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WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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H. H. WELCH.

—One of the most important rules in the science of manners is that you preserve an almost absolute silence concerning yourself. Play the comedy, some day, of speaking of your own interests to ordinary acquaintances, and you will see feigned attention swiftly followed by indifference and then by weariness, until every one has found a pretext for leaving you. But if you wish to group about you the sympathies of all and to be considered a charming and agreeable fellow, talk to them of themselves, seek some way of bringing each of them into action in turn; then they will smile at you, think well of you and praise you when you are gone.

WILD ANIMALS.

Their Gradual Recession Before the Advance of Modern Civilization.
The wild animals of England are now few in number. At Chillingworth Park, in Northumberland, there are some wild oxen. Had the fox not been preserved for the chase it would long ago have been extinct. Dogs have a strong repugnance to the wolf, but delight in the chase of the fox. In cold countries foxes are of various colors. Red foxes are so abundant in the wooded districts of the fur countries that many thousand skins are annually exported from America to Britain. The fur of the black fox is highly valued. While the writer was engaged upon this article the following circumstance came under his notice. On the Alveston Hill estate, near Stafford-on-Avon, a litter of eleven foxes, apparently about six weeks old, all tame and docile, have taken possession of a rabbit hole in a bank at the foot of a clump of trees. The young cubs, notwithstanding the presence of numerous people attracted to the spot by the novel sight, leave their hole and drink occasionally out of a trough containing milk which has been placed there for their use. The animals are as tame as puppies, and the visitor easily induces them to come, follow by whistling softly and calling them. They are content to be picked up and caressed, and they play about in the most amusing manner. An artist has been to the spot and photographed the whole group. It is thought that the dog fox has been killed, and that the vixen has carried her cubs to the place mentioned. In corroboration of this it may be stated that when first discovered only four or five cubs were to be seen, and they have gradually increased until the present number has been reached.

The wild cat finds its retreat among the mountains of Scotland and the northern counties of England and of Wales and Ireland, the larger woods being its place of concealment. It has been called the "British Tiger." One was killed in Cumberland which measured five feet from the nose to the end of the tail. When Christopher Columbus discovered America a hunter brought him one which he found in the woods. The hedgehog has been said to be proof against poison. A German physician who wished to dissect one gave it prussic acid, but it took no effect; neither did arsenic, opium nor corrosive sublimate. It has been found to eat a hundred cantharides without injury. Plutarch mentions the case of a man who discovered that a hedgehog generally has its burrow open at various points and warned by the instinct of atmospheric change, stopped up the opening next the quarter whence the wind would blow, and thus predicted to a certainty to which quarter the wind would shift. Moles show changes of weather. The temperature of dryness of the air governs that underground worker in his motions as to the depth at which it lives or works; though this unquestionably is partly due, no doubt, to its want of food or inability to bear cold or thirst. The weasel has been known to become domesticated. The method adopted to obtain this end is to stroke them gently over the back, and to threaten or beat them when they attempt to bite. It has been found that when their teeth have been rubbed with galleic oil inclination to bite has been removed. Their bite is generally fatal; a hare or rabbit once severely bitten never recovers. Buffon gives the case of a weasel being found with three young ones in the carcass of a wolf that was grown putrid, and that had been hung up by the hind legs as a terror to others. In this strange and horrid retreat the weasel had retired to bring forth her young; she had furnished the cavity with hay, grass and leaves, and the young ones were just brought forth when they were discovered by a peasant passing that way.—Gambler's Journal.

The Ascension of Mont Blanc.

The highest mountain in Europe was ascended for the first time a hundred years ago. On August 8, 1786, Jacques Balmat and Dr. Paccard succeeded in reaching the top of Mont Blanc, after several unsuccessful attempts. Attempts had been made previously by eight Englishmen (in 1741), and by Saussure and Burri toward the close of the century. Balmat, being the first person who discovered the way up, received a prize established for this object by Saussure. His companion lost his sight for four days and became so ill that he narrowly escaped with his life. Forty-one years later a new road, previously impracticable, was discovered by two Englishmen. From 1786 to 1854 only 49 ascents were made. Between 1876 and 1880 869 tourists reached the summit, not including guides. Up to 1880 25 men, including 7 tourists, had lost their lives on Mont Blanc. In September, 1870, 3 tourists, 3 guides, and 4 porters were surprised by a snow-storm, which lasted 8 days. At the end of that time the corpses were found 1,500 feet from the summit.—N. Y. Post.

—An immense quantity of jewelry is now made from thin layers of gold alloy upon an ingot of brass formed while it is hot. On the ingot cooling it is forced between steel rollers into a long, thin ribbon, each part of which is, of course, still covered with the gold alloy, incalculably thin, but which wears for years, and can be molded into any shape.

QUAKER LANDLORDS.

Broad-Brimmed Summer Hotel-Keepers Who Are Up to All Kinds of Snuff.
The gentle Quaker is to be found at almost every summer resort along the New Jersey coast, and he is a fixture and a feature of the lake and mountain resorts of Pennsylvania. In your mind's eye you picture him with a venerable beard, bald-head, broad-brimmed hat and buckles shoes, but your mind's eye is way off. In a great many instances "William" keeps the hotel, and he has a business look about him to make things snap. Any one who takes him for a cross-back will presently hear something drop.

"I welcome thee and thine," observes William, as the guest-walks up to the register.
That's all right and proper, and visions of first-floor rooms at seven dollars per week float through a man's mind. "Wilt thou tarry with me?" inquires William, in a voice as soft as butter. You wilt. That's what you've come for. You register your name and ask to look at rooms. "I know I can satisfy thee," observes William, as he leads the way. "I suppose thee prefers the first floor?"

These does. He is shown a bedroom a trifle larger than a coffin, without a bell, gas or other conveniences, and blandly informed that he can tarry a week for twenty-two dollars. If he should so far forget himself as to remain two weeks a reduction of one dollar per week would be made. "I have still others to show thee," says William, and you finally accept of a room and stow yourself away, because you can't do better. William has the budge on you, and he knows it. Candles are cheaper than gas, and he knows you'll put up with them. Electric bells cost money, and he knows you'll come to the office to report your wants or let them go unrelieved. His beds are hard as boards, but people sleep on them in preference to the floor. His table won't compare with an ordinary country hotel, but you must eat or go hungry. The waiter softly thee's and thou's you, but the coffee is dish water and the butter stale. At the office there is told to make thyself at home, but the price of cigars, billiards and bowls create the impression of highway robbery.

WHAT BETTS SAID.

A Female Witness Who Was Promptly Excused by the Attorneys.
A sharp-visaged, keen-eyed and very garrulous old lady named Betts was a witness in a case tried in a country village. When asked to state what she knew of the matter before the court, she replied: "Well, it was like this: My man and me both sez the fuss, and sez I to Betts, sez I, and sez Betts to me, sez he"—

"State what you saw only."
"Very well, 'Betts,' sez he, 'Lizbeth,' says he, and"—
"No matter what either of you said."
"No, I s'pose not. Well, sez I to Betts, sez I, Betts, and Betts he sez, sez he, 'Look yender.' And sez I to Betts, sez I, 'Where?' just like that, sez I. And Betts he sez, sez he"—

"We care nothing for what your husband or you said," again interrupted the lawyer.
"Oh, I s'pose not. But if Betts hadn't said to me, as he did say, sez he, 'Look yender,' and if I hadn't said to Betts, 'Where?' as I did say to him, just like 'hat, and if Betts hadn't gone on then and said, sez he, 'Over there,' sez he, and I sez to Betts, sez I"—
"Stop! What has Betts to do with this case?"
"Nothing, thank goodness! Betts is too decent a man to be mixed up with rows of this sort; only he comes in, and sez he to me"—
"Did he see you?"
"Didn't see the first livin' thing, till Betts sez, sez he"—
"Let the witness step down," said the lawyer.—Youth's Companion.

A THIBETAN STUDENT.

How De Koros, the Great Asiatic Scholar, Lived and Worked.
Probably there never was a scholar who, in the pursuit of his favorite study, was capable of such abstemiousness or showed such a lofty contempt for the very necessities and decencies of life as De Koros. He lived like an ascetic, barring the use of the hair shirt and the scourge. At Yanga, with a Lama and one attendant, he lived for four months in an apartment nine feet square. The temperature was below zero and the three were regularly snowed up. Here De Koros read Thibetan manuscripts literally from morning till night, with hands so numb that he could hardly turn over the pages. His food was boiled rice and tea, flavored with rancid butter. He drank no spirits and would not eat fruits, though Zanskar produces chestnuts and apricots in abundance. The latter, when dried, form the chief food of the natives. He cared nothing for the outer world, wanted neither newspapers nor modern books, but was quite happy with Thibetan volumes on religion, astrology, poetry, philosophy and history, written or printed in wooden types, and kept in indestructible bookcases of cedar. At Titaliya he lived in a native hut, regardless of heat, damp and mosquitoes. He refused the hospitality offered him by Major Lloyd, who, we believe, commanded a detachment of Sepoys at Titaliya. In Calcutta he never even took his ride on the Course in the evening, but walked about the compound or limited grounds of the Asiatic Society, and only saw an intimate friend or some Oriental scholar. No wonder that English officials were compelled to describe him as "a singular union of learning, modesty and greasy habits." A countryman, who, as an artist, happened to be in Calcutta and paid him a visit, was evidently amazed at this "prison life." We are not surprised to find that he had some difficulty in expending the monthly allowance of fifty rupees granted him by Government; that he left untouched a sum voted him by the Council of the Asiatic Society and that he repeatedly refused all aid from private sources. Indeed his retiring and modest disposition was not incompatible with a certain amount of unamiable haughtiness and asperity. We could wish that he had lived more generously, changed his blue cotton dress oftener and enjoyed a few simple pleasures. Dominic Sampson was a profound scholar, but in the ruins of Dornelengh he feasted with Merrilies, and fairly drank her health in a cupful of brandy. A more generous diet and a little quinine might have enabled De Koros to survive the malarious fever of the Rungpore Terai.—Saturday Review.

FAITHFUL UNTIL DEATH.

The Part a Young Reporter Played in His Last Special.
It is not so many years ago that Tony B., the attache of a Central Iowa paper, now defunct, rode out from a Southern Iowa city one bright morning perched daintily on the brake of a flat-car that was attached to a "wild freight" and loaded with iron rails. He was like other reporters—made up of vice and virtues—only the first seen by the world, the latter best known by his intimate friends. He had been in newspaper work for about six years, was thoroughly capable, and scored more "scoops" than were ever recorded against him. This, in the eyes of the city editor, insured his entrance into paradise. To make the story short, forty miles out from its starting point the "wild" freight, with a leap of madness and a terrible crash, went through a bridge, down sixty feet, and Tony sitting on a brake beam. It was over in an instant. Such things don't wait for time to catch up with them. When the conductor reached him, asked for a paper and pencil. They were found in his pockets. Unable to write himself, he dictated this, angrily ordering the men who had come up to let him alone:
C.—R.—, Managing Editor Star, Iowa: Train through bridge at —, wagon on board and an hurt. Will send full particulars at once. T. B.
A farmer was secured who conveyed it to the nearest station. Then this boy, true to his duty and not flinching before death, suffering frightful agony, and while willing hands sought in vain to release him from his position, dictated a "special" of one thousand five hundred words to his paper. What he suffered no one can ever know. It was with difficulty that he could breathe, and every gasp cost him a wrench of agony. But he held death back down to the last few lines: "This killed were—" and so on, ending with the name of "Tony B., reporter." As he ended that his eyes filled with tears, and he looked up wistfully to the conductor, who had written the telegram for him, and who himself could not keep his tears back. "Tell my mother," said Tony, "that I did my duty, and boys, rush that over the wires for me. It's a 'scoop,' and went over the wires all right, and was a 'scoop,' but before it was printed Tony was dead.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

AN HOUR OF TERROR.

How a Quiet Boarder Caused Intense Excitement in a Boarding-House.
When he had been there one week the boarding-house keeper said that he was one of the nicest, quietest young men she had ever had in her house. He had no complaints to make at the table, and he left his room so slick and clean that the chambermaid had suspicions that he was a woman in disguise. At the end of a month, rather than have him go, the landlady would have agreed to purchase porterhouse steak once a week, and to replace the old rug in his room with a new one costing fifty cents. The other night, however, her enthusiasm received a set-back. One of the boarders came down stairs and reported that he had heard groans and sighs and curses from the quiet boarder's room. Three or four people tip-toed up, and after a bit they plainly caught his words:
"Ouch! Hang it! Condemn it to Halifax, but it's killing me by inches!"
Then it was realized that the quiet man had some great sorrow on his mind, and it was suspected that he was contemplating suicide.
"Och!" he called out, "great heavens, but how I suffer! Why was I such a fool as to follow that villain's advice?"
He had probably taken poison, or was trying to drive a darning-needle to the heart. The landlady thought of the coroner's inquest, the item in the papers and the questions the reporters would ask, and she grew frantic.
"Hey, Smith—Mr. Smith—you, Smith!" she called as she rapped on the door, "but what on earth is the matter?"
"Nothing!" came the solemn answer, but as she put her ear to the key-hole she heard soft groans, and a whispered voice saying:
"Let's get to be done at any cost!"
"Mr. Smith," she continued, "don't you dare commit suicide in my house! If you do I'll have you sent to jail for a year! It wasn't six months ago that a woman tried to poison herself to death in that very room, and I haven't got over the fright yet. Say, you!"
"Well," came the faint reply.
"Have you taken poison?"
"No."
There was an interval of silence while she put her ear to the key-hole again, and pretty soon she heard the boarder gallop up and down and hiss between his clenched teeth:
"Great Scott! but was mortal man ever called upon to suffer as I do?"
"Say!" she whispered, as she turned to the boarders, "this door has got to be broken down without delay. That ungrateful man has taken rough-on-rats and is determined to die on a bed which cost me over twenty dollars last fall, saying nothing of a second-hand carpet which I traded a sewing machine for. Mr. Green, kick open the door!"
"If Green is there I'll let him in," announced Smith, and he opened a crevice just large enough to squeeze in.
Then came a whispered consultation, followed by shouts of pain and terror, and Green came to the door with an object in his hand, and calmly said:
"Ladies and gentlemen, it was simply a case of pulling off a porous plaster which he had worn for six weeks. Please forgive him, for he'll never do so again."—Detroit Free Press.

JOHN BRIGHT.

Biographical Information Not Contained in Any Popular Encyclopedia.
John Bright was born in 1811. He made a tour of the Holy Land at the age of twenty-four, but did not decide to purchase it owing to the existence of a flaw in the title. He next began to invent things. On his return from the Orient, he discovered that what was most needed in both Europe and America was a good, reliable disease for the use of the better classes. The poor and humble were well supplied, but the rich, the aristocratic and patrician statesmen, earned heads and porkists of the two lands languished for a good, reliable disease that poor people could not obtain. So he began to sit up nights and perfect Bright's disease. He gained the prize at the Paris exposition and honorable mention at the great centennial celebration at Philadelphia "for meritorious and effective diseases for the better classes." Since that time he has been gratified to notice that the very best people, both in his own land and in this, are handling Bright's disease. It has been kept out of the reach of the poor, and to die from this ailment has been regarded as a proud distinction.
Mr. Bright has all the time attracted attention as a good, fluent public speaker, and the author of a volume called "Speeches on Public Questions," published in 1868.
Whether he succeeds in securing a large monument or not, it is thought he will never be forgotten, for wherever the English language is spoken, Bright's celebrated disease is known and respected. It is said that he once stated in a public speech that he cared not who made the laws for a nation if he could invent its diseases.—Bill Nye, in Boston Globe.

PITH AND POINT.

—From all that we have ever been able to learn there are just as many men as women who talk too much.—N. Y. Ledger.
—An Eastern paper speaks of a streak of insanity having struck its town. In the next column it boasts of seventeen new subscribers.—Omaha Herald.
—This jumping from Brooklyn bridge is getting to be a chestnut. If some fellow will jump from the river up on the bridge we will go and take a look at him.—Lowell Citizen.
—"A successful operator" has kindly written a book telling us how to win in Wall street. Of course the writer knows the way, and wrote the book for amusement only.—N. Y. Graphic.
—A writer says that the overtaxing of children is one of the evils of the age. Some of the property-holders of Burlington think that the overtaxing of parents is about as bad.—Burlington Free Press.
—Don't be idle.—
"Don't sit and loaf. 'Be wise to-day.' Don't build vain castles in the air; For while you're wasting time away Some other fellow's 'getting there.'"—Merchant Traveler.
—The superstitious believe that while at the wash tub if the suds splash and wet the clothes you are wearing you will have bad luck. This must account for the preference young ladies of today show for the piano.—Yonkers Statesman.
—Mr. Jones—No dinner to-day? That's a nice state of affairs. Where's Mrs. Jones? Servant—Writing, sir. Mr. Jones—Writing what, pray? Servant—I don't know exactly, sir, but I think she said it was a new article for the Housekeeper about "How it's Better to Keep House Than to Board," sir, or something of that sort.—Kansas City Times.
—A three-year-old was discovered in the flower garden the other day, and around him lay innumerable sweet peas blossoms which he had clipped off with a pair of shears "just for fun." His mother said nothing to him, but looked rather surprised. Presently he turned to her and remarked in the most matter-of-fact way: "Can you tell me what has been going on out here?"—St. Albans Messenger.
—"Yes," said the editor, "I made the mistake of my life when I pitched into the playing of our local brass band." "Why?" asked a friend. "Do they play any better than you said they did?" "Any better?" exclaimed the editor. "Good Lord! I didn't tell half the misery they cause. No, the musical end of my criticism was all right, but it was impolitic—impolitic, sir. They got a cruel revenge on me." "Revenge? How so? What did they do?" "Do?" repeated the editor with an agonized, hunted look in his eyes. "Do?" They humiliated me."—Somerville Journal.

WGN THE GIRL.

How Little Bill Succeeded in Becoming Uncle Buck's Son-in-Law.
A party of men were sitting in front of a country store, whittling and retailing neighborhood scandal. After a time, one man, addressing an old fellow, said:
"Uncle Buck, I hear that your daughter Sally is going to marry little Bill Peggus."
"Yes, that's so."
"We all 'lowed, Uncle Buck, that she was go'n' to marry Big Bob Smith."