



WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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AGRICULTURAL.

The man who in these days buys trees from the tree peddler deserves to be cheated.

Some families of Jerseys are no better than "scrubs," and a poor Jersey bull in a neighborhood will spoil the reputation of the breed.

Dakota farmers are growing flax for fuel this summer. It is said a ton of flax straw is worth more to burn than a ton of soft coal.

It is remarked that "the various details and processes in dairying may be compared to a chain which is no stronger than the weakest link."

The cultivation of any crop that will completely shade the land, such as cabbage, squash, corn-fodder sown thick, will kill every root of witch grass in one season.

Counterfeit butter if ruled out of all the public institutions of Paris by the authorities, it having been found not to satisfactorily fill the place of butter with the sick.

Small chickens should never be kept or fed with old ones; they are apt to be injured. Have two or three yards and separate them according to size and strength.

Clean out all the rose bushes by taking away the old wood and then shortening the stronger shoots one-third. The growth and appearance will be greatly improved thereby.

Young chickens need animal food. When it fails to do them good it is in consequence of the common fault of over-feeding. They cannot bear large rations of rich food.

Early gardening lengthens the growing season and permits at times of two crops on the same land, as turnips may follow peas, and time is thereby gained for putting in late crops.

Do not plant the stumps of cabbage to grow seed from. You may thereby get cabbage seed that cost nothing, but like most other things got without expense it will be worth even less than it costs.

England buys \$19,252,884 out of the \$20,805,824 worth of bacon we export; of hams, \$2,455,980 worth out of the \$3,231,509; nearly half of the \$3,462,538 of pork and about one-third of our surplus lard.

Hybrid perpetual roses should be well pruned back and old or weak shoots should be cut out entirely. The strong shoots should not be left longer than three or four buds or joints from the base.

Cows which give most and richest milk need most careful feeding, and excessive stimulation of milk glands causes garget, and often milk fever. Many a valuable Jersey cow has been destroyed by trying to force an unnatural butter yield.

Vegetable and animal lives in no way differ in principle; there is a perfect analogy between the two. All plants possess real life—they eat, drink, feel, sleep, breathe and secrete—in short, perform all the functions of supply, repair, development and reproduction.

When more or less moss is seen on fruit trees it may be taken as evidence of lack of thrift in the trees. Flourishing, growing trees should not carry this mark of decay. As a remedy, and to stimulate vitality, it is recommended to scrape off the moss and wash the bark with weak lye.

The best varieties of lettuce for summer use are the yellow butter and the white summer cabbage. In a deep, well-enriched soil they stand the heat well and remain for a long time in a condition for use. These varieties form large heads, and on this account are objectionable to some persons.

English farmers first learned the beneficial effects of phosphate on turnips. It is equally good for cabbage either in seed bed or after transplanting. For cabbage it has a specific effect in preventing the disease called club root, which is apt to prevail where cabbages are grown more than one year on the same land.

Profit in farming consists in devoting most of your land to grass and stock; in making large quantities of manure, and applying it to a small portion of cultivated land, giving high cultivation. In this way more grain, roots, &c., will be raised one year with another than can be raised on the whole farm by the usual skimming and half cultivating process. Here is success in a nutshell. Your farm and pocket will grow fat; no mistake about it.

Insects in the hen house increase very rapidly during the hot days in summer. When a hen spends much of her time pecking and nibbling among her feathers, she is afflicted with parasites, and needs immediate attention. Lime wash and kerosene are the two cheapest and most reliable insecticides for use in the hen house. They should be used liberally. For setting hens Persian insect powder, sprinkled among the feathers and in the nest, is safer than oil, lard or sulphur. It is also used for laying hens if applied after they have gone to roost in the evening.

The population of Wheeling, W. Va., was increased by 1335 persons during the past year.

THE EASTER BONNET.

Now the bonny, blithesome bonnet, With the fairy flowers upon it... Oh! she'll pretend she's praying. While unto herself she's saying...

EASTER IN GERMANY.

The Solemn Scenes Witnessed in the Churches of Munich.

A rosy flush, a deeper glow, then warm, golden sunlight blest the morning hour in Munich, Bavaria, on one Good Friday preceding Easter, that day of days in Germany. From the early hour of four o'clock the streets had been filled with pedestrians...

At the Theater Kirche there was a dunce-like place, with an iron gate and fence, which was called "All Souls' Gate." On a shrine just inside, was an image of the Virgin Mary and Christ. The face of the Virgin wore a most agonized expression...

Following the benefactor upon her knees, she, in her curious pantois, reiterated her thanks, and told her how she had lost her only son, her stay and support, and that the poor pittance she could earn, did not enable her to pay for masses for the repose of his soul.

The active duties of the day being concluded, the people, as with one consent, turned their thoughts to the one great coming evening event of the evening—the Resurrection, not a single one in some chosen, highly favored tomb, but, as the attending Italian Count expressed it: "They will have resurrections all over town to-night."

At the Court Chapel there was a procession in which the King appeared. A dense crowd waited for over four hours. Carriage after carriage rolled up to the gateway, and deposited the nobility who were to occupy the galleries. At length music was heard, and through a window in the passage, between the palace and chapel, the procession was seen.

After a time the people passed out, entered their carriages and were driven away. Those who then secured a glimpse of the interior, saw that all was dark and the grave empty.

The following morning the sun rose bright and beautiful, but already the churches were radiant with light. Flowers, beautiful, fragrant and in great profusion filled altar-places and niches. The people, with glad hearts and happy faces, knelt, murmuring prayers of thanksgiving.

Future years with their successive Easterides will come and pass, but none will ever twice come with the same impressiveness, or half so firmly fix the great pervading thought and fact of the Restoration of our Lord as the one delightful Easteride we knew in the grand old city of Munich, in Bavaria.—Chicago Current.

The road to wealth is crowded with the men who are turning back.—Whitehall Times.

chair in which she sat, with a ray of light falling full upon her from a highly-colored window, and with the wondrous melody filling all about her, seemed the veritable St. Cecilia in ecstasy.

Ludwig's Kirche was the next one visited. In the recess over the tomb therein three hundred and eighty lights, set in shape of crowns, besides dozens of colored lights below, flashed and shone.

At St. Boniface the grave was the most elaborate of any of the churches. It was surmounted with beds of flowers, tropical plants, and a flowing fountain, while far back in the tomb lay an image of Christ.

Ten churches were visited by our party that day, in each of which was found an elaborately prepared Holy Grave or "Heilige Graver," and an impressive service with devout worshippers, devotees who, from early morn till eve, with but slight intermissions, as they went from church to church, knelt on cold stone floors without breaking their fast.

The next day had little to distinguish it from other days save at nightfall, but our party, interested with the scenes of the previous day, planned another tour of the churches.

Confessional boxes were all filled apparently, being closed, save one far down the aisle. Into that our venture—some maiden sacrilegiously entered. It was a little box, with barely space for one to kneel beside a partition. A small iron grating, about one foot square, was inserted in the wall on a level with the penitent's face, when kneeling. On exploration intent, the visitor knelt, to peer into the apartment beyond, when the voice of a Father Confessor, in close proximity was heard saying: "Well, daughter, I am ready," as standing with bowed head, he awaited her confession, which came not, for ignominiously she had turned and fled.

At the Theater Kirche there was a dunce-like place, with an iron gate and fence, which was called "All Souls' Gate." On a shrine just inside, was an image of the Virgin Mary and Christ. The face of the Virgin wore a most agonized expression, in her hand was a very beautiful lace handkerchief, which incongruous as it seemed to be had been placed there by some devotee. The face of the Christ image was so disfigured and almost devoid of paint, that it was simply hideous. Out of that room was another iron gate opening into a cell dark as night. It is supposed that all souls on their way to the better land pass that dolorous way. A number of very desolate, poverty-stricken mortals knelt there, with their faces pressed close to the iron gate, and with tears streaming from their eyes, prayed fervently for the souls of friends of whom they had been recently bereaved.

Following the benefactor upon her knees, she, in her curious pantois, reiterated her thanks, and told her how she had lost her only son, her stay and support, and that the poor pittance she could earn, did not enable her to pay for masses for the repose of his soul. Radiantly she exclaimed: "I have enough. He will be saved; I shall say a prayer for you many times."

The active duties of the day being concluded, the people, as with one consent, turned their thoughts to the one great coming evening event of the evening—the Resurrection, not a single one in some chosen, highly favored tomb, but, as the attending Italian Count expressed it: "They will have resurrections all over town to-night."

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INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

What Manual Training Will Do For the Young Men of the Country.

An exhibition has recently been held in New York City, under the auspices of the Industrial Education Association, which has brought the subject of the manual training of young people more prominently before public attention than any amount of pamphlet literature could possibly have done.

The exhibit was made up of individual contributions and of collections sent from the different industrial schools throughout the country. They included every department of labor—drawing, modeling, wood and metal working, repousse and leather work, printing, embroidery, sewing and even plain cooking.

Few men of the present untrained generation could compete with these boys of fifteen years and under, in the accuracy and finish of their work. The Grinnery Park Industrial School exhibited a very fine model of a suspension bridge, made from full-sized drawings at a scale of one-sixteenth of an inch to the foot.

Our rules about a lookout at night are very strict, and had the schooner been provided with proper lights I do not think the accident would have happened. The report says she showed a white light, and if this was so she was doing what she had no right to do. Only steamers carry a white light, and that at the mast-head.

They Disappeared Before the Encroachment of the White Man. I think the Catholics are right in isolating their converts. To teach a Kanaka and then send him back to his tribe, is simply to give him new powers for mischief. He will throw off his clothes, kill somebody to prove his mettle, and use the skill that you have developed in circumventing his neighbors.

DYING TRIBES.

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Watson Haney, a negro ferryman classically known as Sharon, was arraigned before court.

"Watson," said the judge, "you are charged with a grave offense."

"What's dat, judge?"

"You know very well what it is, committing an assault upon Harvey Peters."

"W'y, judge, dat wuz all er joke. Me an' dat man is allus progicin' wid each er. He broke dis heah laig wunst an' I didd't think nothin' o' it 'ca'se I knowed dat it wuz only a joke."

"Yes, but after you had broken his arm you stuck a knife into him."

"Yas, sah, but dat wuz all er joke. W'y, he hit me wid er axe wunst. I tells yer, judge, dat me an' dat man is allus er progicin' wid each er."

"Then you dragged him down a bank and tried to throw him into the river."

"Oh, shar, judge, see dat yer ain't er pusson whut un'erstan's er joke. Take me erway from heah. I doan want ter progic wid er man whut doan know whut fun is."

—Arkansas Traveler.

Judge Stewart charged the Grand Jury recently at Baltimore very plainly about gambling at church fairs, saying: "The vice will probably continue until the people are educated up to the point that raffles at fairs will be considered an evil to be frowned upon, and chances in holiday presents as a thing to be avoided."

The grosser forms of this vice are liable to punishment, and when the business of gambling is carried on in violation of law, the duty to society requires that the offence should not be lightly passed over, but should be prosecuted.

—N. Y. Tribune.

COLLISIONS AT SEA.

A Captain Tells How Easy It is to Sink a Powerful Vessel.

Captain McKay, of the Cunard steamship Catalonia, has made some startling statements concerning collisions at sea, which are particularly pertinent now. He has followed the sea thirty years, twelve of which he has passed in the Cunard service, and consequently has had considerable experience.

"Why, bless you, yes. It all depends upon how she is struck. Every vessel, no matter how strong, has her weak places, and if she is struck in a certain way she is badly damaged. You would be surprised to know how small an object will do a serious injury to a steamer. A barrel of beef, weighing two hundred pounds, if striking a steamship in her vulnerable parts when she is moving at full speed, will plow right through her side. So will a floating spar, or even a buoy. A schooner, such as the one that struck the Oregon, would cut into a frigate or a line-of-battle ship.

Our rules about a lookout at night are very strict, and had the schooner been provided with proper lights I do not think the accident would have happened. The report says she showed a white light, and if this was so she was doing what she had no right to do. Only steamers carry a white light, and that at the mast-head.

It appears that in part they are sprung from the early hunters who came into the mountains when game was abundant, sport unfailing, living cheap. Among them now are still-hunters, who know the haunts of bear and deer, needing no dogs. They even now prefer wild meat—even "possum" and "coon" and ground-hog—to any other.

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HOME AND FARM.

Farmers can raise their teams cheaper than they can buy them.—Exchange.

Fig Cake: Make an ordinary layer cake. Stew the figs until tender, then lay them between the thin cakes.—Boston Budget.

Amateur joiners may derive comfort from the knowledge that nails and screws, if rubbed with a little soap, are easily driven into hard wood.

Apple Tapioca Pudding: Pare and core enough apples to fill a dish; put into each apple a bit of lemon-juice. Soak one-half pint tapioca in one quart of lukewarm water one hour; add a little salt; flavor with lemon; pour over apples. Bake until apples are tender. Eat when cold with cream and sugar.—The Household.

In cloudy weather grass dries but slowly, and is liable to be stacked or housed without sufficient curing. It is, therefore, the part of wisdom when practicable to cut meadows in fair weather. The precaution should also be observed of cutting only as much grass at one time as can be properly handled.—Detroit Post.

Look after your mirrors. Never hang them where the sun shines directly upon them, or they will soon become rough, misty or granulated and no longer give back a correct likeness. The amalgam, or union of tin-foil and mercury, which is always spread on the glass to make a mirror, will be speedily ruined by direct and continued exposure to the sun.—N. Y. Post.

A Simple Thing to Do.

Kentucky wife—My dear, I read in the papers that a camel can go without water for ten days.

Kentucky husband (with an expression of surprise)—Ten days! Is that all!

KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEERS.

A Type of Americans Remarkable For Their Language and Habits.

When the railway was first opened through this region a young man established a fruit store at one of the stations, and as part of his stock laid in a bunch of bananas. One day a native mountaineer entered. Arrangements generally struck him with surprise, but every thing else was soon forgotten in an adhesive contemplation of the mighty aggregation of fruit. Finally he turned away with this note: "Blame me if them ain't the darnedest beans I ever seen!"

While here we had occasion to extend our acquaintance with native types. Two young men came to the hotel, bringing a bag of small, hard peaches to sell. Slim, slab-sided, stomachless and serene, mild and melancholy, they might have been lotus-eaters, only the suggestion of poetry was wanting, and they had probably never tasted any satisfying plant whatsoever. Their unutterable content came not from opiates, but from their souls. If they could sell their peaches they would be happy. What they could not sell they could as well eat, and since no bargain was made on this occasion they took chairs on the hotel veranda, opened the bag and fell to. One of us tried to catch the mental attitude of the Benjamin of his tribe, while the other studied his bodily pose.

"Is that a good 'coon dog?"

"I mighty good 'coon dog. I hain't never seed him whipped by a varmint yet."

"Are there many 'coons in this country?"

"Severl 'coons."

"Is this a good year for 'coons?"

"A mighty good year for 'coons. The woods is full o' varmints."

"Do 'coons eat corn?"

"'Coons is bad as hogs on corn, when they git tuk to it."

"Are there many wild turkeys in this country?"

"Severl wild turkeys."

"Have you ever caught many 'coons?"

"I've cotched high as five 'coons out o' one tree."

"Are there many foxes in this country?"

"Severl foxes."

"What's the best way to cook a 'coon?"

"Ketch him and parbille him, and then put him in cold water and soak him, and then put him in and bake him."

"Are there many hounds in this country?"

"Severl hounds."

Here, among other discoveries, was a linguistic one—the use of "several" in the sense of a great many, probably an innumerable multitude, as in the case of the 'coons.

It appears that in part they are sprung from the early hunters who came into the mountains when game was abundant, sport unfailing, living cheap. Among them now are still-hunters, who know the haunts of bear and deer, needing no dogs. They even now prefer wild meat—even "possum" and "coon" and ground-hog—to any other. In Bell County I spent the day in the house of an aged woman—eighty years old, in fact—who was a lingering representative of a nearly extinct type. She had never been out of the neighborhood of her birth, knew the mountains like a garden, had whipped men in single-handed encounter, brought down many a deer and wild turkey with her own rifle, and now, infirm, had but to sit in her cabin-door and send her trained dogs into the depths of the forests to discover the wished-for game: a fierce woman I never looked on.—James Lane Allen, in Harper's Magazine.

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