

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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A GLOVE.

Ah, yesterday I found a glove
Grown shabby, full of tiny rips,
But dear to me because my love
Once through it thrust her finger-tips.
A glove one would not care to see
Upon his arm in public street;
Yet here I saw it for my own
No relic in the world more sweet.
A faint, far scent of lavender
Steals from it, as the clover smelt,
When through the fields I walked with her
And plucked the blossoms for her belt.
Faith! but I loved the little hand,
That used to wear this time-stained thing!
Its slightest gesture of command
Would set my glad heart fluttering.
Or if it touched my finger, so,
Or smoothed my hair—why should I speak
Of those old days, my love, you know,
The tears burn over on my cheek.
Poor stained, worn-out, long-winded glove!
I think it almost understands
That reverently and with love
I hold it in my trembling hands.
And that it is so dear to me,
That if its old fringe were far and faint,
Because my mother wore it, she—
On earth my love, I'd heaven my saint.
—James Berry Bond.

A FEARFUL VOYAGE.

An Old Lady Blown Across the North Sea in a Boat.

Elizabeth Mout, the heroine of the almost miraculous trip of the Columbine from the coast of the Shetlands to Norway, arrived in Edinburgh lately and has been interviewed. She lived on one of the Shetland Isles for sixty years. She was the daughter of a poor shoemaker. Her first husband was a sailor engaged in the Greenland whale fishery. The last ship on which he was employed was never again heard of after it sailed from port. Her second husband was a fisherman. For thirty years she led the simple life of toilsome industry which is the lot of so many Shetland women, working among stock and with the peat-gatherers by day and at the famous hosiery in the evenings. She has long been regarded as bearing a charmed life in the district of Seasness, where she lived. Eighteen years ago she was accidentally shot in the crown of the head by a sportsman who had not observed her being in range of his game. Ten years later, while driving a peat-cart, the pony became restive and she was thrown out. One of the wheels crushed her foot, injuring also her hip. She has never been fully well since—hence her trip to Lerwick to see a doctor there. She was intrusted with forty knitted shawls by her neighbors to sell. These she returns with, that keeping her trust sacred. The skipper of the Columbine, a fishing craft of twenty-one tons, offered her a passage. The Columbine had left Lerwick and the trip should have extended to Dunrossness and Fair Isle, to which places it carried the sample mail-bag, but the rough weather compelled it to return to Lerwick when it was only twenty-four miles away. Proceeding to sea with the usual complement of three men, the little vessel had not long been under way before the weather became boisterous.

Elizabeth Mout was below seak, and was seated near the foot of the cabin seats. She heard the skipper cry out: "The mainsheds are broken!" Looking up through the open hatchway she saw him run to the fore part of the boat, and the next moment heard another voice cry: "Clear away the boat!" Fearing something alarming had occurred, she endeavored to climb up the steps to look out. In doing so she fell back on the floor. In about ten minutes she rallied, and on again ascending the steps, to her amazement she discovered the crew had left. She felt no doubt that when the skipper went forward the swinging boom had knocked him overboard, and that within ten minutes of her fall the two men had put in the boat to rescue him. The sad fate of the Captain and the dismay with which the men discovered the Columbine again under way and found it impossible to overtake her are already known. As also the exhausted condition in which the men reached land, the alarm spread as the Columbine was seen from shore driving seaward with a solitary invalid woman on board; the starting in pursuit of the steam trawlers Gypsy and the Earl of Zetland, and their return without finding any traces of the ill-fated craft.

The vessel was rolling at the mercy of the waves in the stormy North Sea, and as the well-known outlines of the islands were quickly left behind, the truth of the terrible situation in which she was placed presented itself to the old woman. Being under no sort of control, the helm shifted at every lurch. The waves washed over the deck first from one side and then from the other. Heavy showers of spray were blown down the hatchway. The loosened sail flopping in the wind, was gradually being reduced to tatters. The boom was swinging, and the ropes, with the blocks attached, were flying dangerously about from the rigging.

"I could only maintain a sitting posture," said the woman, "by keeping a firm hold of a rope fastened to the roof, and was in danger every moment of being thrown violently on the floor. The idea of being alone in a little craft on a stormy sea, with darkness of night coming on, horrified me. A feeling of terror came over me and I commenced to scream. Then I became calm, knowing my voice could reach no human ear, and then there came to me the thought of the impossibility of people on shore ever being aware of my fate. This was one Saturday night." She then told how the long hours till daylight were passed in tiresome efforts

ARTIFICIAL EYES.

How Lost Visual Organs Are Replaced at a Trifling Cost.

"Among several thousand of these artificial eyes there are hardly two which are alike in size or color," said a prominent manufacturer on South Clark street and a former pupil of Dr. Boisseneau, of Paris, France, the inventor of an improvement in artificial eyes, to a reporter. "People speak of glass eyes—they are made for animals and birds to be used by taxidermists—but eyes for humans are made of enamel, variously colored, excepting the outer transparent part, or cornea, which is of crystal.

"In olden times golden plates were used, and even now in some parts of the old world silver plates are often employed. You will observe that these eyes are hollowed. This surprises some people, who imagine they are round and solid like marbles.

"Then an eye is diseased its companion is liable to suffer from sympathy, and the removal of the former is imperative. It is probably a reasonable estimate that one person out of every one thousand has lost an eye. In about half the cases the eye is entirely removed, and in the remainder an operation is performed, the conjunctiva being divided and the natural muscles left to control the artificial eye, or, as in accidents, the vitreous humor exudes from the eye, leaving a stump which receives the enamel. In these latter cases the artificial eye will move similarly to the good eye, and the movements of the eye-lids aid further in making the appearance natural.

"The material is obtained direct from Paris, and the process of making it, of course, a secret, but the eyes can not be molded. They are usually made to order, several being manufactured, from which the one best suited to the customer is selected. The remainder are thrown into stock, which accounts for the fact that no two are alike. The eyes in stock are sold to the general trade in collections of fifty, one hundred or more. Where parties out of the city want eyes they are usually sent a case of fifty to select one from, the rest being returned. This house and one in New York City are the only ones manufacturing artificial eyes in this country, but there are several such concerns in Paris. We do a business of probably forty thousand dollars annually, the charges being ten dollars for an eye, or fifteen dollars if made to order.

"People can often be fitted from stock, but they will come hundreds of miles to be fitted exactly with respect to cavity, color, blood-vessels, etc. Sometimes a customer will take an eye of a different color from the natural one, and I have seen—though the fact is not recorded in medical works—persons who had one gray eye and one blue one, or a brown and a blue one. There is one thing that can not be imitated—the contraction and dilation of the pupil; therefore the pupil is made of medium size. But there have been fashionable women who have ordered an eye for daytime and a different one for night—one with a small and the other a large pupil.

"Some people have queer notions about artificial eyes and inquire in all seriousness if they can see with them. A notorious Chicago dandy, who was fitted with an eye, had his imagination so worked upon that he insisted he could see with it, and another negro, in New Orleans, said all his friends believed he saw with his enamel eye. A countryman once came in to have his eye changed for one with more expression—a manifest absurdity.

"I had a customer who successfully pursued the vocation of thief by means of an artificial eye. When he stole he was a one-eyed man, and immediately afterwards he appeared with apparently two good eyes. He escaped detection for a long time. And, speaking of theft, we had our entire stock of six hundred eyes stolen before the great fire by Dick Lane, the noted criminal, now serving a term in the Michigan penitentiary for larceny. Eyes were higher then, and the lot was worth at least ten dollars each. Lane went about the country as an oculist, and had sold all the eyes before he was captured."—Chicago News.

KID GLOVE-MAKING.

Processes the Skins Have to Go Through Before Being Converted Into Gloves.

"Kid gloves," said a leading glove-dealer to a reporter the other day, "are, for the best part, made in France. There are some made in England and Germany, but the best are of French make, the principle manufacturers being at Paris, Grenoble and Chaumont. Of all the materials used for gloves kid is the favorite, yet of the manifold operations necessary to put the skin into shape to cover the hand few people have any idea. In all there are 219 separate and distinct processes that the raw skin has to go through before converted into the kid gloves.

"The reporter had been brushing up his knowledge of glove-making. At what period of the world's history people began to clothe their hands in gloves he had not been able to satisfactorily determine. His researches had carried him back to Genesis, where it tells of the mother of Jacob covering the boy's hands with the hairy skin of a goat in order to deceive his father, this seeming to be the earliest mention on record. Coming down to a late date, Homer sings about them, and they are spoken of in Shakespeare's writings. Having exhausted his own time and patience, the reporter had gone to the local glove-dealer.

"The first thing to do," continued the latter, "is to get the hair from the raw skins. A three-week's bath in lime-water does this. The skins are constantly turned and shifted, and when taken out the hair comes off easily.

"From the lime pit the skins go to the unhairing room, where they are stretched on a wooden block and are scraped with a blunt knife. Then they are taken by the flesh, who cuts away all the worthless parts, that are used for glue and gelatine, while the hair goes for mortar and felt. The sudden next takes the skins and removes any hair that may have escaped the previous operators. A soak in clear water to take out all traces of lime is the next step; the skins are put to, and then they are put through a process of artificial fermentation. The French call it 'mise en comfit', and it removes every fleshy impurity from the skins and renders them soft and supple. The tanning of the kid skin is not in the usual way with bark, but they are put into a revolving drum with a mixture of the yolks of eggs, wheat flour, alum and salt. It takes no end of eggs, one factory at Chaumont using, I understand, over three hundred dozen every day. The skins are kept in this mess for an hour, then being allowed to lay for twelve hours. Then they go to the drying-room, and are subjected to a temperature varying from 140 to 160 degrees. This leaves them dry, and they are next 'seasoned' or 'samined' with cold water. Then they are stretched backward and forward over an upright knife of half-moon shape.

"Shaving" is the next process, this requiring great dexterity. It is done with specially constructed knives, and removes all the under flesh. The skins are again treated to a composition of egg yolk, flour and oil, calculated to make them pliable, after which they are ready for dyeing. The preliminary operation is to treat the skins under water for several hours to soak out any thing that would impair the action of the dye. Another "egg treatment" follows, and a day's drying is given the skins. They are then brushed with ammonia and several coatings of lye. If the skins are to be dyed on both sides they are put in a vat and covered with the liquid. Black gloves show first a decided blue tinge, but this is worked off until a perfect black is secured. This process is called 'lustring.'

The caller, who had taken in the account of the preparation of kid skins with increasing interest, began to wonder at this point, not that one of the best make of gloves cost two dollars or more, but how they could be made so cheap. Here the skins had been going through no end of hands, and had been days on the way, yet they had only reached the dye-shop.

"Having been dyed and dried," went on the affable informant, "the skins are given a 'grounding,' the object being to remove all roughness. They are next sorted and cut up. This may seem an easy thing, but it is called the most difficult, and requires great care and good judgment, as the natural stretch of the skin must be taken into account. The finished skins, having been selected and mapped out by the sorters, and pieced out by the cutters, are put over a frame-shape like a glove spread out unsewn. The gloves, with the thumbs duly fitted and rent together, are pressed, and punched, and trimmed a number of times, after which the edges are folded by machinery, and they are ready for sewing. The stitching is done chiefly by hand, thousands of women and girls being employed. The fastenings are put on, the gloves are straightened on sticks, arranged in dozens, placed in boxes, and there they are ready for the market."—Municipality Tribune.

—A Washington letter to the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle says: "Colonel Cowles, a North Carolina Congressman, who served under General Hampton during the late unpleasantness, has a bald head, revealing a singular wound. It is a long seam, as if ripped up by a pointed weapon, but was really inflicted by a musket-ball which plowed the cranium. The Colonel's brain was partially exposed at first, but the bone thence healed over it. I am told that the least unusual excitement would be apt to kill him, and it is one of the gaffs jokes that he came to Congress to allow any dangerous commotion."

HOOKS AND EYES.

The Ingenious Machines Used in Their Manufacture.

For more than a dozen years the manufacture of hooks and eyes for women's and children's dresses may be said to have been dead, but having superseded them. But there are indications that hooks and eyes are again to come into use, at least to a considerable extent. If this should prove to be the case, it will gladden the hearts of some who have preserved their machinery from the scrap heap. Thirty years ago the State of Connecticut had manufacturing facilities within its territory that produced these little articles to the value of \$112,000 annually at fifteen cents a gross. Previous to 1830, or thereabout, hooks and eyes were made by hand and sold at \$1.50 per gross.

The machines for making hooks and eyes are quite ingenious, those for the hooks being capable of making ninety per minute and those for the eyes one hundred and twenty per minute. That for making the hooks takes the wire from a reel through a straightener, cuts off the wire to the exact length, when a blade strikes the piece in the middle of its length, and two side blades moving simultaneously bend the wire double, laying the two halves of its length close together and parallel. Then two pins, one on each side of the ends of the wire, to form the eyes of the hook, and two semi-rotating pushers bend the ends round the pins, making the eyelets for sewing the hook on to the fabric. The unfinished hook is still perfectly flat, when a horizontal pin and a vertical bender working upward, curve the double end of the hook, and a presser flattens the end to a "swan bill."

The eye is formed in another machine, but by means of similar appliances. Brass wire is used for silvered hooks and eyes and iron wire for the black or japanned goods. The silver coating is made by mixing an acid precipitate of silver with common salt and the cream of tartar of commerce to produce a paste. Certain proportions of this paste and one of the brass hooks and eyes are placed in a tumbling barrel, and by attrition and affinity the brass and silver unite. The articles, as they come from the tumbling barrel, are of a lusterless white, but are polished by being placed in cotton cloth bags with bar soap and rubbed with hot water under the vibrating arm of a washing machine.

"Mother," said a little girl to her parent, who takes a great interest in charitable institutions, "I wish I were an orphan." "Why so, my dear?" "Because I should see more of you. For you are all the time going to the orphan asylum."—Chicago Journal.

—Monkeys are sold for food in France, but in this country they hang on the front gates every moonlight night and kiss the prettiest girls in every community.—Newman Independent.

—There are a vast number of houses, both old and new, in London and its vicinity ready to tumble down at any moment upon very slight provocation, and whose collapse would be attended with the most serious results.

A KNOWING WOMAN.

He Indignantly Denied Her Charge and Then Gave Himself Away.

"Madam," he said, after a long survey of a flower stand at the Central Market yesterday, "could you recommend me something to place on my wife's grave?"

"I think so," she answered, as she looked him over. "How long has she been dead?"

"Six years."

"Married again?"

"What is that to you?"

"Oh, you needn't be so cranky about it. I've dealt in cemetery flowers for the last fifteen years, and I know about how things work. If you are still a widower you want about four dollars worth of flowers and a border of moss. If you are married again you'll pick me down to fifteen cents, and send it to the cemetery by a car driver."

He pretended to be very indignant, and went to the other end of the market and bought two feeble-looking pinks for seven cents apiece.—Detroit Free Press.

—Next to a dead elephant, the most helpless creature in all this world is a ditched locomotive.