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# WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

SEMI-WEEKLY

VOL. I.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, FEBRUARY 11, 1887.

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## WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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H. H. WELCH.  
Studying M. Pasteur's Methods.

I have been in Paris studying M. Pasteur's methods. The basis of his theory is undoubtedly good, but in this country we do not have the laboratory for such work, and we have not the money to construct such a laboratory. Of course Pasteur has lost some cases, but the same happens in small-pox. There may be something in the patient or in the inoculation. Some of the Russians died because such a length of time had elapsed between the time they were bitten and their inoculation.  
But there are many well-defined cases of genuine protection afforded by this inoculation where people were bitten by really hydrophobic dogs. There are many people who have received the treatment simply because they were afraid. These are not included in the official statistics; between 200 and 300 were excluded from the July statistics. The majority of the doctors, and especially the influential ones, are with Pasteur, but others are making a systematic fight on him. They are men in high standing; too; men who have had theories which have not been approved, and who hold that germs have nothing to do with the disease.—Veterinary Surgeon

## LIKE CURES LIKE.

"How have I offended you, Alice?"  
The question was asked with just a touch of hauteur in the low flexible tones; yet, in spite of his wounded pride, Dean Radnor's eyes were full of passionate entreaty as he looked down into Alice Wier's disdainful, half-averted face.

They were standing together in the curtained recess of a deep bay-window in her father's drawing-room. A pleasant murmur of voices, as the few informal guests there assembled engaged in there after dinner conversation, fell dreamily on Radnor's ear, but he was conscious of nothing but his own anxious suspense.

Miss Wier presently lifted to his gaze a fair, proud face, every feature of which seemed to have frozen into unutterable contempt. Her blue eyes flashed a little too ominously, perhaps, to bear out the impression of cold indifference which her answering words were designed to convey; but Dean Radnor, blind as all his sex are, heard the words and believed in them, without perceiving the subtle contradiction that eyes and voice, in spite of her, contained.

"That you should need to ask this, Mr. Radnor," she said haughtily, "is even worse than your offense. I can not descend to point out the special act of discourtesy which has reversed my former good opinion of you. The simple fact that you are unconscious of it is a sufficient proof that you are not the perfect gentleman I once believed you to be. Let this explain my request that we meet no more as acquaintances."

Dean Radnor stared at the speaker now in dumb and stupefied amazement. To any ordinary observer it would have been perfectly plain from Miss Wier's whole speech and manner that she was thoroughly, uncontrollably angry, and uttering words that did cruel violence to her own feelings, as well as the feelings of the one whom she was addressing; but Radnor, although unquestionably lacking in cool wisdom where Alice Wier was concerned, had not the penetration of an ordinary observer, and therefore failed to make what must otherwise have been a most gratifying discovery.

Stung by the contempt in her tone and words, angered by a criticism which he felt to be preposterously unreasonable and unjust, he answered with a manner quite as haughty as her own, while his eyes met hers with a look as cold as steel.

"Very well, Miss Wier, since you regard it as an impossible condescension to explain the sudden coldness and disdain with which you have treated me to-day, after the flattering cordiality and friendship of the past few months, I must consider it equally a condescension on my part to ask further for this explanation. As to your request that we meet no more as acquaintances, I shall cheerfully accede to it. Believe me, I can take no pleasure in the acquaintance of a lady who, while dwelling with such emphasis upon the courtesy due to herself, quite ignores the fact that there is an equal courtesy due from her to others. I have the honor of bidding you good-bye."

Did he really mean it? Were there to be no protestations, no entreaties, no frantic admission that he was in the wrong and pleading for her pardon? Alas for Alice's fond expectations—no, none of these! There was coldness, hauteur, even contempt in Dean Radnor's handsome face, as scarcely glancing at her while he uttered his formal farewell, he pushed aside the heavy Persian drapery and stepped back, that she might pass out from the window recess. And when she had done so, white and trembling with anger and disappointment, which it took all her pride and self-control to conceal, he followed her with a careless, indifferent air, joined for a few moments in the light chatter of the other guests, and then, taking leave of his host and hostess, bowed himself out of the drawing-room. Only Alice Wier knew that he had gone forever; and upon her heart the conviction settled with all the icy calm of despair.

Everyone wondered why Dean Radnor, the most eligible bachelor in Hastings, should leave town at the very beginning of an unusually brilliant season. He told no one why he went or whither he went; and no one suspected that he took with him a sore and angry heart, whose wounds he hoped to heal by a long absence from her who had so cruelly afflicted them. And no one suspected that in her luxurious home, surrounded by fond and admiring friends, Alice Wier was hiding a sore and angry heart beneath a cold and flippant exterior. If the thought crossed her mind, sometimes, that she had been unreasonable in her treatment of Radnor—that she might have explained to him the cause of her displeasure without compromising her dignity or pride—she put the idea from her impatiently and persisted in justifying her own conduct and utterly condemning his. And while she was passing through this daily conflict of doubt and self-justification, Dean Radnor, miles away in the safe refuge that he had chosen, was thinking constantly of her, in spite of his resolution and effort to forget her, and wondering with vague amazement that grew more hopeless and helpless every day, what it could have been that he had done, and in his innocent unconsciousness, that had given her such deadly offense.

## AN AMUSING ACCOUNT OF A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCES—"LONG FIG."

The Rev. James Chalmers, a recently returned missionary, gives a most amusing account of some recent experiences among the cannibals, for it seems cannibals and non-cannibals are sandwiched together very indiscriminately. Mr. Chalmers paid a visit to a very prosperous race of these gentlemen at Baldhead Point, which is the center of the sage-producing country. It is also abundantly supplied with pigs, and a few miles up the river are kangaroos and cassowaries. An account of this visit will be told in a book which Mr. Chalmers has in hand, but I may mention one or two facts. Since the days of Helen of Troy a woman has ever been a causa belli. A woman is generally the cause of the inter-tribal conflicts which are ever raging. This, perhaps, is owing to the extraordinary marriage laws of the people.

It is supposed that the custom of cannibalism was imported from some of the neighboring islands. The legend goes that some sixty years ago, after a certain battle, a chief, out of bravado, cut a portion out of another chief who was slain, threw it into the pot, and ate it. When the burying party came and asked for the dead body he said scoffingly: "I have eaten it." This joke led to reprisals, and the custom spread to the mainland. However that may be, "long pig" is a favorite plat in a state menu. "I found," said Mr. Chalmers, "these cannibals of Baldhead Point are the most agreeable fellows in the world."

"Then you were not afraid of being put in the pot yourself?"  
"Not a bit of it. I went so far as to ask them if they had any such intentions. The chief, with a smile (not a hungry one) said that they did not care for white man. They had tried him, but he was not good. Of course, they might prefer white man to no man at all; but, as a matter of fact, 'long pig' orgies are few and far between. They are like plum-pudding at Christmas—very good once a year."—Fall Mall Gazette Interview.

The Great Journalist.  
"To the young journalist of to-day," said Maj. George F. Williams at the Press club, "the personnel of the elder Bennett and his co-peers Raymond and Greeley is a mystery, and I presume there is not a subject so interesting to the rising generation of newspaper writers than the habits and manners of these three truly great men in their sphere of life. As the years roll by anecdotes become rusty and distorted, so that a very imperfect idea is given of the men who did so much to establish American journalism on its present high plane."

"Raymond was a polished gentleman, had hosts of personal friends, and possessed a clever, concise style, which could cut like a knife when necessary. The elder Bennett cared more for news than editorials, and loved advertisements. One day an editorial writer walked into his room and announced the opinion that that day's Herald was a splendid paper. The reply was very characteristic. 'You are right, mon, it's a very good paper. Dinna ye notice the advertisements?'"  
"Greeley thought more of his editorial page than any other part of the paper, and he made it a power in the land while he lived."—Interview in The Journalist.

The Cricket on the Hearth.  
Many believe and all have heard it said that a cricket singing in the house is a harbinger of good fortune. Some people think if they are heard in the houses it presages a death in the family and means are at once taken to drive them out.

In parts of England it is thought killing crickets will bring bad luck, a broken bone, or some calamity, and if crickets desert a house it foretells death. Speaking of its voice, it has none. Crickets, katydids, grasshoppers, and cicadas all make noise by rubbing the rough edges of their wings together.

The field cricket can be found and studied anywhere near town. They live in little holes dug down and then back in little galleries. In front of the hole they make a small platform, upon which is thrown the refuse material incident upon housekeeping. All day long, and all night as well, the cricket sits in the entrance of his hole and chirps.

They not only bite each other, but with their long hind legs they kick as viciously as ill-tempered horses. The males and females live alone, each in its own house, which is valiantly defended against all comers.—Philadelphia News.

The Identical Second.  
Seven-year-old Johnny is fond of long words. He heard his mother telling of a man who swallowed his false teeth in his sleep. "Did he have to take an epidemic?" he anxiously inquired. He asked his mother the other day if he could tell just what second a person died. His mother thought not. "Then why does it say in the paper 'Died of the 22nd inst?'"—Babyhood.

Raising a War Ship.  
An attempt is about to be made to raise a Russian war ship, the John Baptist, which was sunk by the orders of Peter the Great in 1710, at Revel, to escape capture by the Swedes. Preliminary soundings tend to strengthen the belief that it will be found in a state of preservation in the sand.—Boston Transcript.

## CANNIBALS IN NEW GUINEA.

And hesitated on the brink of a proposal. And Col. Shepperson, gallant and gay and devoted swain—what ailed him that the sentiments of the heart, whenever they forced themselves into speech, melted away into "airy nothings," that made very delightful small talk for flirtation, but bound him no more firmly to the one to whom they were uttered than the veriest threads of gossamer would have done? Had Alice Wier been impatient to accomplish her ambitious scheme of marrying this prospective member of congress, she would have been ill-pleased with his tardiness in declaring himself; but, for some reason, she was strangely content to wait; and every time the dangerous tenderness that showed itself for an instant in Col. Shepperson's eyes when they met hers, in his voice when he spoke to her, in the pressure of his hand as it held hers, resolved itself into the gray airiness of jest, and the threatened crisis thus passed away, she breathed a sigh of relief and thankfulness. Verily homeopathy may be sure; but in these two cases it was unquestionably slow.

But affairs could not go on thus for ever. With wonder and impatience at strange faint-heartedness, Dean Radnor resolved at last to make the fatal leap and give Miss Temple the long-deferred opportunity to accept his hand and fortune. And, by an odd coincidence, he chose the very time and place for making this declaration that Col. Shepperson, likewise goaded to desperate resolution, had chosen for a similar duty.

They were again the guests of Mrs. Chalmers; the occasion a lawn party, just previous to the breaking up of society for the summer exodus to seashore and mountains. It was evening, and the elegant grounds were illuminated with Japanese lanterns, making an effective picture with the auxiliaries of flowers, shrubbery, fountains, statuary and the beautiful costumes of the ladies who were all in fancy dress.

Dean Radnor, possibly with a view to preparing himself for his meditated coup d'etat, had wandered off alone to a quiet portion of the grounds, where the moonlight, undisturbed by the brilliant glare of the Japanese lanterns, was doing its best to turn night into day; and there, pacing to and fro behind the cover of the tall shrubbery, he was communing with himself, when suddenly he heard voices just at hand; two voices—one a man's deep baritone, the other a woman's sweet, clear treble—both softened into the most gentle, tender tones. Could it be—could it be that one of them was Col. Shepperson's voice and the other Miss Temple's? Yes, even so; and 'tis is what they said, and what Dean Radnor, unconsciously eavesdropping, overheard:

Ho—Oh, my darling, you can not imagine how happy this renewal of our engagement has made me! And only last night—to-day—this very evening, I was so near despair! How could you flirt with Dean Radnor as you have been doing, when all the time you loved only me?"

She (sweetly)—Oh, Philip, could you ever have been so blind as to imagine that I cared anything for Dean Radnor? We were excellent friends—nothing more. I confess that I tried to like him, just at first, for I was determined to make myself forget how much I cared for you; but that was—

He (rapturously)—Impossible, darling! Oh, how happy you make me!  
She (shyly)—Yes—I don't mind telling you now, Philip—it was impossible. But oh! [with sudden emotion that seems to threaten tears] how could you flirt with Alice Wier as you have been doing, if all the time you loved only me?

He (laughing)—You dear little goose, did you really believe that I was in love with Miss Wier? A cruel little flirt, with no more heart than an icicle! I'll admit to you that I did think of making serious love to her just at first, for I was so stung by the way you had thrown me over; but bless your dearest and sweetest of little hearts! do you think I could ever care for Alice Wier, after loving you? Why, the idea, you know—

And here followed some inarticulate but distinctly audible demonstrations from Col. Shepperson's part at which Miss Temple faintly demurred; then, before another word was spoken, they had passed on beyond reach of Radnor's ear.

In a state of dazed wonder, of half-stupid comprehension, Dean Radnor turned mechanically to retrace his steps toward the gayly-lighted grounds, whence came the sound of sweetly murmuring voices and laughter, when a startling apparition met his eyes.

There, in the broad, full, merciless moonlight, with her misty white dress falling around her like a filmy cloud, stood Alice Wier, white and motionless, and beautiful as a statue; and thus face to face these innocent eavesdroppers looked into each other's eyes long and steadily for the first time since their foolish estrangement.

Yes, and they saw now with clearer vision than ever before into each other's hearts and into their own. The shadow that had hung between them so long was suddenly lifted; and with new gladness thrilling their hearts and shining in their eyes, each moved a step forward, with one common impulse, until Alice was folded in Radnor's arms, and the words were spoken that brought joy to their hearts, and made peace between them forever and ever.—Miss S. S. Morton.

## THE DEATH OF LOVE.

And is he dead at last? He lingered long, Despite the fever fits of doubt and pain. It seemed that faith had wove a web so strong 'Twould keep him till his pulse beat true again; Center of so much youth and hope and trust, How could he crumble into common dust?

Cold blew the icy wind of circumstance, Frudence and penury stood side by side, Barbing the arrow shot by crafty chance, Snatching the balsam from the wounds of pride; Slander spiced well the cup false friendship gave, And so Love died. Where shall we make his grave?

Scatter no roses on the bare, black earth, Plant no white lilies, no blue violets bloom. Weak in his death, as feeble in his birth, Why should life strive to sanctify his tomb? Even gentle memory is by Truth forbid To honor ought that died as light Love did.

Let the rank grasses flourish fearlessly, With no fond footstep brushing them away; While the young life he troubled, strong and free, Turns to the promise of the world's new day, Leaving the darkening skies to close above The unhalloed burial-place of shallow Love.

—All the Year Round.  
THREE KINDS OF FOOD.  
Their Constituents and Characteristics—  
A Little Chemistry in Brief.  
Three kinds of food are made use of in the body. All the others are merely accessory and play an unimportant part. The first variety contains the element nitrogen, which forms four-fifths of the air we breathe, and is essential to the making up of the muscles. The typical food of this kind is the white part of eggs, the albumen—hence all these foods are termed albuminous. It includes the lean parts of meat, the curd of milk, the greater bulk of beans, peas and lentils, and is found in every vegetable that grows. Sometimes in very minute quantity, as in cabbages, turnips, spinach, etc.; at other times in abundance.

The second kind of food is that which contains carbon (charcoal) along with oxygen and hydrogen in the proportions in which they exist in water—hence are termed carbo-hydrates—the name signifying that they are made of charcoal and water. Sugar of every kind and starches are the most important of this class of foods. The characteristic that distinguishes them is that when heated they "char"—they lose the water, of which they are largely composed, and nothing but a bit of charcoal remains. At the same time they do not give off an odor like that of burning feathers or hair, as the albuminous articles do when thus heated.

The third variety of food is that composed of oxygen and hydrogen, not in proportions to form water. This includes all the fats and oils that are used as aliments by man. Alcohol also belongs to this class, and when used in very moderate amounts behaves like all the members of the "hydro-carbon" class. Water is, of course, an essential ingredient of all varieties of food. It assists solution in the digestive juices, which are themselves largely composed of it, and without it no absorption of new materials could take place, and those that are worn out or superfluous could not be removed without its aid.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Horsemanship of the Arab.  
The Arab looks very well on horseback, though he might not altogether suit the taste of the shires. His saddle is generally red, peaked before and behind, and placed upon several colored felt saddle clothes; the stirrup broadens out so as to give a wide space for the foot to rest on; it is pointed at the corners, thereby enabling the rider to tear the horse's ribs even without the aid of a pointed stick or a steel spear-like spur which he often pushes in between his slipper and the stirrup side. The Arab soldier, with his white burnous fluttering behind him, his high red saddle and saddle clothes, his knees high and body bent forward, with his long silver mounted gun flourishing in the air, looks, as he gallops forward in a cloud of dust, the very embodiment of the picturesque, exultant war spirit of past ages, not sobered down by scientific formulas for murder, but free to carry out his own bloodthirsty purposes with as much swagger and ostentation as possible.

As a horseman I believe the Arab to have an excellent seat but an execrable hand; he loves to keep his beast's head high in the air, and so he ceaselessly joggles at the bit, upon which he always rides, until one wonders how the wretched brute can safely put his feet down; yet he does somehow. No one rides camels in this country, but the Sultan is said to have some very fleet dromedaries capable of doing marvelous journeys, and, of course, in those parts of Morocco which merge into the Sahara the camel is indispensable. The Barbary donkey is a short-legged, long-suffering, indispensable beast. It is easy to comprehend the as existing without tangier, but it is impossible to conceive Tangier existing without the ass; his patient little body bears every possible burden, from the foreign minister's wife, for example, who sits upon the pack with great dignity, and, preceded by her Moorish soldier, pays calls upon other ministers' wives, to the latest thing in iron bedsteads to be sold in the public market.

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