

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

Issued EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY Garrison's Building, McMinnville, Oregon, Talmage & Turner, Publishers and Proprietors.

Subscription Rates: One year \$2.00, Six months \$1.25, Three months \$0.75. H. V. V. JOHNSON, M. D. Northwest corner of Second and B streets.

LITTLEFIELD & CALBREATH, Physicians and Surgeons, McMinnville, Oregon. Office over Braly's Bank. S. A. YOUNG, M. D. Physician and Surgeon, McMinnville, Oregon.

DR. G. F. TUCKER, DENTIST, McMinnville, Oregon. Office—Two doors east of Bingham's furniture store.

W. V. PRICE, PHOTOGRAPHER, Up Stairs in Adams' Building, McMinnville, Oregon.

CUSTER POST BAND, The Best in the State. Prepared to furnish music for all occasions at reasonable rates. N. J. ROWLAND, Business Manager, McMinnville.

M'INNIVILLE Livery Feed and Sale Stables, Corner Third and D streets, McMinnville. LOGAN BROS. & HENDERSON, Proprietors.

The Best Rigs in the City. Orders promptly attended to day or night. 'ORPHANS' HOME' BILLIARD HALL. A Strictly Temperance Resort.

'Orphans' Home' TONSORIAL PARLORS, The only first class, and the only parlor-like shop in the city. None but first-class workmen employed. McMinnville, Oregon. H. H. WELCH.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPH. A Keep Street old maid who keeps her cats finds a scuttler of coal in her backyard every morning. By strict economy she only buys a half ton of coal a year.—Brooklyn Times.

Dr. Hammond says that "love and duty go hand in hand." Shouldn't a mother's word you choose to take, be a word of true love never did run south, and the same is true of amateur poetry.—Lowell Citizen.

"I wish I had eyes in the back of my head," said a young lady the other evening. "Why?" asked a devoted admirer, breathlessly. "So that I could see what was going on without the trouble of turning my head." "You turn your head without any trouble," responded the youth with a gloomy expression.

What one letter will do.—There is a word of plural number. It is peace and tranquility. It is the word you choose to take, adding "s" will plural make. But if you add an "s" to this, it is the metamorphosis! plural will plural be no more. Answer: To carees add an "s," and will make it carees.

A little child was besieging her father to take her to visit her grandmother who lived at a distance. To get rid of her he said: "It costs ten dollars every time we go to see grandma. Florida, and ten dollars doesn't grow on any bush." "Neither do grandmas on every bush," answered the little girl promptly, and her logic was convincing. They went.—Chicago Inquirer.

STOCK-GAMBLING.

The New York Exchange Chiefly an Immense Betting Establishment. New York has no more entertaining public exhibition than its Stock Exchange. It is one of the show places of the city. Thither goes the citizen for amusement and thither he takes his country acquaintance. The latter is at first uncertain whether he has been brought to a mad house or to Pandemonium. The idea that the market values of our leading securities should be determined by what appears to him to be a howling mob of incurable lunatics is incomprehensible. He can neither make head nor tail to it. He looks down a lofty gallery upon a large uncarpeted and unfinished floor filled with walking figures, the most of whom appear very angry and very unmannerly.

What exhibitions they do make of themselves, to be sure! Two well dressed men suddenly rush at each other, shake their fingers in one another's face, and shout. When apparently on the point of clinching or striking they stop, produce bits of paper, and notes are made—evidently an appointment for a settlement elsewhere. Again, without any visible provocation, a number of figures cluster about a given point, gesticulating, scrambling and pushing for all the world like a flock of hens when a handful of grain is dropped among them. A moment more and the circle is broken, its members joining new combinations. When a score or two of these scrambles are going on at the same time the effect upon the unaccustomed spectator may be imagined.

To the initiated there is nothing mysterious or unintelligible in all this clamor. The participants are simply buying and selling stocks. The two demonstrative individuals have discussed and closed a bargain. Instead of an appointment for a meeting, with pistols for two, their memoranda contain nothing more than the terms of their agreement. The volcanic cluster was formed about some one who wanted to purchase or to sell a block of a certain stock, and whose announcement of that fact brought about him a crowd of eager dealers with offers or bids, as the case might be.

When a sale is made the particulars are at once secured by telegraph agents, who flash the transaction all over the country, and the price of one stock is fixed for the time for an entire nation. In that apparently rough-and-tumble way transactions aggregating hundreds of millions of dollars a day are effected. The Exchange is simply a big bazaar for the sale of stocks and bonds. If nothing was to be said against it except its tumultuousness and the seeming lack of dignity among its members, criticism would have in it but an indifferent target for its shafts. But much graver questions grow out of its existence. Is it a harmless institution? Is it a public blessing? Is it a public curse? As a great central mart for current securities it would be unobjectionable. There is no reason why bonds and shares should not be publicly dealt in, and in large quantities, as well as dry goods, as well as corn and cotton and beef and kitchen vegetables. If the Stock Exchange was intended for, or restricted to, the bona fide buying of bonds and shares, not a word could be justly said against it. But that is its business? Unfortunately no. Its chief occupation is wagering upon stocks; its members, while going through the form of buying and selling, simply bet their money, or somebody else's money, upon the rise or fall of the shares they select, as they would upon the shifts of cards or dice. The Exchange, while having a share of legitimate business, is chiefly an immense gambling establishment.—N. Y. Herald.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

There are 29,000 English-speaking Episcopal clergymen in the world. Mr. Moody has associated with him in his evangelistic labors Mr. D. B. Townner, late chorister of Union Chapel, Covington, Ky. The engagement is for five years.

Ex-President McCosh, of Princeton, said recently that the age of nine or ten was the time for learning languages. Then the child can acquire more in this department than a man of twenty-five.

Ex-President Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, although over eighty-two years old, preserves his mental faculties unimpaired. He recognizes with ease the faces of men who were his pupils half a century ago.—Troy Times.

Hampton Institute, Virginia, had enrolled this year 548 negroes and 127 Indians. The "Butler" primary day school, taught by the institute teachers and graduates, had 360 little colored children. More than one thousand pupils have been instructed on the institute grounds.—Chicago Times.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart has signed an agreement to pay \$15,000 annually to the support of the institutions recently transferred by her to the corporation of Garden City, L. I., and has executed a special bond in the sum of \$300,000 to secure its payment in perpetuity.—N. Y. Sun.

The question whether women can sit as delegates in a religious convention was decided adversely by the Southern Baptists, who met recently in Augusta, Ga. Two women representatives were accredited from Arkansas, but their admission was opposed so strongly that they voluntarily withdrew.—Chicago Herald.

PINS BY THE TON.

Some Interesting Information Concerning Their History and Manufacture. Among the many who read this article some are doubtless familiar with Grecian mythology, and they will remember the story of Cadmus, who sowed dragon's teeth, which sprung from the earth armed men. In a similarly marvelous manner it would seem that pins must have come into existence, so numerous are they. Nor is it strange that a frequent question is: "What in the world becomes of all the pins?"—an inquiry not easily answered.

But a hundred years ago pins were so rare and expensive that school children never thought of sticking one into a mate "for the fun of it." The need of some utensil serving the same end with a pin must, from the earliest times, have been felt, and to meet it recourse has been had to various devices. Most likely our uncivilized ancestors used thorns for holding their garments together, and in comparatively modern times Mexicans were wont to substitute thorns of the agave for pins.

When some knowledge of working metals had been acquired pins were made therefrom. In Exodus we read: "All the pins of the tabernacle and of the court—those used to fasten the gorgeous hangings—shall be of brass." The pins of the ancient Romans were made of bronze, as are most of those that have been discovered in Egyptian tombs. Until the beginning of the fifteenth century strings, ribbons, hooks, skewers—of such material as the "circumstances" of the wearer admitted—played the part of pins.

About 1483 pins were first made, from iron wire, in England, the importation of pins from continental Europe being then prohibited by law.

Toward the middle of the sixteenth century Catharine Howard, the fifth Queen of Henry VIII, introduced brass pins into England from France.

In 1626 the English began the manufacture of pins at Gloucester, and the industry so prospered that several factories for that purpose were erected, wherein employment was given to nearly two thousand persons.

Shortly after the war of 1812 their manufacture was attempted in the United States, as, owing to the interruption of trade with foreign nations consequent upon the war, a paper of pins inferior to those for which we now pay six cents, cost one dollar. The attempt was unsuccessful. For the "head"—made by winding fine wire spirally about one end of the pin and fastened in its place by striking it when heated, with a hammer—was exceedingly rude and liable to come off most inopportunist. Such a pin, relic of days long past, lies before us as we write.

In 1831 Dr. John I. Howe of New York, invented a machine which made pins with "spun" heads, like those of European make, previously requiring fourteen distinct processes, at one operation—the first machine to do such work automatically. He subsequently devised numerous improvements, and in 1840 patented the "rotary" machine, which makes pins with solid heads.

The production of pins is by no means all there is to it. They must be whitened, polished, sorted, stuck into papers. A boiling in copper pans, with grains of tin, nitric acid and water for three or four hours deposits upon them a thin coating of tin. They are dried and polished by being rolled in a barrel of hot bran or saw-dust, usually the latter. The imperfect by swinging them on belts, which throw off the smooth ones faster than the others. A wheel, revolving horizontally and furnished with "fingers" adapted to the varying length of the pins, sorts them. Then they are stuck on papers by a machine, so simple in its construction that it is tended by two children, who can put up thousands of papers each day.

As good pins are now made in this country as abroad, and their principal factories are in Connecticut, some of them making a ton a day. A ton of pins! Yes, it is a large quantity—in number about two millions. But the population of the United States is fifty millions, and twenty-five tons would be necessary in order that each person have one pin a day. Rather a small allowance, is it not, reader? So there is no need that we take especial pains to lose or destroy them from fear that the world will be glutted with pins and those engaged in their manufacture compelled to remain idle.—Church and Home.

The Camera in Medicine.

It is now suggested that photography may become a useful agent in medical diagnosis, disclosing symptoms of disease before they are otherwise perceptible. In a recent negative of a child the face was shown as thickly covered with an eruption, no trace of which could be seen on the child until three days afterward, when its skin became covered with spots due to prickly heat. In another recorded case, invisible spots were brought out on a photograph taken a fortnight before an attack of small-pox.

Keuben R. Thrall, of Rutland, Vt., who was admitted to the Rutland County bar in 1819, has cases on the docket now.—Rutland Herald.

Maurice Kingsley, a son of Charles Kingsley, the novelist, has made a fortune in the silver mines of Colorado. He has found the mine mightier than the pen.

QUEER AMMUNITION.

Roman Candles as Successful Weapons of Offense and Defense. "One of my adventures, eh?" began the book agent, as the others settled into their seats more comfortably. "Well, about eight years ago I carried a pack of novelties, such as you frequently see exhibited on the street corners and pressed over by a sun-burned Italian. With another man and a young fellow of eighteen, I traveled through Kansas to the Colorado line, selling and trading our wares to the Indians for any thing marketable in the cities. About the time of our arrival in the western part of Kansas the memorable outbreak was terrorizing the country. From the south and west came reports of the terrible outrages perpetrated by the Indians and greasers. Houses were burned, the inmates were killed instantly or tortured to death and all the cattle were driven off and scattered. You may be sure I felt considerable solicitude concerning the safety of my little party and took extra precautions to find secluded spots when camping. Of course, under the conditions, I deemed it advisable to get out of the neighborhood immediately. To do so we found it necessary to pass through the country most likely to be infested by straggling bands of Indians. Despite the risks we determined to make the attempt. After a long, hard day's tramp, we encamped for the night in one of those small canyons so prevalent in Western Kansas. It was an excellent place, too. Our backs were effectively protected by a natural cave in the side of the bank, the entrance to which was concealed by brush and tall grass. Sam, the boy of the party, was an unusually bright young fellow and very familiar with the tactics of Indian warfare. Just before lying down I noticed him untying a good sized bundle of sticks resembling short broom handles. He placed them in easy reach and tumbled down to sleep. I had also noticed him fumbling around the bushes a short time before, but didn't pay much attention to his actions. The other fellow and myself concluded not to set a guard, as we were in such an excellent place. I don't know how long we had slept when we were awakened by Sam shaking us slightly and whispering: "Be quick now, the Indians are getting ready to slip in on us."

"By this time we were both wide awake and ready with our rifles, under the drowsy whispering Sam, 'hear the hoarse and their scamp slipping up. Put down the rifles, I've got something better.' "He handed us each of the four sticks mentioned, remarking: "Them's the Roman candles. I've got a pile of whoopers along and I think we can scare the scamps clean out of their hides."

"I caught the idea in a moment and strained my ears to listen for further demonstrations from the attacking party. We could hear them creeping here and there through the bushes scarcely making a noise, but easily distinguished in the silence of the night. "Now," whispered Sam, "take two in each hand and I'll light them."

"Suiting the action to the word he contrived to light them in rapid succession. Then we turned them into the bushes and heavens, what a sight was revealed as the candles flashed. About fifty villainous-looking savages and greasers were stooping and creeping toward us. At the first flash they stopped as if spell-bound. We turned them so the green and white balls would strike them in their faces. The candles were tremendous affairs, and eight or ten of them popping away apparently independent of human aid was enough to terrify any one. Our assailants waved a moment, then, and with a terrible yell, bounded away toward high ground as if the evil one himself was in pursuit. We could hear them scrambling up the hillsides, mount their horses and gallop away. Sam afterward explained that he had brought the candles along as a side speculation, and he also explained that he had arranged a system of strings among the bushes so that no one could approach very close without meeting the obstruction and alarming him. It is needless to state that we reached safe ground in due time without further molestation.—Omaha N. Y. Ad.

Heading Off a Borrower.

Gilholly, intending to borrow five dollars from Hostetter McGinnis, leads up to the subject by talking about friendship. Among other things he said: "Solomon says: 'He who has a friend has found a treasure.'" McGinnis, who is no fool, perceives what Gilholly is after and heads him off by replying: "I think Solomon got that proverb upside down. Instead of reading: 'He who has a friend finds a treasure,' it should be: 'He who finds a treasure has a friend.' There is no friend like money. It is a man's best friend, and he should never part with his best friend."

Gilholly, perceiving that he is whistling up the wrong tube, moves off to explore some more promising field.—Texas Sittings.

Heading Off a Borrower. An Auburn, (N. Y.) father tied his laughter to a bed-post to prevent her leaving the house to marry the man she loved. Then he paraded the front yard with a revolver to make it certain that the young man should not carry off without his knowledge.—Buffalo Courier.

THE FRENCH ARMY.

A Body Which Must Be Omitted in Estimating Its Real Strength. The chief military law of France is still that of 1832, due to Marshal Gouvison St. Cyr. This law, though largely superseded and altered by successive enactments, is the basis of the French military system, and invariably referred to whenever military legislation is discussed. Stated by the triumphs of Prussia in 1866 the French Government determined to increase its military strength, and at the end of 1867 Marshal Niel introduced a new military law. Its chief object was to increase the number of soldiers of which the Minister of War could, in the event of a European war, dispose. The French Generals were quite content with the military institutions of the country, and looked on the French soldiers as the best in the world. The only drawback was that their number was insufficient. As to improving the arrangements for mobilization, concentration, the organization of cadres, for making the staff and the intendants more efficient, not a thought was bestowed on these important matters. The efforts of Marshal Niel were, therefore, practically confined, as we have said, to increasing the numerical strength of the army. With this view the period of engagement was raised from seven to nine years, five years being passed with the colors and four in the reserve. By this expedient the effectiveness of the army were on paper increased—or rather would be when the system came into full operation—from 700,000 to 900,000 men without largely swelling the budget. Further to diminish the cost, the Minister of War was empowered to send a portion of the men with colors to their homes on unlimited furlough. In addition to the regular army, another force, estimated at 500,000 men, was instituted. This force, called the garde mobile, was to consist of those who drew good numbers in the conscription, or were exempted for reasons of family from service in the regular army. This auxiliary force, which M. Veron stigmatizes as a phantasmagoria and a fiction, was evidently of no real value, from want of habits of discipline and knowledge of drill, the law only authorizing the mobiles being instructed fifteen times a year during a few hours each time. But, with a few insignificant exceptions, even this limited amount of instruction was not imparted, and the men were neither clothed, armed, nor even organized in regiments. Evidently, therefore, in estimating the real numerical strength of the army the half million of mobiles must be omitted from the calculation.—Edinburgh Review.

ORANGE GROVES.

Something About Those in the Southern Part of California. In comparison to the extent of Southern California, the localities suitable to the growth of the orange, lemon and lime are very limited. I mean by this that the places where the orange can be brought to perfection, without codling, wrapping, etc., are few and limited in extent; even on the far-famed Riverside there are many groves on the lower ground where they get an occasional freeze, and where, in their young stage, the trees have to be wrapped and covered each winter, and in the valleys nearer the coast, Los Angeles for instance, they get so many frosts that the fruit is more or less spotted with fungus growth, which materially affects their keeping qualities and sale, so that, really speaking, there is only the Mesa land, near the interior foot-hills, where the orange, lemon and lime will flourish summer and winter; where the fruit is brought to its highest perfection, and where, year by year, the grove yields a good income to the grower. But given a good location, planted to good budded fruit, there is no tree planted that will yield such an income as the orange. The planting is done from February to June. Seedling plants cost from fifty to sixty cents each; budded trees from seventy-five cents to one dollar each. They are planted all the way from eighteen feet apart to thirty feet, and the estimate of last season's planting in the three counties, viz: San Diego, San Bernardino and Los Angeles, was 1,000 acres, or nearly 100,000 trees, and these are almost exclusively Washington Navel. The output of last season was about 153,000 boxes, or somewhat over 35,000,000 oranges, and Riverside alone netted \$300,000 for their crop. An orange orchard, if it is well attended to and properly cared for, will begin to pay about the fifth year from planting. The lemon is harder to cultivate than the orange, and the crop is more expensive to handle. The owner of a lemon grove must have a cool-curing house, if he would make any thing out of his crop, because the lemon should be picked before it is ripe and placed in bins in a cool room to cure. When picked the skin is thick and not very juicy, but when properly cured it comes out with a thin skin and an abundance of juice, and such fruit will always find a ready market at a good paying price, but the California growers are just beginning to find this out.—Vick's Magazine.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Toni Lufon, a French quadroon of New Orleans, is the richest colored man in America. He is worth \$1,500,000.—N. O. Times.

When Admiral Nelson fell at Trafalgar he had in his pocket eighty-four guineas. A Portsmouth (Eng.) gentleman owns these and has them riveted into a paper-weight form.

J. W. Britton, of Cleveland, has received a handsome gold medal from the Prince of Wales in recognition of the merits of his machine for the leveling of iron and steel rolled plates.

Mark Twain is getting old very fast, but does not like to be told of it. His hair is nearly white, but Mark persists that this was caused by sitting in damp churches out in California.—N. Y. Times.

L. B. Davis, the inventor of the locomotive "cowcatcher," is living in Cincinnati, devoting himself principally to designing patterns for iron work. He never received any remuneration for the "cowcatcher."—Cincinnati Times.

Duprez, the once famous tenor, has a hobby for cats in his old age, and is said to feed hundreds of them every day. The animals remind him of the days when he associated with sopranos, especially when they get to fighting—the cats, not the sopranos.

As a family man David Wright (colored), of Columbia City, Fla., can hardly be surpassed. He is the father of twenty-five children, most of them living, and his present wife is the mother of twenty-seven children, nineteen of whom are living.—Chicago Times.

While Mr. Wilson Barrett was playing Clank in Boston a six-year-old boy, who had been taking a small part in the play, approached the star during an intermission and said: "Say, Mr. Barrett, do all these people come to the theater just to see you? Don't some of 'em come to see me?" Mr. Barrett's answer is not recorded.—Boston Journal.

"Camp Meeting John" Allen, ninety-one years of age, but still vigorous, lost two houses in the Farmington (Me.) fire, with the manuscript of an autobiography on which he had been at work for twenty years, his certificates and ministerial licenses and many valuable papers. He is now in Boston, where he intends to make his home with a daughter.—Boston Budget.

A rare character is Nathan Hobbs, near Penfield, Ga. He is now in his ninety-seventh year and can work every day and read without spectacles. He was born in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Seventy-five years ago he settled at his present home, and there he has lived continuously ever since. For eighty-five years Nathan has been afflicted with rheumatism.—Atlanta Constitution.

Martin Gomez has deposited \$15,000 in a New Bedford (Mass.) bank under rather curious circumstances. He recently reached that place from San Francisco, and is bound for his home at Fayal on a ship which sails this week. While in San Francisco a friend gave Gomez a lottery ticket which he had grown tired of carrying. On reaching New Bedford Gomez discovered that the ticket had drawn a \$15,000 prize.—Boston Herald.

W. C. McCauley, of Baltimore, a commercial traveler representing a number of oyster packing houses in Baltimore and New York, has received the information that the last will of a St. Paul lady bequeathed to him a legacy of \$5,000. The legacy is in grateful recognition of an act of heroism by Mr. McCauley, who two years ago rescued the daughter of the lady from drowning while she was bathing at Coney Island.—Baltimore Sun.

The altitude of an orchard in California is over six thousand feet. No wonder, then, that California apples come high. Some claim that the pulley is the oldest mechanical invention, but probably the crowbar has a pryer claim.—Texas Sittings.

As her father was hanging around, he merely said, "I will see you in due time," and she knew he meant in the evening.—Lowell Citizen.

The Boston Herald makes what it no doubt considers a rare pun when it says: "The Chicago beef men play for high steaks." It certainly can't be considered well done.—Troy Times.

Sympathetic—"Hello, old boy, how are you feeling to-day?" "Oh, I'm improving, but slowly—very slowly." "That's excellent. I'm delighted to hear it."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Photograph collector—By the way, I've been making a collection of monstrosities lately. Friend—Indeed? P. C.—Yes. And that reminds me, will you kindly let me have one of your photographs?—Mamma—Why, Charley, what are you crying for? Charley (who has eaten the only piece of pie there is on the plate, while his brother Willie looked wistfully on)—Cause they ain't no pie for Willie.—Life.

Shopping in the country—"No, ma'am; those are two articles we don't keep; but the oysters, I think, you will find at the post-office, and bananas you can get across the way, at the barber's."—Harper's Bazar.

"Economy is wealth." If the person who invented this proverb will call at the office any afternoon we will present him a goodly supply of economy for half its face value in wealth. We have more economy than we really need.—Prairie Farmer.