

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.
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First class, and the only barber shop in the city. None but
first-class Workmen Employed.
Four doors south of Yamhill County Bank Building, McMinnville, Oregon.
H. H. WELCH.
Forty-two new ice factories have started in the South during the nine months.
"Keep your temper, my dear sir."
"I'm an old judge to an irritable young man," "keep your temper—it is worth a deal more to you than to anyone else."
The widow of Hon. Alexander H. Tilton, N. H., bequeathed thousand dollars cash and a house and rectory to Trinity Episcopal Church in that town. She also left a large sum in trust, the income to be used for the benefit of the poor in the town.

THE POSTMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

There's many a romance comes my way,
And many a sorrow meets my gaze;
I know the people and their ways;
And much I see, from the letters I take,
Of joy, and trouble, and deep heart ache.

This letter, addressed in manly style,
Is for a maiden, I can see
By her glad bright eyes and happy smile
Whenever they come, that they must be,
From her sweetheart; and, what is more,
The days they come she sits at the door.

This looks like a bill; they're poor, I guess;
Bills come so often to me,
A pale-faced woman, with real distress,
From her sweetheart; and, what is more,
And "Noting more?" she's sure to say,
In a hopeless, half-expectant way.

And this one with a foreign stamp—
Well, I am glad this letter's come!
It's from a sailor, a wild young scamp,
Who this time last year left his home.
His mother was so anxiously,
"It's from my son," she'll say to me.

And this one, edged with black, I dread
To deliver it at all,
It's from the West; their friend is dead,
Letters from there have stopped of late;
The girl is sad and weep, I know
This is the last from Idaho.

And here is Mrs. Harry Brown,
No more to number;
He's brought the letter-writer home,
Yes, many a romance comes my way,
And many a sorrow every day.

—Abbe Kimm, in N. Y. Ledger.

THE "SICK MAN."

An Interesting and Instructive Chat with "Sunset" Cox.

A Specimen Turkish Joke—Age of the "Oriental Imbrolio"—The "Aut-Hill" of Diplomats—The Duties of the American Legation.

Hon. S. S. Cox's diplomatic mission to the Orient has given him a great advantage over the regular United States humorist. He can graft a Turkish joke on one of his old Congressional rib-tickers, and produce an article so fresh and new that even the deaf will laugh. Although the high mujiks in Constantinople persisted in calling him Pasha "Sunset," he never donned the festive fez but three minutes and that was a trial experiment. While a reporter was waiting in the parlor of the Minister's residence, No. 13 East Twelfth street, waiting for him to appear, many fine views of the Bosphorus and places of interest in Constantinople were seen. The Sultan's palace and a Turkish cemetery were attractive and curious. When the popular orator and Minister Plenipotentiary appeared, he was bareheaded, and had the Parisian "grip," a new name for a cold, so badly that he was somewhat hoarse. That inimitable and breezy style so characteristic had not departed, and when asked for a Turkish story he said:

"I have just received a fresh one by cable from the Golden Horn and it goes: A Turk in Constantinople called upon his neighbor and wanted to borrow his jackass.

"I have sent the ass to Scutari, my friend," laconically replied the fortunate owner of the long-eared animal. "Even now that ass is climbing over the hill that brings him in view of that city. If he were here, of course I would lend him to you."

"About this time the ass brayed loud and long in his stall.

"The neighbor spoke up. 'Ah, there is your ass braying now; I thought he was near Scutari?'

"The owner laughingly replied: 'My friend, which do you believe is lying, the ass or myself?'

"This is a prime specimen of the humor of the unspeakable Turk.

"My health? Well, I have improved greatly. My summer in the island of Prinkipos was very delightful, and the air is very dry and bracing."

When questioned as to his sojourn at Constantinople, the Minister talked very freely in relation to the events which are now transpiring in the East. He said that Constantinople had unusual attractions for a diplomat. In fact fifty years ago Miss Pardee, in her book called "The City of the Sultan," said that Pera, where the Ambassadors lived most of the year, and which is a European city, opposite old Stamboul, was like an ant hill. The diplomats and dragomans are constantly going and coming, carrying a little gossip in the shape of diplomatic straws. They are forever alert, like the Greeks of old, for some new thing.

"But," said Mr. Cox, the "Oriental imbrolio" is not a new thing. It is as old as the selection of Constantinople as the grand site of commerce in the East. You can not open a volume of history, and especially the histories of Byzantium and Greece, without finding the antetype of the "Eastern question."

It has been continually recurring and never settling. The pre-eminence of the city as a commercial emporium standing between the East and the West; with her magnificent waters of the Mediterranean, the Dardanelles and the Marmora (Propontis), Bosphorus and the Black Sea, make it altogether peerless, not only in political, but in commercial prominence. So that ever since its first settlement history is full of Scythian, Bulgarian, Sarjurkian, Turk, Mongol, Greek, Serbian and Slavonic conflicts. These in races were ever on the move, either in arms or otherwise, to secure the advantage of this remarkable port.

"It is well known that from the time of Peter the Great, Russia has had her eye fixed upon this ancient capital. She has been checked by the "concert" of the European Powers. These Powers are jealous of the great "land animal," Russia. Especially since the antagonism of Russia with England in

HINDOO WIDOWS.

The Truly Helpless Condition of These Unfortunate Women.

The formal period of mourning for a widow in Bengal lasts for one month with the Kayasths, the most numerous and influential class in that part of India—the Brahmins keeping only ten days. During this time she has to prepare her own food, confining herself to a single meal a day, which consists of boiled coarse rice, simplest vegetables, clarified butter, and milk. She can on no account touch meat, fish, eggs, or any delicacy at all; she is forbidden to do up her hair and to put any scent or oil on her body. She must put on the same cotton sari day and night, even when it is wet, and must eschew the pleasure of a bed and lie down on bare ground, or perhaps on a coarse blanket spread on it. In some cases she can not even have her hair dried in the sun after her daily morning ablution, which she must go through before she can put a particle of food in her mouth. The old women say that the soul of a man after his death ascends to Heaven quickly and pleasantly in proportion to the bodily afflictions which his wife can undergo in the month after the death of her husband. Consequently the new-made widow, if not for any other reason, at least for the benefit of the soul of her departed husband, must submit to continuous abstinence and exercising self-inflictions. A whole month passing in this state of semi-starvation. The funeral ceremonies which drag on till the end of that period, are all performed, and the rigid observances of the widow of a little relaxed, if it may be so termed, since the only relaxation allowed to her is that she need not prepare the food with her own hands, and that she can change her clothes, but always using only plain cotton saris. The real misery of the widow, however, begins after the first month. It is not enough that she is quite heart-broken for her deceased husband, and that she undergoes all the above-mentioned bodily privations. She must also bear the most galling indignities and the most humiliating self-sacrifices. She can not take an active part in any religious or social ceremony. If there is a wedding in the house the widow must not touch or in any way interfere with the articles that are used to keep the curious marriage customs. During the pujahs, or religious festivals, she is but grudgingly allowed to approach near the object of veneration, and in some bigoted families the contact of a widow is supposed to pollute the materials requisite for the performance of marriage ceremonies. The widow is, in fact, looked upon as the "evil one" of the house. If she has no son or daughter to comfort her, or if she has to pass her whole life, as is often the case, with her husband's family, her condition truly becomes a helpless one. During any ceremony or grand occasion she has silently to look on, others around her enjoying and sporting themselves, and if some kind relation does not come to relieve her tedious she has hardly any thing to do but to ruminate on her present sad, wretched condition. Every female member of a family, whether married or unmarried, can go to parties, but a widow can not, and if she expresses any wish to join the family on such occasions it is instantly repressed by the curt rebuke of her mother-in-law or some other relation that "she is a widow and she must not have such wishes."—*Davendra N. Das, in Nineteenth Century.*

—100 snarls— "You keep any Hamburg edging?" asked a timid Miss. "Not if we can help it," was the pert reply of the clerk. He kept some that day.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

"I say, Jerry, why don't you water your horses?" "Water 'em? Why, they never want water." "And why don't they want water?" "Why, because they're both boys."

—A suggestion of economy.—Lady (in dry goods store) I will look at your material for towels. Clerk (recently transferred from the dress-goods department)—Yes, ma'am; something that won't show dirt?

"My mamma gives me a penny every day," said a little girl to her companion, "for taking a dose of castor oil." "What do you buy with so much money?" "Oh, mamma saves it up to buy the oil with."

—Bertie.—"Mr. Schuyler, are you a very strong man?" "Schuyler—" "No, not so very strong, Bertie." Bertie—"What did pa mean, then, when he told sister at the breakfast table to-day that he saw you with a heavy load on last night?"—*Judge.*

"What are you reading, my dear?" asked a motherly old lady of her daughter, who was swinging in a hammock in the side yard one Sunday afternoon. "St. Elmo's mother." "That's right, my dear; read all you want to about the saints; but I never want you to open a novel on Sunday."—*N. Y. Times.*

—Influent citizen: So yer thinkin' yer locastin' hyur, air ye? Young physician: Well, yes, I had thought some of practicing here. Influent citizen: Look hyur, young man, that's a good openin' hyur for a doctor as un'erstands his biz, but we don't want no practicin'; doctorin's what we want.—*Harpes' Bazar.*

—What he came back for—Father of Young Girl: I should think you would be satisfied after the treatment you got here last night. I kicked you down the front steps and set the dog on you, and he came back with a big piece of your trousers. Now, what do you want? Young man: I'd like that piece of cloth, please.

FURNACE HEATING.

Four Points to be Considered in the Selection of a Furnace.

- 1st. Be sure and put in a furnace capable of comfortable heating the building in the coldest weather without heating the fire-pot to red heat. The contraction and expansion due to the great changes of temperature in the furnace, when the fire has to be forced, soon loosen the joints of a furnace built up of several pieces, and permit the escape of the gases of combustion into the fresh air supply.
- 2nd. Wrought iron and steel-plate furnaces are now made which are claimed by the makers to be superior to cast-iron furnaces, but it has been shown that wrought iron furnaces may leak after having been some time used.
- 3rd. It seems to be the general opinion of manufacturers of hot air furnaces that no rule can be made by which one can tell what size furnace he should use to heat a given amount of space. They say the only thing to go by is experience, taking into account the exposure of the building, location of furnace, etc.; hence an architect must rely upon the recommendation of the manufacturer, and it is, therefore, best to deal only with those who have a good reputation.
- 4th. Cold air supply. Especial care should always be taken to secure a large supply of fresh air by means of a wooden or metal duct connecting the air chamber under the furnace with an opening in the outside wall of the building, preferably on the north or west side. This duct should be as large as the opening in the base of the furnace. The air supply should on no account be taken from the cellar, because it is almost sure to be contaminated with gases escaping from the furnace door, and, perhaps, there may be decaying matter or bad plumbing in the cellar, which also give off injurious gases.

The fresh air supply should not be brought in through an underground duct without taking special precautions to have it air-tight, and should not pass across or near a drain or sewer.

3. A furnace is usually placed near the center of a building, the object being to have the flues conveying the heated air from it as short as possible. Horizontal flues for heated air are very undesirable, as the friction in them checks the current and involves loss of heat. The direction of the wind has a great influence on the action of hot-air flues, and for this reason it is better to place the furnace, not in the center, but toward that side of the house against which the winter winds blow most frequently and strongest. In the Northern States this will be toward the northwest. If a building of large area is to be warmed by furnace heat, it will be much better to use two or three furnaces distributed over the area than one large central one.

4. The register and hot-air flues should be of ample size, as it is much better to have a large quantity of air admitted at a low temperature than a small quantity of air at a very high temperature.—*Builder and Woodworker.*

A DUCK STORY.

A Wyoming Hunter Discovers a Huge Cavern Which Contains Three Lakes.

A singular story comes from the head of Panther creek, a stream of Northeastern Colorado, with its course not many miles from the Nebraska line. One of the sources of the creek is a shallow, sedge pond, from which the water pours over a miniature precipice some ten feet in height and five or six in width.

The pond is the resort, in their season, of a great many wild ducks, who feed on the sedge plants growing on its margins and its shallow bottom. Last year a neighboring ranchman noticed that on disturbing these waterfowl, in place of flying to a distance, they circled about a few moments and then dashed through the veil of water formed by the falls coming from the pond.

Though a good deal astonished the ranchman had then no time for investigation of the singular circumstance, and not until a short time ago did he follow the tracks of the ducks through the falling waters. Beyond a slight ducking he experienced no inconvenience in passing behind the falls. Once there and the way was clear. Opening before him was a passage three feet in width, and of sufficient height to allow a man to pass upright. The walls of the subterranean way were dripping with water, and undoubtedly passed beneath the pond. He had not gone many yards before the sound of a great quacking fell upon his ears. Hastening his pace he soon came upon a large cavern, in the center of which was a lake. The surface of this lake was thick with ducks. The water fowl were mostly mallard and teal, though several other varieties were represented.

On the approach of the intruder the ducks arose in an immense cloud and disappeared through an opening beyond the lake. Our adventurer followed them and found another and similar lake covered with wild ducks. Again the fowl arose, and with frightened and clamorous quacks thronged through another passage-way. Here the pursuer found the largest lake of all and the end of the subterranean water chain. The ducks now took the back track, and he could hear the rush of their wings and the sound of their harsh notes growing fainter as they sought the safety of the outer air.—*Chevenne (Wyo. T.) Leader.*

MODERN OLD MAIDS.

Jolly and Good-Natured Women Who Dress in Excellent Taste.

According to the ideas of things which prevailed not so very long ago, the woman who did not marry was a blighted being. It did not matter whether she remained single from choice or necessity; for since it was considered a woman's only manifest and unalterable destiny to marry, she must, of course, be regarded as a failure in life if she did not do this. And though she may have refused forty offers of marriage, or have had the most imperative duties of any sort, or developed the most decided talent for some vocation in life other than marriage, yet neither one or all of these would have been accepted as a valid reason why she should not follow what society had decided was the only proper course in life for her.

From this condition of things there arose in literature and the minds of the people in general the typical "old maid." She was always pictured gaunt, angular and forbidding in appearance; morose and ill-tempered in disposition, as become a blighted and disappointed being; hating youth and pleasure of all sorts, with a special grudge against love-making and lovers, since they reminded her of her own vanished youth and the opportunities which she never had, or having, had neglected.

But we have changed all that in these later days. With the education of women and the broadening of their opportunities in every way their destinies have broadened also. A woman is still, perhaps, expected first to marry, and it is best for her that she should, provided her marriage can be a happy and suitable one. But if from her own choice, or a necessity arising from a lack of appreciation on the part of the other and more stupid sex, she remains at the end of her days what some one calls an "unclaimed blessing," she is no longer considered, from this circumstance alone, a failure and an unhappy creature. She is no longer doomed to a life of dependence in the house of another, for a score of vocations are open to her, in any one of which she may win a livelihood or even competence. Consequently she commands respect, and far from being a subject of contempt or pity, she is more likely the object of open or secret envy on the part of most of her married acquaintances.

And so it has come about that the typical old maid of former times has passed away, and in the literature of to-day we find new types conforming to the new facts of the case and quite different from the old. The modern old maid is not angular and forbidding in appearance, but plump and pleasing. She is not morose and ill-tempered, but jolly and good-natured to an extent that makes her the best of company. As she has never had the absorbing cares that come with marriage, and has no family of sons and daughters growing up about her to remind her of the flight of years, she has naturally forgotten to grow old, and young people regard her as one of themselves when good times are being planned; while in the matter of lovers and love-making she has had that experience which makes her simply invaluable as confidante and adviser, and she is the repository of all the secrets of this sort which exist within the range of her acquaintance. She dresses in exquisite taste, she pets a pug dog or a white cat, a golden beetle, or whatever animal fashion may dictate; is idolized by her family; especially her young nephews; has hosts of admirers, but is discretion and propriety personified; is the guiding spirit in orphan asylums, hospital fairs, associated charity matters and other good works, and, in short, lives out to the end of her days a happy, useful, well-rounded existence.—*Milwaukee Telegraph.*

—Misery loves company and company causes the good housekeeper a good deal of misery too, when she hasn't anything cooked in the house.—*Somerville Journal.*

—It has been remarked that the youth who wears the tallest collar and carries the largest stick wears the smallest hat; but why it is not anybody seems to know.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—"My dear," said a mother annoyed at some invidious remarks of her little girl, "why can't you keep a secret?" "Because," said Little Mischievous, demurely, "two of my front teeth are gone, mamma."

—The Sunday Herald has an article on "A Girl's Room—How to Make It Attractive?" But the article misses the best answer to its own question, to wit: Put the girl in the room.—*London Courier.*

—It has been revealed that when Daniel Webster got stuck for a word he used to rub his nose with his finger. This is profoundly interesting, but not strange. Now, if he had rubbed his nose with his heel or even his elbow—but the subject is getting too deep.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Boston has a young man with two hearts. It is supposed "they beat as one." Should he divide his hearts with two young ladies, we don't suppose either of the latter would be satisfied. They would call him a heartless wretch, despite his surplus of cardiac organ.—*Boston Post.*

—"George," she murmured fondly, "do you believe in supporting a monopoly?" "No, dear, I don't. I believe in helping a monopoly along just as little as I can. But why do you ask?" "O, I don't know, only I thought maybe if you didn't you would have turned down the nose."—*New Haven News.*