

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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H. H. WELCH, A Druggist living near Buena Vista, Ga., who had arrested a negro at midnight, took a notion that he would take a nap.

Somehow recently, the mishap of a porter in handling a box of bees in transit by railway created an amusing and rather alarming scene at the station.

What's the pebbin' on, Jimmie?" said one ragged street urchin to another. "Doncher know?" was the response.

But even this was a small affair compared with what is related in ancient history of persons being driven from their native towns being compelled to flee before myriads of bees.

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The Modern Lord Lovell.

Lord Lovell he stood at his own front door, Seeking the hole for the key;

His hat was wrecked and his trousers bore A rent across either knee.

When down came the beautiful Lady Jane In fair white draperies.

"Oh, where have you been, Lord Lovell?" she said;

"Oh, where have you been?" she said; "I have not closed an eye in bed, And the clock has just struck three.

Who has been standing up on your head In the ashbarrel, Perlee?"

"I am not drunk, Lady Shane," he said; "And so late it cannot be;

The clock struck one as I enter'd— I heard it two times or three; It must be the salmon on which I fed Has been too many for me."

"Go, tell your tale, Lord Lovell," she said, "To the maritime cavalier;

To your grandam of the hoary head— To anyone but me.

The door is not used to be open'd With a cigarette for a key."

—Washington Star.

BEEES AND HONEY.

How They Have Figured in the World's History.

The honey-bee has been an object of great interest from the very earliest ages; the most ancient historical records make frequent reference to it. "A little balm and a little honey" formed part of the present which Jacob sent into Egypt to Joseph in the time of the great famine.

Another Greek story tells of a woman of Corinth, also bearing the name of Melis, who, having been admitted to officiate in the festivals of Ceres, the goddess of agriculture, afterward refused to initiate others, and was torn to pieces for her disobedience, a swarm of bees being made to rise from her body.

Those who have had personal knowledge and experience of bee-culture will bear out the remark that bees are not particular as to the size or the position of the home in which they choose to dwell, so that it suffices for them to carry on with security their wonderful operations. In their wild state, cavities of rocks and hollow trees are alike available; and in their domestic conditions they have no preference for a straw skep over a wooden box, nor for the wooden house over the straw castle.

The bee, which, while under proper control and management, is one of man's best friends, proves, when assailed by him in any way, a terrible adversary. Allusion is made to this by Moses in his story of what befell the Israelites in their wilderness sojourn: "The Amorites came out against you, and chased you as bees do, and destroyed you." The strength and force of their sting is such as to enable them to pierce the skin of the horse and other large animals and kill them. Their ordinary speed when in flight, is from sixty to eighty miles an hour, and they have been known to fly past the windows of an express train when traveling at full speed in the same direction.

Somehow recently, the mishap of a porter in handling a box of bees in transit by railway created an amusing and rather alarming scene at the station. There was a general stampede of passengers and officials flying in every direction, chased by the infuriated bees. It was only when some one, skilled in the management of bees, catching the queen and placing her in the box, restored confidence and quiet, for, flocking loyally to her standard, the whole colony returned to the case, which was in due time forwarded to its destination.

NO ROOM FOR MOTHER.

The Pathetic Story of An Old Heart That Had to Unburden Itself.

"Going north, madam?"

"No, ma'am."

"Going south, then?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Why, there are only two ways to go."

"I didn't know. I was never on the cars. I'm waiting for the train to go to John."

"John? There is no town called John. Where is it?"

"Oh! John's my son. He's out in Kansas on a claim."

"I am going right to Kansas myself. You intend to visit?"

"No, ma'am."

She said with a sigh so heart-burdened the stranger was touched.

"John sick?"

"No."

The evasive tone, the look of pain in the furrowed face were noticed by the stylish lady as the gray head bowed upon the floor.

"Excuse me—John in trouble?"

"No, no—I'm in trouble. Trouble my old heart never thought to see."

"The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head upon my cloak."

"You are kind. If my own were so I shouldn't be in trouble to-night."

"What is your trouble? May be I can help you."

"It's hard to tell it to strangers, but my old heart is too full to keep it back. When I was left a widow with the three children I thought it was more than I could bear; but it wasn't bad as this—"

The stranger waited till she recovered her voice to go on.

"I had only the cottage and my willing hands. I toiled early and late all the years till John could help me. Then we kept the girls at school, John and me. They were married not long ago. Married rich as the world goes. John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them and he went West to begin for himself. He said we had provided for the girls and they would provide for me now—"

Her voice choked with emotion. The stranger waited in silence.

"I went to them in the city. I went to Mary's first. She lived in a great house, with servants to wait on her; a house many times larger than the little cottage—but I soon found there wasn't room enough for me—"

The tears stood in the lines on her cheeks. The ticket agent came out softly, stirred the fire and went back. After a pause she continued:

"I went to Martha's—went with a pain in my heart I never felt before. I was willing to do any thing so as not to be a burden. But that wasn't it. I found they were ashamed of my bent old body and withered face—ashamed of my rough, wrinkled hands—made so toiling for them—"

The tears came thick and fast now. The stranger's hand rested caressingly on the gray head.

"At last they told me I must live at a boarding house and they'd keep me there. I couldn't say any thing back. My heart was too full of pain. I wrote to John what they were going to do. He wrote back, a long, kind letter for me to come right to him. I always had a home while he had a roof, he said. To come right there and stay as long as I lived. That his mother should never go out to strangers. So I'm going to John. He's got only his rough hands and his great warm heart—but there's room for his old mother—God bless—him—"

The stranger brushed a tear from her fair cheek and awaited the conclusion.

"Some day when I am gone where I'll never trouble them again Mary and Martha will think of it all. Some day when the hands that toiled for them are folded and still; when the eyes that watched over them through many a weary night are closed forever; when the little old body, bent with the burdens it bore for them, is put away where it never can shame them—"

The agent drew his hand quickly before his eyes, and went out, as if to look for the train. The stranger's jeweled fingers stroked the gray locks, while the tears of sorrow and the tears of sympathy fell together. The weary heart was unburdened. Soothed by a touch of sympathy the troubled soul yielded to the longings of rest, and she fell fast asleep.—Philadelphia Times.

OVER NIAGARA.

Two Dogs Which Went Over the Falls Without the Least Injury.

It is an error to say that no creature that ever went over Niagara Falls escaped with its life. In 1835 a bull terrier went over and came out alive.

In 1858 an otter dog was flung in above the Falls, and an hour afterward it came dripping up the ferry steps, a little rattled and disgusted with things in general, but otherwise uninjured.

A recent writer says that there can sometimes be seen at the foot of the Falls water cones apparently ten or twelve feet high. These are formed by the rapid accumulation and condensation of the falling water. It pours down so rapidly and in such quantities that the water below, so to speak, can not run off fast enough, and it piles up as though it were in a state of violent ebullition. These cones are constantly falling and breaking. A hardy animal falling on to one of these cones as on a soft cushion, might slide safely into the current below. The dogs were, doubtless, fortunate enough to fall in this way and were also aided by the repulsion of the water from the rocks in the swift channel through which they passed.

BEES AND HONEY.

But even this was a small affair compared with what is related in ancient history of persons being driven from their native towns being compelled to flee before myriads of bees.

The African traveler, mentions a modern instance which took place near Dooprop: "We had no sooner unloaded the asses than some of the people, being in search of honey, inopportunistly disturbed a large swarm of bees."

They came out in immense numbers, and attacked men and beasts at the same time. Luckily, most of the asses were loose, and galloped up the valley; but the horses and people were very much stung, and obliged to scamper off in all directions.

In fact, for half an hour the bees seemed to have put an end to our journey. In the evening, when they became less troublesome and we could venture to collect our cattle, we found many of them much stung and swelled about the head. Three asses were missing; one died in the evening, and another next morning. Our guide lost his horse, and many of the people were much stung about the head and face."

The fierceness and unrelenting cruelty of the ancient Assyrians, and the ferocity with which their swarming multitudes filled the inhabitants of the lands they invaded, have caused them to be likened to bees in their much-dreaded attacks on such as have aroused their anger; "And it shall come to pass in that day that the Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost part of the rivers of Egypt, and for the bee that is in the land of Assyria. And they shall come, and shall rest all of them in the desolate valleys, and in the holes of the rocks, and upon all thorns, and upon all bushes. The 'hiss' was simply a call, in allusion to the note of the queen bee, as she issues her royal mandate to her ever loyal subjects to prepare for action. It has also been supposed to allude to a custom prevailing in very ancient times in connection with the bee culture, or honey-raising in the neighborhood of rivers. During the dry season, a number of hives would be placed on a flat-bottomed boat, in the charge of an attendant. Very early in the morning the boat would begin the day's voyage, gently gliding down the river, the bees sailing forth with the sun to collect their golden stores and deposit them in their several hives, which they commonly know by some mark. The innumerable flowers on the banks of the rivers offered them a fine harvest-field. At the approach of evening the well-known whistle or 'hiss' of the care-taker—a decent imitation of the queen's own call—would bring them back to their hives in multitudes, when the boat would be paddled back to the farm or other place of rendezvous.

As an article of food, and as a much-valued and even royal luxury, honey has been used from the remotest ages. Nor was it much, if any, less in request as a healing medicine for both inward and outward application. And though it may have fallen somewhat into disuse in these days, when many good things are overlooked, and when the artificial too often supplants the real, it may be safely predicted that the wide and rapid spread of bee-culture will induce a return to some of the wiser uses and methods and forms of adaptation employed by our early forefathers, as well as stimulate to new applications and developments of its wondrous powers.

When and by whom mead or metheglin was first made from honey, could not be easily determined. The two words are not infrequently applied to the same liquor; but that is not correct, as they are dissimilar. Both, however, are made from honey, sometimes also from the refuse or washings of the comb. Queen Elizabeth had such fondness for metheglin as to prescribe carefully how it should be made and with what variety of herbs it should be flavored. In Wales, it long continued to be held in high esteem; and its various beneficial properties have been quaintly set forth in a letter addressed to Cliffe, the historian, by the learned Welshman, Rev. James Howells (born 1594), brother of Thomas Howells, some time Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. The uniqueness of the communication is the apology for its quotation in full:

Sir—To inaugurate a new and jovial year unto you, I send you a moraine's draught of mead, a beehive's honey, neither Sir John Barleycorn nor Bacchus hath any thing to do with it; but it is the pure juice of the bee, the laborious bee, and king of insects. The Druids, the old Brits, bards were wont to take a carouse hereof before they entered into their speculations, and if you do so when your fancy labors with anything, it will do you no hurt; and I know your fancy to be very good. But this drink always carries a kind of state with it, for it must be attended with a brown toast; nor will it admit of but one good draught, and that in the morning; if more, it will keep a huming in the head, and so speak much of the house it came from, I mean the hive, as I gave a caution elsewhere; and because the bottle might make more haste, have made it up upon these (poetic) feet:

J. H. T. C. Saltem et Annum Platonicum. The juice of bees, not Bacchus, here behold, Which British bards were wont to quaff of old.

The berries of the grape with furies well, But in the honeycomb the graces dwell!

This alludes to a saying which the Turks have, that there lurks a devil in every berry of the vine, so I wish you cordially as to me an auspicious and joyful new year, because you know I am, etc.

Metheglin is no doubt a healthy beverage, containing an admixture of milk. Pallas Komulus, when he was a hundred years old, told Julius Caesar that he had preserved the vigor of his mind and body by taking metheglin inwardly, and using oil outwardly. Metheglin and mead may be made very strong, and, of course, they both contain some amount of alcohol. In Virgil's days metheglin was used to qualify wine when harsh. He writes of

PITH AND POINT.

—A New York man asserts that his dog can count. Probably because he's seen him figure in a scene with a young man trying to get over the fence.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

—It is said Bernhart has two ambitions. One is to get fat, the other to write good poetry. She can never fatten herself writing poetry. It is too thin.—Chicago Tribune.

—"My uncle is a sailor," sings a poet. If this is not a mere flight of fancy, this poet's relative is in a very different business from the "uncles" of most poets.—N. Y. Graphic.

—Swift said the reason a certain university was a learned place was, that most persons took some learning there, and few brought any away with them, so it accumulated.—N. Y. Witness.

—"The editor of our esteemed contemporary across the river," said a sarcastic village journalist, "is very fresh, but the malady doesn't extend to his news columns."—Somerville Journal.

—No, it is not hard to write funny paragraphs; all you have to do is to procure a pen, some paper and ink, and then sit down and write them as they occur to you. It is not the writing, but the occurring, that is hard.—New Haven News.

—A little girl, visiting a neighbor with her mother, was gazing curiously at the hostess's new bonnet, when the owner queried: "Do you like it, Laura?" The innocent replied: "Why, mother said it was a perfect fright; but it don't scare me!"—Exchange.

—"As between a dog and a dude for a summer resort pet," said a young lady as a young man left her side, "give me the dog." "Why?" asked her companion. "The dog never says any thing." "Neither does the dude, does he?" "No; but he makes me tired talking so much."—Washington Critic.

—Customer (to drug clerk)—What do you charge for arsenic? Drug Clerk (suspiciously)—What do you want it for? Customer—I am a French candy manufacturer. Drug Clerk (suspiciously allied)—Oh, I beg pardon, sir; I thought perhaps you wanted to take it yourself.—N. Y. Sun.

—Algernon—Do you know I don't believe there is any thing in the theory that fish is great brain food? Augustus—Why, I always supposed that was a fact. Have you eaten much fish? Algernon—O yes, an awful lot. Augustus—Well, then, I guess you're right, old chap.—The Rambler.

—"Yes," said a Kentuckian who had been in the Far West, "Indians are powerful fond of whiskey. Let 'em once get the taste of whiskey and they'll give up every thing for it. An old chief out in Western Dakota offered me a pony, saddle, bridle, blanket and I don't know what else for a pint of whiskey I had with me." "And you wouldn't give it to him?" "Not much. That was the last pint I had left. But it shows how fond Indians are of whiskey."—N. Y. Sun.

TICKER SUBSIDED.

Why a Newly-Married Grain Speculator smiled a Siskily Smile.

One of the operators on the Chicago Board of Trade was married a short time ago, and, of course, the first time he appeared on the Board after his honeymoon he was subjected to many congratulations and much good-natured bantering. One of his friends, after congratulating him suddenly reached over and took a long brown hair from his shoulder.

"Looks bad in a married man, Ticker," he exclaimed, holding it up to the light.

"Oh, that's all right," replied Ticker, smiling; "it's my wife's."

"No, no; that won't do," responded the friend; "your wife's hair is darker than that."

This made Ticker a trifle angry, and he exclaimed excitedly:

"I tell you it is my wife's. I guess I know my wife's hair when I see it."

"Well, you certainly ought to," said the friend, gazing intently at it. "But are you sure it's your wife's?"

"Sure? Of course I am. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I thought perhaps there might be a mistake. You see, I found it on Brown's shoulder just before I saw you."

Ticker's smile was a siskily one as he invited the crowd down to the nearest bar.—Chicago Rambler.

Why He Bought a Revolver.

"Heard you've been out fishing, Gadsby?"

"Yes, I spent the best part of ten days setting on a wet rock and holding a pole over the water."

"Catch any thing?"

"Naw. Miserable luck! Would you believe it, every time I pulled my line out one afternoon my bait was gone? I felt like asking the railroad and hotel for my money back."

"Yes, I should think you would! You were entitled to a re-bait, anyhow."

Gadsby has traded off his fishing outfit for a nickel-plated revolver.—Merchant Traveler.

—A new sewing-machine, said to do excellent work, has been brought out in England, and is meeting with an enormous sale. It is the invention of a German. It makes a perfect lock-stitch, only eight inches wide, and once in a while a siskily one. It contains no wheels, and is fastened to a table by means of a hump clamp. It sells for two dollars and sixty-two cents. As it can be packed in a small box it can be carried in the pocket.