks of salt on to the Woodall.

"Steam was up an' everything ready for a start. The officers took a look at the empty cars an' then went on board and overhauled the cargo. Nothin' but salt!

"At last they went away, lookin' dissatisfied, an' one o' 'em says to me: 'Looks like you fellows wasted a heap o' salt around here.'

"'Salt's cheap,' says I.

"'Twarn't no time before the Woodall had that false bottom up an' in tow down the bay.

"Where was she goin'?' Ask me somethin' I know.—Leslie's Weekly.

## An Example Worth Imitating.

A church in Philadelphia is contemplating the purchase of a farm as a place of outing and recreation for the poor of the parish. The one under consideration contains about a hundred acres. Eight acres are woodland, in which the parish boys could camp. A vineyard occupies an acre; and the rest is under cultivation. The main dwelling house contains twenty-one rooms, thirteen of which are bedrooms. An unending stream of water runs through the place. There is an abundance of fruit, the location is high and wholesome, and in an exceedingly good neighborhood. It is, moreover, hoped that by judicious farming the products of the place will pay most of its expenses. The older members of the parish who could not otherwise leave the city for even a week or two during the heated season will enjoy a visit to the farm. The boys can go there for a week, while a field on the place would, with a little work, make an excellent athletic ground, which might be open to them at all times. The plan is highly commendable, and if judiciously carried out cannot fail to be successful. Why not adopt it in other cities?

## A Traveler's Opinion.

It is seldom one meets a man in America who is quite satisfied with his own position. The colored man who waited on me in a Boston hotel wanted to be a cook, and so get higher wages. The headwaiter in the dining-room seemed a better educated man than is usually found in that position, and he was anxious to be a teacher. As I traveled through the country, I found the farmers' sons, as a rule, eager to go into business in the towns. A young broker whom I met wished he could have given his life to the study of science, while a physician, and a scientific man of high standing, confided to me that circumstances had urged him into his present work, and that he was con-

ident he could have served the world and himself better as an active politician. Americans appear to be unconscious of this unrest, which grows out of the desire to become wealthy or eminent. Each man finds his own daily work commonplace, and fancies that he could show higher qualities in his neighbor's place.

There is truth in this criticism; but is the characteristic pointed out peculiar to America and the Americans?

## MUSTACHED WOMEN.

Queer Race Inhabiting the Island of Yeso.

The world of science has just been roused to unusual interest by a report of the Commercial Geographical Society of France, giving details concerning a race of mustached white women who inhabit the island of Yeso, one of the northwest of the Japanese group. The facts which the report furnishes are those learned by A. M. Klabukowski, an explorer and delegate of the society, who has recently returned from a visit to the strange people described.

The existence of the Ainos, as the race to which these people belong is called, has long been known to ethnologists, and Mr. Klabukowski has the honor of being the first explorer of modern times to penetrate the country and look upon it and its people with the keen eye of the ethnologist.

He is believed to be the only white man who has gained reliable information concerning the women, whose mustaches are equal to those ever worn by any member of their race.

These women are massive in appearance, and, in fact, appear to better physical advantage than the men. They have high cheek bones and are distinctly Caucasian.

They do not have that ghastly yellowish complexion characteristic of the Chinese and Japanese, but rather bear every appearance of white women who have lived much in the open air. Their mustaches, when natural, are always black and silky, and are invariably turned up at both ends.

It seems that not every one can grow a mustache. What is the cause of this fact no one apparently knows.

There is not even a native explanation, except the one found in the statement that the mustache is an indication of the caste or rank of the owner thereof.

The peculiarity is all the more strange for the reason that the Ainos are a decided hairy race, their whole bodies being generally covered with hair that is naturally soft and silky.

If, however, one of the women passes the age of 14 with no trace of a mustache appearing, her parents take it for granted that Nature has tabooed her so far as mustaches are concerned, and proceed to supply the defect, in appearance at least, by the aid of tattooing.

The skill which these people possess of imitating the mustache by these means is remarkable. Indeed, at a distance, it is almost impossible to tell whether or not the mustache is genuine or imitation.

## Ring Came Back.

"No one else will ever wear this ring!" Here it goes!" said Charles Bloodgood to Miss Eliza Turnbull, standing up in a boat one August night in 1891, and tossing their engagement ring into the Susquehanna River, near Unadilla. They had come from the Berkshire Hills to visit mutual friends and had quarreled while returning home from a picnic. After their return to the Berkshire Hills they were reconciled and married.

Recently some fishermen "bobbing" through the ice for pickerel in the Susquehanna, near Windsor, forty miles south of Unadilla, made a large catch. A cousin of Bloodgood, one of the fishermen, in opening one of his fish, found a gold ring. He furnished it up, and inside the circle discovered the initials of Bloodgood and Miss Turnbull. He sent the ring to his cousin.—Susquehanna special to New York World.

## Continuous Laughter.

Strange as it may seem, John Breiner falls into convulsions of laughter because a clot of blood is pressing his spinal cord. At least the doctors attribute his laughter to that cause. For three hours one night recently the man laughed uproariously without a moment's hesitation.

Two weeks ago Breiner was taken sick while at work in an iron mill. Since then he has been confined to his bed. He has almost lost the power of speech, and is unable to utter a word. But his laughter is free and apparently natural, as if he were intensely amused.—Bethlehem (Pa.) special to New York World.

## Musical Kitchen Utensils.

Budding genius in Portland, Ore., has devised a utilitarian plan to make the new aluminum musical instruments convertible into kitchen utensils. By making the keys and strings detachable he proposes to use the mandolin for a stewpan, the guitar for a ham boiler or fish frier, and to cook flocks on the banjo. It will readily be seen that a piccolo could serve the uses of a poker without any detaching, and the conversion of a saxophone into a soup ladle would have advantages too manifold for comment.—New York Sun.

## House Built of Hats.

An ingenious hatter of Paris constructed a house of felt made out of 24,000 old hats. This house consisted of parlor, dining room and bed room, also a kitchen. It was erected upon a platform upon the plain of St. Denis, and could be transported from place to place.

Providence takes care of some fools by giving them wives to look after them.

The man who can acknowledge a mistake without blaming it on some one else has true moral courage.

## DEWEY AT ANNAPOLIS.

Naval Officer Had a Quick Temper and Often Got Into Quarrels.

As Admiral Dewey, U. S. N., commanding the Asiatic squadron, has come very prominently, "and deservedly so," into the public mind, it may be interesting to know that he and Commodore Henry L. Howison, commandant of the Boston navy yard, were classmates.

The academy class to which they belonged entered in 1854, and four years later was graduated with fifteen members.

Commodore Howison recently intimated that Dewey was a boy with a rather quick temper, and he was always clean and well set up. His temper led him frequently into little estrangements, but he had a name for being ready always to take his own part. He was plucky.

When the class graduated Howison and Dewey were on excellent terms, which, it seems, cannot be said of Dewey and others.

There are left of this class in the navy four on the active list, and two on the retired list, in this order of rank: Commodore John A. Howell, commanding the north patrol of the coast defense fleet; Admiral George Dewey, commanding the Asiatic squadron; Commodore Henry L. Howison, commandant of the Boston naval station; Commodore Albert Kautz, commandant of the Newport station (retired); Capt. Allen V. Reed, now a member of the Menococ court-martial, Brooklyn navy yard (retired); Capt. Joshua Bishop, lately assigned to the Norfolk navy yard.

Admiral Dewey ranks second on the list of officers now in command of squadrons or divisions, according to date of retirement, the list being:

Miller, retires Nov. 22, 1898; Dewey, Dec. 26, '98; Schley, Oct. 9, 1901; Sampson, Feb. 9, 1902; Howell, March 16, 1902; Remy, Aug. 10, 1903; Watson, Aug. 24, 1904.

With regard to the report of Dewey's work at Manila, Commodore Howison says:

"No man could have done a more gallant and daring thing than Dewey is believed to have done. The performance is just what I should expect from him in such an opportunity. Like a thorough American sailor, he went right into the harbor, with his bridges cut behind him, so to speak, and gave and took like a man. All his communication was cut off; he had absolutely nothing but the deep blue sea to fall back on—but everything to look forward to. He risked, it would seem, a good deal to gain what he was after, and by superb and exemplary generalship, hammered the enemy until he was master of the situation. He did what Farragut did and would have done. Dewey served under Farragut."



William Tyler, while passing along the road on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware River saw something flash across an open space in the woods just ahead of him and disappear in the hollow end of a log. He walked to the log, and, taking off his coat, tied the loose end of one sleeve with his suspenders. Placing the arm hole of the sleeve over the hole, he gave two or three kicks against the side of the log. The animal that had taken refuge within ran out into the sleeve. Tyler quickly closed the other end of the sleeve and had the animal captive. On reaching home he investigated to see what he had captured. It proved to be a squirrel about the size of a red squirrel, but as white as snow, with eyes of a deep pink. Some years ago a man named Rathbone captured a squirrel exactly like this one in the same locality. They are the only two of the kind ever seen in the valley.

A number of ruffed grouse spent the winter in an orchard in the rear of the old Woodhull homestead, in the town of Monroe, Pa., roosting in the apple trees and even venturing to the dooryard to pick up crumbs. The birds fly away to the mountains during the day, but return to the orchard toward night. As it is the nature of these shy and wary birds to make their winter haunts in the wildest and most inaccessible places, the presence of these particular grouse within a few rods of a house, where people are almost constantly moving about, is unaccountable, except on the supposition that the unusual number of foxes and wildcats in the mountains this winter led the birds to feel greater safety in the proximity of man than in their natural haunts of wood and swamp.

## BREAD UPON THE WATERS

Physician Rewarded by a Thief Whose Life He Had Saved.

A rising young physician of West Philadelphia recovered his fiancée's stolen watch recently in a remarkable way. The timepiece was a present from the doctor, and was a beautiful specimen of the jeweler's art, the cases being blue enamel, thickly set with diamonds and pearls. On the inside of the case was a picture of the giver, photographed directly on the case, and the engraved words: "From Ralph to Grace." The young couple attended a theater, and at the close of the play joined the merry throng that was on Chestnut street. Several times up and down were made, and it was very late when they arrived at the young woman's home. In order to be sure of the time the girl felt for her watch, which she usually wore hooked on her coat, and found it gone. Of course she was horrified, and started to cry, but the

doctor told her she probably lost it, and that an advertisement would bring its return. The lost and found column was freely used, but without any result. The doctor had lost all hope, when, the other morning, he received through the mail the missing watch and a letter, which read: "Dear Doctor—Inclosed find watch that I stole. On looking in case I saw your picture and surmised that it was a gift from you to your sweetheart. I guess you don't remember saving the life of a man who had no money, but I do, and I can't find it in my heart to keep the watch. A Grateful Man." The doctor, who is noted for his charity, says he has no recollection of the case in question.—Philadelphia Record.



The value of the estate left by the late James Payn is a little over \$8,000.

Richard Harding Davis' novel, "Soldiers of Fortune," has gone into its fifty-sixth thousand—which means a remarkable sale.

Word comes from the Macmillan Company that "The Bride of Jennico" is to be dramatized. The story is a successful venture in historical romance, and it should make over effectively for the stage.

G. W. Cable has gone to England, where he will stay for some time, and give readings. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish immediately his novel, "The Grandissimes," with a short introduction from the pen of Mr. Barrie, between whom and Mr. Cable there is a fast friendship.

Amherst, Mass., with a population of 4,800, claims to be better supplied with free library facilities in proportion to its population than any other community of which the record is available. The Amherst College library contains 70,000 volumes, the State College library 10,000 volumes, the two free town libraries 9,000 volumes.

Some days ago a Syrian youth not more than 16 years of age walked into the office of S. W. Marvin of the Charles Scribner's Sons' Publishing Company. He carried a letter of introduction in his hand and a portfolio of drawings under his arm. In very good English he asked Mr. Marvin to read the one and glance over the contents of the other. Mr. Marvin did as requested. The appearance of the boy interested him; his large dark eyes and olive skin made him remarkable amid his American surroundings. The boy sat modestly by while his portfolio was being examined. It was found to contain a collection of most striking oriental designs for book covers. When Mr. Marvin had run his critical eye over them the boy asked him if there were any that he might find worth using. "Have you any more?" inquired Mr. Marvin, to which the boy replied that all he had were there. "I will take them all," said Mr. Marvin, "and when you have any more bring them along and I will take them also." The designs are certainly striking, and remind one, not unnaturally, of the designs of oriental stuffs. Only one was Americanized, and that was the least successful. The Syrian said that he had never studied the art of design, but had simply picked it up.

## Discovery of the Phonograph.

Mr. Edison states that he discovered the principle by the merest accident. "I was singing into the mouthpiece of a telephone, when the vibrations of the voice sent the fine steel point into my finger. That set me to thinking. If I could record the actions of the point, and send the point over the same surface afterward, I saw no reason why the thing would not talk. I tried the experiment first on a strip of telegraph paper, and found that the point made an alphabet. I shouted the words 'Halloo! halloo!' into the mouthpiece, ran the paper back over the steel point, and heard a faint 'halloo! halloo!' in return. I determined to make a machine that would work accurately, and gave my assistants instructions, telling them what I had discovered. They laughed at me. That's the whole story. The phonograph is the result of a pricking of the finger."

## Austria's Emperor at the Play.

The Emperor of Austria takes his amusements publicly, much unlike Queen Victoria. He believes that his subjects like to see him among them, and when he goes to a theater he takes a prominent position in full view of the house, and the consequence is that the royal box is the center of attraction, the actors playing to it "for all they are worth."—Boston Post.

## Value of Superstition.

"You seem to have lost all your superstitions."

"I don't read 'em now," said the extractor.

"No? Are superstitions of particular value to the theatrical profession?"

"They are, if you can get them published in the papers."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Children are becoming so smart these days that they are graduated from school while they are still young enough to be spanked.

We know of a man who has worried six months over a trouble that he could fix in an hour.

Most people make a mistake in thinking unfavorable comment is preferable to no notice at all.

We hate a man who boasts that he gets up early.