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McMINNVILLE, OREGON

HIS DEVOTIONS.

The organ peals the choir is singing:
I wonder if she knows I'm here!
Her thoughts, no doubt, are upward winging,
While mine sink, clogged with doubt and fear.

'Tis she, of course; there's no mistaking
Her crowded, glossy braids of brown,
And that's the bonnet she was making—
I sat and watched her bead the crown.

How deft her fingers are—how busy!
Ah! happy man within whose home—
But, stay! such thoughts, they make me dizzy,
And have no place beneath this dome.

Far better should I ponder grimly
My faults committed, duties missed—
How neat her glove is, and how trimly
It buttons round her slender wrist!

Ah! vain and poor is earthly pleasure!
No wonder that our sad hearts yearn
To some more high and lasting treasure—
They're sitting down. Perhaps she'll turn.

Thank Heaven, she sees me! She is flinging
A sweet reproachful glance my way—
Yes, dear, indeed I've been singing,
And now, my saint, I mean to pray!

CREDIT AT THE BAR.

"He had been refused credit at the bar."

Nothing could be more blighting to a man's business reputation in the community of Turbot Town than the circulation of the above made statement. Had he been black-balled by a secret society; expelled from a local troop of horse; defeated as a candidate for Hayward or hung in grotesque effigy, his reputation might have withstood one, if not all, of these humiliations, but a refusal of credit at the bar was simply and irrevocably loss of character. Thus we see that the commercial standard was very elevated in the whaling and coasting community of Turbot Town, where everything smelt of fish and oil, and everybody of tobacco and spirits. So long as a man had credit at the bar that length of time he was solvent and reputable, and the capacity at a moment's notice to treat a crowd was sufficient to consecrate a man's name in the hearts of his Turbot Town countrymen. Turbot Town respected such a man, and humbly touched its tarpaulin to him.

Francis Torrent, the luckless mortal who had been shorn of his good name by simply the negative shake of the bar tender's head, had collapsed into an obscure corner, and was moodily contemplating through the window the mixed prospect of land and sea. Even for a prosperous man it was a dreary prospect. The cold, surly sea, wrapped in its gray mantle of mist and enlivened only by the straggling flight of a sea fowl, a Norwegian barque in quarantine, with a yellow flag languidly flying; a lighthouse, with unextinguished lantern looming whitely through the early morning fog, like a giant somnambulist, with burning lamp, and advancing noiselessly; and ashore a burial lot for unidentified mariners, with little wooden crosses upon the uncouth mounds, as if some day in those parts it had rained daggers.

Nine years ago Francis Torrent abandoned his home for a voyage to Greenland. He spent his first and second year's earnings frivolously in foreign ports, reshipped, and after four years more of sailor's fare returned home with a weather-sheathed cheek, a light heart and a pocket jingling with gold pieces, to find, however, as many a gay rover has found before him, that the hungriest of all rodents, Time, had destroyed or effaced everything that his boyish fancy had clung to. After much and varied suffering, his aged parents had sought rest from the cares of earth beneath the churchyard cypress—sleeping within the sound of the sea that bore their wayward boy upon its stormy bosom; his schoolmates were scattered, as the wind separateth and scattereth the fleets of the home fishermen, and his sweet heart had married his bonafide rival.

Surely, thought the disappointed sailor, there are cups of drink deep enough to drown the memory of all this; and therefore Francis Torrent roamed about, throwing away his pieces of gold among sharking men and unprincipled women as heedlessly as the summer stroller plucks the yellow dandelion heads and tosses them to the passing breezes. The result of this prodigality was the positive shake of the bartender's imperial head.

As Torrent gazed disconsolately upon the dreary scene without, he felt that he would like to fling himself from the black cliff out there into the sea and let his life end, as he had ended his hopes, in bubble and foam; but without his wonted stimulant, he lacked the physical nerve to do it. The early bar-room birds were gathering upon their perches—the sturdy toper with stomach of brass, who drank his undiluted tippie without a shudder, and with a crack of the lips like the explosion of a pod of trampled rock-weed, and the tremulous, two-handed inebriate, whose head shook in remorseful rhythm with his shaking hands. Suddenly there enters with great tumult Captain Caleb Rudge, bringing in with him the fabled odors of pipe, grog and herring. The captain was a veritable marine monster, or monster marine—a human cetacean of the calchalot species, moist, breathful and blubbery—clad in a stark, pilot-cloth garment, with nakeful, white bone buttons, very wide and very blue trousers, and a glazed, sun-cracked cap of extraordinary dimensity.

"Shipmates!" roared the captain, in speaking-trumpet tones, as if addressing men at the mast-head, "let's all hands splice the main brace."

Now, in Turbot Town, a general invitation to drink was like the beat of the reveille-drum to disciplined soldiery. Every man sprang to his feet, but one, and he was Francis Torrent.

"Come, young man," exhorted the ruddy captain, "take suthin' and cheer up. You look too heavily loaded for'ard."

"Excuse me, with thanks, Captain," was the courteous reply.

Eagerly athirst as were many of the captain's bibulous beneficiaries, and as proximate as were their glasses to their lips, yet no one ventured an indulgence, for Turbot Town had its exacted statutes upon the subject of drinking, and at no time were these unwritten laws so inviolate as on the occasion of a public treat. Therefore, all Turbot Town—that is, such portion of Turbot Town as was formed into a green oasis and separated from the great desert of general thirst by the captain's invitation—silently awaited the inviter's motions. Slowly the captain threw back his head and lazily let fall his under jaw, and with a semi-circular action of his arm, like that of the sword-swallower at the circus, curved his tumbler to his mouth. Turbot Town imitated each motion, and then all hands cried in chorus, "Here she goes!" and the rites of Bacchus were duly celebrated.

"Gentlemen," demanded the doughty captain, "ain't I allers did what I could for the good name of Turbot Town? Don't I allers put down suthin' on 'scription papers for new guide boards, for a liberty pole, for a town clock, for Fourth of July fireworks?"

A moist murmur of assent steamed forth from a score or more mouths, moistened at the captain's expense.

"Well, then," continued the captain, taking a soda cracker from the yellow dish on the counter, and eyeing it sternly as if it was his manuscript, and its shallow dimples were the heads of his discourse. "I'll tell ye that the good name of Turbot Town is at stake. We shall be looked upon as uncivilized and barbarous. For forty-eight hours that Norwegian feller has been showing a signal of distress and not a bit of notice has been taken of him. I have been nigh enough to hear groans aboard on her, and no man knows how much human misery is 'twixt her decks, specially if she's got the yellow fever. This very morning the port doctor says to me, 'Captain Caleb, ain't there no way I can be put aboard that foreigner? I can't get a steam craft to set me aboard. They all make one reply—yellow fever aboard, and we won't have another ton or passenger if we go nigh her.'"

"Now, then," declared the captain, after again consulting his annotated cracker, "I'm going to set the doctor aboard myself, and what he wants is a good, true man to go with him and nurse the poor creeturs."

"I'm your man, and I'm ready now," said some one outside of the company that were grouped about the great hearted captain. They all turned to look upon Francis Torrent.

"Gentlemen," said he, with his hand upon the rude latch of the bar room door, "I have learned this morning that I have lost my credit at this bar and my good name in this community. When I return I hope to have regained the latter. Good-bye, all."

The whole bar room adjourned to the beach, and watched the little expedition of mercy embark upon the upheaving waters, and continued to watch the narrow sharpie lifted along on the shoulders of the swelling waves until the brig was reached, and the doctor and volunteer nurse had struggled up the rolling vessel's dusk sides and disappeared below.

Twice a day thereafter the doctor visited the plague visited brig, and from him there went abroad the most sorrowful accounts of the situation, and with these reports, to a praiseworthy degree, of Francis Torrent was mingled, until men began to speak of it in an undertone, and with unconscious respectfulness. And before the week closed there was circulated through Turbot Town a most touching and beautiful story. Even from mouths that were often foul with oaths and alcoholic odors—tainted with tobacco smoke and distorted by the phrases of a vulgar dialect—there went forth the self-purifying and soul-thrilling story:

How Francis Torrent—the identical one that Turbot Town bar had disowned and dishonored—had behaved nobly between the decks and in the lurid and infected atmosphere of the Norwegian brig; how he had forgotten self in the awful scene of woe around him; how he went about in that dismal fore-castle bearing cooling drinks to men with death tokens on their discolored faces and death thirst on their blackened tongues; how he answered every cry for comfort with cadenced footfalls and an exquisite carefulness of touch that made the dying think the angels had come to their relief; how he read from a Norwegian Bible (he had passed a winter in Norway) the most radiant passages of Divine promise which his mother had marked to a dying Norwegian lad, who once, like himself, had left a pleasant home for the privations of the sea, and how at last, himself stricken by the dire contagion, he had sunk exhausted, his helping hand helpless, and his warm heart that never felt a chill before growing cold in death.

It was evening time, and land and sea were tranquilly receiving the purple benediction of sunset. A little group was on the strand, observing the brig and incoming sail. Presently the brig's colors were dipped and then a shotted canvas sack was lowered into the illimitable sea.

"They are paying a tribute to poor Frank Torrent," said one. "The doctor sent word ashore that he was dead."

"Peace—to-his—ashes!" said Captain Caleb, as without a sound he closed the four cases of his ship's glass—a case to a word—and then the little group of seafaring men lifted their tarpaulins and together said "Amen."—[Providence Star.

LOW WAGES OF WORKING GIRLS.

The advance sheets of the twelfth annual report of Miss Jennie Collins of Buffin's Bower, the institution devoted to the welfare of the working girls of Boston, has just come to hand.

While every one may not agree with the theories of political economy expressed by Miss Collins, surely no one can but deprecate with her the evil effects on the working girls of the ruinous competition in the clothing and other business. The meager sum paid shop girls in not a few of the large and small establishments doubtless frequently results, as she intimates, in the demoralization of the purest and best. One prepossessing young woman some two months since is said to have related her case as follows: "I came to make you a little present of \$10. Use it to help some one else before they get where I am. I had to earn my living. I tried house-work first. The family's washing was beyond my strength. I then procured a place in a shop, commencing with \$3 a week, with the promise that at the end of three months it would be increased according to my ability. At the end of that time I was discharged and another novice taken with the same inducement. My next place was in an office for \$3 a week, and from that I went to do up packages of groceries, with the promise that when I got used to the business I could make \$6 or \$7 a week. It was the same old story: I was discharged and another novice taken in my place. I next got a position to tend in a cheap variety store with an advance to \$4 a week on this stipulation, that I must dress as well as the other girls. To do that I was obliged to live upon one meal and a part of a meal a day. Half starved, disheartened and depressed, I drifted where I am now."—[Boston Globe.

A HUSBAND AND A MULE.

Not long since, Wakefield Starkey, of Austin, while crossing the track of the International and Great Northern Railroad, on a valuable mule, was struck by a locomotive and killed. The mule was also hurled into eternity. Wakefield Starkey, although a perfect gentleman on the street, was a perfect tyrant of the deepest dye. Without any provocation whatever, he used to beat his wife and lock her up in the wardrobe; hence when she heard of his death it was not so much a case of heavy bereavement as it was of mitigated affection. As the engineer of the locomotive was clearly to blame for the accident, it was suggested to the widow that she bring a suit for damages. She resolved to do so, and called at the office of the railway company. The proper official happened to be in. The widow had such a clear case against the company that it was deemed advisable to compromise the matter.

"Now, madam," said the official, after the widow had thrown back her veil and started her business, "we are willing to do what is fair in the matter. There is really no occasion to go to law. It is a delicate subject to discuss, so I think, without going into the merits of it, I will tender you a check for \$3,000, and you will sign a paper releasing the company from all further demands."

The widow started, and asked, "How much?"

"I am authorized to pay you \$3,000."

"I accept it," she said, very much agitated. The check was handed over, the paper signed, and the widow walked out into the street in a bewildered frame of mind. As she cashed the check she said to herself confidentially: "I didn't expect to get more than \$50. I reckon that railroad fellow didn't know how old that mule was."—[Texas Siftings

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS AND SORE THROATS.

Sore throats vanish when encircled in a silken kerchief. This is established beyond peradventure. The grandmothers knew all about this a hundred years ago. They believed, too, that silk would cure all other diseases, and some of them thought it would heal a broken leg "if only taken in time." We do not go so far as that, but we know that silk will absorb and store electricity as readily as a Leyden jar. It forms an essential curtain for the electric cylinder, and, rubbed with quicksilver has a mysterious power that imparts force to its retention. The curative force of silk is due to its electricity, and the medical faculty recommend silken hose and shirts for a thousand diseases. As we are not professional, we only take silk by the throat, and know its wonderful power. We will give a sure recipe: When you have the throat trouble, give a nice, clean silk handkerchief to your sweetheart, with a request to tie it around your neck. If you are not cured or choked by tender hands, we have made a mistake. The more expensive the kerchief the surer the cure, because your pet takes so long to examine the quality and get it just right, so it won't hurt. Try it, and go home cured. We expect silk handkerchiefs will advance in price when this matter is understood.

"How are you and your wife coming on?" asked a Galveston man of a colored man. "She has run me off, boss."

"What's the matter?" "I is to blame, boss. I gave her a splendid white-silk dress, and den she got so proud she had no use for me. She loved I was too dark to match de dress."

A FATAL MONTH.

A Remarkable List of Collisions, Fires and Explosions.

THE SINKING OF A PORTION OF THE CITY OF WILKESBARRE.

January was a remarkable month. Its fatal and terrific collisions, fires, and explosions and the alarming death rate, the list of business failures, and the overwhelming series of shocking casualties that marked it will make it memorable for years.

The month had just begun when the news of Gambetta's death was flashed over the wires to all parts of the world. The mystery that hung over it, together with the perturbation and excitement it caused in France, made the event the sensation of the world for several days.

On the day that the news of France's loss arrived, the President of the United States stood in the White House, surrounded by the wives of the Cabinet officers, receiving congratulations from a throng of callers. The decorations were strikingly bright, the uniforms of the diplomats and soldiers were brilliant, the costumes of the ladies were rich. The band was playing, and the whole scene was one of life and animation. Suddenly Elisha Allen, the Hawaiian Minister, dropped dead near the threshold of the reception room. The White House was closed at once, and the brilliant throng was dismissed.

Three days later came the news of the spread of disaster and death over a large part of Europe. The Rhine and the Danube rose, inundated villages and towns, washed away bridges, undermined houses, and spread distress over many miles of territory. The Rhine dam at Ludwigshafen gave way and many people were drowned. The list of the dead along the Rhine numbered more than seventy persons. France, Switzerland, and Austria also suffered great distress.

On the following day Gen. Chanzy died. After Gambetta he could worst be spared in France. Gambetta was called the soul, and Chanzy the sword of resistance to German invasion. It was said that the Germans feared Gen. Chanzy as they had dreaded Skobeloff.

On the following day, the 6th of the month, the Inman line steamer City of Brussels, as she was nearing Liverpool in a dense fog, was run down by the steamer Kirby Hall. She sank almost immediately.

Four days later occurred the appalling loss of life in the Milwaukee hotel fire. The hotel was a veritable death trap. The proprietor of the hotel became insane. The belief was general that somebody had set fire to the building, as no less than four attempts to burn it down had been made within two years. The number of lives lost was 74.

While they were still digging bodies out of the Milwaukee ruins the Planters' House, a big hotel in St. Louis, caught fire. It started at the same hour in the morning as the Milwaukee fire, but most of the guests escaped; three, however, were killed.

On the 11th day of the month 10,000 people were driven from their homes in Hungary by the floods. Many were drowned. The dykes around Raab gave way, and the deluge completely inundated the town. Great distress still prevails there.

On the 14th occurred a frightful fire in a circus in Russia. It was in some respects even more horrifying than the disaster at Milwaukee.

On the 16th twenty-two successive earthquake shocks destroyed many houses and frightened the inhabitants of the province of Murcia in Spain.

On the 17th day of the month the steamer Josephine left Seattle, W. T., and sailed for Skagit River. The next day, when off Port Susan Bay, her boiler exploded. Eight persons were killed and many more were wounded.

On the following day occurred the great powder explosion in Holland. The village at Mulden was wrecked, twelve persons were killed, and neighboring towns were seriously damaged.

The same day two awful disasters occurred. The steamship Cimbric was sunk, and there was a frightful accident on the Southern Pacific Railroad.

California had another accident that day besides the railroad horror. The Atlantic Giant Powder Works, near Oakland, was the scene of five nearly simultaneous explosions. Nearly forty men were preparing twenty-five tons of powder for shipment to Portland, Oregon, when the explosion occurred. The men were blown to atoms. The shock of the explosion was felt seven miles away, where the people ran from their houses, thinking it was an earthquake.

On the same day the ship Vorwarts was sunk off Libau, and eight persons were drowned.

The day following witnessed the death of another famous man in France, Gustave Dore.

The same day three coal trains, consisting of three engines and sixty-nine cars, became unmanageable on the George's Creek and Cumberland Railroad, near Cumberland, Md. An engineer, a fireman, and three brakemen were killed, and several others mortally injured.

Nearly one hundred acres of the ground on which the city stands caved in and hundreds of houses were unsettled and many rendered unsafe. The structures must be rebuilt, as they are so badly racked that it will be impossible to repair them. Huge fissures in the earth extend across large tracts of land. The disaster was caused by the removal of the natural props in the Delaware and Hudson Coal Company's mine underneath the city. The scenes at the time were extraordinary. There was a loud roar, then a rumbling sound, and the earth shook violently and the houses rocked. Then came a crash, and the people rushed into the streets as their houses began to fall about their ears. The ignorance of the scared inhabitants concerning the nature of the impending disaster added to their alarm. The miners living in the quarter of the city that was shaken rushed about the streets not knowing what to do, and women sprang from their beds and fled out of doors. Nobody stopped to dress, and they almost froze in the piercing wind but were afraid to return into their tottering houses for more clothing. So they waited in the streets for sunrise. The people of Wilkesbarre are yet living in daily alarm. The whole city is undermined and another disaster is feared. Re-lays of watchers have been organized, and a system of alarms arranged. The people are moving away as fast as possible from the district that has caved in.

On the 26th the steamer Agnes Jack was wrecked near Swansea. The people on shore saw twelve of the crew clinging to the mast of the ship. One by one they were swept away. At last the captain stripped off his clothes, plunged into the waves and swam for the shore. He too was drowned.

Fierce and disastrous storms and floods began in Great Britain on the 25th. High winds and heavy rains have blown down buildings and flooded all the low-lying lands. Rivers overflowed their banks and much of the low country in Ireland was inundated.

On the 30th of the month great snow slides swept down the mountain sides of Colorado, and hurled miners and their buildings to destruction.

On the last day of the month came the news of the wreck of the Italian steamer Ansonia off the coast of Tripoli, in which twenty persons perished.

A PARSON'S RETORTS.

Father Stimson, an aged Kansas parson owned a good horse, but the keeping of the beast was somewhat of a drain on the dominie's pocket, and he was in the habit of dropping a hint to his parishioners once in a while that a little hay would be acceptable. One day a church member asked him to bring Mrs. Stimson to dinner.

"Certainly," said Father Stimson; "and, as it's haying time, I guess I'll put some hay on the wagon when I go back home."

"All right, father," replied the church member; "but bring a one-horse wagon."

Father Stimson took his wife to dinner in a wagon with an ample hayrack that would easily hold a haystack.

"See here," said the parishioner, as he helped Mrs. Stimson out of the hayrick, "you said you were going to bring a one-horse wagon, and now you've appeared with the most capacious hay apparatus I ever saw."

"Oh, I've brought a one-horse wagon," said Father Stimson; "but the hayrick—that's a two-horse hayrick."

He drove away after dinner with twenty-two hundred pounds of hay.

Parson Stimson was the first to use gospel-tents in the West. He put them up himself. A fellow who passed him one morning as he was hard at work on his tent called to him in a loud voice.

"Hallo, there! Are you going to have a circus?"

"Yes," said the parson, continuing his work without looking up; "and I'm looking for a baboon. Don't you want to hire yourself to me?"

The parson was a chaplain in the war. The colonel of his regiment was fond of leading the soldiers through the deep puddles at the right ular drill, and the chaplain one day rode around the puddle and thereby fell out of the regular order. The colonel noticed it, and at the close of the drill, when the officers came together, said, with a sneer,

"If Chaplain Stimson is afraid to ride through muddy water for fear of soiling his clothing, I will carry him across the puddles myself."

"Thank you," the chaplain said; "but as the government provides horses, I don't see any reason why I should ride on a jackass."

Abundant hair is not a sign of bodily or mental strength, the story of Samson having given rise to the notion that hairy men are strong physically, while the fact is that the Chinese, who are the most enduring of all races, are mostly bald, and as to the supposition that long and thick hair is a sign and token of intellectuality, all antiquity, all madhouses and all common observation are against it. The easy-weeded Esau was hairy. The mighty Caesar was bald. Long-haired men are generally weak and fanatical, and men with scant hair are the philosophers and soldiers and statesmen of the world.

FOR THE WEST.

Arrival in the United States of 800,000 immigrants.

THE SANITARY INSPECTION OF THE NATIONAL BOARD OF HEALTH.

The bare statistics of immigration to the United States are sufficiently imposing. During what is termed the last fiscal year—which very conveniently ends on the 30th of June—nearly 800,000 immigrants arrived in this country. Whence did this vast army set out for the peaceful invasion of the American republic? The greatest percentage from any one nation was from the mother country. Almost invariably these immigrants were of a high average in apparent character, in strength of body, and in equipment for their new life, the principal exceptions being among the Irish. Next in the order of numbers came the Germans. These too were of excellent average character. From these generally kindred sources almost precisely two-thirds of the immigration were derived—a fact to be remembered when the prophets of evil bewail the influence of foreign born recruits. Next after Germany came Sweden and Norway. Next came the Celestial Kingdom, which appears—for the last time until the Pacific coast recovers from its scare—with 39,579 immigrants; the Italy, with 32,129—more than twice as many as the year before.

The probability is that immigration has, for the time at least, reached its highest point. For the last three months there has been a decided falling off from the arrivals of the corresponding months last year so that the total for the calendar year 1882 is but 735,000, which is only 16,000 more than for 1881. The only nationalities in which the rate of immigration is sustained are the Russians, Hungarians and Norwegians, and these form as yet but a relatively small portion of the usual arrivals.

The immigrants usually come to this country with well defined plans as to their place of destination, and for the most part provided with railway tickets for their journey inland. In such cases they are immediately taken in charge by the special agents of the various lines, who sort them out, place the women and children in separate cars, with their natural protectors, when they have any, and keep the rougher persons by themselves. At the start the cars are ruc'e but cleanly. Plenty of fresh water is provided. Some effort is made, too, to keep the air fresh and the car decent, but this is very difficult. Most of the passengers are little accustomed to ventilation or to cleanly habits. Pipes are lighted, meals are spread in which sausages, cheese, garlic and sour-kraut form prominent elements, and their mingled odors combine with the smoke of cheap tobacco to render the cars insupportable. Then there are children, and sometimes sick ones; there are men and women who regard dirt as a part of the natural protection against cold; there are still other sources of malarious emanations which would make a resident of ancient Cologne hold his experienced nose. But if the immigrants as a class are far from neat, they are equally removed from the sensitive-ness of those who have led gentler lives; they are accustomed to what seem intolerable hardships, and the success with which they endure the smells, the confinement, and the poisoned air of the emigrant trains bespeaks them the heroes of the struggle for the "survival of the fittest," that is to say, of the fittest to survive.

When the train stops, laden with its miscellaneous freight, the adults are glad to alight, the children rush eagerly about gathering the oddest mementos of their journey. Bits of wood and iron, stones, oyster shells, and stray twigs of leaves, particularly if it be autumn, are proudly distributed about the cars. Occasionally a kitten is captured, to the delight of the whole car load. Until it manages to escape it is petted, fed, put to sleep in the dinner pails, locked in the arms of its friends, and rarely abused.

Chicago is the first main point of distribution. Before the arrival of the immigrants at this place the work of sanitary inspection is commenced, principally with reference to small-pox. The inspection is very thorough, and is conducted under the direction of the National Board of Health. The inspectors board the trains about one hundred miles east of Chicago. They first direct inquiries as to the general condition of the immigrants, then as to the fact of vaccination, and if it has been effected, the date of the last operation. This should have been attended to on shipboard, and no passenger of this class should be landed who has not been effectually vaccinated within a proper time, or failing that, vaccinated upon the ship. In some vessels the work is very carefully done; in others it is almost entirely neglected; in all it depends upon the fidelity and skill of the surgeon of the steamer, and there is no adequate system with reference to its enforcement.

The general sanitary care of the immigrants is improving, most of the improvement being due to the influence of the National Board.—[Harper's Weekly.

To be able to bear provocation is an argument of wisdom; and to forgive it, of great mind.