

# WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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## WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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A Strictly Temperance Resort.

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The only first class, and the only parlor-like shop in the city. None but

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First door south of Yamhill County Bank Building.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

H. H. WELCH.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

Upon the garden gate they swung,

When nights were warm and fair,

And pale Diana often hung

Her light upon the pair.

To-night among the leafless trees

The autumn wind makes moan,

The gate is swinging in the breeze,

Its rusty hinges groan;

And where are now the youth so gay

And maiden dressed in lawn,

Oh, whither do their footsteps stray,

Where have the lovers gone?

Go to the parlor warm, go there,

And ask, if you would know,

The double-headed rocking chair,

That lamp turned down so low.

"What are party lines, papa?"

His answer did not wait:

"They're lines to fish for voters, child,

With taffy for a bait."

—Boston Gazette.

Some are playing, to their surprise,

To houses "crowded from pit to dome,"

And some are counting the railroad ties,

Pursuing their wearisome journey home,

—Boston Courier.

## YOURS IN HASTE.

I love, that dainty monogram,  
With three slim letters interlaced,  
Above the notes she used to write—  
Singing them over: "Yours in haste."

The world was young, and so was I;  
How sweet to think that in the whirl  
She kept one moment all for me,  
To glad my heart—my radiant girl!

The world is old, and so am I;  
And since my love became my wife,  
Too late to me I've somehow been  
Too late for every thing in life.

With ribbons flying, gown awry,  
With panting breath and boots unlaced,  
True to her vows of yore she's been,  
Both now and ever—in "a haste."

—Julie K. Wetherill, in Century.

aid of his foot and his wonderful home-made thread, he climbed up the glass to the surface of the water. There he attached some threads above the water to the glass, leaving some below.

When the little spinner felt like having a breath of fresh air, he "hailed in" on his upper gipsy, and rose above the surface. When tired of that, he "slacked off," and took a turn underneath, thus making something like his accustomed tidal habit.

Watching these little animals in their daily movements, one grows to have a fellow-feeling for them. Some of their actions seem almost human, and they form a part of the household, just as the cat, the dog, or the canary.

One day a conscientious sea-pirate known as a dog-whelk settled on this little spinner, and began to bore through his shell with murderous intent. The whelk was taken off, and removed to another part of the aquarium. On the morrow, he had found his way back and settled down again on the innocent little victim, so he was sentenced to death as a murderer, and paid the penalty with his life.

This mussel has inherited the spinning business from a long line of ancestors; for when the coal-forests bloomed where the iron furnaces now roar, in the "Black Country" of England, the forefathers of our little spinner were inhabitants of the fresh-water pools in the carboniferous forests.

Ages have come and gone since then; the stony remains of the ancient spinners are dug from out the deepest coal-mines, but the clever little fellows still spin their simple threads along our shores as of old. We sometimes weave their threads into gloves and hose, as a matter of curiosity; but few ever seem to have time to listen to the wonderful story that can be told to listening ears by this Ancient Spinner.

—Chamber's Journal.

## THE MUSSEL.

An Ancient Spinner Which Comes of Good Family.

In the "good old days" before the invention of the spinning-jenny and the steam-engine, when workmen were slaves, and the rich had not the luxuries they have now, spinning was the work of the mistress of the house.

Many good stories begin with an account of a fair maiden at a spinning-wheel, and a very ancient rhyme refers to the days "when Adam delved and Eve span." When a young lady was growing of a marriageable age, in the days of the spinning-wheel, she made preparation for her nuptials by spinning the material for sheets, tablecloths, napkins, and all manner of household necessities, hence she was called a "spinster."

Words change in their meanings with the changing fashions of a changeable world. There is one class of spinners, however, to which the whirl of the loom and the steam-engine has made but little difference. "Men may come, and men may go, but they go on forever." All the changes of our complex civilization make but little difference to these little spinners. They live in their dark little houses; spin their threads; live their lives; die in peace, or else get eaten up, and pass off the scene, making no fuss, seeking no honor. Some people call them mussels; scientific naturalists call them *Mytilus edulis*. They deserve a good name, for they are an ancient and honorable family, that have fought a good fight in the fierce battle of life, and have endured through long ages, while many others have perished.

Every one who has visited the seashore must have noticed at times a little mussel forming the center of a tangled mass of threads, shells, stones and all sorts of fragments. These are bound together by the labor of the black-shelled spinster. Instead of anchoring to a rock, as a well-behaved little mussel ought to have done, this one has gone far off and anchored to all sorts of rubbish, and been driven and tossed by the waves of the sea in all directions, until it has formed the center of the tangled mass we find on the beach. In the natural way, a mussel settles between high and low water mark. When covered by the tide, he opens his doors, and angles for a living with his wonderful fishing apparatus, for the spinsters of the sea are all born fishermen. When the tide is going out the little angler closes the valves of his house as tight as a steel safe, and keeps his mouth shut, with a lot of water inside, until the tide covers him again.

How the Frenchmen have learned the habits of this well-known little spinner, and cultivated him, and made of him a cheap and nutritious article of diet for the French nation, is well known. How the little fellow builds his house and weaves his ropes, is not quite so well known. The house itself, with its black outside, and the beautiful sky-blue, pearly inside, is a work of the greatest skill, while the mechanism by which it is opened and closed forms a chapter in the world's wonderful. The little spinner lives in a soft, fleshy "mantle," inside of his stony house. On the edge of this mantle are tiny fingers (*cilia*) and little pigment cells, with which he builds. The material—carbonate of lime—is extracted from the clear sea-water by a simple process in the life of the animal. Just our food goes to form blood and bone, muscle and sinew, so does the food of the little spinner go to form his delicate tissues and his hard shelly house. The mussel-house is as much a part of the mussel's life as our homes are part of our lives, and the processes of building are not so very different either; both are simple, both are mysterious.

To watch this little spinner make his thread is very interesting. From one side of his house protrudes a very curious little pad of flesh, a quaint, pointed sort of a tab. This is called his "foot," though it might just as well have been called his hand. He touches the rock, or whatever he desires to attach himself to, with his foot, then with draws it, leaving a tiny thread, which he has made by some mystic process, in his own body, just as a spider makes her silken cord. The foot comes out again and again, always leaving a thread until a strong rope is woven, which binds him securely to his chosen home. He can shorten or lengthen this cable by a simple contractile motion, which allows him a little play; but he may be said to be fixed for life, once he settles down. After a severe storm, some of them will generally be found on the shore, driven from their moorings, helpless and homeless on the strand; but they can stand the storm

## CHICKEN BILL LOWELL.

Dying in Poverty After Being Rich Half a Dozen Times.

The recent death in this city of "Chicken Bill" Lowell adds another to the long list of mine discoverers who have died in poverty and without friends. Chicken had a vein of crookedness in his make-up, and this may account in some small degree for his fortune in his later years, but, destitute as he was, he would not have had many sympathizers, anyway.

Bill was one of the first settlers in California Gulch, where Leadville now stands, and some of the best properties here were once owned by him. Like most of the great prospectors, he had no capacity for keeping property or money. Once in possession of what promised to be a paying claim, he was not long until it was disposed of, and the money that he received burned his pockets as long as it lasted. During the last fifteen years he was rich half a dozen times. When in funds he lived like a lord, buying every thing that he saw, treating everybody who came within reach, and in general squandering money in every conceivable way. When he had exhausted his purse and his credit he would go back to the mines and begin over again.

For a long time Bill was confident that all he had to do to make a fortune was to sober up and go out and look for a lead. His faith in the country was prodigious, but his dependence upon himself was even greater. His good fortune had been so conspicuous, and the men who had bought his claims had made so much money, that his opinion was eagerly sought for, and some capitalists were always willing to pay him a round price for any thing that he would say had mineral in it. A few years ago, having squandered his last penny, he returned to Leadville and resumed prospecting with a sublime confidence in his ability to locate something that would be of value. He was watched jealously by many fortune hunters, but as he did not appear to make much progress, he was soon left to himself. After many weeks of unsatisfactory search he became impatient, and hearing that there were several capitalists in town, he secured considerable mineral from a mine that was in successful operation and "salted" his claim a great style. Then, going into town, he called attention to the strike that he had made, and invited bids. Tabor, afterward Lieutenant-Governor and Senator, inspected the property, and, influenced to some extent by Bill's great success in the Little Pittsburgh and other projects, offered him two thousand dollars for his claim. The bid was a small one, as things were going, but Bill was desperately short, and for a salted mine he thought the sum was ample. The transfer was quickly made, and nightfall found Bill in town liquoring up.

Before morning Bill was sufficiently communicative to explain to some of his new-found friends what an elegant oke he had played on Tabor, and by the next day the news had spread through the camp. When Tabor heard of it he was at first inclined to take summary measures, but a further inspection of the claim convinced him that there was something in it, and putting a force of men at work he sank the shaft fifteen feet deeper and came upon a body of mineral which was of remarkable richness. This was the beginning of the Chrysler mine, from which millions of dollars were taken.

Bill heard the news of Tabor's big strike in Denver when his two thousand dollars was nearly gone, and he hurried back to Leadville for the purpose of convincing Tabor, if possible, that he ought to have a share in it, but he did not succeed. The Governor made him some donations from time to time, but, remembering the "salt," he gave him nothing else. After that episode Bill was not himself. He used to say that Tabor's strike "queered" him. He knew, he said, that there was big money in that claim, and nothing but his uncontrollable thirst had ever induced him to salt it.

"I couldn't wait," he said. "I might have known that when I located a claim here would be mineral there, if I would only go after it. I had never failed up to that time, and I wouldn't have failed then if I hadn't been too dry to work."

After that he never made any more money. Fortune had come to him many times only to be cast aside, and in his extremity it would not respond to his bidding. —Denver (Col.) News.

## MOTHER AND CHILD.

The Latter Reflecting the Inmost Consciousness of the Former.

The mother is as the sky over the baby and the earth under its feet. As it laws from her breast its supplies of food, so it draws from her soul its moral and spiritual supplies. The tones of her voice, the character of her movements, the states of her mind, the quality of her personal magnetism, impress themselves upon the child and are reflected by it unconsciously but absolutely and certainly. What has been said of the teacher is especially true of the mother, who is the baby's first and greatest teacher.

There is an educating power issuing from the teacher, not by voice nor by immediate designs, but by an involuntary, as indispensable to his true nature, as an element in it. This unconscious tuition is yet no product of caprice, nor of accident, but takes its quality from the undermost substance of the teacher's character. As it is an

## OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The New Haven Register says: "In article on Yale yesterday, for 'alum water' read 'alma mater.'"

—The United States have nearly three times as many doctors as England, and nearly four times as many as France in proportion to the population.

—A Chinaman recently arrested at Grass Valley, Cal., for running an opium joint committed suicide the night following by hanging himself in the prison cell with his cue.

—A private coachman can not be blamed for marrying an heiress for her money, but when a man in society stoops so low as to do such a thing he should be kicked. —N. O. Picayune.

—Most of the hair that is made up in this country into bangs, braids and twists comes from Europe, Germany and Switzerland sending thousands of pounds of it every year. —Chicago Sun.

—A female in New Orleans recently caused the arrest of a policeman for calling her a woman. The judge decided that she was a woman and discharged the policeman. —N. O. Times.

—A novel summer tour along the Erie canal is advertised as "possessing some of the characteristics and none of the risks of an ocean voyage, free from the cinders of a train, and less arduous than a balloon trip." —Buffalo Express.

—An English advertisement reads as follows: "A young man, sober and reliable, who has a wooden leg and cork arm, is willing for a moderate salary, to allow his false limbs to be maimed by wild beasts in any reputable menagerie, as an advertisement. No objection to traveling."

—In these days, when two-headed and four-legged chickens are hatched on every farm, it is a positive relief to read that Owen Craven, of Randolph County, Mo., has a one-legged Plymouth Rock chick that is perfectly healthy and hops about on its one leg with apparent pleasure. —Chicago Herald.

—An albino baby was born recently at Harrisburg, Pa. It has a shapely little head, luxuriously covered with hair as white as snow, of fine texture, and softer than silk, and the indications are that it will have similar eye-brows. The eyelashes are long and white and beneath them are pink eyes of wonderful brilliancy. —Philadelphia Press.

—Virginia for a time taxed sales of liquor at two cents a drink, and required barkeepers to be provided with bell punches for registry. The State bought the instruments at five dollars each and sold them to the rum-sellers at ten dollars. They were afterward taken back upon the repeal of the law, and the State has now sold them at auction for six cents each. —Chicago Journal.

—It is estimated that twenty-five acres of grass land are necessary to keep an animal the year round in Arizona. The total acreage of the Territory is about 48,000,000. On this basis it is easy to estimate its capacity for cattle raising. But a serious drawback is water. This will have to be supplied by artesian wells if at all. As yet only about half of the grazing area is occupied. —N. Y. Telegram.

—A mammoth gum tree in the woods near Cambridge, Md., has for years been used by an eagle for the rearing of her young. The tree has been cut down after great labor. The nest at the top was found to be as large as a cart-body, and contained two young eagles nearly full fledged. The birds survived the shock, and have been cared for as pets. The old bird was out on a foraging excursion at the time.

—A special committee on railroad axles has reported that iron axles are safer than steel axles; that all cranks should have the webs hooped; that as iron cranks appear to fail after running some 200,000 miles, and steel after 170,000, it is highly desirable that they should be taken off and not again used on passenger engines; and that crank axles, properly constructed, are as strong as straight axles. —Chicago Times.

—An enterprising young man of New York City abandoned the beaten paths of industry a short time ago and invented a new occupation. He hired small boys to break store windows, and then offered to protect the windows for twenty-five cents a week. He was clearing eight dollars a week when ambition led him astray. He struck for double pay, and falling, broke a window himself. For this indiscretion he was sent up for six months. —N. Y. Herald.

—Eternal fitness:—  
A sailor for sea,  
And a spinster for tea,  
A lawyer for talking and a soldier for fighting;  
A baby for noise,  
And a circus for boys,  
And a typewriter man to do autograph writing;  
A banker for chink  
And a printer for ink,  
A leopard for spots and a waiter for steeking;  
A crank base-ball flogger,  
An opera singer,  
A shot-gun, a mule and a choir for kicking. —Burlesque.

—The velocity of light is so tremendous, that as the Buffalo Commercial-Advertiser figures it out, "it moves round the earth's surface, a distance of nearly twenty-five thousand miles, in one-eighth part of a second." We repeat these figures, says the New York Tribune, for the benefit of the messenger-boy of the period. He would do well to cut them out and paste them in his hat. Not that he can ever hope to cope with light in rapidity of movement, but that the contemplation of the feat of traveling twenty-five thousand miles in an eighth of a second may stimulate him to break his own record of speed.

## PARIS FASHIONS.

Decrees Rendered by the Recognized Leaders of the Beau Monde.

No such thing as a false chignon has been tolerated in Paris for some time.

Shoe and gaiter-boot heels are quite moderate in height, and even dancing shoes are made with quite low heels.

Tourneys are much less exaggerated in Paris this summer than they were last year. The cushion, hot and heavy, is generally discarded, and the skirt is merely held up by a few steel circles.

Foulard dresses, very cool and pleasant to wear at this season, are made blouse fashion, or with a long polonaise draped over a short plaited or gathered skirt. Blue is the favorite color of the season, but red and buff are also much worn for sea-side costumes.

Bulgarian embroidery is worked in colored silks, combined with gold spangles, over a ground of etamine. It is worked so close that the ground almost entirely disappears. It is in great vogue just now, and harmonizes very well with modern costumes. Sleeves are made slightly puffed out at the bottom, and gathered over a wristband of Bulgarian embroidery, two inches deep or more, buttoned like a child's sleeve.

French stays—at least, those of really good corset-makers—are so beautifully made that, although making the figure look slighter, they compress neither the waist nor the chest. A Parisian never commits the error of wearing tight, stiff stays; she considers a graceful, supple figure infinitely more desirable than a stiff, if ever so small, waist. But then she does not fall into the opposite extreme, and wear loose, ill-fitting garments; even with her robe de chambre a Parisian lady has her corsets, but the aim of art is to appear to possess a perfect figure without any corsets at all.

The coat-shaped sleeve is still much worn for dresses, but no longer exclusively so. For yachting, lawn-tennis and seaside costumes, the sleeve is now very generally made fully gathered on the shoulder, and very ample in all the upper part, while from the elbow downward it is quite plain. The bodice is made either Jersey fashion or gathered on to a plain shoulder-piece like a blouse; or again, it is a jacket with loose fronts opening over a full plastron. Striped summer serge and etamine are favorite materials for such costumes, which mostly have a very simply draped overskirt over a plaited underskirt. —N. Y. World.

## BIRD-DESTROYING PLUMAGE.

A check seems to have been given to the destruction of birds with beautiful plumage for the adornment of women's headgear, and it was none too soon, for the annual destruction of these innocent and beautiful denizens of the air was something enormous. According to the published statistics, England imports from India, Africa and America ten million dollars' worth of feathers and birds every year. One and one-half million exotic birds, including 250,000 humming-birds, are annually imported to France and England. Statistics are not available showing the bird slaughter for the whole world, but were it known, the figures would be startling. Of all the plumage worn by women, the ostrich feathers alone do not represent the actual destruction of the feathered tribe. —Demorest's Monthly.

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