SEMI-WEEKLY

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

VOL. I. M'MINNVILLE, OREGON, OCTOBER 8, 1886. NO. 34.

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

—Issued—

EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

—IN—

Garrison's Building, McMinnville, Oregon,

—BY—

Talmage & Turner,

Publishers and Proprietors.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year.....$2 00
Six months.....1 25
Three months.....75

Entered in the Postoffice at McMinnville, Or., as second-class matter.

GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

Grandfather's watch is battered and old,
Innocent quite of jewel or gold;
Poor and common, and worn and cracked,
Much like grandfather's self, in fact.
Yet its wheezy voice has a cheerful sound,
And the child as she listens in wonder bound
To its mystic tales of departed time
Is smiling as though at a pleasant rhyme.

What are the tales the old watch tells?
Of seventy years it counts the knells;
Years whose every setting sun
Was marked by labor faithfully done.
With primitive form and clumsy skill,
And clumsier help when the works went ill,
Yet serving their time as best they can—
This is the story of the watch and man!

Many a fall has the old watch hushed,
Many a blow has the old man crushed,
Meddled with, tinkered and sorely tried,
At last rejected and thrown aside
For modern rivals, all science and gold,
Useless and crippled, despised and old,
Under a cloud and under a ban—
This is the story of watch and man.

But there's a reverse to the picture sad;
Human hearts they can still make glad,
The watch in its dented silver case
Can bring a smile to the fair child's face.
The man's all battered and silvery, too,
With a moral can cheer both me and you,
"Mark our time as well as we can"—
This is the lesson of watch and man.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE MOUNTAIN LION.

Stirring Stories of Adventure Among the "Rockies."

A War of Extermination—Lassoing a Monster from Horseback—A Young Nimrod's Feat—A Huntsman's Justifiable Faint.

Some pretty big stories come from California of some pretty big mountain lions they have on the Pacific coast, but I think we have here in Montana larger and more ferocious specimens of this feline species than Californians ever heard or dreamed of. Certainly they are found in great numbers all through this Northwestern belt of country and their ravages extend so far as to attack not only weak calves and yearlings on the ranges, but also sheep, goats and full-grown steers.

The natural home of the mountain lion is in the Northwest and the fathers of the species live here in Montana among the foothills of the Rocky mountains. Since the disappearance of the vast herds of bison that once roamed over the prairies of Montana, Idaho and Wyoming the plains and hills of the Northwest have become infested with all sorts of wild animals. Wolves and coyotes are, of course, the most destructive, but this is owing rather to their astonishing numbers than any thing else. Mountain lions come next and are almost as numerous as their cousins, the coyotes and wolves. Close after the lions follow the bears, of which there are several varieties in the Rocky mountains, such as cinnamon, black, brown, silver tip and the true grizzly, found far up among the peaks, near the perpetual snow-line.

But mountain lions, owing to their ferocity and great numbers, must be considered the most dangerous and most destructive wild animal we have. So bold have they become of late that cattlemen and the Territorial authorities too have been compelled to give attention to the ravages committed by these beasts among the flocks and herds. A lively war of extermination has been going on against them for some time. The Territory offer a premium of $8 on every scalp brought in to be punched and some of the counties add to the inducement by offering on their own accounts a nice little sum in addition to the Territorial bounty. The cow-boys, with lots of spare time on their hands during the winter months, gain a handsome largess for themselves (not to speak of the fun and sport they have) by hunting and killing mountain lions from November to March. The cow puncher, with an eye to business, first draws on the Territorial Treasurer for $8; he then hands a bill to the county for something more, and finally sells the hide to a furrier for what it is worth. There were 144 mountain lions killed and paid for in Montana in 1884; 161 in 1885, for which $1,288 came out of the Territorial Treasury, and this year the figures promise to run up to 200 or thereabouts.

Mountain lions in this section attain a prodigious size. Specimens are often killed measuring 9 feet from tip to tip and weighing not far from 250 to 300 pounds. Many more measuring from 10 to 11 feet are frequently bagged, and occasionally a monster reaching 12 feet in the clear and perhaps longer is brought down by some lucky and daring hunter. The hide of this animal makes an excellent rug. Scarcely a ranch in the whole Rocky Mountain region is without a mountain lion skin on the floor. One cattle ranch on Powder river has every room in the house carpeted with handsome skins of this animal. The hide is a bright brown on the back and rump, but fades away into a soft white brown towards the sides and becomes almost a pure white under the belly. The tail is tipped with white and the head, eyes, ears, nose and features are an exact reproduction of the domestic cat on a larger scale. The feet and claws are also like those of "Tom and Maria."

While I am penning these lines word comes from a round-up party near here, busily at work rounding up cattle and branding calves, that Red Carlon, a cow-boy with the outfit and an expert with the lariat, accomplished the remarkable feat of roping a mountain lion alive from horseback. The foreman and three boys of the Green Mountain Land and Cattle Company were riding along the banks of Emmel's creek, near the foothills of Wolf mountains, two of them being about a quarter of a mile in the lead and the other pair following leisurely along in the rear. The former were seen by their companions in the rear to start off hurriedly as if chasing something, and spurred by curiosity the four men were soon hot on the heels of four powerful mountain lions. Three of the big fellows got away, but the fourth was wounded in the shoulder and brought to bay. Red Carlon took down his lariat and, riding as close as safety would admit, succeeded in settling the noose snugly around the neck of the beast. The cast was a long one, but the expert accomplished the feat with neatness and dispatch. His horse was very fractious and the others had to go to their comrade's assistance before the fierce brute was made a sure captive. But now that they had him the boys did not know what to do with their elephant. He was finally dispatched with six-shooters from a safe distance.

One evening not long ago a herd of Angora goats that were being herded by Miss Teresa Tallert, on Lost river, Idaho, came home in a hurry and crushed pell-mell for the corral, a log concern some eight feet high. They were shut in by the young shepherdess, no male members of the family being home at the time. In a search among the foothills no cause for alarm was developed. In the night Miss Tallert was aroused by her dog whining at her ear, and getting up she saw from the window, by the aid of a bright moonlight, some wild animals raising havoc in the corral. She stepped outside almost into the embrace of four mountain lions and without a moment's hesitation attacked them with an axe. Two of the lions jumped the corral and fled. The other two rushed toward her and stampeded the goats, who nearly trampled their young mistress to death. She sprang to her feet just in time to deal a well directed blow at one monster who was springing at her throat. She laid him out, cutting the back open to the bone. Then both fled. The next morning fifty of the valuable goats were found dead and thirty wounded. Fourteen of the latter died afterwards.

There is a young nimrod living on a ranch near Helena who is quite an expert with the rifle and who has, in addition to his expertness with powder and ball, a very large amount of indomitable pluck, endurance and good sense. His name is Ole Synnes and he is just fifteen years old. On the 17th of February last father and son were out in the mountains near their ranch taking out timber for fencing. The boy, who had been sent on a short errand, came running back saying he had seen the track of a large mountain lion and was going to follow out the trail. Remonstrances from the father were useless and in a few moments the plucky boy started out with a 44-caliber Winchester rifle to hunt the fiercest wild beast in the Belt mountains. After following the trail for a mile and a half the boy lost it at the entrance of a wood. When about to give up the search he cast his eyes upward and beheld the beast crouched upon the limb of a large fir. The head of the creature was hidden from sight, so the boy aimed at its fore-shoulder and fired. The animal, upon receiving the fire, sprang upward and climbed still further up the tree, when from his elevated perch he sent forth a series of roars that made the mountains resound with their echoes. Not in the least deterred by such fierce expostulations on the lion's part, the boy fired again and this time brought the beast crashing down through the branches. He lay for a few minutes partially stunned upon the ground and the dog, which had hitherto kept in the background, so to speak—perhaps because he couldn't climb a tree—now rushed forward and attacked the wounded lion. A powerful blow with one of the immense paws sent that dog on an excusion through the atmosphere that had a wonderful effect in cooling his enthusiasm. In a moment the lion sprang to his feet and was going up the nearest tree like a rocket. He got on the loftiest limb and endeavored to conceal his body behind the friendly shelter, but he left a portion of his head exposed and the boy a second later lodged a bullet in his brain. The father had heard the uproar from where he was working and hastening to the spot came upon the scene just in time to be in at the death. This big fellow measured scant ten feet and weighed nearly three hundred pounds.

Mr. B. M. Boyle, at one time engaged in the United States Marshal service in Montana, relates an adventure he had with a big mountain lion in the Bear Paw mountains when he was doing duty in the Northwest:

"It was an evening in the forbidding month of December that Jack Davis and myself, both deputies, in response to a telegram from Major Lincoln, started out from Fort Benton to anticipate a party that was going to trade with the North Assinaboines, near the point in the Bear Paw mountains where General Miles and the Fifth Infantry rounded up Chief Joseph and his band of hostile Nez Perces. We were equipped in light marching order, but well armed. We left at five o'clock and after riding all night reached Belknap for breakfast. We passed through Fort Assinaboine at four in the morning and you can appreciate the rapidity of our movements by the fact that the distance is ninety-five miles. Our horses were badly jaded at this time and we changed, securing a relay from the post trader at Belknap. Our next objective point was the camp of Chief Troche, an adherent of the late Riel, and chief of all the Half Breeds on this side of the border. We reached the camp at four that afternoon, a distance of fifty-three miles. There we met with a cordial reception from the breeds, they cheerfully sharing their supplies and blankets with us. Next morning, with two breeds for guides, we started for the pass in the Little Rockies. When we struck the foot-hills of these mountains the guides exhibited an anxiety to return to their camp and we consented from necessity. Owing to a blinding snow-storm, that came up soon after, we lost the trail and wandered about in the mountains until allout five o'clock, when we struck a camp of Santee Indians, consisting of about 125 lodges. Our reception was far from hospitable. The beggars insisted that we should give them all our tobacco, which we indignantly refused to do, and so we sought shelter in a ravine near by, in Arrow creek. During the night the storm increased in fury and we slept through all the terrors of a full-blown blizzard. At daylight we broke camp, but couldn't get a Santee to guide us out of the labyrinth of mountains. So we started out alone and wandered about until the afternoon of the fourth day from the Santee camp in that blinding storm, without any thing to eat or any rest for ourselves and horses, when the sun came out long enough for us to get our bearings and sight the valley of Milk river in the dim distance. We had not dared to make a fire, from fear of hostile Indians, but by dark of that night we had reached the river and decided to take the chances of picketing our horses and building a fire.

"We were hungry and chilled to the marrow. So, after providing for our horses, we pulled up a lot of logs and made a blazing camp-fire, the light from which shed its luster for miles around, creating a weird reflection in the sky. Jack was so overcome that it was agreed that he should sleep the fore part of the night. He had hardly laid down and pulled his blanket over his person until he was as still as one dead. I was lying there before the fire in a doze, when I heard a slight scratching. I looked up and saw a pair of glaring eyes set upon me. I was dazed at first and felt that I could not move a muscle. I studied the outlines of the figure back of the blazing eyes and recognized the strange intruder to be a monstrous mountain lion crouching, ready for a deadly spring, directly over me. The beast was spread at full length on a limb, every muscle ready for action, every nerve strung at its utmost tension, his tusks gleaming behind his red lips, his long claws clutching convulsively. Finally, fully aroused, I reached for my Winchester rifle, the barrel of which was lying within reach of my extended arm. Bringing it quickly to my shoulder and taking a hasty aim while in a prostrate position I pulled the trigger. With a wild shriek, so human in its agony that it yet rings in my ears like the dying groan of a fellow-being, the brute fell headlong before the fire, his long tail brushing my face in the descent. I was all of a tremor when I shook Jack, whose dead sleep had not been interrupted by the report. He finally got up and, taking in the peril of our situation, fell prone upon the ground in a faint. This was about ten o'clock at night, but we kept our lonely vigil until daylight, when we discovered to our infinite relief that we were within a mile of French Louis', a breed trader, better known as 'The Cross,' from a crucifix that was planted there on the site of a Catholic mission which had been built by the Hudson Bay traders and burned by the hostiles after the good old missionary had been murdered. At 'Frenchy's' we got the best breakfast I ever ate and after securing a relay of horses we moved on to Belknap and returned to Fort Benton. We carried the hide of the mountain lion with us and afterward had it stuffed. That was a cold night away up in Montana and it makes me shudder to think of it."—*Philadelphia Times.*

—A gentleman who had carefully trained up his servant in the way he should go, so that when his wife was present, he might not depart from it, sent him with a box-ticket for the theater to the house of a young lady. The servant returned when the gentleman and wife were at dinner. He had, of course, been told in giving answers in certain cases to substitute the masculine for the feminine pronoun. "Did you see him?" asked the master. "Yes, sir," replied the servant. "He said he'd go with pleasure, and that he'd wait for you, sir." "What was he doing," asked the wife carelessly. "Putting on his bonnet, ma'am," said the idiot.—*N. Y. Post.*

King Ludwig an Author.

A few years ago King Ludwig of Barvaria made some inquiries concerning the trustworthiness of various Munich printing offices for doing secret work. On the strength of the information obtained, he sent with much secrecy a jet a voluminous manuscript bearing no name to Herr Huhlthaler, the printer of the *Fliegende Blatter.* The confidential bearer of the parcel ordered a single copy to be drawn off in an edition de luxe style, with strict injunctions that none save the compositor should see the manuscript, and that the latter, together with the first and corrected proof-sheets, must be religiously returned to him. These were the poetical works of the King, supposed to be written in the same singular form as the Wagnerian opera texts. In all probability the book will be found among the King's papers, and published pro bono publico.—*London Truth.*

IN A SLEEPING CAR.

How the Cowboy Conducts Himself in One of These Adjuncts of Civilization.

"Where do I camp?" he inquired, and was shown the lower berth next to me. "That's my pigeon-hole, is it? All right, old son, just watch my motion while I file myself away."

At this juncture he was desired to turn over his revolver to the porter, which he declined to do in a very spirited manner.

"'Old Dad' (his revolver) and me always sleep together, and we don't want no divorce," he explained.

The conductor remonstrated, but was advised not to try to "brand this mule's tail."

"This here's a sleepin' car, ain't it?" he at length inquired.

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you let people sleep then, when they've paid and gone into your game? If you're aiming to keep people awake and want company, just dance into the next car; there's lots of folks there don't want to sleep, nohow, and they'll be glad to see you."

The conductor withdrew, and my friend pulled off his boots and stretched himself, with many comments in an undertone on the poverty of the surroundings.

In about ten minutes this erratic person had his head out in the aisle.

"Say, you boy!" to the porter.

"Well, sah."

"Come a runnin'."

The porter drew near and was handed a pillow about as big as a pin-cushion.

"Take that goosecha'r thing away," commanded the cowboy.

"Don't you want a pillow, sah?" asked the porter.

"That ain't no pillow, and I don't want it nohow; I'm afraid it'll get in my ear."

After this, silence, and for a short time I slept. I roused up, however, at an exclamation on the part of my neighbor.

"Hold on there, my son, jist drap them boots."

"I was only jest gwine to black 'em, boss."

"Drap 'em."

They drapped.

"Jest gwine to pull them spurs, I reckon. Now, don't monkey around my camp, taking things no more. If you want anything, speak for it. If you can't speak make signs, and if you can't make signs shake a bush. You h'ar me?"

"Yes, sah."

After this, silence. The wheels and rails again sang together, and the car again kept approving time, and presently I slept without interruption.

HALF A CENTURY.

The Marvelous Inventions Projected During the Past Fifty Years.

It almost staggers belief to think of the improvements which have been made in labor-saving machinery. The number of inventions that have been made during the past fifty years is unprecedented in the history of the world. Inventions of benefit to the human race have been made in all ages since man was created; but, looking back for half a hundred years, how many more are crowded into the past fifty than into any other fifty since recorded in history. The perfection of the locomotive and the steamship, the telegraph, the telephone, audiphone, sewing machine, photograph, chromo-lithograph printing, the cylinder-printing press, elevators for hotels and other buildings, the cotton gin and the spinning jenny, the reaper and mower, steam thresher, steam fire engine, the improved process for making steel, the applications of chloroform and ether to destroy sensibility in painful surgery cases, and so on through a long catalogue. Nor are we yet done in the field of invention or discovery. The application of coal gas and petroleum to heating and cooking operations is on the verge of successful experiment; the introduction of steam from a central reservoir to general use for heating and cooking is foreshadowed as among coming events; the navigation of the air by some device akin to our present balloon would also seem to be prefigured, and the propulsion of machinery by electricity is even now clearly indicated by the march of experiment. There are some problems we have hitherto deemed impossible, but are the mysteries of even the most improbable of them more subtle to grasp than that of the ocean cable or that of the photograph? We speak in our voices to friends a hundred miles or more from where we articulate before the microphone. Under the blazing sun of July we produce ice by chemical means, rivaling the most solid and crystalline production of nature. Our surgeons graft the skin from one person's arm to the face of another, and it adheres and becomes an integral portion of his body. We make a mile of white printing paper and send it on a spool that a perfecting printing press unwinds and prints, and delivers to you folded and counted many thousand per hour.—*American Inventor.*

—Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, has been elected an honorary member of the Vassar College class of 1886. This is the first instance of the kind on record. Anybody would be delighted to have an honorary membership in a class of Vassar beauties, but when the girls take to electing male members isn't it, asks the Troy (N. Y.) *Times*, an indication that their Adamless Eden is becoming a little monotonous?

A CHEAP BARN.

A Useful Structure Which Cost But One Hundred Dollars.

Possibly some of the readers, who, like myself, can not compass a five or six hundred dollar barn, may be interested in my plan. The barn I built is twenty by thirty-two feet, sixteen-feet posts, for hay entirely, with a shed fourteen by thirty-two feet for stock. The shed is expected to brace a frame hay barn otherwise too light, and the structure would be more substantial with a shed on both sides. For the shed I used posts from the timber set in the ground. I also used the same kind of posts to partition off from the hay barn an alley four feet wide in front of the mangers, making the width of the part for hay sixteen feet on the ground instead of twenty; but six feet above the whole twenty feet can be utilized. Those posts extend up sixteen feet to the ties for strengthening purposes. I have fixed a bin for oats for feed over one stall that will hold some two hundred bushels. I used four by six foot sills, four by four foot posts placed eight feet apart, and tied at the top with two by six by twenty feet. By using the posts before mentioned the real stretch of these ties is sixteen feet for girders around the side and ends two by four's placed four feet apart. Plates a double row of two by four's. Rafters and middle piece for nailing boards on two by four's. Siding and roof, stock boards. No battens except on the roof and about the stable. The battens for the roof were dressed on the upper side and edges. Each roof board and batten was painted when it was put on and another coat added when finished. I used inch battens four inches wide and spread the board two inches (which was a mistake.) I also used the same quality of boards for the roof as for the sides which was another mistake; I ought to have paid a little more and selected them. Such a roof while not so good as shingles, will preserve hay and last longer. The barn complete with two coats of paint, cost one hundred dollars. I did the work myself, of course which would add some fifty dollars to the cost. The above cost includes a stone foundation. I paid seventeen dollars for dressed lumber and fourteen and a half for rough. Stone is worth here three dollars per cord.

I don't claim that such a barn is equal to one that cost five hundred dollars, but I do claim that my horses are just as healthy in it and my hay just as well preserved, and if by the slow process of accumulating wealth by farming, I can save up five hundred in the course of ten or twelve years, I can set fire to the old hay shed with the comforting assurance that I have got my money's worth out of it many times over, which is more than many a man can say who leads his stock in and out of a five hundred dollar barn.—*George Wooley, in Western Rural.*

MAKING A PASTURE.

Important Points Which Should be Taken Into Consideration.

Select a situation that will take in moist, dry, rich, poor, high, ridgy and level lands. Make shade and shelter, if none is found on the ground. This gives a variety of soil and green food, gives two quick, sweet growths for morning and evening supplies, the poor places furnish dry, warm lodging for noon and night, from which the rested animals will rise, stretch themselves, leave the droppings, return to valleys, and feed to the full, to return and ruminate after drinking. Thus the natural wash of the soil is compensated on the hills without cost to owner of land and cattle. If the soil be all dry, it often becomes brown and barren. If all moist, it will be cold lodging in damp nights, poach badly in wet weather. The stock in it will be uncomfortable, wander much, and lose flesh, because every motion of the muscles wastes fat. There should be a hiding place from fierce winds, and shade in the hot sunshine. The reason why animals congregate in very hot weather, is because animal heat ninety-eight degrees) causes a current of warm air to rise, and the cooler air rushes with a velocity that a common black fly can not resist. Dark colors absorb the sun's rays, insomuch that the black creatures sweat profusely in very hot sunshine, while white ones chew the cud of content in summer, but shiver worse in winter.—*Cor. Prairie Farmer.*

German Sewing Machines.

A German newspaper estimates the number of sewing machines annually produced at 1,500,000, one-third of which are of German manufacture. Estimating the number of people in need of sewing machines at 500,000,000, the annual production allows one for every 300 civilized people. The newspaper in question adds: "America, it is true, is the home of the modern sewing machine, but in respect of variety, efficiency and finish German skill has triumphed over the American article." We may add that it was a German historian, Bottiger, who, in referring thirty years ago to the invention of the sewing machine, thought that "it did not seem to be a success.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The rear car of a circus train that left Brandon, Miss., a few nights ago had upon it a $3,000 gnu. Some negroes, who had fallen in love with the curious beast, uncoupled the car, and, running the gnu off into a swamp, stole it.