



WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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Most persons have opinions. Now and then a person has convictions.

What is the matter with you, Johnson, you bark so? Oh, nothing, only I slept under a tree last night.

The Legislature of the State of Sonora, Mexico, has exempted from all municipal taxation any ice factories that are or may be established within the State.

DON JUAN MANUEL.

There is in Mexico a street lined by the tallest and most sumptuous buildings, where for years have lived wealthy and prominent merchants.

Nevertheless, its aspect is dreary by day, and by night lugubrious. The great zaguan (street-doors) of ancient carved wood seem the entrances to castles; on the high walls of the buildings are projected, in a most singular manner, the lights and the alternate shades of the street-lamps, and from the Churrigueresque cornices of the balconies phantoms appear to detach themselves, which now blend and hide in the zaguan, now ascend to the roof cornice, and there peep and laugh, showing deformed and fantastic shapes to the people who pass.

That night, at intervals, gusts of icy wind blew from off the volcanoes, and now and then great rain-drops fell, which the wind beat and dashed against the dark panes within the balconies; in the whole street there was no living creature but a lean black dog, gnawing a bone thrown out by some servant.

This is the historic legend of the street of Don Juan Manuel. In the year 1633 the street was not in the condition that wayfarers now behold it. Mexico was already, as it were, planned and arranged, but the streets, with few exceptions, were not finished.

The owner of the houses and grounds in that road was a cavalier called Don Juan Manuel. He was a personage surrounded in all directions by shadows and mysteries which never let him be seen in all the true reality.

Don Juan Manuel was a very charitable man. It was told of him that he was once visited by a widow who had two charming daughters, young and fair.

Don Juan Manuel was of jealous nature. It was said that his wife was an illustrious lady of rare beauty, but none had ever seen her, for she remained shut within the house, and only left it to go to mass at 5 o'clock of a morning, wrapped in a great black woolen cloak.

Don Juan Manuel was not a good man, but pious; he confessed and took the sacrament every week; he disciplined himself every night at the nearest church; he relieved many of the poor, assisted at the feasts of the Virgin, and paid for tapers and lamps which burned day and night in the churches.

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saying that at night he might be met in the darkest streets, going in and out of mean-looking houses, wrapped in a long cloak.

Such was the gossip of the vulgar, which, starting from a foundation of truth, poetizes and reverses things and forms, giving to them the strange, indefinite, or mysterious character which so delights the human imagination.

Time went on and on, and every year added some particular, some new stroke to the character of Don Juan Manuel as portrayed. Suddenly the cavalier was changed over completely to religious devotion, and from this he went to a melancholy so black and deep that no one could console him.

One night the body of a murderer was found in that street; but there was absolutely no police vigilance at that time, and the city was unlighted, and robbers abounded, this misfortune was attributed to them.

The question was, who was the author of those crimes? The vulgar answered that, entirely led away by the devil, to whom he had surrendered his soul on condition of being shown the lover of his wife, Don Juan Manuel went forth every night from his house, closely veiled, with a short dagger in his hand, and when he encountered any man near the house, blinded by jealousy, he would infer that this was one of the many who were resolved to injure his honor, and so asked the other:

"Eleven o'clock," the wayfarer would answer in all innocence. "Happy art thou who knowest the hour of thy death!" would respond Don Juan Manuel, and at the same time strike his dagger into the heart or throat of his victim, whom he would leave dead and bathed in blood, while he returned home, whence was heard the formidable clang of the heavy door closing, after which all remained in silence and in gloom.

The most dangerous hours were from 11 to 12 at night, and few, even if in quest of the Holy Oil, would venture to pass through that street after 8 at night, unless accompanied by two or three guards. However, some there were, who from incredulity, or from dire necessity, did pass through the domains of Don Juan Manuel, and sure it was that they would fall victims to the sanguinary fury which the demon had inspired in that cavalier.

There was in the street of Don Juan Manuel—probably about where Senor Dozal's superb building stands—a house of poor aspect, which was the property of a beata—a devotee—of some fifty years old. One of the errors to which youth is victim, when confiding too much in the other sex, had caused Mother Mariana, as she was called, to the habit of devotee, promising, further, to recite daily credos of the Precious Blood, equal in number to that of the current day of the month; on the 25th, for instance, she spent a long time in repeating the twenty-five credos which fell to her lot.

No wonder that publishers of shilling shockers are crying out about the flatness of their once active market. Why, every morning the newspapers are converted into penny dreadfuls, full of romantic and blood-curdling sensations, such as would have delighted a Poe, a La Fontaine, or a Gaboriau. It is the sheerest nonsense for purists in literature to decry plots, or to say that the taste for horrors (decent horrors, that is) is on the decrease. It is a constant quantity which never varies—that is to say, the taste for murders or disappearances, if they require unraveling, and furnish employment for the mind more exciting than word puzzles, is inborn in 999,999 people out of 1,000,000. Who then is going to pay a shilling for a "shocker" in big type, when he can get a whole battery in breviter for a penny?

ALL ABOUT GLASS CUTTING.

Its Hard Work—Very Expensive for Poor People—Strong and Careful Workmen.

"There are six processes for cutting glass," said the manager. "The first is termed roughing. An iron wheel, on which sand mixed with water drips continually, digs out the pattern. As there are only a few lines traced on the glass whereby to go, this is a very difficult task. All glass cutting is done by crossing certain straight lines at certain points. If, in glass cutting, the wheel moves slightly from the line the whole piece of glass is ruined. The workmen are therefore compelled to keep their eyes on their work all the time. The glass itself is made in Baccarat, Germany. It is the finest glass made. It is termed metallic because a large part of it is silver. It is bought by the pound and is very expensive in the bulk. It is, therefore, no easy task to hold it free, as these workmen do for hours at a time.

"After: this comes the different modes of polishing. A wooden wheel and powdered pumice stone are used first. These take out the wrinkles on the surface of the glass. Then follows a brush and putty powder. Lastly, a buff wheel, made of nearly fifty pieces of canton flannel and rouge. The pieces of flannel are loose, but the machinery causes them to revolve so rapidly, about 3,000 revolutions to the minute, that the wheel seems as hard as a board. This last process not only polishes, but imparts a beautiful gloss to the surface of the glass. Then it is finished and ready for our counters down stairs.

"There have been very few changes in the art of glass cutting for centuries. Except that we now use steam instead of foot-power, we have no advantage over the cutters of 200 years ago. There are only two manufacturers of the rough metal in this country, and their glass is of inferior quality. Workmen have to serve a long apprenticeship before they master the trade. An expert workman receives high pay. It is very close, confining work and makes them all look pale. A great many Swiss and Bohemians are employed. The cutting of lapidary stoppers is the most difficult work. It requires the greatest exactness because there are so many diamond shaped figures in a small space. Very few can do this work well. There is one old man in this country who is looked up to by all the other workmen. They say he carries a charm. He is the most expert cutter of lapidary stoppers in the country. Not only does he cut them all perfectly, but he gives them a finer polish than anybody else can. He is closely watched by his fellow workmen, who say they have observed him take something from his pocket and rub the stopper with it. He has been offered large sums for his secret, but has always refused to sell it.

"Colored cut glass is very expensive. The color is put on in the same way as silver plate, and then part of it is cut away. It leaves the blended effect of color and no color. Many customers bring us original designs which they wish made. Many of them are very odd, and some are impossible to make." —New York Mail and Express.

Grace Darling's Only Sister.

Grace Darling's only sister died recently in her little home under the shadow of Bamborough castle, within sound of the wild waves that beat against Holy Island and the rock that wrecked the Forfarshire. The simple and pious old lady to the last, like the heroine herself could not understand why so much had been said about the plain act of duty which made the family name immortal. She has been laid in the seaside churchyard, close to the sister who died so young forty years ago, and whose marble effigy lies in the sea wind and sun, with her ear upon the folded arm. A gray stone wall divides the thin grass of the holy ground from the bleached and pallid growth of the sand dunes. For the dark and strong bassalt of this Northumbria coast, into which is built the tremendous pile of the castle, is every where heaped with the sands of many storms. If ever there was a "wide-watered shore," straight out of Milton's visionary mind, it is this. —New York Home Journal.

Heat Holidays for Schools.

The Basle government has just issued a new regulation for the Hitzferien in the Basle schools. When the temperature rises to 20 degrees (Reamur) in the shade at 10 o'clock in the morning, holiday is to be proclaimed to the scholars until the afternoon. Two such holidays were proclaimed during the heat of the summer, to the no small delight of the boys and girls, whose jubilant greeting of the announcement could be heard from the open windows of the Gymnasium. —Foreign Letter.

New Idea in Railroad.

A car called the "spotter" now goes over the Central road at given periods. It is provided with a tank of colored fluid, and when the wheels roll over a rough place in the track the fluid is spilled on the spot. It is so arranged that the track superintendent can, while seated on the inside of the car, view the track and thus detect any flaws that may exist. —Mohawk Valley Democrat.

SYMPTOMS OF TYPHOID FEVER.

Points by Which a Common and Often Fatal Disease May Be Recognized.

When a person becomes ill, suffering with slight chills, loss of appetite, frequent nose bleeding, irregularity of the bowels, coated tongue, rapid, weak pulse, a body temperature rising regularly about one degree daily till 105 degree Fahrenheit is reached, with fugitive pains, especially in the back and head, with progressive muscular and mental weakness and an inclination to be stupid, the presumption is very strong that the patient has typhoid fever, and this notion is much strengthened if, with the above symptoms, there be a tumid abdomen, gurgling on pressure on the right side.

These symptoms may exist about fourteen days and gradually abate and the patient recover, but the patient may, on the other hand, go on from bad to worse and finally be destroyed by exhaustion, perforation of the bowels or bowel hemorrhage. If on examination of the body of one dead under the above circumstances there be found numerous patches of inflamed surface in the bowel known as the "ileum" it is perfectly proper to ascribe the death to typhoid fever.

The poison of the disease, which is probably a microscopic plant, exists mainly in the bowel evacuations of those sick of the disease. It is true that this substance has never been isolated and shown to men as one would show a sample of wheat or other seed, but it exists all the same, and when a person develops the disease it is because he has swallowed some of the poison with his drink, most likely, and it passes along the alimentary canal till it finds a good soil in which to grow—that is, in the position indicated, known as "Peyer's patches," a glandular formation bearing the name of a learned physician long since dead.

It is probable that some in vigorous health might take small amounts of this poison into the system and escape unhurt. A temperature of 212 degrees, that is, the boiling point, kills the poison of all zymotic diseases. Here in brief is the sum of the prevention of the trouble: Maintain a high state of the general health and boil all suspected water before using. In fact it is well to use nothing but boiled water when any epidemic disease prevails.

Some typhoid fever patients will recover by rest in bed using only liquid food. Others will die in spite of the best attention. These last are either constitutionally weak or received enormous doses of the poison. Emetic fever is much the better name for the trouble in question. —Philadelphia Times.

Benefits of Laughter.

Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the great convulsion produced by hearty laughter shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively—probably its chemical electric or vital condition is distinctly modified—it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey, when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And thus it is that a good laugh lengthens a man's life by conveying a distinct and additional stimulus to the vital forces. The time may come when physicians, attending more closely than they do now to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to the torpid patient "so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such and such a time," just as they do that for more objectionable prescriptions—a pill or an electric or galvanic shock. —Scientific American.

Women Abroad and at Home.

The New York women are like the New York men. They are the best dressed women in the world. Redfern, of London, and Worth, of Paris, make it true, very fine dresses, but you will find as many of them worn in New York almost as in London or Paris. The cheaper dresses of New York have a style and fit about them which you do not find in those of the dressmakers of Europe. The American girl has a better taste as to dress than the foreign one, and this is so as compared to France as well as other countries. The German girls are, as a rule, dowdy. They don't understand how to put on their clothes. English girls wear good stuffs but their dresses are prim and except among the richest, ill-fitting. The French women dress better and show more individuality of taste than those of the rest of Europe, but the American girl surpasses them in this and she has a better complexion to build upon. —Frank George Carpenter.

Mushrooms in Europe.

A strange variety of taste has prevailed in many countries in regard to mushrooms. In Russia the peasants are never without them. They are hung up to dry in the roofs of the cottages, like oat cakes in Lancashire, and form a greatly esteemed relish to all sorts of dishes. In some parts of Germany, also, they are largely preserved in brine for cooking purposes, but in England it is only lately that they have come into general use. —London Magazine.

A clerk in a men's furnishing store says that the man who buttons the left side of his collar first makes a mistake, for he uses his right hand for that and then uses his left for the more difficult task of buttoning the other side. He should reverse the process. —New York Sun.