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WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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"Hush!" whispered a little girl to her classmates, who were laughing at her prayer; "we should be polite to God."
—There is not a church within fifty miles of St. Lucia, Fla., and hundreds of persons in that region never heard a sermon.—Chicago Times.
—The annual Yale catalogue shows that the college numbers among its students representatives of thirty-five states, four Territories, and eleven countries.
—There are nine churches of the Mormon faith in Southern Indiana. They belong to the Joseph Smith or anti-polygamy wing of the church.—Cincinnati Journal.
—From the beginning of its Foreign Missionary work, fifty-three years ago, the American Methodist Episcopal Church has expended in that cause \$7,537,758.86.—N. Y. Examiner.
—The agricultural schools of France are very popular with the farmers. Nearly every person who has a farm of his own is anxious to send at least one of his sons to an agricultural school.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

"So sorry, my dear," said bustling little Mrs. Dorman, when she had enumerated her guests to her friend, Miss Styles, who had just arrived. So sorry like him—had taste, by the way—but I make my parties as I do my cake, just by a recipe, and that says, Don't mind conflicting tempers."

Miss Styles put out a detaining hand as her friend was about to leave her.

"Catherine, I have not seen Alec Thornton for ten years," Miss Styles began slowly, "and you must hear how I saw him last. We were engaged for one happy month in Florence. I believe I really loved him and thought that he loved me. He did not need my money, and it had not then become the fashion," she said a little bitterly, "to admire me. A little misunderstanding, growing out of my possessing a photograph of an Englishman whom Alec disliked very much, ended like most lovers' quarrels. After a few days coldness we were reconciled and exchanged pledges—blue violets for him, for me white ones. I keep mine as a commentary on human nature's fidelity. We had made friends one morning. That afternoon, when going to drive with mamma, wishing to give still greater proof of my submission I left on the gallery table, where he could, if coming in my absence, be sure to see them, a genuine woman's note of submission, the photograph over which we had quarrelled, I gave that he might destroy it if he liked, and to my mortal grief I added another testimonial to my fidelity, a trio of blue violets taken from my belt. Since that morning I have never seen Alec Thornton; he left Florence the next day."

"Giving no reason?"
"None, save a few words written on the back of my note. The significance of my action, he said, was unmistakable, he bowed to my decision, and since he could not so suddenly face the inevitable with fortitude, he must bid me an indefinite farewell."
Little Mrs. Dorman was quite breathless with interest and astonishment.

"And you have never had any further solution?"
"None; to this day I have not solved his cowardice. He might have braved the honest confession that he no longer loved me, and I should have survived it," she said, in a bitterly sarcastic tone. "I have forgiven him," she added, waving a hand as if dismissing the subject, "but my memory doesn't lose its teeth with years, as Mr. Lowell says his does, and I much prefer not meeting Alec Thornton."

The explanation which Miss Styles had just given to her friend had not been vouchsafed to the Anglo-Florentine world, two years ago, when it became known that Dr. Thornton had suddenly left town, and the news gradually spread abroad that his engagement with his beautiful cousin was at an end.

To be sure, the young woman declared with charming naivete that she had been jilted, but none thought she meant to be believed, and though she lost her roses, she was gayer and more charming than ever, having during the following season a pair of counts at her feet.

Mary Styles now no longer posed for the blushing maiden. She was beginning, so jealous mamma declared, "to change her pink roses" for saffron ones, and would soon hang to the charmed and charming circle by the eye-lids, since her handsome blue eyes were the only feature time was leaving her unimpaired.

The women voted her horribly passe, the men—loved her still, called her a miracle of loveliness, but so cold! Tonight she had arrived at 7 o'clock for a fortnight's stay with her dear old friend and schoolmate, Mrs. Dorman.

There were several guests already assembled around the table when Miss Styles entered the breakfast-room next morning and was assigned a place between Mrs. Dorman's 16-year-old daughter and an old friend, Mr. Triplett. A few introductions to those immediately about her followed.

"Miss Styles," Grace Dorman began, after a short space given to greetings and weather, "I was taking the views of the company when you came in regarding their trimmings. Mr. Triplett objects to blue thistle for his plate decoration. If you know him, as I see you do, you will testify he could not be more appropriately trimmed."

Miss Styles' handsome eyes, which matched her dress in color, were raised to her neighbor's face as she said, smiling:

"I must consult a floral album before venturing to commit myself, and shall hope to find a compliment in my own surroundings," she said, taking up two of the morning glories scattered about her plate. "How beautiful and how pitiful that a thing so lovely should be so short-lived. The good die first—" she quoted.

"But they whose hearts are only as summer's dust, burn to the socket." Miss Dorman continued, "I prefer a sprinkle of dust, and will flicker a while in my candlestick, thank you. So, on reflection, though I was inclined to feel jealous at first, you are welcome to the fragile compliment your vis-a-vis has said your appearance this morning."

Miss Styles raised her eyes and met those of a gentleman who was just taking a place opposite to her, Dr. Alec Thornton.

among Dr. Thornton's memories," Miss Styles said, bowing in acknowledgment of that gentleman's greeting.

"Never having seen you," Miss Dorman went on, "I had to call on another genius who had, though after all he would only be general, and selected that would suit any belle, wasn't that it, doctor?—'fair and fickle' he says they are," she added, much surprised at the expression she saw on Dr. Thornton's face and not in the least understanding it.

Miss Styles turned to the gentleman at her side, and took up the flowers again as she said:

"At least we are charming while we last, and if too much sunshine is fatal, the weakness is human; where is the man who can endure unlimited prosperity?"

"Give the figure a sentimental turn," the gentleman suggested, "and for propriety read affection, the morning glory illustration is not happy."

"I shall certainly claim thick clouds and rainy weather at once, and my 'glory' will thrive the better. The closer analysis develops new charms," the young lady continued, "and I feel myself indebted to Dr. Thornton for the compliment he has paid my womanly nature."

That gentleman bowed again as he said, "They are beautiful certainly, but unending, despite your ingenious argument."

"Fragile is a better word," and the young lady pinned a few blue-bells at her throat.

"Violets would suit you perfectly, Miss Styles," Grace Dorman said suddenly; "just match your eyes." Dr. Thornton, "why didn't you tell me violets," she said reproachfully.

"I dislike them," the gentleman said shortly, as for an instant his eyes met those of Mary Styles.

"And with me they are favorite flowers." The young lady lifted a locket which hung on her chain as she spoke and, touching a spring, disclosed four little pale faces in the glass case.

"You should wear violet roses," Miss Dorman said, taking the locket; "these are white."

"Yes, and old. A charm against fever," she said, laughing gently, "not worn for their beauty now." As she spoke the glass case dropped from its place, and the four little heads fell on the cloth, crumbling to powder.

"No matter, I assure you," Miss Styles hastened to reply to Miss Dorman's exclamation. "I no longer need them. I hope Dr. Thornton," she added innocently, "the faint odor does not inconvenience you. I assure you they are very old—and—dead."

She blew the dust from her as she spoke.

"A physician should learn to keep his nerves well in hand," that gentleman said gravely. "I have been the indirect cause of the accident, it is just that I should suffer thereby. May I pass your chocolate?"

The fortnight was over, and the soft moonlight was flooding everything on the lawn with its radiance, as Miss Styles, the evening before her departure from Seven Oaks, ran lightly down the gravel path to a summer house, in search of a shawl left there at afternoon tea. The wrap had been secured, and she paused a moment on the broad stone step, to note the effect of the moonlight on the silvery thread which wound at the foot of the garden, where a voice at her elbow made her start. She recognized it at once, the gentleman threw aside a cigar, as he said:

He paused an instant, as Miss Styles said, sneeringly, "We grow quite dramatic, how fortunately facts are. Your vivid imagination has woven fancy colors about a few days in your life and mine ten years ago."

"No, I remember with painful accuracy," the young man replied slowly, as with folded arms he stood facing her. "But what is pride when one loves, one's very life is involved."

Miss Styles measured her full height, as she said scornfully:

"Your renunciation has cost me nothing, as you see."

"My renunciation?" The tone was one of great astonishment.

"The reflection is not flattering," Miss Styles continued. "Yet I am able to endure it with composure, though not apt to forget that my release from engagement was gratuitous."

"Gratuitous? your release gratuitous?" the young man replied. "Unless you have lost your candor, you must own that I never released you."

"This borders on insult," Alec Thornton, Miss Styles said quickly, and look in, steadily into the eyes that were fastened with equal earnestness on her own. "Fortunately I have your letter."

"And I, equally unfortunately, have not yours, but I have what will, and dictate its own story—my rejected pledge, the little violets."

"Your rejected pledge?" Miss Styles asked curiously.

"Yes, my rejected, returned pledge," he repeated. "Possibly circumstances which have been burned into my memory have escaped yours. I want to your house one evening, ten years ago, a happy lover, believing implicitly in the woman who had that morning, with words she knew well how to choose, dispelled my doubts and, I think, pardonable jealousy. I found, when the servant answered me, you had placed a full explanation of your absence, the photograph of my hated rival, and my poor violets! There was no need for more—these told their own story. You could not face me with the truth, the English captain had stolen your love from me, or I had never possessed it, and you chose this method of breaking the news. I tried to return your flowers, but could not. The little ones folded in my hasty farewell, scribbled on a stray sheet I found on the table, were taken from a vase on the gallery. Yours lie where your own fingers placed them that morning. From that wretched hour of awakening I vowed to forget you, but I have not, alas, I can not. Once more, Mary, I ask you, may I try again to win your love?"

There was a momentary silence, during which Miss Styles seemed oddly moved. At length she said in a low voice and looking quite away from her companion:

"Do you mean that you did not read the note?"
"Can you mean that you wrote me one?" he asked eagerly.

"And the flowers you left were not those I had given you?" Her tone was beginning to tremble perceptibly.

For answer he touched the spring of his watch and showed, lying upon a bit of white velvet inside the extra case, four little purple violets. "You laid them there," he said in a low, forcibly calm tone.

Mary Styles dropped her face in her hands, as she said in broken tones, "Oh, Alec, what have you thought of me?"
"Consider rather what you may be giving me reason to think of you," the young man answered, touching carelessly her soft hair; then after a moment, "Will you tell me if there was a letter and what it said?"
"There was one in the same sheet with yours, if you had but turned it over."
"And it said—"
"Some very foolish words, I fear," Miss Styles replied slowly, and, lifting her eyes for the first time to her companion's face, "but none of dismissal."
"But the flowers," and his strong, brown fingers possessed themselves of a strangely unresisting, slim, white hand.
"Were taken from my belt a few moments before. Your flowers I kept until—until a fortnight ago," she said, smiling up at him. "Do you not remember them?"
"And I may replace them with the old significance?"
"However could I imagine you had not read my letter," Miss Styles said after a while, still feeling something very unreal in her attitude toward her old lover.
"And how could you ever believe that having done so I could leave Florence?"
So Alec Thornton and Mary Styles turned another leaf of life's book—may it prove a fair, untripped sheet.

MRS. PARTINGTON AND IKE.

A Visit to R. P. Shillaber—Chat with the Blue-Eyed Old Gentleman.

I made a pilgrimage to the lonely Boston suburb of Newton Center not long ago with an old and intimate friend of the humorist. Of course I have known all of my life of the existence of Mr. R. P. Shillaber, but I confess that I looked in spite of myself to see a little wizened old lady, with bright, black, beady eyes, very thin hands, and gray corkscrew ringlets. It seemed as though she ought to come hopping into the room in an elusive, bird-like way and begin saying funny things at once. The door was opened for us by a hearty, happy looking young girl of the high school age, who said, "Grandpa expected you out on an earlier train; he has been waiting for you for an hour, and will come right down." She took us into the parlor, and went out to speak to her grandfather and presently we heard his slow step of the stair marked with pauses and accented by his staff, for he is lame from rheumatism, then Mr. Shillaber came in. He shook his old friend, Professor, warmly by the hand, and greeted me very cordially. He is a big, jovial-looking man with sunny blue eyes, a ready smile and strong features. One feels at once in the presence of a hopeful, happy nature. It is more than a whimsical and amusing nature; it is one of the kind which endures trouble gracefully and is well enough poised to be always certain of the silver lining to every dark cloud. It is easy to see in his graveness that he has sorrowed, and indeed I am told that the loss of the companion of his life was no common one to him; but he is a serene soul still, and, for the time at least, it seems as though there is no philosophy like that of laughter and the laughter-maker. His daughter came in and with her daughter found our quintette of people in the parlor for a half hour. Directly I had shaken hands with Mr. Shillaber, I asked:

"Mrs. Partington, where is Ike?"
"He is here," he returned, tapping his coat-front, and speaking in a confidential way. "Ike is always with me; he never leaves me. Or you might say, if you like, there is Ike," nodding to his granddaughter.

"O, grandpa," she cried, "I hope I am not so bad as Ike."
"Ike isn't bad, not at all bad," said Mrs. Partington, shaking her head. "Ike is very good. We went driving yesterday." Then he told of a visit to the home of the owner of the Boston Herald with whom he once worked in a printing office. "It was about 150 years ago," he said, "I don't remember exactly how long it was. Maybe it was a little longer than that, but we will call it 150 years."

Mr. Shillaber, by the way, is 72 years old, and except for the rheumatism, which keeps him lame, is not at all an unhealthy man, and perhaps good for a large share of the number of years of his reminiscence. He talked with his old friend of their own early service in a Boston printing house soon after they came from Maine, and I heard how the young Shillaber took the name of Mrs. Partington from the old play where that estimable person tried to sweep back the waters of the ocean, how he wrote his witticisms for a Boston paper till he found that the editor was making money and name out of his property, then how, with two or three friends, he started the journal known as the Carpet Bag, on the strength of the Partington name. This paper established Mrs. Partington's reputation, though it was not a financial success. Since that time her sayings have always found a quick market, and Mr. Shillaber has written much besides all of the time. Of late, however, he has written very little. He says he is "growing passy," and his pronunciation, uttered with a twinkle in his blue eye, is worth recommending to French-attempting people who run to the other extreme, and call passy "passay."

The home of Mr. Shillaber is across Boston from Newton, in the suburb of Chelsea. Like another sage of Chelsea, he has clung to his home there long after it was an unfashionable quarter, but his need of attention has now compelled him to go to the pleasant home of his children at Newton.—Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

Dangers of Going Security.
I affirm that the system of indorsing is all wrong, and should be utterly abolished. I believe that it has been the financial ruin of more men than perhaps all the other causes. I think that our young men especially, should study the matter carefully in all its bearings, and adopt some settled policy to govern their conduct, so as to be ready to answer the man who asks them to sign his note. What responsibility does one assume when he indorses a note? Simply this: He is held for the payment of the amount in full, principal and interest, if the maker of the note, through misfortune, mismanagement or rascality fails to pay it. Notice, the indorser assumes all the responsibility, with no voice in the management of the business, and no share in the profits of the transaction, if it prove profitable; but with a certainty of loss if for any of the reasons stated, the principal fails to pay the note.—Judge Waldo F. Brown in Boston Traveler.

Ministers' Leap Year.
The year in which August has five Sundays is called ministers' leap year. In effect, a week is added to the usual vacation season. The present is the third of successive years in which the pastors' holiday has thus been prolonged.—Philadelphia Call.

Virginia raises 1,500,000 bushels of grain.

WHENCE?

Fall, flower and book! the tale is true!
What spirit calls my name?
A world away, across the blue,
The young moon lights her silver flame.
I look into the west and wait;
The wind is west, the day is late,
The silver moon is low,
And low beside the orchard gate
The fallen bloom drifts white as snow.

The light breeze falls, the voice has passed;
One dim and trembling star
Looks out of heaven serene and vast.
—O earth so near! O heaven so far!
Whose voice was this so strangely heard?
With wondering awe my soul is stirred.
—Art thou of earth, or winged and free,
O soul, who sent this spirit word
Across the twilight world to me?
—Anna Boynton.

WESTERN AND EASTERN SCHOOLS.

Those in the West in Advance of the East—An Observer's Comments.

Among those who linger at the springs I met E. F. Bates, who has been engaged for a number of years in teaching in the western states. I asked Mr. Bates about the relative educational facilities in the east and west, and he said: "I must say that my observation is in favor of the western schools. The fact is that in the progressive western states they have taken advantage of all the experiences of all the other states in the Union and are profiting by this experience. They build their school-houses on modern plans; they arrange their courses of study with reference to modern plans; they require of their teachers a standard of excellence and capacity for imparting knowledge which are in accordance with modern ideas. The ordinary country schools are much advanced over the country schools of New England."

The teachers, as a rule, are a brighter class of young women. You see in New England, the women school teachers are sort of settled down in the idea that they are going to teach for a lifetime and they become dull under that impression. But young women who teach school out west expect that after two or three sessions they will get married, and they are looking forward to something beside the routine of school life to keep them brighter, and whatever others may think, it makes them work more effectively in my judgment. The country schools generally run from nine to ten months in the year, while in most parts of New England there are only two sessions, the winter and the summer schools, lasting each about three months. They have no summer schools out west, but hold to the idea that the heated term is no time for mental exertion."

In speaking of the difference between the people as he had observed them in the east and in the west, Mr. Bates said: "Young men of New England who went into the western states to seek their fortunes took with them the very life blood of the east. The younger generation in the west which has sprung up from this stock under the invigorating influence of the new climate and soil is a strong and vigorous element than which there is nothing more powerful in this country. The growth of western influence in the politics and the practical statesmanship of the country may be traced directly to this new element in civilization."—Saratoga Springs Cor. New York Tribune.

The "Butter Bird" of Caripe.
What is the butter bird? Humboldt in his travels in South America records a visit to Caripe, where is the cavern of the guacharo bird. The name which the cavern bears signifies the "mine of fat" because from the young of the birds which inhabit it an immense quantity of fat is annually obtained. These birds are about the size of our common fowl, with wings which expand to three feet and a half. All day long they dwell in the cavern, and like our owls, only come forth at night. They subsist entirely on fruits, and have very powerful beaks, which are necessary to crack the rough nuts and reeds which form part of their food.

Midsummer is the harvest time for the fat. The Indians enter the cavern armed with long poles; the nests are attached to holes in the roof about sixty feet above their heads; they break these with the poles, and the young birds fall down and are instantly killed. Underneath their bodies is a layer of fat, which is cut off, and is the object sought. At the mouth of the cavern huts are erected of palm leaves, and there, in pots of clay, the natives melt the fat which has been collected. This is known as the butter of the guacharo; it is so pure that it may be kept for upwards of a year without becoming rancid. At the convent of Caripe no rancid oil is ever used in the kitchen of the monks.—Chicago Tribune.

The most skillful artist or artisan never gets over 50 cents a day, and the average pay for skilled labor is \$3 a month, \$2 of which must go for food. The shop-workmen of every description eat at their work-tables, and at night sleep on their benches or tables, which ever afford the best accommodation. Often as many as a dozen or sixteen men thus occupy a twelve-by-sixteen shop day and night, like so many machines.—W. T. Hornaday in The Cosmopolitan.

Too Much Education.
Germany has carried the technical training of artisans to such an extent that there are now two purely technically trained students in the country for every one that can find satisfactory employment.—Chicago Tribune.