

The Daily Reporter.

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THE INSIDE OF SIAM.

An Ex-Governess Shows Up the Court and its Wickedness.

Mrs. Leonowens, who was governess of the young Princes of Siam, published a sketch of the Prime Minister of that country as follows. He was the actual ruler of that semi-barbarous realm and the prime contriver of its arbitrary policy. Black, but comely, robust and vigorous, neck short and thick, nose large and nostrils wide, eyes inquisitive and penetrating; his was the massive brain proper to an intellect deliberate and systematic. Well founded in the best idioms of his native tongue, he expressed strong and discriminative thought in words at once accurate and abundant. His only vanity was his English." She also sketches his harem.

"We discover in the center of the hall a long line of girls with skins of olive, creatures who in years and physical proportion are yet children, some twenty in number, with transparent draperies with golden girdles, their arms and bosoms wholly nude and covered with barbaric ornaments of gold. Their only garments the lower skirt, floating in light folds about their limbs, is one of very costly material bordered heavy with gold. On the end of their fingers they wear long nails of gold, tapering sharply like claws of a bird." She describes a dance in this harem while the Prime Minister sits stony and grim, his huge hands resting on his knees in statuesque repose. His deportment to his female slaves was studiously ungracious and mean.

"In the midst of Bangkok is a sort of sanctuary for criminals, where lurk fugitives of every class. Women in disguise as men, men in the attire of women, hiding phases of every villainy and crime of every enormity, at once the most disgusting, the most appalling and the most unnatural the heart of man has conceived. Most of the women who died in 1868, were of gentle blood, the fairest of the daughters of the Siamese nobles and Princes of the adjacent tributary States; the Queen consort was his own half-sister. Beside many choice Chinese and Indian girls purchased annually for the royal harem by agents from Bancoek and Bengal, enormous sums were offered year after year at Bangkok and Singapore for an English woman of beauty and good parentage to crown the sensual collection. French women offered themselves for the harem, but the King would not accept them." Although religious ceremonies were held at this court Mrs. Leonowens says:

"The King of Siam was more systematically educated, and a more capacious devourer of books and news than perhaps any man of equal rank in his time. In inborn integrity and steadfast principle he has no faith whatever. He sincerely believed that every man strove to compass his own ends, and when sometimes I ventured to disabuse his mind of his daring scorn for motive and responsibility I had the mortification to discover that I had but helped him to an argument against myself. It was simply my pecuniary interest to do so. Money, money, money. That could procure anything. The love of children was the constant and hearty virtue of this despot. They appealed to him by their beauty and their trustfulness; they refreshed him with bold innocence of their ways. At 9 o'clock he retired to his private apartments, whence issued immediately peculiar domestic bulletins, in which were named women whose presence he particularly desired in addition to those whose turn it was to wait that night. His spies penetrate into every family of wealth and influence. Every citizen suspects and fears always his neighbor, sometimes his wife."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Weekly Reporter, a faithful and complete compendium of the week's news, is furnished for 12½ cents a month.

A Spoiled Child.

I wonder whether the following story, which I have come across in the *Presbyterian Monthly Visitor*, is quite correct. That Mrs. Spurgeon should have had a longing for a piping-bullfinch and an onyx ring is remarkable, but still more remarkable is it that incontinently, these two incongruous wishes should have at once dropped down from heaven for her delectation: "During an illness of Mrs. Spurgeon, before Mr. Spurgeon left her room for the journey he was contemplating, she remarked that she hoped he would not be annoyed with her for telling him what had been passing through her mind. She made him, however, promise that he would not try to procure the objects for which she had been longing. She then told him that she had been wishing for a piping-bullfinch and an onyx ring. Of course Mr. Spurgeon expressed his willingness to get both, but she held him to his promise. He had to make a sick call on his way to the station as well as call at the Tabernacle. Shortly after reaching the sick person's house, the mother of the patient, to his amusement, asked Mr. Spurgeon if Mrs. S. would like a piping-bullfinch, that they had one, but that its music was trying to the invalid, and they would gladly part with it to one who would give it the requisite care. He then made his call at the Tabernacle, and after reading a voluminous correspondence, came at last to a letter and a parcel underlying the other letters. The letter was from a lady unknown to him, who had received benefit from his services in the Tabernacle, and as a slight token of her appreciation of these services asked his acceptance of the inclosed onyx ring, necklet, and bracelets, for which she had no further use. This intensified his surprise, and he hastened home with what had been so strangely sent, went up into his wife's sick room, and placed the objects she had longed for before her. She met him with a look of pained reproach, as if he had allowed his regard to override his promise, but when he detailed the true circumstances of the case, she was filled with surprise, and asked Mr. Spurgeon what he thought of it? His reply was characteristic: I think you are one of your heavenly Father's spoiled children, and He just gives you whatever you ask for."—*London Truth.*

Brown (to his wife)—"Did you notice that old woman on the corner with a basket of apples?" Mrs. Brown—"Yes." Brown—"She has stood on that corner every day for ten years with her basket of apples. How much do you suppose she is worth?" Mrs. Brown—"H—m! A thousand dollars?" Brown—"No." Mrs. Brown—"A hundred thousand?" Brown—"No." Mrs. Brown—"A million?" She can't be worth more than a million, John?" Brown—"Not a cent, and she owes for the basket."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Speaker Carlisle is making a collection of the most curious communications he receives—such, for instance, as a letter from a Minnesota man, who wanted an appropriation by Congress to provide him with a good sleigh. He told what kind of wood it was to be made of, how many bells it should have, and how thick the steel of the runners should be; and in a postscript intimated that the salvation of the country depended on the appropriation.

It is estimated that there are 100,000,000 acres of land on the Pacific coast that are especially adapted to wheat culture. Of this California has 25,000,000, or one-fourth of the whole; Oregon has 18,000,000 acres, Washington Territory has 16,000,000 acres, Colorado and Idaho 10,000,000 each, Montana Utah and Wyoming 7,000,000 each, and the great bulk of all this wheat land yet lies untouched.

Ex-Assistant Postmaster General Brady has a passion for bric-a-brac and antique furniture.

Bring on your job work. We are now prepared to do job work in the latest and most approved style of the art.

A Lake Superior Monster.

A traveler from the West has been telling the *Observer* of some recent occurrences that equal anything in Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea" for dramatic strength and sensationalism. It appears a party of coppermine prospectors were landed on a lonely island in Lake Superior to examine the rock formations and the bottom of the lake for indications of a copper mine. They camped on the edge of the island, and one dark, dreary night one of the men got up to feed the camp-fire, when he noticed a beautiful refulgent green light coming up out of the lake and covering an area of thirty feet in diameter. He remembered the Indians' traditions about the spot, how they carefully avoided landing on the island, and told of a brave who defied the authorities, went to the island alone and never returned, and the strange sight gave the miner a queer feeling. Calling the other four men in the party they regarded it with interest, when one fired a shot into the water and the light at once disappeared.

Nothing was thought of the incident, and the next day diving operations began from a small barge anchored off shore, the diver going down with a crowbar and bucket to collect specimens and follow a submarine vein of copper. He had been at work a couple of hours in water about thirty feet deep, when he went under what appeared to be an overhanging rock and found himself in a cavern. No sooner had the diver passed the entrance to this cave than all light disappeared and he knew some large body was in the doorway. Turning like a flash he confronted a huge-eyed monster with a dozen legs that grasped him about the body. The diver's pipe, through which air was supplied, was twisted, and barely enough to keep the water out of his helmet came through. He grasped his knife to engage in what he knew to be a struggle for life. One blow of the sharp instrument severed one of the monster's tentacles, when another shot out and grasped the man's arm like a vice. He was now powerless, and about to give up hope when the marine monster took fright and disappeared. The diver was at once hauled to the surface, and positively refused to go down again—whereupon the party left.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Thumb Puncher.

"We don't mind the men," remarked a poulterer Wednesday after the rush was over, as he rearranged his rather mixed-rows of chickens, ducks, and turkeys, talking the while to a Philadelphia Press reporter. "It's these 'ere tarnal women folks as bother us. Some women is good enough to git along with, and don't make no fuss. The worst is the thumb-punchers. What? You don't know what a thumb-puncher is? Well, if you was in this business, you wouldn't want to learn. You see that turkey layin' there? Well, he looks worse'n he'd been knocked out in a prize fight, don't he? He's all black and blue. Thumb-punchin' did that; a little woman—thin—had a nose on her like the beak of one o' them ducks hangin' there, comes up and squeals out, 'Lem'me see the second turkey on the third row.' I puts down the bird. She rams her thumb into its side four or five times. 'How much?' sez she. 'Sixteen a pound,' sez I. Then she goes at it with both thumbs, right an' left, an' hammers that poor dead bird 'till it's all off color. Then she snaps out: 'Put it back, it's too tough. Wouldn't be surprised if its legs were stuffed with shot to make it weigh heavy. What's ducks?'"

"Madam, I sez, as cool and perlit as a feller could under sich circumstances. 'Madam, sez I, 'them ducks can't afford to go through no scrimmage like that turkey got into.' She got mad right off and went away, sayin' that poor unprotected widdies had no rights."

The following is said to be the set form of instructions that Missouri husbands give to new wives: "My dear, I'm a bad man from away back, when aroused, but, gently treated, I'm as doile as a lamb. You just induce me to do always as I please, and there'll never be any trouble in the family."

NEW TO-DAY.

SEVENTH ANNUAL



FIREMAN'S FAIR

—OF THE—

McMinnville Fire Department,

—AT—

Garrison Opera House,

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday,
February 22d, 23d and 24th,
1887.

LIST OF PRIZES.

There will be prizes given on the following named exhibits:

1st and 2d prize for best and 2d best exhibit of Kensington painting.

1st and 2d prize, for best and 2d best exhibit of Kensington embroidery.

1st and 2d prize, for best and 2d best exhibit of outline work by a child under 14 years of age.

1st and 2d best, for best and 2d best exhibit of work of any kind by a boy under 14 years of age.

1st and 2d prize, for best and 2d best exhibit of crayon work.

There will also be a prize given for the heaviest, lightest and prettiest baby under 1 year of age.

Following is a list of prizes offered: For the prettiest baby, gold necklace; lightest and heaviest baby under one year of age, each a gold ring; outline work by a child under fourteen years, first prize, ear rings, second prize, scrap book; Kensington embroidery, first prize, napkin ring, second prize, box writing paper; Kensington painting, first prize, manicule set, second prize, bracket; crayon work, first prize, paper holder, second prize, pitcher; boy's work, first prize, paper holder, second prize, inkstand.

Parade of Firemen Tuesday afternoon.

Doors will be open at 7 o'clock, p. m. daily, during the Fair.

—All are invited to Attend—

Admission 25 Cents.

By Order of COMMITTEE.

Now is the time to subscribe.

JOHN J. SAX,
Has his

Feed Chopping Mill

In Running Order,

—AND—

Will chop Feed for \$2 per ton or one-tenth toll.

Farmers and others having grain to chop can come to my mill, and attend to any business in the city to better advantage than driving two miles out of town to get their chopping done. JOHN J. SAX, McMinnville, Or.

The Central Hotel,

Dining Station of the O. C. R. R.

McMinnville, Oregon.

F. Multner, Prop.

(Late of the St. Charles.)

This Hotel has just been refitted and newly refurnished throughout, and will be kept in a first class style.

The table is supplied with all the market affords, and guests can rely upon good clean beds, and comfortable rooms.

Special accommodations for commercial travelers.