

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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OLD HAYSEED.

How He Humiliated the Champion Sport of a Proud Michigan Town.

"Talking about sports," said a Gothamite to a Daily News man a few days ago, "reminds me of an experience I once had. It occurred in Michigan, and it happened several years ago, but the boys haven't got through talking about it yet. There was a great rivalry between the town in which I resided and one a few miles distant in all lines of sport. In the athletic line I was considered the best, and so whenever any running, jumping or wrestling event was to come off I was the one to make the trial against all comers. I had no trouble in defeating my opponents in a majority of the events, and as a consequence the sports of the neighboring town lost heavily. It worried them more than a little, and in order to get even with us they put up a job on us in the following manner: While a man who had lost the most money by my successes, a supporter of mine and myself were lounging about the only resort in the town, a load of hay was driven up in front of the place. A long, lank specimen of humanity, dressed in a blue-checked shirt, overalls tucked in his boots, and wearing on his head a straw hat minus a crown, slid off the load and entered the store. The newcomer pretended to have a severe pain in the region of his stomach, and sought a remedy as an excuse to get into the place. When he came in Dan, the man who had lost money by betting against me, was handling a pair of thirteen-pound dumb-bells, which attracted the attention of the farmer. Dan asked him if he knew what they were, and he said no. He was told they were used in jumping, when the granger volunteered the information that he could beat his paw jumpin'. Dan at once offered to bet the drinks that the farmer couldn't beat any one of the three in the room. Hayseed objected, saying he didn't have but ten cents. He was forced into the trial, however, despite his protests that if he lost his paw would lick him, and in the contest was beaten two feet by the poorest jumper. Then he began to cry. Dan wouldn't let up on him and asked him if he could do anything else in the way of athletics. Through his tears he replied that he could run when Dan offered to bet twenty dollars against the load of hay, which the farmer held at the same price, that he couldn't beat me running one hundred and fifty yards. Just then a liveryman came in and, after giving us all a blowing-up for abusing a green farmer boy, gave the price asked for the hay to the granger, and went out. Dan snatched the money out of his hand and told him that he'd got to run, whether he wanted to or not, and finally coaxed him to do so. The report that a match had been made spread through the usually quiet street like wildfire, and it was not many minutes before several men from the adjoining town were eagerly taking all the bets they could get, and they were many, for my friends rallied around me, and after a glance at the Hayseed readily offered odds of four to one on my success. The distance was measured off, but when I went to the starting point Hayseed was nowhere to be seen. Finally I discovered him sitting in a corner of a field some distance away, and on getting to him found him blubbering away at the loss of his money. Suddenly he checked himself, and, looking up, asked if we would have a scratch start. A greenhorn never would have asked such a question, and then I knew Dan had run in a ringer on us. While I was thus thinking the farmer slipped off his suit of blue and displayed a beautiful racing suit. We ran, and I was beaten easily fifteen feet. The alleged farmer I found out was McFaul, a noted runner from Canada, who had been imported purposely to down our gang, and he did it beautifully to the tune of \$2,500.—Chicago News.

—A Maine fisherman, who used to sail the Southern seas, reports that he saw a sea-serpent the other day off Wells. It was like one he once saw in the Caribbean Sea, except that it has grown considerably. It held its head, the size of a barrel, high in the air; its eyes, as big as saucers, gleamed with a marvelous light, and its huge, open mouth was armed with triple rows of teeth. The paper that reports this says the old salt is not addicted to drink.—Boston Journal.

—As the Boston Transcript learns, "Yankee Doodle" probably came from Holland, where a song with the following burden has long been in use among the laborers in harvest time, when they receive as much buttermilk as they can drink and a tenth of the grain harvested: Yankee didel, doodel doin, Didel, duvel luter, Yankee river souver coon, Buttermilk and tanner.

The tune was known in New England before the Revolution as "Lydia Fisher's Jig."

THE SONG OF THE JOKE.

With hair all tumbled and tossed, With brain too heavy with fun, A funny man sat in his dingy den, Trying to make a pun...

—St. Louis Globe.

AN ELEPHANT HUNT.

How to Surely Bring the Monarch Down.

An American Traveler's Story of the First One He Killed—Manner of Trapping the Beast for Showmen—Sagacity of Elephants in Labor.

"The day I shot my first elephant," said an old British Indian, "will always be a red letter day in my sporting calendar. It was in the Island of Ceylon, that pearl of the Indian Ocean, lying at the foot of the great peninsula of Hindostan, the Lanka of the ancients and the Serendib of the days of Solomon the Wise, and sacred in the eyes of all good Buddhists, for is it not there where the tooth of the great god lies upon the golden lotos leaf? Ceylon is the paradise of sportsmen, the beau ideal of a perfect hunting country. All kinds of game abound in the low country and the vast forests of the interior of the island, from the lowly and wary flying snipe to the lordly elephant. True, there are no tigers in India, but they have an equivalent in the stealthy and fierce cheetah, which, in strength and cunning very nearly, if it does not quite, approach the 'Royal Bengal.'"

"On the day in question I had started, in company with a friend, from Trincomalee, the British naval station of the island, and perhaps the finest harbor in the world, and after driving some forty miles into the interior we left the 'handy' and made tracks into the jungle. We were both armed with express rifles, which in my opinion are by far the best weapons for elephant shooting, and we were in hopes that ere long we would come on the trail of the 'ani,' nor were we disappointed, for shortly our attention was drawn by the native guides to the young bamboo on the side of the path, which bore unmistakable signs that an elephant had been feeding there. Soon we came on further evidence of his presence, and on we went, our eyes on the ground, toiling through the jungle after the elephant. And, oh, the heat! And, oh, the thirst! Every now and then we had to halt and wipe the perspiration from our brows, and send a native 'shinning' up a cocoanut tree for one of the young nuts, from which we eagerly drank the milk. We were hours toiling after that brute and thought we would never come up to him. At last the trail led right into a sort of oasis of pines, or grass land, in the middle of which there was an island of jungle. The trail went straight into this, so we were sure that we had Sir Jumbo at last. My friend Jack P. went round to one side while I remained on the other, and then we sent beaters in at each end to drive the elephant out. Suddenly I heard a crackling of brushwood, then a loud trumpet, and Jack's voice shouting that the elephant had turned and was coming my way. I remember well wishing devoutly that I had zone in any other direction, but I had not much time for thinking, as in a minute or so out came the huge brute. He was a 'rogue' and a big one to boot. A 'rogue' is an elephant that has been driven from the herd for some misconduct or other, and he is generally 'maad,' wandering about the country alone and doing all the damage he can. His hand is against every man and every man's hand is against him. A 'rogue' elephant is the only kind you can shoot, as the elephants in herds are very strictly preserved by the Ceylon Government. Well, when this gentleman came out of the jungle he gazed about him for a second or two, and then, catching sight of me, raised his trunk and gave a trumpet that would have made the angel Gabriel green with envy, and then charged right at me. Now comes the difficult part of elephant shooting. There is only one vulnerable spot on a Ceylon elephant, and that is a small oval spot, in size only a few inches, just above the trunk. You might fire a battery of gatlings at any other spot and fall to bring him down, and once I counted eighteen bullet marks in an elephant's skull he killed, and not one of which had probably given him more than a slight headache. When an elephant charges he raises his trunk so that it protects this vital spot, and trumpets shrilly, hoping by this means, no doubt, to scare the hunter. When he is within ten paces he lowers his trunk and at the same time brings his head down, after the manner of a bull when charging. Now is the time to fire. It is an anxious moment, and for one who was any thing but pleasant. There was no friendly tree near, and there was but little chance of escape through the jungle if I missed, as it would require a knife for me to cut through the thick undergrowth, while the elephant could go through it like pack-thread. On came the elephant, the ground almost

shaking beneath his ponderous tread. Would he never lower that trunk? I stood with my rifle at the 'present' as motionless as a statue, and, just as he seemed to be right on me, down he came. Crack! went my rifle, and I had to spring back a pace or two to prevent the huge beast from coming right on top of me as he fell stone dead at my feet. The reaction was great, my highly strung nerves giving way when the elephant came down as if cut with a knife, and the rifle fell from my shaking hands. I have learned better manners since. Soon Jack came up and we had a regular war dance round the carcass. The 'nigger' was sent up the nearest cocoanut and we quaffed a beaker to the pleasant passage of Jumbo's soul to the elephants' heaven. Shooting an elephant in a herd and shooting a rogue elephant are two very different things. In the first place, as I have said, you are not allowed to shoot a elephant in a herd under a penalty of two hundred and fifty dollars, the Government using all they can catch for the Public Works Department. This is as it should be, for, before the law was established, there was wholesale slaughter among the noble beasts. It was nothing but 'pot' hunting, as the hunter would lie in wait where the herd went to water and then pick them off at his leisure, and, as Ceylon elephants have no tusks it was done in mere wantonness. Major Rogers, of the Ceylon Rifles, was a famous elephant shot in his day, and he was credited with having slain with his own gun over twelve hundred elephants. This I believe to be a well authenticated fact. He once made a bet that he would kill two elephants with one shot. The way he did it was to shoot the mother when the young elephant was suckling her, and the mother falling on her young one crushed it to death.

"Elephants are caught in what are known as kraals. They are caught either for use in the Public Works Department, for service in the native temples, or for sale to some European menagerie. When a kraal is to be formed word is sent to the native headman of the village near where the kraal is to be built, and he, in his turn, sends out hundreds of beaters. When the herd to be operated on is located the beaters form a semi-circle and begin driving the animal slowly toward the kraal. At night they build watch fires, and between them the native patrol, armed with white wands, which are quite sufficient to keep the elephants from breaking through. They gradually work them up toward the kraal, which is an open space in the jungle with some stout trees growing within it. It is surrounded by a strong stockade and has only a narrow entrance. Into this the herd is driven. The herd is generally led by an old bull elephant, and before any attempt to capture an elephant is made this old gentleman must be shot. When the Duke of Edinburgh visited the island a kraal was gotten up for his especial benefit, and H. R. H. entered the kraal to shoot the bull, but he missed and the bull very nearly did away with young Guelph. In fact he was right on him when a timely shot, fired by a native sitting up a tree and armed with an old flint musket, brought the bull's career to an end. The bull got rid of the next thing to do is to send in two tame elephants, with their mahouts, who single out the elephant to be captured. The tame ones then 'scuddle' up, one on each side, and profess great friendship for their wild companion, gradually pressing him or her closer and closer until they have him fast. Then a native slips in underneath, and quickly makes ropes fast to the wild one's legs, and he is dragged by the tame elephants to the nearest tree, where, after being thrown to the ground, he is securely bound and left there to starve for two or three days. He is then quite tame, and when he rises up he is no longer monarch of the forest but elephant No. 999 of the Public Works Department, or the great Jumbo of a traveling circus.

"The sagacity of elephants is proverbial, but few who have not personally witnessed it can imagine how useful they are to man in such places as Ceylon. Without their aid it would have been impossible for the Government to have covered the island, as it has done, with a splendid network of roads and railways. In some places it would have been impossible to have transported machinery, and without hoisting machinery the great blocks of stone used in the foundations and buttresses of bridges could not have been moved—but here the elephant came into play, and I have seen the noble beast at work on the roads, moving a great block of stone into position and standing back and eyeing it, and then giving it a gentle push, now on one side and now on the other, until the stone was correctly placed. An officer of the department told me that the most sagacious thing he ever knew an elephant to do was on one occasion when they were unloading some steel piping from a railway truck. The elephant's task was to carry the piping from beside the truck to a little farther up the track. This he did by seizing the piping with his trunk. But it so happened that the piping had been oiled in order to prevent it rusting, so that when the elephant caught hold it slipped from his grasp. He thought for a moment, and then his elephantine mind solved the problem. Near the track was a heap of sand; the animal kicked the piping over to this with his foot, and then rolled the piping backward and forward in the sand. The oil made the sand adhere, after which the elephant took the piping up and marched triumphantly off with it. Could a

human being reason better? No wonder the Government objects to such an intelligent animal being indiscriminately slaughtered.

"Elephants are also in great demand in Ceylon for service in the Buddhist temples. Every temple has at least half a dozen attached to it, and in some of the larger temples, such as the one in Kandy, where the sacred tooth of Buddha is deposited, they have as many as fifty. The largest number of elephants I ever saw together was when the Prince of Wales visited Kandy to view Buddha's tooth. They had a grand procession, or Parahera, in which over four hundred elephants took part. It was a weird sight. It took place at night and the rain came down in torrents. Every elephant had an accompanying guard of about a dozen devildancers, hideously painted, who danced round waving torches and giving utterance to the most unearthly shrieks, while the Prince, arrayed in a gorgeous uniform and surrounded by a brilliant staff, stood on a balcony of the old palace of the Kings of Kandy and watched the antics of his mother's 'children.'"—Chicago Herald.

THE CHECKERBERRY. A Wild Plant Which Lately Has Been Given a Place in the Garden. Among the uncultivated plants may be named the checkerberry. Why has not this little evergreen plant, with its delicate white blossoms of mid-summer, and its attractive crimson fruit of mid-winter, been given a place in the ornamental garden? It is because of the belief that it will not take kindly to cultivation; or it is because its beauty and usefulness is unknown. If the former, we are glad to be able to say something from practical experience.

This plant, when properly treated, grows well in the garden, but it will not do to set it on cultivated land and surround it with hot pulverized earth; under such treatment it burns and becomes an unsightly plant. To have the checkerberry do well it must be given a milder treatment that it has in its natural home. Those who are familiar with this plant well know that, when found growing on land that has had a crop of white pine timber cut from it within a few years, the plants are strong, and at the proper season will be found well loaded with fruit of very large size. This teaches that it is a plant that does not do best in the shade, although frequently found growing there, with no fruit on it but that it is a plant that needs sunshine to bring it to full perfection; it also teaches that it needs to have the soil covered with decayed leaves, to make it loose and light for the roots to run in.

HINDOO MARRIAGES.

Girls of Eleven Compelled to Marry Boys Fifteen Years of Age.

From an article a Hindoo recently published it appears that marriage in the writer's country is managed entirely by the parents. Courtship, he says, is literally unknown in India, and the persons who are united in wedlock remain perfect strangers to each other till their nuptial day, and often for a long period afterward. Every thing is settled to suit the fancies or caprices of the parents. To the parties chiefly concerned marriage is a pure lottery; but, fortunately, Hindoo conjugal life is not generally a miserable lot, as the wife is unsurpassed in faithfulness and devotion to her husband. The highest age at which a Hindoo girl is married—with rare exceptions—is eleven years. The bridegroom is in his teens and his bride has hardly seen ten summers when they are united for life. Many girls have been married when they have barely learned to feed themselves.

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After having repeatedly tried and failed to make this plant grow and fruit in the shade, an effort was made to imitate nature as near as possible. A small plot of land was prepared by first covering it with a rich vegetable mould made of decayed leaves, then, early in the spring, good healthy looking vines were taken from among the pine stumps, and at once set in rows about eight or ten inches apart; when set, the ground was covered all over with pine leaves, or needles, to the depth of one or two inches. The plants did not seem to realize that they had been removed, but when the growing season opened the new shoots came up very thick, and on most of them there were numerous blossoms, which produced a good crop of fruit. Nothing was done but to keep the grass out. The vines lived well through the winter, and produced a second crop of fruit. It was then thought best to try to grow them by cultivation without covering the ground with leaves, but the third year under this treatment was a failure, the leaves of the vines sun-burned and most of them dropped very little new growth was made, but a few blossoms appeared.

Next spring a new plot will be started and the leaf protection will be continued, with the feeling that it is necessary.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

A HORRIBLE DEED.

A Black Crime Illustrative of the Use of the Knife in Sicily.

A horrible deed of blood committed near Girgenti gives an illustration of the use of the knife in the island of Sicily. Two butchers, father and son, of the name of Indelicato, who kept a shop in that town, not long since took two brothers named Alfonso and Giovanni Cannetoni into partnership. Before long the Cannetonis began to trade in lambs' carcasses separately on their own account, and disagreements arose, which ultimately led to a collision between Baldassare Indelicato and Alfonso Cannetoni. They drew their butcher's knives from their belts on each other. Alfonso aimed a well-directed blow at Baldassare. He parried it with his left arm, which was cut to the bone, and at the same instant drove his knife into the heart of Alfonso, who fell dead on the spot. At that moment a young son of Alfonso, aged nineteen, came up with a bluegown to his father's assistance. Baldassare struck him to the ground, and then cut his throat across, "as he would have slaughtered a sheep." Mad with rage, Baldassare then rushed into the shop, and taking Giovanni, the brother of Alfonso, by surprise, killed him with a slash across the abdomen. Turning then to leave the shop, he indicated a serious wound on a person just entering. All this occurred within the space of four minutes, the result of the collision being three persons killed and two wounded.—N. Y. Sun.

AN OPIUM EATER'S STORY.

Crawling Over Red Hot Bars of Iron in His Fearful Frenzy—A Scientific Investigation and Its Results.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

"Opium or death!" This brief sentence was fairly hissed into the ear of a prominent druggist on Vine street by a person who, a few years ago well off is to-day a hopeless wreck! One can scarcely realize the sufferings of an opium victim. De Quincy has vividly portrayed it. But who can fitly describe the joy of a rescued victim? H. C. Wilson, of Loveland, O., formerly with March, Howard & Co., manufacturing chemists of St. Louis, and of the well-known firm of H. C. Wilson & Co., chemists, formerly of this city, gave our reporter yesterday a bit of thrilling personal experience in this line.

"I have crawled over red hot bars of iron and coals of fire," he said, "in my agony during an opium frenzy. The very thought of my sufferings freezes my blood and chills my bones. I was then eating over 30 grains of opium daily."

"How did you contract the habit?" "Excessive business cares broke me down and my doctor prescribed opium! That is the way nine-tenths of cases commence. When I determined to stop, however, I found I could not do it. "You may be surprised to know," he said, "that two-fifths of the slaves of morphine and opium are physicians. Many of these I met. We studied our cases carefully. We found out what the organs were in which the appetite was developed and sustained; that no victim was free from a demoralized condition of those organs; that the hope of a cure depended entirely upon the degree of vigor which could be imparted to them. I have seen patients, while undergoing treatment, compelled to resort to opium again to deaden the horrible pain in those organs. I marvel how I ever escaped."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Wilson, that you have conquered the habit?" "Indeed I have." "Do you object to telling me how?" "No, sir. Studying the matter with several opium-eating physicians, we became satisfied that the appetite for opium was located in the kidneys and liver. Our next object was to find a specific for restoring those organs to health. The physicians, much against their code, addressed their attention to a certain remedy and became thoroughly convinced on its scientific merits alone that it was the only one that could be relied upon in every case of disordered kidneys and liver. I thereupon began using it and supplementing it with my own special treatment, finally got fully over the habit. I may say that the most important part of the treatment is to get those organs first into good working condition, for in them the appetite originates and is sustained, and in them over ninety per cent of all other human ailments originate."

"For the last seven years this position has been taken by the proprietors of that remedy and finally it is becoming an acknowledged scientific truth among the medical profession; many of them, however, do not openly acknowledge it, and yet, knowing they have no other scientific specific, their code not allowing them to use it, they buy it upon the quiet and prescribe it in their own bottles."

"As I said before the opium and morphine habits can never be cured until the appetite for them is routed out of the kidneys and liver. I have tried everything,—experimented with everything and as the result of my studies and investigation, I can say I know nothing can accomplish this result but Warner's safe cure." "Have others tried your treatment?" "Yes sir, many; and all who have followed it fully have recovered. Several of them who did not first treat their kidneys and liver for six or eight weeks, as I advised them, completely failed. This form of treatment is always insisted upon for all patients, whether treated by mail or at the Loveland Opium Institute, and supplemented by our special private treatment, it always cures."

Mr. Wilson stands very high wherever known. His experience is only another proof of the wonderful and conceded power of Warner's safe cure over all diseases of the kidneys, liver and blood, and the diseases caused by derangements of those organs. We may say it is very flattering to the proprietors of Warner's safe cure that it has received the highest medical endorsement and, after persistent study, it is admitted by scientists that there is nothing in materia medica for the restoration of those great organs that equals it in power. We take pleasure in publishing the above statements coming from so reliable a source as Mr. Wilson and confirming by personal experience what we have time and again published in our columns. We also extend to the proprietors our hearty congratulations on the result wrought.

New styles of Johnson Type Foundry are kept in stock by Palmer & Rey, 113 and 114 Front St., Portland, Oregon.