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IDY!
Miss Longout—Mamma, I think I'll accept young Snoopkins. He seems to be the best thing I have on the hooks at present.

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE

VOL. I.

M'MINNVILLE, OREGON, JULY 27, 1886.

NO. 13.

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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CHIVALRY.

1486-1886.

If we had lived in younger days,
When minstrels sang their ladies' praise
In listening courts to Kings—
What music from the raptur'd strings
I then had won to name her face
And peerless grace!

In those brave days, when knightly love
Fared forth its constancy to prove—
If we had lived, how gladly I
Had faced the foe and tounsey cry
To meet brave death or deathless fame
In her dear name!

But since we are condemned by fate
To walk the earth so sadly late—
I lay aside both lance and rhyme,
And in the manner of the time
To prove what passion is my thrill,
I—pay her bill!

—F. B. Bard, in Lyle.

THE WITHERED HAND.

A Son Cursed for Striking a Deaf Father.

A stroll along the river front in the upper portion of New Orleans calls up the many changes that have there been wrought within the last thirty years. Many old and well-known landmarks have entirely disappeared, and in the race of commerce new structures and new disposition of old ones have been made, so that he who would seek to recall past localities, for a time is considerably puzzled. There are perhaps two or three remaining landmarks that the old resident might recognize, and one of these is a grove of tall pecan trees. It is true that it is trespassing somewhat upon the rightful significance of the word "grove" to use it as descriptive of the few dilapidated trees that yet remain. Yet they are veterans and deserve to carry the name of their willow brigade; and though they do not make a grove now, they represent what was one years ago.

Once a large and spacious plantation residence stood in the midst of this leafy cloud. When the sun was low its rays were reflected from the large front windows, so that from this side of the river the building seemed to be in flames, and as the light grew redder and redder the likeness to a conflagration became more noticeable. The roof was hidden in the dense masses of foliage, but even from a distance the broad verandas and heavy brick pillars could be distinguished easily. It was the home of a well-to-do Creole gentleman, who had been singularly fortunate both as a planter over the river and a business man in the city. That no unpleasant family memories may be awakened we will call him Aristide Riviere.

Educated in France, he returned to Louisiana in 1821, just as he completed his majority. He was by nature well fitted to bear the title won by his ancestors. Dignified in comportment, frank and generous in his disposition, ever ready to help the needy or redress a wrong, he was beloved by all who knew him. It was said of him that in scenes of distress as tender as a woman. Marrying, when only twenty-three, one of the beauties of the lower coast, the union was blessed with seven children, of which four were boys. Like their father, these young gentlemen were sent to France for education. Probably there was no domestic circle in Louisiana around which there was clustered more happy associations. His sons were as near to him as if they were brothers, and such was the perfect community of feeling that even the business of the day was freely discussed at the dinner table.

One of the sons, urged by a mother's pride, commenced the study of law in New Orleans under a well known lawyer. He made rapid progress, and his prospects were regarded as exceedingly brilliant by his friends. He took apartments in the city "to be," as he said, "nearer the courts." The temptations of city life soon began to lure him away from his former mode of life. Conviviality and pleasure led him from that jealous mistress, the law, and it was not long before his grief stricken parents were shocked to learn that he had sailed utterly in his examination for the bar. By that easy inclined plan, leading to depravity, he moved gradually down. Drink and cards wrought their work, and old Mons. Aristide Riviere was weekly called upon to settle the extravagant bills of his prodigal son. The humiliation of the family was such that none of them continued to visit the city. In their retired home they suffered in silence the deep chagrin brought upon them by the once promising boy. At last such were the unprincipled actions of this young man that he was refused admittance to his father's house and his drafts were no longer honored. This produced no effect. Night brawls and protracted periods of intoxication succeeded one another, until at the age of twenty-eight the law student was an old man.

Several times he endeavored to gain his mother's presence, but the slaves of the household had orders to prevent his entry on the premises. For about two years matters were unchanged, at least in the conduct of Etienne Riviere, the wayward son. On one, however, these continued escapades wrought untold agony. The proud and aristocratic father began to fail. His wounded amour propre brought on a spell of severe illness. For days and nights his anxious family watched at his bedside expecting his death momentarily. It was on an evening in May, and the last light of day cast feeble shadows in the sick room. Outside in the pecan trees restless mocking birds were talking to one another in trills and soft

minor notes. The swish of the leaves against the roof sounded not unlike the wash of waters on a sandy shore. Through the half-closed shutters the fragrant west wind carried into the silent apartment something of the freshness of the budding spring. The patient had not moved for some time. Near the bed, fanning herself with monotonous movement of the hand, while the tain, sleepy song of the mosquito, the first of the season, started the fan going with more energy, and then as it died away the nurse would relapse into a semi-comatose state, her eyes fixed on the sick man. He made no motion, even his nostrils seemed no more to contract or dilate with his respirations. A predatory dragon fly, called by the children "mosquito-hawk," had drifted in through the blinds and was rustling his tissue paper wings against the ceiling, making quite a disturbance in the somnolent hush of the chamber.

Presently there was the sound of a footstep on the front gallery. It came closer as the visitor moved down the great hallway. The intruder seemed to hesitate as he approached the sick man's room. This was, however, but short, for with slow, unsteady movement the knob turned and the door opened. With bloodshot eyes and bloated face, there stood the cause of all this domestic sorrow. He had advanced several paces into the room before the nurse recognized him. She immediately arose and went to him. She begged he would not awaken the sleeping invalid. She pleaded with him to withdraw, but without avail. He had come for money, he said, and he would not leave without it. He had suffered long enough in the city, whilst all at home revelled in luxury. He needed money, and money he would have. Pushing aside the negro woman who went to the bedside, his father made no movement at his approach. The young man looked down at the thin, emaciated figure, so unlike the portly, soldierly man he had known. Steady himself by the bedpost, in stammering voice the sun addressed his father: "See here! I've stood this thing as long as I am going to. I'm entitled to money from you and I am going to get it. Are you going to give me some? That's what I want to know. Yes or no?"

The son gazed down in the father's face, but no answer came.

"I want an answer. I allow no one to refuse to answer me. Do you hear?" Still there was no answer.

"Then take that!" A sharp, quick slap resounded through the house. The cheek that received it did not tingle, nor did it flush under the stinging insult. The young man eyed the sleeper as a hawk would its prey. Then there came over his face a deadly pallor, and staggering away from the bed he muttered: "My God, he's dead!" The nurse shrieked to alarm the household. There then was confusion in the hall. Servants were running about distraught. Every body was calling on every body else to go for the doctor. Pale faces and half-clothed forms rushed down the corridor. Etienne Riviere sought to make his way out, but was confronted by his mother and sisters. It was a pitiful scene. With downcast eyes he stood before them and the nurse told what she had witnessed. No one opposed his going then. All shrank from him and he found his way open to the door. As he slunk down the front steps the old nurse followed him, giving full vent to her indignation and horror in profuse maledictions.

"Leave!" said she. "Go! and suffer all your days. That hand that struck a dead father will wither at your side." In the vocabulary of her negro Creole patois she could find no terms strong enough to express her feelings, and so with a sweeping motion of her arm she drove the unnatural son from the house.

Never was such a funeral cortege seen on the right bank of the Mississippi river. Hundreds of friends from New Orleans, delegations from neighboring parishes, troops of the poor who had received aid from the hands of the lamented dead, followed the hearse down the road to the little cemetery of McDonoghville. It was a day of sorrow in many households, and when the dead was laid away the sobs of a hundred slaves in a chorus of lamentation broke upon the ear, so weird and wild few could restrain their feelings. Those who were present say that few such scenes were ever witnessed.

It would be unpleasant to chronicle much of the career of Etienne Riviere. But one fact, which of itself is somewhat remarkable if only as a coincidence, is necessary to tell. For two years after his father's death he remained sober, and seemed to be resolved to lead a better and truer life. Finding work with a well-known house-painter in New Orleans, he worked faithfully for two seasons, when he was stricken down by lead-poisoning. Partial paralysis set in and his right hand, a shrunken, shriveled remnant, withered away. The prediction of the old nurse was fulfilled to the letter. The hand that had smitten a dead father's cheek became a useless burden to the remorseful son.—*Chas. E. Whitney, in N. O. Times-Democrat.*

STORM PROTECTION.

How a Little Care May Subserve the Best Results in Tillage.

The object of planting trees or groups of trees is to secure some special protection to fields from sweeping winds to the injury of crops, shelter for animals against storms, the protection of homesteads, outbuildings, and farmyards from gales, and protection of railway cuts from drifts of snow. Failure in the accomplishment of the objects sought is due not to the reliability of the agent employed, but that often both the means used and the plan are deficient. A single illustration will suffice:

Certain crops in a field are to be protected. A single line of evergreens is planted. As growth proceeds these form an impenetrable barrier to the winds. This will shelter the field only in proportion to the height of the barrier, and the wind in leaping this obstruction where it again strikes the ground acts with far more violence than if there had been no barrier at all. If the trees had been planted in groups along the margin of the field to be protected the velocity would have simply been checked, its destructive force broken, and protect on from injury would have extended for a long distance. Marshall truly observed that: "The operation of screen plantations is not merely that of giving shelter to the animals lodging beneath them, but likewise in breaking the uniform current of the wind, shattering the cutting blasts, and throwing them into eddies, thus meliorating the air to some distance from them."

Many years ago Daniel Webster, in the improvement of his Marshfield farm, was fully advised on correct principles in avoiding the planting of lines of trees impervious to the wind. Nor need these lines of trees in a prairie country be without sufficient value to repay their cost, when the planting may extend to a width of four rods, especially if evergreens and deciduous trees be mixed as they should be. While yet young, the trees planted in rows, six feet between by four feet in the rows gives ease in horse cultivation. The evergreens and deciduous trees may either be alternated in the rows, breaking direct spaces, however, or planted in direct lines, each variety by itself. The trees protect each other while young, and being gradually thinned out as they acquire size, the cuttings are useful for summer wood, and the poles are valuable for various uses on the farm. The snow lodges among them instead of piling in drifts, and lies evenly beyond instead of being blown along the field until it meets some obstruction.

If every prairie farm had an average of one-tenth of its area so planted along its boundary, the best results in tillage would be subserved, and the remaining nine-tenths would raise more crops than the whole area without this protection. A French commission appointed some years ago to investigate this matter reported that the best result in tillage was where twenty-five per cent. of the country was occupied by timber.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A new method of illumination was spoken of in a story published recently. The author depicted a "long, low room, made cheerful by a widow at each end."—*Philadelphia Press.*

The estimated loss in Douglas County from hog cholera is forty-five thousand dollars. This is the worst visitation to farmers in Kansas since the grasshoppers in 1874-5.—*Chicago Times.*

In New York when the elevated roads were built horse car stock fell in value. Now, however, the elevated roads are worked to the limit of safety, yet the horse cars were never so crowded.—*N. Y. Times.*

It would seem that Nutfield, in Surrey County, Eng., is the most healthy spot in the world, as the rector has announced that, with a population of one thousand two hundred, only one male died last year, and he was eighty-eight years old.

The most abused of accident clerks is not the only person liable to drugs with poisons. A recent case is cited at Coannette, La., in which a father of two sick children gave the medicine prescribed for each of them to the other, thus killing both children.

An elevator boy is authority for the statement that ladies never thoroughly become accustomed to the elevator. No matter how often they ride up and down they invariably catch their breath when the elevator starts on its downward journey.—*Chicago Times.*

A latest danger to sewing women is reported by Dr. Arthur V. Megis, who tells of a case of marked lead poisoning in a tailor, which he attributes to the use of sewing silk treated with sugar of lead to give it weight, and especially to the habit of biting off such thread. It is probable that many sewing women suffer from the results of this habit, although the poisoning is not often produced in such intensity as to lead them to consult a physician.—*Chicago Herald.*

The newest parlor diversion of wealth and fashion is not intellectual, but it has the good quality of perfect innocence. It consists in throwing cards into a hat. A silk tile is set on the floor. The player takes a pack of fifty-two playing cards, stands eight feet distant, and endeavors to cast them one by one into the receptacle. The feat is not so easy as it seems, and there is room for much expertness. Twenty out of a pack is a high average.—*Chicago Tribune.*

MAKING GLOBES.

How the Miniature Representations of the Earth Are Manufactured.

Our library and school educational globes have, perhaps, been a puzzle to many an inquisitive mind, they being so light, so easily turned on their axis, and so smooth as to appear more like natural exact productions than mechanical constructions. The material of the globe is a thick, pulpy paper, like soft straw board, and this is formed into two hemispheres from disks. A flat disk is cut in gorges or radial pieces, from center to circumference, half of the gorges being removed and the others brought together, forming a hemispherical cap. These disks are gored under a cutting press, the dies of which are so exact that the gorges come together at their edges to make a perfect hemisphere. The formation is also done by a press with hemispherical mold and die, the edges of the gorges being covered with glue. Two of these hemispheres are then united with glue and mounted on a wire, the ends of which are the two axes of the finished globe. All this work is done while the paper is in a moist state. After drying, the rough paper globe is rasped down to a surface by a coarse sand-paper, and then receives a coat of paint or enamel that will take a clean, smooth finish. The instructive portion is a map of the world printed in twelve sections, each of lozenge shape, the points extending from pole to pole, exactly the same as though the peel of an orange was cut from stem to bud in twelve equal divisions.

These maps are obtained in Scotland, generally, although there are two or three establishments elsewhere which produce them. The paper of these maps is very thin, but tenacious, and is held to the globe by glue. The operator—generally a woman—begins at one pole, pasting with the left hand and laying the sheet with the right, working along one edge to the north or other pole, coaxing the edge of the paper over the curvature of the globe with an ivory spatula, and working down the entire paper to an absolutely smooth surface. As there are no laps to these lozenge sections, the edges must absolutely meet, else there would be a mixed up mess, especially among some of the islands of the great archipelagoes and in the arbitrary political borders of the nations. This is probably the most exact work in globe-making, and yet it appears easy, because the operator is so expert in coaxing down fulness and in expanding scanty portions, all the time keeping resolute relation and perfect joining with the other sections and to their edges. The metallic work—the equators, meridians and stands—is finished by machinery. A coat of transparent varnish over the paper surface completes the work, and thus a globe is built.—*Christian at Work.*

A DAKOTA DEAL.

Working Off a Precious Piece of Property On An Eastern Speculator.

A settler who has lived in Dakota several years has a son who went a little farther west in the Territory a few months ago and took up some land. Recently the son returned, and, after staying at home a few days, took the old gentleman to one side and said:

"Father, I've got a pretty fine piece of land out there."

"That's mighty good, William. I've got a fifty-foot well dug, and now I want to ask your advice as to what I'd better do with it."

"Well, a matter like this takes some thought. I worked off a farm in Iowa once on coal, and 'nother in Wisconsin on gold. They're getting pretty old, though."

"Yes, that's what I thought. It's the same way with silver and oil."

"Yes, though I can remember the time when there wasn't nothin' like oil for the business. A good, steady-going, reliable young man could pour a couple o' barrels of petroleum down a hole and clear ten thousand dollars on the transaction in twenty-four hours. Times ain't what they used to be for an industrius man."

"No, I suppose not, father. I read the other day of a man who did the business with natural gas."

"Natchal gas! That's the idea! Give me yer hand, William, that's the stuff to discover! Just throw a dead hoss down that well yer own and wait a couple uv weeks and shove yer farm onto some spec'later from New York for twenty thousand dollars! Go right along it and tend ter it and, Bill, remember that hon' sty's the best pol'cy and don't try to sell till the hoss gets to smelling pretty strong. Just you follow in the footsteps uv yer old father, my son—he ain't got quite so much style 'bout him as some uv these 'ere Eastern spec'laters, but no man can say he ever done a dishonest act. Come back and make a good, long visit when you et the deal closed!"—*Estlin (D. T.)*

The following sentence, written by Alfonso, the late King of Spain, in the autograph album of Miss Foster, the daughter of our last Minister to that country, will be read with special interest since his death: "A la Senorita Foster: El gefe del pais de la tradicion y los recuerdos, que es un entusiasta admirador de las gigantescas creaciones de la libre America, del pais del parvenir. Alfonso, Marzo 1884." The translation of this is: "The chief of the country of tradition and memories—who is an enthusiastic admirer of the gigantic accomplishments of free America, the country of the future."

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The first Presbyterian general assembly met at Philadelphia in 1789.

No less than 18,061 young women are attending the several colleges in this country.

Forty-one thousand copies of the Scriptures in the Turkish language have been distributed among the Mussulmans.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, has quietly nipped in the bud the plan to revive the game of football at that institution.

The whole number of communicants in the Presbyterian Church in 1875-76 was 535,210; in 1884-85, 644,025—a net increase of 108,815, or 20 per cent. in ten years.

There is reported to be one man in the Freshman class at Yale who is the eldest of nine brothers, all of whom intend to go through that college.

A new technical school has been established in Springfield, Mass.—the first of its kind in the country, or, indeed, in the world. It is a "School of Christian Workers."—*Boston Journal.*

Canon Farrar, in a lecture delivered at Johns Hopkins University, put himself in line with those who protest against making the study of ancient languages the chief business of college life.

Chorus choirs of male voices have become the fashionable church music in New York. There are six or seven congregations which will begin this fall their first experience in male choirs, and the chorus of boys' voices is increasing in popularity.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A "professor of walking" is said to be a Canadian institution which might be imported with advantage to our young ladies' seminaries. The professor takes young ladies out on long tramps and compels them to adopt a free, swinging gait, and carry their shoulders properly.—*Chicago Times.*

One Presbyterian Church, in Jordan Springs, Kan., has only one member. He is an elder, and the church is reported as giving \$1 to the Home Mission cause, \$1 to the relief fund for aged ministers, and 55 cents to the expenses of the Assembly. The pulpit is vacant.

Another church, in New York, has only one member, but twenty Sunday-school children are reported.—*St. Paul School.*

The Woman's Missionary Society in Dakota cut the knot, deciding to have but one missionary society, with the same set of officers, but with a variety of functions. One day it is a foreign missionary society, another day it is a home missionary organization; the same, only for the time facing another way.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

Rev. Dr. C. R. Hale, Secretary of the Joint Commission of the General Convention on Ecclesiastical Relations, has paid a visit to Norway and Sweden, carrying with him, beside his own credentials, letters from Lambeth and from the Anglo-Continental Society. One of his chief objects was to induce the making of more adequate provision for the religious needs of emigrants to the United States.

The Congregationalist records a case of heathenism at Springfield, Mass., which is truly remarkable. It says: "A little girl happened in a neighbor's house one morning at the time of family prayers. She was asked to stay, and accepting the invitation, remained an interested participant in the proceedings. When they all rose from kneeling she startled the company with the exclamation: 'I like this game first-rate. What is the name of it?' All this is said to have occurred under the shadow of Hope Church."

WIT AND WISDOM.

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease.

The railroad engineer who ran into Jumbo's trunk is the champion baggage-smasher of the age.

Good children are the hardest crop to raise; it takes a kind home and two steady heads.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Persical—Dear Ned, come back; all is forgotten. Pa kicked the wrong man, and didn't know it was you. Come immediately.—*May.*

The man, who is always ready to condemn the mother-in-law, should not forget that she had a mother-in-law once herself.

Willis's best poems were written in his boarding-house. Another proof that a person can write best when his stomach is empty.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

A beautiful new song is called "The Lone One on the Shore." We never knew till now how romantic a solitary clam could be made to appear.—*Barber's Gazette.*

A new comedy is called "The Girl with a Tin Heart." Nearly all the girls have a tin heart when a young man comes around with soft soldier.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Dodge Brothers & Pray" is the name of a San Francisco firm. In a land where there are so many earthquakes and drunken miners on a bender their sign really looks very appropriate to a stranger.—*Somerville Journal.*

The poor dude:
The melancholy days have come,
With chirp of birds and cricket;
The dude, in lieu of overcoat,
Is forced to wear the ticket.
Merchant Traveler.

In some instances jealousy is a sign of love, but it is more frequently proof of overwhelming egotism. In some cases jealousy is proof of no love of any kind, but is merely indicative of a bad disposition.—*Albany Journal.*