

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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H. H. WELCH.

The Young Women's Christian Association of New York has grown in ten years to a magnificent institution. It is now completing a handsome home of its own, which will be occupied in September. It will contain a library, reading-rooms, class-rooms, and all the latest improvements. The association has offices in photography, type-writing, commercial arithmetic, book-keeping, machine and hand-sewing, cutting and fitting, photo-coloring and drawing, and means for obtaining situations and work for seamstresses. Last year instruction was given to more than six hundred girls, 1,200 situations were secured, and over \$1,800 was paid to seamstresses for work.—N. Y. Tribune.

In the State of Iowa there are 254 congregational churches; they have ministers, 18,223 members, 26,079 on the Sunday-schools; they have church property valued at \$855,480, and parsonages at \$68,700. They pay pastors \$132,600, and for benevolent purposes gave last year over \$33,000.—Iowa State Register.

'LOVE AND PHILOSOPHY.

'Twas at the Concord sages' school, We met one summer's day; I guessed—and used no logic rule— I guessed what she would say.

"The very warm"—this with a sigh—"The sun that shines from thence," She said and pointed to the sky, "Is rolling toward the Whence."

I told her that it must be so, At least it seemed so there; For there was much I did not know Of the Whattness of the Where.

About the only thing I knew, When she was standing near, Was that the sky was much more blue In the Nowness of the Here.

She smiled and said perhaps 'twas well Those pretty theories to touch; And asked me if the rule I'd tell Of the Smallness of the Much.

I told her that I did not know, That rule, but then I knew A rule that just as well would go— The Oneness of the Two.

He blushed and looked down on the ground, And said: "It can't be so; For then the whole earth turned around, For my heart was full of you, 'Till the Oneness of my God."

I said, "I now shall go," He murmured: "Don't you comprehend The Vexness of my No?"

—W. J. Henderson, in Puck.

A WAYSIDE FLOWER.

Rose in "Love Lane" and What Became of It.

They were walking down "Love Lane" in a gay, chattering procession of girls with laurel-wreathed hats, young men bearing shawls and baskets, a matron or two; last of all Stephen Milton, a child on either side of him, and in his arms little Nanny Forsythe half asleep. Wherever Stephen went children followed, led by attraction irresistible as that which draws iron filings to the magnet. Grown people could not understand this attraction, but the little ones never mistook about it. Sleepy as she was, Nanny's small hand kept patting his shoulder as they went along, and her voice cooed words of drowsy endearment which made Stephen smile, gloomily as he felt that day. Each cheerily reply to the children's questions cost an effort; but he spoke cheerfully all the same, and tried to keep his eyes from wandering forward to where Captain Hallett walked by the side of Milly Graves, with his handsome head very near hers, and his voice murmuring low sentences inaudible to the rest of the party. Many glances were sent back at this couple from those in advance, for Neal Hallett was the novelty of the moment, a hero and a stranger; and the girls, who were only too well-disposed to pull cards for him, thought it "quite too bad" for Milly to absorb his attentions as she had done all day.

But, after all, what could Milly, what could any girl, do, when an all-conquering Captain takes up his position at her side in early morning and never leaves it until late afternoon? It is not in girl nature to resist such tribute, and Stephanie De Witt, in front, was partly justified in calling it "a desperate flirtation," although I fear the poet with which she spoke was due rather to amour propre than outraged morals. But on Milly's side it was not all flirtation. For all her mirth, saucy ways, she was a sensitive, credulous creature, just the woman to give "gold for dust," and stake her all in that unequal barter so common in this world of misunderstood values.

Her fair cheeks were flushed and her blue eyes full of shy excitement as they walked along, talking about—dear me, what do people talk about when they are young and of different sexes? Captain Hallett's fine eyes said more than his tongue; his martial moustache seemed to give point and value to more nothings. He carried a little little cane with which he emphasized his sentences; now cutting the air, now beheading a mullein, in a way which Milly thought fascinating. And then Love Lane was such a pretty spot, the very place to be eloquent in. Its winding turns were hedged with fragrant growths—woodbine, brier, sweet fern and bay. Overhead the trees met and clasped in shady arches. Here and there a pink honeysuckle glistened in the network of green, or a train of shimmering clematis. The pure primrose light of a cloudless sunset sifted down through the canopy of boughs; a light breeze stirred, full of delicious smells. It was like an evening in fairy-land.

Suddenly a turning brought them to a fern-clad bank, against which, set in a frame work of tremulous verdure, stood one rose of perfect wild wood pink, poised at tip of a cluster of vivid leaves. It was like an enchanted queen, Milly thought.

"How beautiful!" she cried; but even as the words left her lips the restless rose flew through the air, flaked the rose from its stem, and sent it into the lustrous road, a little whirlwind of broken leaves accompanying its fall.

"What a pity!" said she, involuntarily. "It's only a will rose, you know," surprised.

"But don't you like wild roses?" "O, yes; but there are so many of them that it is hardly worth while to waste sentiment on a single one," and the Captain showed his fine teeth in a smile that was the least bit cruel.

Milly sighed, and cast a regretful look behind her. Her gentle nature felt the fair despoiled thing. But, for all, there were plenty of wild roses as Captain Hallett said, and presently she forgot her sympathy and its use. Another turning in the lane brought them to the village outskirts, and to Squire Allen's gate, where the rest of the party were waiting. There were good-byes to say, divisions to make. Mrs. Allen was intent on se-

uring to each person his or her own basket, Kitty Felton was counting teaspoons, Stephanie hunting for a missing plate. In the midst of these researches Stephen came up with the children. He looked weary, and put Nanny into her mother's arms with an air of relief, disregarding the drowsy protest which she uttered.

"What a lovely rose, Stephen!" said some of the girls. "Where did you find it?"

"In the road," replied Stephen. "Somebody had switched it from its stem and left it to die, so we picked it up."

"Yes, and Mr. Felton said it was a shame to treat flowers so," put in a little boy.

The Captain listened impassively, but Milly gave a half-pained glance at the flower. "That was just like you, Stephen," she said, softly; and Stephen brightened for the first time that day.

It seemed to Stephen, looking back, that his love for Milly had begun when he was a boy of five and she was a baby in the cradle. He could not recollect the time when he did not prefer her to all other girls. At school he was her knight, his sled, his jack-knife, his help, always at her service. Stephen taught her to skate, to row. It was he who brought her the first maple-sugar, the first arbutus; he who took her on sleigh rides; and walked home with her from church and the village tea parties. Milly absorbed these services not ungratefully, but as a matter of course. She had been used to them from her babyhood, and could have almost as well dispensed with sun or air out of her life; but sun and air being never withdrawn, are rarely noticed or alluded to. "Dear old Stephen," she called him. Now it is not well for a man to lavish himself on a woman who thinks of him only as "dear old Stephen."

And now Stephen was doomed to stand by and see a stranger appropriate the object of this life-long devotion. He had sworn, and another was to reap his labors. Day by day all that summer long the glamour grew and deepened. Captain Hallett's leave of absence seemed of the most elastic description, permitting him to stay the entire season at Baymonth. His evenings, his evenings, his noons, were spent with Milly. Stephen sickened at the inevitable gold-banded cap that met his eyes whenever he entered the house, and proved his rival in possession of the field. Milly greeted Stephen kindly always; but there was a sense of interruption; he felt himself a third party. Then he tried staying away; but that was worst of all, for his love did not notice his absence beyond a careless "What ago it is since we saw you, Stephen?" This state of affairs, of course, set people to talking, but Milly was blushing indignantly. "It was hard," she declared, "if a girl couldn't have a pleasant friend without having such things said." But her pretty poutings and protestings made little difference, and it was generally understood that the affair, if not an absolute engagement, amounted to "an understanding," whatever that may mean.

At last the long, lovely summer came to an end as summers will. Scolden bought flamed in the golden rod burned along the brook-sides, the birds flew, and with them Captain Hallett prepared for flight. His orders had come to report in Galveston, Texas, and his leave-taking were hurried. The last moment was Milly's, and though no one knew the exact situation of affairs, it was taken for granted that another year would bring orange blossoms and a wedding. Milly's own expectations were not so definite. No definite promise had passed between her and her lover, but she trusted him and waited brightly and hopefully. Letters came and went; the scarlet boughs burned into ashes and fell to the ground in pale heaps; then came snow and the winter, to be in turn scourgged away by the whip of the fierce New England spring. Still Milly waited; but not so brightly now, for the letters came less regularly than at first. By and by they ceased altogether. Weeks passed without a word. Milly, with visions of yellow fever and Indians chasing each other across her field, wrote and wrote again; but no presage of the real danger which threatened glanced over till one day, opening the newspaper, this met her eyes:

At Galveston, Texas, by the Rev. Pierre St. Cloud assisted by the Rev. Thomas D. X. Captain Edward Walker, S. A., and former Envoy, only daughter of the late Pierre St. Cloud, of Plakat, Florida. No cards.

Mrs. Graves' eyes heard no sound, but when she went down Milly lay on the sofa, white and rigid, the newspaper still clasped in her cold fingers. It was long before her senses came back. Her mother flamed with anger, but the girl hurried her with a weary sob.

"We were never really engaged, you know."

"Not engaged! O, Milly!" But Milly turned her face to the wall and said no more.

Baymonth was stirred to its depths next day by the news that Captain Hallett was married to a Southern lady, and that Milly Graves was down with typhoid fever. Every one wanted to help to nurse, above all, to know the particulars. Such masses of blank-mange and jelly were sent in that poor Mrs. Graves was at her wits' end to know how to dispose of them. But no one could readily aid, not even poor Stephen, who scarcely left the house day or night, or ate or slept, till the crisis passed, and Milly was pronounced out of danger.

Out of danger, but it was weeks before she could sit up, and weeks longer ere she came down stairs, thin, white, shrunken—a mere shadow and wreck of the blooming little beauty who

walked so gayly up Love Lane at Ned Hallett's side not quite a year ago. She was patient always, and uncomplaining, but she did not often smile. Perhaps Stephen won these infrequent smiles oftener than any one else, and he counted them as precious payment for all time and all trouble spent in her service. Only once did he see her shed tears. This was when, hoping to give her pleasure, he brought in the first wild roses of the season and held them before her. Suddenly a spasm passed over her face, she gave a gasp, turned aside, and struggled for composure. Stephen dropped the flowers as if they burned his fingers and hurried out of the room. A hot anger shot through him. "He has ruined every thing for her," he thought. "Even a rose reminds her of him. Coward that he is. They hang a man for poisoning his water springs; why not hang him? though hanging is too good for such a villain as he."

Nature's processes of cure are secret. It is in their depths that wounds begin to heal. Gradually as months went by the renovating principle worked in Milly. She resumed her place at home, the little duties and pleasures, and took up again the burdens of life. She was pale still, but the paleness unfolded a sweet serenity which was no less lovely than her girlish bloom. "Milly Graves was real improved since her disappointment," certain severe old ladies asserted, and they were not far from right. Stephen adored her more than ever. Two years later he told her so. To his surprise, she was neither astonished or shocked, but looked in his eyes with a smile which was sad and tender and sweet all at once.

"Dear Stephen," she said, "this is just like you. Do you recollect the day in Love Lane, and the rose you picked out of the dust? You are doing the same thing now, but I am not worth it, dear, not worth the picking up."

"Milly," said Stephen, trembling with eagerness, "there never was a day since I first saw you, and that was twenty-one years ago, when I didn't love you beyond any other living thing. Pick you up, indeed! You, my rose of all the world! I am not fit to touch your stem, my darling, or handle one of your leaves, but I love you, dearest, with the whole of my heart. Can you not love me a little bit in return?"

"O, Stephen, I do!" and the fair little fingers closed over his. "There's nobody in the world like you. I always knew that. It's only—the others are so much fresher, you know—fresher and brighter, and—they might make you happier than I can. You're quite sure? You really want me? Then I'll do my best. Why, Stephen, how happy you look!"

"Happy! I should think so, when I've got everything I ever wanted in my life," cried Stephen.—Pittsburgh Courier.

A SHIP-DESTROYER.

Prof. Tuck's Submarine Torpedo-Boat—Trial Trip of the Strange Craft.

Persons walking along Riverside drive at Eighty-sixth street the other afternoon saw a black object skimming along on the surface of the Hudson. Then they didn't see it for a long time. Then it would appear at a distance. The object was a submarine torpedo-boat, the work of Prof. J. L. Tuck, who showed it off to a few friends. The boat is intended to approach a big naval vessel during war times under water, and having left a couple of torpedoes under her hull, to withdraw to a convenient distance and fire them by means of an electric current from a battery. The little craft of iron and steel, weighing twenty tons, is named the Peace-maker. She is thirty feet over all, eight and one-half feet breadth of beam and six feet deep. Placed at each side of the keel is enough lead to load the boat to the water's edge. To sink the vessel below the water there are compartments which can be filled or emptied as required. Compressed air is held in iron pipes, to be liberated as the air grows foul. A common rudder steers the craft, and a horizontal rudder, centrally hinged in a frame at each side of the stern, raises or sinks the boat. On top is a little dome twelve inches high and fourteen inches in diameter, with glass windows for light.

When a ship is to be blown up, as the boat passes beneath her a string of insulated wire carrying two cartridges, one at each end, is released. The cartridges are filled with a powerful explosive and are lightened with corks, so that they will rise against the bottom of the vessel. Then by means of the electric battery, after the boat has withdrawn, the explosion is effected. The little craft dived to a depth of forty feet in the river, and then took a submarine trip up toward Yonkers, remaining under water over seven minutes. The trials were a success, and the gentlemen interested in the boat well pleased. Prof. Tuck said she had made twelve miles an hour, and that she could remain under water several hours.

—N. Y. Times.

TRIANGULAR MIRRORS.

A Charming Device for Ladies Who Are Anxious to See Their Back Hair.

"Women, as everybody knows, are the hardest people in the world to please," said a wan, pale-faced clerk in a large jewelry establishment the other day, just after wrestling for an hour and a half with a fat girl in a red hood, who had bought only a silver bangle bracelet for a dollar. The pale-faced clerk sighed and then continued in a dull and listless sort of a way:

"But I think we've got something now that even the prettiest and meanest female in the world can't complain about. You know (or maybe you don't know, you don't look as though you were married—say, I've been married two years), every woman would rather see the back of her head just after she has put up her hair than anything else on earth. Well, they've been straining their necks and using hand glasses in front of their mirrors for a long time, and the result has not been particularly satisfactory. It has at length occurred to somebody to invent something to remedy this. There is a three-sided glass. It's rather expensive, you see. French plate glass, with ivory backs. The sides are movable and adjustable. A woman can arrange that thing so that she can sit in front of it and see her back hair without turning her head. The advantage is simply beyond calculation. She can catch her dressing maid in a lie regularly every morning."—Philadelphia Press.

The Episcopal friends of the late Bishop C. F. Robinson have presented a home to his family at a cost of \$10,000, and Dr. W. G. Eliot, chancellor, has given to the late Bishop's children life scholarships in Washington University.

ALUMINUM.

The Metal Destined to Revolutionize the Industrial Arts.

"The metal of the future," said a prominent mechanical engineer to me, "is aluminum. In a few years it will displace iron and steel, and simply revolutionize industrial arts everywhere. The millennium will be the age of aluminum." "But," said I, "iron is the commonest of all metals, and aluminum is comparatively rare. Is there enough aluminum in the world to take the place of iron?" "Yes," said he, "and your former assumption is an error. Aluminum is the most plentiful of all metals. The world contains ten times as much of it as of iron. It is everywhere. Every clay-bed is an aluminum mine." "What is the reason," I asked, "that it has not already come into general use?" "The great cost of producing it," he replied. "The metal called sodium is used in the production of aluminum, and it is very expensive. Numberless methods have been tried, and hundreds of chemists all over the world are devoting their lives to the task of finding a cheap way of producing aluminum. The man who succeeds will be more fortunate than though he had found the philosopher's stone. Whoever can produce aluminum at one dollar a pound will make a fortune, while a man who can make it for twenty-five cents a pound can buy out the Rothschilds in a day." "What is the cost of aluminum now?" "The raw materials for making it are not worth twenty dollars a ton—that is, twenty dollars for enough to produce a ton of the metal; but a ton of aluminum, perfectly manufactured, is worth twenty thousand dollars."

"What are the valuable properties of aluminum?" I asked, "and to what use can it be applied?" "It can take the place of almost every other metal in the world," said he, "and very largely that of wood also. In the first place it is very strong. Its tensile strength is more than three tons to the square inch greater than that of the best Bessemer steel. In fact, it is by far the strongest metal known. A cannon made of it would be three times as strong as one made of steel or gun metal. It is very stiff or rigid too; three times as rigid as the best of bronze. Another important thing is that it will not tarnish. Neither air, nor water, nor salt, nor acids, nor corrosive gases have the slightest effect upon it. Neither does intense heat change its color. It is the best conductor of heat known in the world; also of electricity. It would make the best telegraph wires in the world, having twice the conducting weight of copper. To be exact, a cubic foot of aluminum weighs only 166 pounds. The same sized block of cast-iron weighs about 451 pounds; of wrought-iron, 487 pounds; of copper, 554 pounds; of lead, 709 pounds; of brass, 528 pounds; and of gold, about 1,200 pounds. In brief, it is the lightest, easiest worked, strongest, most durable, and generally the most valuable of all metals, and the man who invents and patents a method of making it cheaply will revolutionize industry, and become the richest man in the world."—Trenton Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The earliest bank in the world is the Italian banco, a seat or bench, because the earlier custodians and dealers in money in Italy were accustomed to sit on benches in the market places of the principal towns. The earliest public bank established in modern Europe was that of Venice, which was founded in 1157. About the year 1350 the cloth merchants of Barcelona, then a wealthy body, added the business of banking to their other commercial pursuits; being authorized so to do by an ordinance of the King of Arragon, which contained the important stipulation that they should be restricted from acting as bankers until they should have given sufficient security for the limitation of their engagements. In 1401, a bank was opened by the functionaries of the city, the first of the kind ever established in Europe.—Jewish Messenger.

LAFAYETTE'S ESCAPE.

How the Great Soldier and Philanthropist Ran Away to Sea.

One hundred and nine years ago, in the month of February, 1777, a young French guard-man ran away to sea. And a most singular running away it was. He did not wish to be a sailor, but he was so anxious to go that he bought a ship to run away in—for he was a very wealthy young man; and though he was only nineteen, he held a commission as Major-General in the armies of a land three thousand miles away—a land he had never seen and the language of which he could not speak. The King of France commanded him to remain at home; his friends and relatives tried to restrain him; and even the representatives, or agents, of the country in defense of which he desired to fight would not encourage his purpose. And when the young man, while dining at the house of the British Ambassador at France, openly avowed his sympathy with a downtrodden people, and his determination to help them gain their freedom, the Ambassador acted quickly. At his request the rash young enthusiast was arrested by the French Government, and orders were given to seize his ship, which was awaiting him at Bordeaux. But ship and owner both slipped away, and, sailing from the port of Passages in Spain, the runaway, with eleven chosen companions, was soon on the sea, bound for America, and beyond the reach of both friends and foes.

On April 25, 1777, he landed at the little port of Georgetown, at the mouth of the Great Pee Dee river in South Carolina; and from that day forward the career of Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de La Fayette, has held a place in the history of America, and in the interest and affection of the American people.—Eugenia M. Hodge, in St. Nicholas.

FRENCH CHEMISETTES.

Several Pretty and Very Comfortable Styles in Cambric and Linen.

There are several styles of chemisettes; those of fine cambric are popular with young ladies. The linen chemisettes are preferred by some; this style shows both the medium wide and the very narrow plaits. The chemisettes made wholly of lace are exceedingly pretty; this style is not becoming to every one; to produce a good effect the form should be as near perfection as possible; the neck, white and plump, shoulders tapering, and the bust full. A very handsome chemisette can be made of lace edging, ruffled and laid in rows on net lace. The band encircling the neck is made of lace insertion or ribbon overlaid with soft mesh, or illusion lace. Nainsook, tucked, forms very pretty chemisettes. The embroidered style of chemisette is becoming, and as this material is inclined to be bulky, it gives roundness to slender figures, which is very desirable, especially in wearing this fashion of garment. The collars are never either narrow or wide; when the neck is of the "swan"-like shape a wide collar is more becoming. In this there are not many varieties; the narrow silk band, with tiny bow, is a mode popular with young ladies. Another pretty style of tie is a piece of ribbon about an inch wide, carried around the neck and tied in a double bow-neck directly in front or beneath the left ear; the latter situation is more feminine than the former and hence not quite so popular at present, while short hair, round hats, white vests, coat sleeves and collar studs are such favorites with young ladies.—N. Y. Herald.

The Earliest Bank.

The te m bank is derived from the Italian banco, a seat or bench, because the earlier custodians and dealers in money in Italy were accustomed to sit on benches in the market places of the principal towns. The earliest public bank established in modern Europe was that of Venice, which was founded in 1157. About the year 1350 the cloth merchants of Barcelona, then a wealthy body, added the business of banking to their other commercial pursuits; being authorized so to do by an ordinance of the King of Arragon, which contained the important stipulation that they should be restricted from acting as bankers until they should have given sufficient security for the limitation of their engagements. In 1401, a bank was opened by the functionaries of the city, the first of the kind ever established in Europe.—Jewish Messenger.

His Only Objection.

"G'dly young girl—I do so love Atlantic City, don't you?" "Light young man—Yaas. "So much life, excitement and fun. It's perfect, isn't it?" "Yaas, all but one thing." "One thing? Oh, my! What is it you don't like?" "The ocean. If that was away I'd like the seashore much better."—Philadelphia Coll.

Astronomical Intelligence.

Joseph Prudhomme is looking over a work on astronomy, and comes across an engraving, showing the principal mountains in the moon, with their names. Very much surprised, he remarks to his offspring: "Onesimus, my son; behold what science can do! Not only have they discovered the mountains in the moon, but they've found out their names as well!"—Paris Gaulois.