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## TELEPHONE.

VOL. I.

M'MINNVILLE, OREGON, OCTOBER 22, 1886.

NO. 78.

## WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY Garrison's Building, McMinnville, Oregon,

-BY-Talmage & Turner. Publishers and Proprietors.

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MCMINNVILLE, OREGON. H. H. WELCH.

Mrs. Partington Discounted. es,"said Mrs. Richladie, "my daughter understand she is at the head of her

No." she said, with some sadness, "she not be the valetudinarian, but she will the salutary, and that's nearly as

he commencement exercises are to be yes, Rev. Dr. Grace will preach the analian sermon, Rev. Mr. Mortimer leliver the dilemmas and there will be detractions too numerous to men-

-Washington Critic. Not One of Their Number. are we all here?" inquired Mr. Brutal sof his landlady the other morning at eakfast table.

so-one-two-three-four-yes

are all here, I believe," and she smiled thing much, only I see by the morning that a human skeleton was picked up itside the city limits. The smile van -Merchant Traveler.

## WHAT HE SAW IN HER?

Whatever could be have seen in her? She isn't the least bit pretty; She isn't stylish, she isn't rich, She is neither wise nor witty.

Whatever could be have seen in her? She is only a farmer's daughter: Yet you would have thought her a prince From the letters that he wrote her.

Whatever could he have seen in her?
A plain, little, homespun creature,
Without a single accomplishment,
And scarely a decent feature.

Whatever could be have seen in her? Something far better than beauty; An innocent soul, a loving heart, And a life all set to duty.

He saw a woman whose pleasure lay In the peace of her household ways: Who was happy to win her father's smile, And proud of her mother's praise.

The best little sister in all the world; As helpful in deed as in word; As cheeful and gay as the sunshine; As busy and bright as a bird.

So he passed by the belies of the season The maidens both stylish and pretty; He passed by the highly accomplished, The clever, the wise and the witty;

And chose for the wife of his heart The dear little homespun creature; Whose worth was far better than gold, Than beauty of form or of feature.

Whatever the world may see in her
Is beyond his worry or care;
To him she is rich and good and true,
To him she is sweet and fair.

-Lillie E Barr, in N. Y. Ledger. THE "EVEN FINGERS."

How a Daughter Captured Her Father's Murderer.

The Brigadier, astride a cane chair, smoked his pipe before the door. Slowly seen like circles dance about and disappear from the cannon's mouth. But not even the position of paymaster, lowing the movements of some children playing upon a little heap of earth near; then, turning to regard over his epaulet, by the open window, a woman, still young, dark and pretty, who came and dren. The wife then, with her beautiful arms bare and half-covered with flour, advanced and, lean-

"And give them a good appet te for your dumplings, Catisson?" The dumplings, a limosin dish, as substantial as the vegetable soup of the country, were already on the stove, with their black cherries incased in sifted flour, like the cricks in the plaster. "Are the dumplings doing well?"

asked the Brigadier. And Catisson shrugged her shoulders, as if to say: "Is your housekeeper in the habit of failing in her pastries? What a question!"

"A good wife," said Martial Tharaud to us a moment later, as we passed. He was in the mood for chatting: "Yes, yes, my wife is a good woman! and one would not believe, seeing her care for the little ones, that she was once an actress; 'tis true, however, and here is

"Ten years ago I left the chasseurs, and entered the guard at Limoges, where the Adjutant one morning informed us we had an important undertaking on hand. An honest, poor man, a master mason, had been assassinated at his own home, Faubourg Montmailler, no one knowing to clear the roads for the unarmed chasseurs. The Adjutant, M. Boudet, now promoted to the rank of Captain, recthey found under the chestnut tree or along the road doubtful or suspicious mother was beside herself. characters, to arrest them. The entire round was guarded, for the order had been dispatched to Chateau-neuf, to Ambayae, to Saint Sulpice and Lau-riere, Bellae and Rochechouart. Such "As you can im orders are somewhat perplexing. It will not do to depend too much upon the appearance. There are those of un-favorable mien who are most worthy. I once knew a person whom they might have guillotined, or at least sent to the galleys, for his looks. Ah, well, he was man to whom in every other respect they would have given the Montyou He supported a number of people, and gave to the poor all he had; a saint, upon my honor, yet with the head of a galley slave; while others who would be granted absolution without confession suddenly came to manacles. But they told us to arrest, and we arunknowingly over the country.

house a beautiful girl, with black eyes like mulberries, and red lips like strawberries, came toward me, saying:
"'Have you any news of the assassin?

I am the daughter of Leonard Cous-

"That was something worth hearing. she spoke with so much energy and feeling that I felt ashamed of not having put into custody the wretch who had killed her father. Then I tried to excuse myself, saying how meager was our information regarding the assassin, and this and that, but she looked at me so steadily I became embarrassed and said

"'Well, Miss, I would risk an arm or a limb to catch the rogue for you.' "And I spoke the truth; yet it was not

perhaps professional duty that made me say it, but those velvety black eyes. "'Only,' I said, 'we must have a

"'A clew?' And then she shrugged her shoulders. 'Is not the land! Whathand?' 'Is not the hand one?'

"Then Catisson Coussac related to me the story of the crime, which I confess chilled me.

"It was one evening in September. Poor, honest Coussac had at his house in Faubourg Montmailler some money which had been intrusted to him by his patron, M. Gabourdy, the contractor; about ten thousand francs, with which he was to settle two bills-one with a plasterer, the other with a lumber merchant. Having, upon this particular evening, finished his repast, Father Coussac and his daughter remained downstairs after Mother Coussac had retired, he reading his almanac as he sat near the closet containing the smoked his pipe before the door. Slowly the smoke arose, regularly, like a blue cloud, forming a circle which enlarged, that there was a garden back of the trembled and disappeared in the cool air house, and, facing this, a window, the of the evening. Martial Tharaud had height of a man, the shutters of which were generally closed, but which on this particular evening the worthy man, being a trifle warm, left open. He read there, now father of a family, with lace upon under the skylight by a small lamp, and his sleeves, he rested in his limosin Catisson heard him turn over and over garden, asking nothing of the world, the pages of his almanac. She has often told me that she felt, while working which might necessitate a journey to mechanically, a little drowsy, by this Egmontiers, to St. Leonard or to Li-moges, and he loved the little place at Pierrebuffiere, the roses he had grafted, work to yawn, and see if it was not time and the vines which ran over the white to go to sleep, she saw, believing at first walls of his lodge framing in festoons that she was mistaken, that she dreamed walls of his lodge framing in festoons that she was mistaken, that she dreamed the tri-colored flag over the door. The Brigadier smoked his pipe, his eyes folmoving softly, softly, a hand, a large hand, but with something frightful about it that Catisson remarked at once, the four fingers, almost as large as the thumb, being all of the same size, as went in the kitchen where the copper-ware shone like red gold, he smiled at ther, calling her attention to the chil-dren. The wife there were and though cut by line, yet they were not cut, only terminated in this frightful way; and this hideous hand glided along the shutters, evidently seeking to open the blind noiselessly. Then it remained The Best in the State.

The Best in the Instituting the hand
Saw ere there, distributing the hand
Saw were there, distribu son wished to scream, but seemed strangled by that terrible hand. Then she suddenly arose, and, seizing her father by the sleeve, pointed to the hand on the blind. But at the same moment that old Coussac turned, the robber quickly pushed open the blind, and a current of air extinguished the lamp in a cloud of flame and smoke, leaving Catisson and her father in darkness. Coussac, hearing the sound of a heavy body leaping into the room, tried to find a knife with which to defend himself, and more especially the money, but before he could open the cupboard he was seized by the throat, and felt a stroke against his neck, then down near

> pointed to his breast as if to say: 'Wound in here-no remedy. "Of course the closet where Coussac who had committed the crime. It was in September, and we had an agreement and the bills were stolen. Such a night! The Faubourg Montmailler will long remember it. They aroused the neighbors and searched the garden, where ommended to the quartermaster that they found foot-prints, which they meas the men redouble their vigilance, and if ured. They searched everywhere. In the meantime Coussac died, and the old half out of her senses, saw ever that frightful hand, with the four even fingers gliding over the oak shutter, like

his heart. Catisson screamed, divining

all, though seeing nothing, but a heavy

blow rendered her powerless. The poor

girl was in a faint, she could not say

how long, and when she recovered

found herself in the lower hall, where

Mother Conssac, whiter than her robe,

sought to rouse poor Leonard, who

"As you can imagine, we made every effort to find the dog who had sent that worthy to Louvat (the cemetery at Limoges). Yes, we did all we could, but there was no clew. We had the hand as Catisson had described it to me, but knew of no one possessing such a hand. We questioned all the masons who had worked with Father Coussac, but no suspicion rested upon them; all were worthy people, well-known, with a little fondness for chestnut wine, but not

crime. Who, then, was the criminal? "One day a butcher-boy from la rue Aigueperse came to tell us that he remembered once having a quarrel with a great fellow who, in drawing his rested peddlers, beggars, as yellow as houtron knife, had displayed a very their wallets, even idiots, who roamed peculiar hand with four even fingers. Father Coussac. Time passed, and the the butcher could give no further inassassin of Faubourg Montmailler was formation, and many thought his story not easy; we had so few indications to a fabrication. And our men still guide us, and the affair was one of mys- searched, finding nothing, which antery.

"One day when I was at the guard"Tell ns. demoiselle, what you will the blouse.

give for the man who captures your father's assassin?'

"She did not answer, but turned pale

"'If you can not find him, I will.'
"She had still her grandmother, a true

who killed my son?" when she touched you. But I needed not to touch her to be electrified; I had only to look at her. You see her at twenty-eight, but ten years ago, those who saw her and did not turn to look the second time were great imbeciles. Well, the 'electric girl' brought spectators. An orchestra was not necessary, or other attractions. They saw her and exclaimed: 'What a beautiful girl!' then intered. One day I entered the fair. She was there upon a little platform, with Mother Coussac, who, as a fortuneteller, watched every one closely. Catisson encouraged me, and, while I stood before her thinking how becoming her costume, she smiled, and said in a droll

"'Oh, it is you! I do not need to see your hand!' "Then I knew what the brave girl in such disguise. She had ever in mind nervous to every one who came, hoping it might meet that other hand stained with blood. It was her own idea; she had only the one clew; it would suffice, she thought; yet to find the rascal was like looking for a needle in a hay-stack. But there are chances that a murderer will wander in the direction of his crime.

her like a nightmare. "Everywhere Catisson, with Mother large, beautiful Coussac, traveled over the country, yet smiled upon me. it was always toward Vienna that they turned with the most confidence-women

often divine things. "One day-I remember it as though it were yesterday—the 22d of May, a Monday, there was a show at the Place Royale, and Catisson and Mother Cous-Catisson in her red robe, her pretty brown hair, a rose in her corsage, white arms, pretty shoulders, and a head to turn all others. And she explained to the spectators, as was her custom, about the electric fluid; then extended her

hand, saying: "Give me your hand and you will

feel the current. Do not fear; it will not hurt you.' "Then some laughed, others were almost afraid, but all extended their hands for the touch of Catisson. I was there, and was almost jealous of those people who pressed her soft hand, when suddenly, like a thunder-clap, I saw the electric girl, as pale as death, extending her hand to one who seized it as a dog does a piece of meat. Before her was a great fellow, with curly red hair showng beneath a felt hat; he wore a blue plouse over a vest, and epaulets; a giant saw, as I regarded his profile; his inferior jaw resembled that of a pike, and his temples almost concealed his eyes, with no beard, some hairs in the pale skin; bad figure. Catisson looked him well in the face, and he extended a hand which seemed enormous beside her small one. She clung to him, seemingly, as if everything depended upon that arm in the blue sleeve. A shudder passed over me, and I said: It is the

individual, she holds him.' "Yes, yes, she held him, and, pale as death, said to the gross fellow, suddenly turned as white as herself:

"Tell me, do you know the assassin of Leonard Coussac?

"He recoiled, seeking to withdraw his fingers from the electric woman. Ah, she needed not to be electric to cause a shock to that man. He was unable to move his arm; he wished to repulse her,

"'Are you a fool? Will you unhand "As he turned his head I saw his light

yes, fierce and eager, seeking means of "'Miserable villain!' cried Catisson, forcing him into a chair. 'It was you

who dealt the blow. It was you!' "And she held that giant, stunned by the suddenness of the affair; but he quickly recovered himself; he disengaged of Catisson. is hand from Catisson, and I saw it, frightful, with the even fingers; he struck er; then turned like a wild animal to

the place of egress. their wallets, even idiots, who roamed anknowingly over the country. Not one seemed capable of making way with cone seemed capable of making way with cone seemed capable of making way with the better country. Time passed and the the better country in the people before him, when I planted myself in front of him. He had an ugly ok, seeing my kepi and white breeches. He perceived in them the evidence of my position. He had his face toward me. I raised my arm and seized him by "In the name of the law, I arrest "The villain's only reply was a blow,

while her beautiful black eyes wept and promised, but all that did not enable me to find the criminal Finally Catisson to increase my strength. I ridiculed the blow. I held the man; I dragged him; I would not let him go. They would have had to break my wrist woman, living, who since the assassination had been silent as a stone, yet fierce as a dog ready for attack, and the poor old woman kept repeating: 'Will they not, then, conduct to the Monte-a-Regret the villain who killed my son?' habit of his, I believe. He counted "Catisson left her position as seam-stress, and applied to the Prefect of Po-uniform turned aside the blade of the lice for permission to take a place at the fair. This astonished every one, especially when we saw at the fair-grounds at St. Loup or St. Martial or Limoges a hand seized the wrist which held the great bill posted, with a portrait of Catisson in rose-colored robes, and beneath in large letters: 'The Electric Girl.' How odd for Catisson to so designate herself. So Catisson Coussac was electric, and you received a shock in the weapon, which, if it descended a second time, he told me, would do its work. I saw the knife raised like the sword of Damocles, and grasping its handle were those gross even fingers by which Catisson had recognized the with the weapon, which, if it descended a second time, he told me, would do its warp to the weapon, which, if it descended a second time, he told me, would do its warp to the weapon, which, if it descended a second time, he told me, would do its warp to the weapon, which, if it descended a second time, he told me, would do its work. I saw the knife raised like the sword of Damocles, and grasping its handle were those gross even fingers by which Catisson had recognized the weapon, which, if it descended a second time, he told me, would do its work. I saw the knife raised like the sword of Damocles, and grasping its handle were those gross even fingers by which Catisson had recognized the weapon, which if it descended a second time, he told me, would do its work. I saw the knife raised like the sword of Damocles, and grasping its handle were those gross even fingers by which Catisson had recognized the weapon, which if it descended a second time, he told me, would do its work. I saw the knife raised like the sword of Damocles, and grasping its handle were those grown in the control of the sword of Damocles, and grasping its handle were those grown in the control of the sword of Damocles, and grasping its handle were those grown in the control of the sword of Damocles, and grasping its handle were those grown in the sword of Damocles, and grasping its handle were those grown in the sword of Damocles, and grasping its handle were those grown in the sword of Damocles, and grasping its handle were those grasping its handle were those graves and the sword of Damocles, and gr nized the assassin of her father. How long it might have lasted—that batttle in which my blood flowed, though I had wounded him-I can not say; but I felt that I was losing strength, that I should release the hand which held the knife. Suddenly he uttered a cry, a savage one, like that of an animal being killed. He jumped, but I held him still; then he turned so rapidly that he fell, dragging me after him, he under-neath and I above. We fell to the ground. Then something moved him. or, rather, clung to him. It wa Mother Coussac, who gnawed and pecked at his limbs to make him release his hold. And we rolled on the ground like worms, but this time it was not for

long. Catisson recovered and aided me to regain the armed arm, or, rather, "Then I knew what the brave girl she took the knife away from him while wished; why she went about the country I held the man by the throat with my right hand, and then would have stifled that frightful hand, and extended her him. Then people came at the noise, own white little hand, soft as satin, but and the paymaster, Bugead, arrived with a comrade. They assisted me to bind the criminal, raised him up, put the crowd, who, seeing him taken, wished to prevent his escape. That brave crowd who a short time ago were afraid. It was well they came. I could not hold out longer. I was going, going. It was foolish for a gendarme. I fainted from loss of blood. But I had the sensation on the handcuffs and led him through The murderer might then be far from Limoges, but would in all probability return, and there was a chance that she might again see the hand which haunted stead of the Noutron blade near my head, I perceived, as in a dream, the large, beautiful eyes of Catisson, who

"Thus the stroke of a knife was the cause of my good marriage. That my wound healed, I need not tell you, since you see me here; but it healed more rapidly because it was Catisson who cared for it. She became a Sister of Charity, that electric girl, and when I

who killed the master mason.

"He was a mixer of plaster, named Massaloux, of Souterraine in La Creuse so a deputy of La Creuse told and who, presenting himself to M. Gabourdy for work, had overheard him speak of the money confided to Leonard Coussae by his patron. Then he exclaimed: 'There is a chance,' and he took it alone, with no accomplice; an idler, but energetic. After the murder he reached Paris, then returned to Queret, then to Limoges, the money one, seeking work. When before the Court d' Assizes, he scarcely defended himself, as though saying: 'You have taken me, so much the worse for me. They condemned him to death. famous hand is preserved in alcohol at the Ecole de Medicine.

"It is not for me to boast that the President commended me, but I did not need congratulations. I no longer needed anything. I had Catisson. On my wedding day, however, I received the Brigadier ornaments, and if you wish to see a happy man look at me.

"Catisson received many offers from the stage. The journals everywhere spoke of her. But she had other duties The children to care for, my epaulets to clean, to take care of the house, the chickens, the ducks and the Brigadier. No! No! Catisson is no longer an artist, but if ever a crime were committed, I would depend upon her rather than all the bloodhounds of Catisson has fine eyes, and

they never look coldly into the The Brigadier let fall a cirder from his pipe as, beautiful and happy in the setting sun, came Catisson to the window, saying, with a pretty laugh: "Come, Martial, the pudding is out of the oven; call the children."

And Tharaud arose, and, making a cornet of his two hands, called: "Ohe, there, little ones, come to supper

And as the children ran, inhaling the odor of the soup and the cooked cherries, the Brigadier, taking his eldest and pushing him before the others, took off his kepi, blue, trimmed with white, sa-luted them gayly, while going to taste at the same time the kiss and soup of

At the end of the street a sobatier was singing an old song and the setting sun cast its last rays upon the flag of the good gendarme.-From the French, in Chicago Journal.

There are buried in Trinity churchyard at the head of Wall street Amerea's two greatest financiers and one of Trow him in a pair of suspeders. Clerk her most famous naval heroes-Alex- He says he vill gif five tollar for dot ander Hamilton, Albert Galiatin and 'Don't-Give-up-the-Ship' Lawrence. hat de coat; but don't trow in dot sus-N. Y. Graphiz.

## FENCES AND HEDGES.

What the Farmers of the Country Have to Pay for Their Maintenance.

A Washington writer, close to the Agricultural Bureau, thus discourses on the question of fences and hedges. He says that the fence question is one of great importance, as we have in the United States 6,000,000 miles of fences, which have cost nearly \$1,900,000,000, and have to be renewed every fitteen years. It, however, interests most of the farmers, who have the bulk of the labor to perform and expenses to meet and the timber to furnish for their construction. The consumption of the timber for this purpose interests every philanthropist. It is reported that Kentucky requires annually 10,000,000 of trees to keep up her "national fence," the old Virginia rail.

Hedges have been tried for a substi-tute, but as the farmers of America are all looking for labor-saving methods instead of labor-increasing devices, the hedge is not the coming fence. It will not do so well in America as in England, because our extremes of climate preventits general use, and no plant has yet been found that is wholly reliable in the wide range of latitude through which the farming of the United States extends. The extremes of heat and cold limit the use of both the osage and buckthorn. Then, too, the trimming of hedges must be done in the season of growth, which is the time the farmer must give all his strength to the tillable crops, the corn, wheat, rye, barley and By the time they are attended to the hedge is rampant, and the labor of trimming has been so increased that it costs more than some other kinds of fence. Hedges, as a rule, are neglected and become a public nuisance, which costs the farmer more to remove than to build a good board fence. It is clear the hope for saving timber and the money of the Nation, now locked up and decaying in fences, is not in

hedges.
The enterprising manufacturers of wire fences have improved the opporwere too expensive and uncertain. After wire-making on the new process of machinery made wire cheaper and more abundant, the lovers of light open novelties in fences claimed that the days of wooden fences had ended. But slowly did this new, smooth wire their place. The pigs smiled at them, and the sheep treated them as rubbers set up for scratching their backs, and the cattle and colts paid little attention to them. Occasionally a colt got an eye knocked out with the end of a broken wire as a lead an accordance.

often and regularly in order to be effi-So smooth wires, after a trial of cient. years, fell into disuse where introduced. Its loose, forlorn look did not recommend it, and the broken wires became an imperishable nuisance in the fence rows and fields and along roadsides. Its days were few and full of trouble. Even the old muley cows had no fear of it, but slipped through unharmed. Nev-England manufacturers claimed that in twenty years 350,-000 miles of this kind of fence were

Then came the barbed-wire fence, : Yankee invention, which has come into general use. Its value is in the sharp barb, which commands the attention and respect of every animal that touches it. Smooth barbs are more dangerous, as the animals do not fear them and use them for scratching, and thus get tangled in them or push through. A sharp barb gives value to the wire fence as the sharp thorns give efficiency to the hedge

plant. Until something cheaper and more efficient than barbed wire is found it will be more largely used than any thing else. It is more durable than untwisted strands, stands the strain of expansion and contraction better than single strands and can be put up more rapidly and at less cost than board fence and with far less labor than hedge fence. Until our farmers learn to farm without fences we shall be compelled to use barbed wire, with all its objectionable features. - Chicago Herald.

-Most people have heard a great deal about marriage customs in France. but not many foreigners are probably aware that a French officer is not allowed to marry unless the lady of his choice possesses sufficient capital to guarantee an annual income of twelve hundred francs (two hundred and forty dollars) a year. This is the minimum value that the Ministry of War sets upon an officer in the matrimonial market. Another condition is that the lady shall be of un-There is a problemished character. position under consideration to increa the minimum income on which an officer is allowed to marry.

- Clerk (to Mr. Isaacstein in the back room) - The sientlemens vat vas looking at dot seventeen-tollar coat says he vas a striker mit Third avenue. Isaacstein-I symbathize mit dot strike. penders. -N. Y. Times.