



WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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H. H. WELCH, The Donkey's New Departure: A Donkey who was tired of drawing his Master's Cart.

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LINCOLN'S STORIES.

How the Great President Managed to Conciliate Contending Factions. President Lincoln knew human nature. Long intercourse with the people and with politicians, practice as a jury lawyer and experience as a legislator, made him familiar with the weakness and strength of men.

In the course of a few hours, the Governor was seen wending his way to the railroad station, wearing a pleasant smile, and only anxious to go home by the next train.

'Mr. President, how did you dispose of the Governor?' asked a friend. 'He went to you in a towering rage, and came out smiling. I suppose you found it necessary to make large concessions to his demands?'

'O no, I didn't concede anything,' replied the President. 'You know how that Illinois farmer managed the big log which lay in the middle of his field? To the question of his neighbors as to how he was getting along with it, he replied, 'I've got rid of that log!'

'Well now, boys, if you won't tell the secret I'll tell you how I got rid of it; I plowed around it.'

'Now, said the President, 'don't tell anybody, but that's the way I got rid of the Governor. I plowed around him.'

'Another Governor, though able, patriotic and untiring in raising troops, always wanted his own way, and was very exacting in his intercourse with the General Government. Once his complaints and protests were so bitter that it was feared he would refuse to co-operate. The Secretary of War, therefore, laid the dispatches before the President.

'Never mind, never mind,' said Mr. Lincoln, after reading them. 'These dispatches don't mean anything. Just go right ahead. The Governor is like a boy I saw once at a launching. When everything was ready they picked out a boy and sent him under the ship to knock away the trigger and let her go.'

'At the critical moment every thing depended on the boy. He had to do the job by a direct, vigorous blow, and then lie flat and keep still while the ship slid over him. The boy did every thing right, but he yelled as if he was being murdered from the time he got under the keel until he got out. I thought the skin was all scraped off his back, but he wasn't hurt at all. The master of the yard told me that this boy was always chosen for that job, that he did his work well, and had never been hurt. But he would always squeal.'

PAPER PAILS.

Interesting Description of the Various Processes Employed in Their Manufacture. Rags and paper waste are steamed in vats for a few hours, and then thrown into beating troughs partly filled with water. The 'beating' is done by a revolving cylinder with fifty knives set at different angles. The knives reduce the rags to a dirty purple pulp, and change the newspaper wrappers to a soft mass.

About four hundred pounds of water are put under each beater. When paper and rags are each reduced to pulp the opening of a trap lets it run into the stuff chest in the cellar. One part of rag pulp to three of paper is run into the stuff chest. When pumped from the stuff chest into the trough of the winding machine, the future pail looks like a thin water gruel. A hollow cylinder covered with brass wire spashes around in the trough, and the pulp clings fast to the wire. After the cylinder has performed a half revolution it comes in contact with another cylinder, covered with felt, that takes off the pulp.

As the large cylinder goes down on the return trip, and just before dipping into the trough again, the little particles of pulp sticking to the wire are washed off by streams of water from a sieve. On the inside of the cylinder is a fan pump that discharges the waste liquid. From the felt-covered cylinder the pulp is paid on to the forming cylinder, so called. It is about the shape of the paper cone caps worn by bakers and cooks, but made of solid wood and covered with zinc, with the small end or bottom part of the pail toward the workman.

The forming roll drops automatically when pulp of the required thickness is wound around it. From here the now promising pail is put in the pressing machine, which looks something like a silk hat block, in six sections, with perforated brass wire upper faces. The sections move from and to a common center, and the frame is the size of the pail wanted.

The workman drops his damp skeleton of a pail into the frame, touches a lever, and the sections move toward their center and squeeze the moisture out of the pail. The pail is still a little damp, and spends a few hours in the drying-room at a temperature of one hundred and fifty degrees. The sections of the pressing machine mark the bands which are seen on the finished pail. After it is dry, the pail is drawn like a glove, over a steel forming roll which is heated, and is ironed by another revolving calender, with steam thrown on the pail to keep it moist, as if it was a shirt bosom. The pail, or rather its frame, is pared at each end, punched with four holes to fasten on the handle, and corrugated, or channeled, for the puttings on of the iron hoops.

A wooden plate large enough to spring the pail so that the bottom can be put in, is inserted, and the paper bottom held under a weight which drops and knocks the bottom where it belongs. The factory has a machine of its own invention for the bending of the hoop into shape.

After it has been cut to the proper length and width, the straight strip of iron is run over a semi-circular edge of steel, on which it is held, and drops on the floor a round hoop with a fold in the middle to catch the top and bottom edges of the pail. After a waterproof composition is put on, the pail is baked in a kiln for about forty-eight hours, at a temperature of two hundred and three hundred degrees. It is dried, after its first coat of paint, sandpapered, and then takes two more coats of paint, with a drying between, and a coat of varnish which is baked on, before—with its wooden handle and brass clamps—the pail is ready for the hand of the dairy-maid, hostler or cook.—Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard.

Treatment of a Scalped Finger. A surgeon of Tours, Dr. Thomas, has recently communicated a very interesting fact concerning the surgery of the fingers. A man while passing over a gate lost the whole skin of one of his fingers, a ring around one of them having got caught between the gate and iron bar, and the weight of the man while jumping having forcibly dragged the finger through the ring. The ring and the skin remained an entire hour on the gate. Dr. Thomas secured both, and reintroduced the scalped finger into the normal envelope, a good part of it was restored to life; and it is possible that, if the operation could have been performed earlier, the result might have been quite satisfactory.—Science.

Two morning paper reporters waited the other evening in Albany for the results of a meeting that was being carried on in German. They were compelled to listen to the unintelligible jargon for two hours, and then were coolly informed that a resolution had just been passed making 'ol'—proceedings secret.—N. Y. Mail.

NOSES REMODELED.

A Berlin Surgeon Who Repairs and Remakes Noses of Every Description. There are some people in this world who should carry their noses in a scabbard. If for no other reason than to hide them from the public gaze. New Orleans is full of such people. Many of them have knotty, lumpy, flat, twisted and curly noses, which are a positive humiliation to the owners and a source of much mortification to the rest of mankind. But the ugly nosed men and women need no longer suffer. The hour of their deliverance from ungainly beaks has come, and if they do not haul out the artillery and fire a salute it is their own fault.

A Berlin surgeon has discovered the art of repairing and remodeling noses of all sizes and ages. He can take a nose shaped like an artichoke and by his peculiar method turn it into a beautiful and really class snout. He bars nothing. The fact of the matter is he invites the hideous and pays a premium for it. The man with a nose twisted like a gourd handle or a ram's horn is his pleasure. The man with no nose at all is his delight and joy.

His Berlin surgeon, when he gets hold of a bad nose, puts chloroform under it and then grasps it with a pair of bone forceps and smashes, cuts and knocks it into a pulp, and then he goes quietly to work, and with the nasal bone for a foundation, builds a nose that makes the gods weep with envy, and which is a real luxury to wipe and to blow.

This discovery is going to be a blessing to the human race, for the reason that he is willing to impart to his brother professionals the knowledge he has gained concerning noses, and to make them the beneficiaries of his art. This generosity on his part leads us to believe that a good deal of ugliness now existing in the human family will be destroyed. For instance, the society girl with a pug nose tilted up at the end, and which causes her to look as if she were constantly smelling a boneyard or a garbage barrel, can have it transformed into a proboscis as delicate and as captivating as that worn by the handsome girl whose likeness is imprinted on our silver dollar. The person with a short nose can have it properly and artistically elongated; the long nose can be judiciously curtailed, and the fat and warty nose treated in such a manner as to make it appear thin and manly.

The greatest benefit to be derived from the discovery, however, is the fact that it will make the men of to-day braver and readier than they are to battle for their personal rights, for the reason that if they get into a fight and their noses are mashed, they can go off and put them in dock and have them repaired at small cost. A broken nose will not amount to much more than a broken walking-stick, and the dudes careful of their good looks will be happy.

It is the one ambition of the Berlin surgeon's life to secure the job of putting a decent nose on the Duke of Cumberland. The Duke was born without a nose, and a scrub doctor, who pretended to know all about such things, made him a nasal organ out of flesh cut from his aristocratic arm. Unfortunately, however, for the Duke, his nose looks like a huge red tumor, which wobbles from one side to the other when he walks, and trembles and oscillates in the wind as if it were a clump of jelly. The Berlin nose-maker says that he can remove the one-horn affair from the face of the Duke and build him a royal sniffer that will stand up against a forty-mile gale as stiff as the bowsprit of a Dutch iron-clad. He will guarantee it not to flop, shake or to become loose in its fastenings, and, therefore, we advise the Duke to take advantage of the opportunity and get a beak with some backbone to it.—N. O. States.

SUCCESS WITH FOWLS.

How to Make the Egg Business One of Profit and Pleasure. Success with fowls, kept exclusively for their eggs, is gained only by constant care for their cleanliness and comfort. They must have a variety of food, a good, large run, with opportunity to exercise, or be forced to take exercise in scratching for their feed, as upon a floor covered with chaffed straw. They may be kept safely in flocks of seventy to one hundred, but the larger the flock the more danger there is from disease and from thieves. The free use of carbolic acid is a great safeguard. It may be applied in sawdust or clay, the dry material being moistened by the carbolic acid thoroughly stirred into it. The less of the carbolic acid that is used the better, provided every particle of sawdust or of dry clay has its quota. This disinfectant thus prepared, may be used in the nests, in the dusting box, upon the floors, under the roosts, etc. It is fatal alike to parasites and to tendency to disease in most cases. It can not be depended upon in dirty houses for fermenting manure, receiving fresh additions constantly, will overpower almost any disinfectant that could be safely used.

By spading or plowing up a portion of the runs frequently, fowls get healthful exercise and find a few grubs and worms, and with breeds of fowls which are active by nature, exercise means eggs, and incidentally, perfect health.—American Agriculturist.

One penmanship, an instrument that unites the tones of the violin, viola, cello and double bass, is a recent invention of a Buffalo musician.—Buffalo Express.

LINCOLN'S FUNERAL CAR.

Now Used by the Section-Men of a Railroad Company in the Far West. There is on the Marysville & Blue Valley branch of the Union Pacific road an old dilapidated car. Its exterior is in sad need of the painter's brush. Its interior is rough and dirty. It is fitted up with rough bunks, and is used to transport section hands from point to point. A close inspection, however, of its present condition will reveal features which would puzzle one who had seen it years ago. Here and there will be discovered a trace of gilding. The woodwork, if you scratch off the soot and dirt, will be found to be of solid mahogany and black walnut.

In short, it is a relic of faded grandeur. Although it now 'takes in lodgers,' like the traditional landlady, it has 'seen better days.' This poor, old, shabby-genteel common-carrier was once considered the finest car ever built in the United States. Mechanics from all parts of the country, who were master workmen, were secured to work in its construction. It once shone resplendent in red velvet and gilding. It is, in short, the famous car 'Abraham Lincoln.'

This car was built in Alexandria, Va., in 1864. It was intended for a directors' car, to run on the military railroads; that is, the roads which ran into the section of the country where the heavy fighting was going on. These roads had either been seized from the Secessionists or appropriated by the Federals, as the case might be, and this car was used by the directors of the roads and by the military officials.

It was at the time considered par excellence. It wore all the trappings belonging to wealth and rank. It shone resplendent in scarlet and gold. Soft turkey carpets covered its floor, velvet couches and chairs adorned its central reception-room. At one end were state-rooms for sleeping purposes. At the other was a dining-room and kitchen, over which presided a chief of supreme attainments in his profession. Statesmen, famous over the civilized world, reclined on its upholstered couches and dined at its tables. The original cost of this car was something over thirty thousand dollars. When Lincoln was assassinated, to this car, his namesake, was entailed the duty of conveying his remains to Springfield.

From the performance of this duty the car attained a National reputation, and speculators began at once to make bids for it, with a view to putting it on exhibition in dime museums. To prevent this the car was bought up by Mr. Lincoln's old law partner, Mr. Ward H. Lamson, now a resident of Denver. He purchased it at a Government sale at Alexandria in 1865. Shortly after Mr. Lamson had bought it Secretary Stanton wrote him a letter begging that the car be kept out of the hands of exhibitors. This Mr. Lamson assured him was his intention.

In 1866 the car was sold by Mr. Lamson to Mr. Henry S. McComb, of Delaware, one of the directors of the Union Pacific, for that road. It then was used to bring out from New York Mr. T. C. Durant and a party who made a trip to what was then the western terminus of the road. At that time the different tribes of Indians along the line were throwing obstructions in the way of the further progress of the road, and in this car the officials met representatives of the various tribes to discuss the matter. On the return of the car to Omaha it was held there, and was used as an officers' car up to '69. It was then, on orders from Sydney Dillon, changed to an emigrant car, and remained in that service up to 1874. It was then sold to the Colorado Central for three thousand dollars, and marked 'Colorado Central No. 4.' It was used by the road as a chief engineer's car.

The old car has been knocked around from place to place, at every move descending lower and lower from its exalted height, until now, in its battered old age, it transfers the section hands from point to point over the road.—Denver Tribune-Republican.

VITAL STATISTICS.

Facts With Regard to the Birth and Death Rates of Various Nations. Statisticians are bringing out some curious facts with regard to the birth and death rates of the leading nations of the world. Unfortunately, our tables are not as accurate as those collected in the European States. Abroad, there is a careful record of marriages, births and deaths. These are collected by us without any thoroughness, save only when a census is being taken. In England and Wales, it has been found that the birth-rate is 35.4, and the death-rate 20.5 per thousand persons. In Sweden, the birth-rate is 30.2, against a death-rate of 18.1. In the German Empire, birth-rate 33.3 and death-rate 25.1. Austria, 39.1 birth rate, 29.6 death-rate. The official returns state that our annual birth rate is 36, and death-rate 18, but clearly our birth-rate is much larger, as we are growing in numbers faster than any people on earth. Our increase is fully 10,000,000 since the last census was taken in 1880. Our colored population have a higher birth-rate than have the Southern whites. Among the latter it is 28.71, while for the colored it is 35.98. Although the death-rate of the blacks is quite large, still they are increasing relatively faster than the whites; it is also a curious fact that more colored females are born than whites, but taking blacks and whites together, the births of the males exceed those of the females.

PHOTO-PRINTING.

Photography for Book Illustrations and Zinc-Types for Newspaper Work. The use of a photographic negative in connection with a lithographic surface has become of such importance for almost every sort of illustrated work, from the business circular to the finest books of art, that the name of Poitevin, the French inventor and rival father of the process, deserves to be better known than it is. Louis Alphonse Poitevin was born at Condans, in the Department of the Sarthe, France, in 1819. His bent towards applied chemistry led him early to the Ecole Centrale, in Paris, where he devoted himself almost entirely to chemical and mechanical studies, leaving the school in 1843 with the diploma of civil engineer. His first appointment was that of chemist in the national salt works in the east of France, in which capacity he introduced many improvements in the processes and machinery used, and also in the manufacture of potash, sulphuric acid, etc. When photography came upon the world as a scientific curiosity, Poitevin's taste for chemistry led him to experiment with the new toy, and in 1848 he published the fact that it was possible to produce an electro deposit of copper upon the whites of the daguerrotype image. His work in this direction led to the discovery of a method of photo-chemical engraving upon metallic plates coated with gold or silver, for which he received the medal of the Societe d'Encouragement des Arts.

Soon afterwards he began work upon the study of the action of light upon bichromated gelatine. He first applied himself to the production of molds in relief, and patented in 1855 his heliographic process, which consisted in preparing a film of gelatine, which, after sensitizing by means of bichromate of potassium, was exposed to light under a negative. When cold water was applied, the parts unacted upon by light swelled up and so formed an image in relief from which a mold in plaster or other suitable material could be taken.

His next achievement was the ink process. He discovered that the surface of the bichromated gelatine film after exposure to light became repellent of water, while it permitted a greasy ink to adhere. In 1856 he established a workshop for the production of pictures by this process. Some of his early plates are in the possession of Mr. Edward Bierstadt, of this city, and compare favorably with much work of to-day. Poitevin was, however, too much engrossed in invention to prosper in business, and he sold out the shop to Lemerre, who still carries it on and turned his attention again to experiments. In 1862 he perfected a system of carbon printing, from which all the present processes are derived. He also published researches in connection with the action of light upon various salts of iron. The Duc de Luynes awarded him the prize offered for advances in applied science, and at the exhibition of 1878 he was adjudged a gold medal and an honorarium of seven thousand francs in recognition of his services. He died at Condans, March 4, 1882.

Some of the best work done in this country with process growing out of Poitevin's invention is that known under the general head of photogravure, which is printed directly from an etched plate. The plate is covered with a sensitive film and afterwards etched, the acid acting where the light coming through a negative has fallen. From such a plate, using a copper-plate press, the New York company which makes a specialty of this work produces very beautiful results. For fine books, where cheapness is not sought, the photogravure answers the purpose admirably, for any number of impressions can be taken. The same company also uses the gelatine plate process, as modified by Mr. C. T. Roche. Some of the large plates and reproductions of sepia sketches, done in this way, are admirable specimens of the art at its best.

For purposes of newspaper illustration, especially in colors, zincography is much used in Europe and, to a small extent, in this country. Zinc plates are coated with an asphaltum film and exposed under a negative or drawing from ten to sixty minutes. Asphaltum in certain conditions is sensitive to light. Where light acts acid can penetrate to the plate, and it is etched in the usual manner. When it is desired to print in colors, a negative is prepared for each color, one allowing no light to pass except for yellows, another reds, etc. Many German and French newspapers are illustrated by this process. The colored plates in the last Christmas number of the Paris Figaro, so largely sold in this country, were photozincotypes.—N. Y. Post.

A Very Thoughtful Woman: A man went home the other night and found his house locked up. After infinite trouble he managed to gain an entrance through a back window, and then discovered on the tiger lily table a note from his wife, reading: 'I have gone out. You will find the key on the side of the step.'—N. Y. Ledger.

The sweet pea is now fashionable. It has not the gaudy, leonine beauty of the sunflower, and it lacks the tawny, Titanic togger of the tiger lily, while as a dollar-jerker to the Jacqueminot rose the sweet-pea is nowhere, but for neat, unadorned remembrance of the backyard and your first girl, with her hair down her back in two braids, the sweet-pea sweeps the deck with a whole royal sequence of the boyish past.—Philadelphia Times.