

## M'MINNVILLE, OREGON, MARCH 25, 1887.

SEMI-WEEKLY

## WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

VOL. I.

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Sweet, shall I ask thee why thou art at Still, Gazing afar into the deeps of space, With shadows of the twilight on thy face,

LOVE'S SILENCE

And eyes that quick with dewy mol Why is thy laughter's mellow rippling rill Silent and dumb? What chrism of perfect

grace Shall fall upon those lips and find a place To bid their accents on the dusk to thrill? Why art thou voiceless, love? Ah, speak to

With speech that ever into music grows. She turns her eyes, that hold me in their thrall.

As dark and sweet as night upon the sea, Saying, while one swift look upon me glows,

"Love is unutterable and is all." -Longman's Magazine for November.

SALARIES OF CONGRESSMEN.

The Majority of the Members Draw Their

Pay Regularly-Those Who Do Not. There are some fifteen or twenty members of the house of representatives who do not draw their pay regularly every month, but let it accumulate in the hands of the sergeant-at-arms, to members, however, draw their money regularly, and in several instances there are some who have overdrawn. This is done at the risk of the sergeant-at-arms, and the money advanced is that deposited with him to the credit of those who have not drawn for several months. There are a number who do not draw a cent from the beginning of a session until its close, when they get .it in a draft sent to them on the first of each previous. There are some twenty-five and poison of fatality." or thirty who draw quarterly or every four or five months. One or two take crouched lower and lower. The faint it but once a year, and several only twice a year. It is said that one member has not touched a cent of his salary as congressman for six months. It is

also said that the sergeant-at-arms is in a hole to the tune of several hundred dollars in accomodating another statesman. Cooper of the Mount Vernon district is one of those who do not trouble the sergeant-at-arms very often, but usually gets his money in the shape of a draft for a good large figure. So far as other congressmen are concerned, the sergeant-at-arms does not keep on hand much cash belonging to them, as they keep their accounts pretty evenly balanced. The system of the sergeant-at-arms is that of a regular banking establishment, and a separate account is kept with each member. It is said to be a remarkable fact that the majority of the members from south of Mason and Dixon's line live up to their salaries, and in many instances some of these get their pay discounted for several months in advance by the city banks, or get the sergeant-at-arms to

arrange it for them. Usually these transactions are made by that official, who advances the money. He claims, it is stated, that he gets the notes discounted by local brokers or bankers. The transactions vary in amounts from

or some other member of his family.

city banks, the sergeant-at-arms being

the endorser, but the indigent states

man secures that official by having his

life insured in his favor. These trans-

actions usually take place prior to a congressional election. It is said dur-

ing former administrations of the office

The Terrace of the Capitol.

Work on the marble terrace around the

Washington Capitol is steadily going for-ward, but it will be a long time before the in-

creased room will be ready for use. Nearly

ommittee rooms in the terrace. Only the

outer wall of the new addition is built of

much better than those in the basement of

the Capitol now used for committee rooms.

The chief advantage in the terrace, however,

of sergeant-at-arms of the house of rep-

## A DAUGHTER OF JACOB.

"The curse is upon us. Oh, woe is me and mine! They look upon me as an outcast. Father, why do you stand there wrapped in apathy? Why do you not go forth and lash their tender flesh? How I could stand and smile upon them as they writhed under the whistling, cutting lash. They hate, despise and heap ignominy upon me. I-I whom you call a daughter of Jacob. Father, are you dumb? Do you hear

me?" She was a grand, a beautiful creature. There was the fierce beauty of the tigercat about her now as she stood there in the faint, crimson light of the moneychanger's office. Her face was aglow with rage; every limb and muscle of her superb person quivered with passion. The old man, over three score and ten, with a beard as white as the snowdrifts outside falling upon his hollow chest, raised his trembling hand, commanding the girl to be silent while he

spoke: "Rebecca, our race is a long-suffering one. We await the lapse of years often before we strike; but when the blow whom they give orders on the United falls the victim quivers in agony. We States treasurer. The majority of the never forget a wrong; we never forgive an injury. You, my child, are a daugh-ter of Jacob. In your veins courses the blood of kings. The poor, petted, fee-ble, pale lilies—daughters of the Christians-should be but as faint rays of moonlight, lights to hide away and vanish when you, the glowing, scintillating sun's ray, sweep athwart them. The lion of the desert is strong, and when he roars the sons of man tremble. Be, then, lump, and during the recess have a not the queen, the fierce purring tigress, but the deadly cobra, for in the sting of month for their salary for the month the smoothly gliding serpent is the bane

> rustling of her dress and the deepbreathed words of her father were the only sounds that broke the ominous. painful silence of the office. The crimson bars of light from the

> colored globes fell upon the crouching girl's face, adding warmth, fire, to the surge of hate that swept over those beauteous features. The thin nostrils quivered and the veiled brows throbbed as she pressed her hands convulsively to her heaving bosom and listened, hungrily, greedily drinking in each word that fell from her father's lips. "And the cobra stings to the death?"

"To the death, ever, always!"

"And the lion?" "Not always kills-"

"But mangles. Yes, mangles the vic-tim. Deprives him of his beauty, causes him to hate, despise and loathe himself as he sees in the glass the ruin worked. I will be the lion."

The girl arose with composed features and emotions in subjection. She had made up her mind what she should do. She would mangle her victim. She would not be the cobra. The fatal sting would smart for an instant and then all would be over. No; she will not be the cobra. She will play the part of the lion. Her victim shall be mangled. He shall see his possessions pass from him.

I would not lend you one dollar and take security against your estate." me for your hand in marriage. "I know that you gambled away last night the last acre of ground you once It was echoed by one deeper from the

girl's. owned; mind, I say once owned. You What a grand, superbly beautiful can go. I lend you not one dollar." woman she was. Lancaster felt that Every drop of blood within Herbert such a lovely creature should share a Lancaster's veins turned to lava as the knight's throne. And here she is-his. old man before him uttered the fore-But she is a Jewess. His vain sisters, gone words. Then an icy current seemed his proud, haughty friends would scorn to surge through his heart as he re- him for marrying her-a daughter of called the fact 'that every word uttered Jacob.

was the truth. His honor is at stake. That debt, the result, the outcome of a game of cards must be paid, or in one week's time his name would be tossed from mouth to me and my child alone." mouth among the high-toned club asso-Out into the chill night air Lancaster

ciates. "My God, man I am in trouble. Can you point out no way of escape? You went like a being bereft of senses. What was this strange power that this woman, a Jewess, had over him? When he touched her hand a great flood of have assisted me before. What shall I warmth seemed to pervade his entire do?" being. And when he pressed his lips to her hot, smooth brow his heart seemed "It is a debt of honor, is it not?"

"Yes," angrily responded Lancaster. "It must be paid." "And shall be paid."

supremest bliss. "Ah! you give me hope," broke in the "Ah! you give me hope," broke in the young man, clutching, as a drowning fute the old Jew's words? Surely he had not asked the man for his daughter's man does, at the one, solitary straw. band. He came to borrow money. Re-"I, sir, am a Jew. A Jew is despised, hated, an object of scorn in the eyes of becca, the lovely, the grand, loved him, such men as you, Mr. Lancaster. But you and your associates do not scorn to beg money of a Jew in your time of ne- the great bridge joining two great cities cessity. I have often helped you to and gazing upon the flitting lights bemeans in times gone by. Mr. Lancaster, low him. your sisters are proud, vain, haughty women of the world." The beauty of the girl, the surpassing grace, the grand form, the veiled eres

grace, the grand form, the veiled eyes, "Old man, what have my sisters to do all, have combined and won him. with your loaning money?" interrupted "Rebecca, your beauty won. the other, failing to catch the drift of shall avenge your wrongs. His vain,

the old Jew's meaning. "I have a daughter.'

"And a deuced pretty girl, too, she is. She is the rarest-"

"Never mind the rest, my dear young man. I, who have watched her daily know her graces and her virtues. Herbert Lancaster, your sisters have insulted my daughter."

"You astonish me," broke from the old man's arm. young man's lips. "His sisters, the white lilies that grow

"It is the truth; not once, but many times have they heaped their irony and beauty will be humbled. Herbert Lanabuse upon my daughter. Rebecca is a caster will receive his \$50,000. sublime creature; too sublime for her will be avenged for the wrongs and in-sults you have suffered." peace and comfort. Your sisters, ladies bred though they be, stoop to insult the "You have sold me !"

despised daughter of a despised Jew." "I will speak to them." The words fell like darts of ice from the lips which had turned ashen in an "You will say nothing to them about instant. She was a marble image now. All that was left of the semblance of

it, if you please, Herbert Lancaster. You want \$50,000." "Yes. I must have it." "Do you know of any one who will

lend you such a sum of money?" "No one, since, as you say, it is self. My dear, you do not understand.

known that my estates be encumbered." What do I care for fifty, thrice fifty thousand dollars? You will walk over "Think well before you answer my last question," said the old Jew, as he the proud women who have insulted leaned slightly forward and fixed his you

eyes upon the young man's face. "I have answered your question. "But what of me?" "I have answered your question. I 'A daughter of Jacob will bear the know of know one to whom I can ap great name of Lancaster." ply for assistance." "And that is all ?"

"Rebecca, my child, a Jewess, the daughter of Jacob, one of the proscribed "Is it not enough ?" "Yes; quite. Good night." race, loves you." Rebecca moved out of the room me-Had the old Jew plunged a dagger chanically. Her limbs seemed like ice.

into the other's flesh it could not have Her heart-it was broken.

"My chud. Mr. Lancaster has asked GREENWOOD CEMETERY. A gasp fell from the young man's lips.

TELEPHONE.

CHANGES THAT HAVE BEEN MADE IN THE GREAT GRAVEYARD.

NO. 82.

The Cemetery Will Be Practically Closed in Twenty-five Years Hence-Best Marble for Monuments and Wood for Coffins-Tree Roots.

Superintendent L. J. Wells, of Greenwood cemetery, is a pleasant voiced man with gray bair, who has had the care of New York and Brooklyn's great repository for the dead for many years. He has seen Greenwood grow from a vacant, unimproved plot of 200 acres to a tract of surpassing beauty, peopled with nearly 250,0.50 of dead, and covering nearly a square mile of territory. Mr. Wells con-siders Greenwood the largest and finest cometery in the world. It was chartered in 2028 and the first buried may the the Com-1838, and the first burial was that of Sarah Hannah, of this city, on Sept. 5, 1840. Now there are more than 236,100 bodies buried shere bathed in the buoyant intoxication of

"Is the cemetery large enough now!" asked

the reporter. "It is large enough to furnish lots for the next twenty-five years, and after that we don't care. The lots will be large enough to accommodate their owners for years to come, and we shall have a surplus large enough to keep the grounds in order forever." "Then Greenwood will be practically closed

"Then Greenwood will be practically closed a quarter of a centary hence." "That is the idea exactly. It is large enough now to be readily handled. Our fund for the permanent care of the cemetery is being added to steadily, and now amounts to \$861,890.22. Our trust fund for the care of special graves is already a large one, and we have had the cemetery boundaries fixed by the streets and boulevards of the city, so that You

the present boundaries will be permanent. All that will be done to the grounds after 1910, then, will be to keep them looking beautiful." proud, haughty sisters shall be humbled NOT A STOCK COMPANY.

"You see, the Greenwood Cemetery corporation is not a stock company, as most simi-lar associations are. It is a trust company, "Tell me what all this means. I tell and no one gets any money out of it save and no one gets any money out of it save the employes. All that remains after the annual expenses are paid is added to the sur-plus fund that is being put away for the future care of the cemstery. Every lot-owner is a stockholder. There are over 25,000 of them. Every improvement has been made upon the grounds. We have stone crushers, artesian wells, thorough sew-erage, and have just finished a new reservoir to hold 657,000 gallons, that stands on Mount you again I do not understand," uttered the girl as she laid her hand upon the You to hold 627,000 gallons, that stands on Mount Washington, the highest point on Long Maland, and is about 220 feet above tide-water. This stores the water pumped from ar wells, and gives greater and much aceded pressure. A new eight-inch water main will be laid this fall, taking the place of one of our four inches. The changes in life was the rich coloring of her robes as Greenwood since I came here in 1848 have been marvelous. I am the only one left of the attaches who were here then." "Rebecca, don't, child. Compose your-

"What is the most durable material for

"Dark blue granite, from Quincy, Mass, Bronze comes next, but it is costly, and it is seing adulterated so much now that some of it is poor. There has been a great revolution In the gravestone business. People have found out that blue granite is the best stone to wear, and they are using nothing else. The rage for Italian marble began to die out the rage for furthal matrix begin to die out ten years ago. There are veins in it which are imperceptible when the work is new, but which exposure develops, and then the work of ruin begins. We do not allow inclosures to be made of it at all, and the best stone-All inclosures now are required to be of granite coping, or granite posts and bars of either galvanized iron or brass. No iron chains or hedges are allowed. This course will keep the grounds from disfigurement in after years. It is the result of dearlybought experience. Brownstone! No, there hasn't been any brownstone used here for twenty years. It is not durable. Scotch granite, too, doesn't stand as we expected it would. Light granite turns yellow 

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Some good(?) Church members to the contrary not

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First - class Workmen Employed First door south of Yamhill County Bank Building. MOMINNVILLE, OREGON

## H. H. WELCH.

### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-"Kerosene oil is going up," says an exchange. Undoubtedly; so is the stove, so is the hired girl.-New Haven News

-There is joy in Heaven when a prodigal returns, but "didn't I tell you is the universal cry on earth when s good man goes wrong.—Chicago Ledger. —"What makes you love me?" asked

"What makes you love mer askor s young mother of her little daughter. "I don't know, mamma," was the ro-ply; "but I fink it is because I have known you so long."—N. Y. Telegram.

-Ethelberta-I want a pair of slippers for pa. Number tens, please, resentatives the discounts for loans of and-squeaky. Genial shoemaker- this character largely exceeded the saland-squeaky. Genial shoemaker-Squeaky, miss? I'm afraid we haven't any of that kind. Ethelberta-I'm so cinnati Enquirer. sorry! Couldn't you make him a squeaky pair? There is a certain young gentleman who visits me freand-and it would be very convenient for him to know just when pa is coming .- Philadelphia Call.

creased room will be ready for use. Nearly 100 rooms will be added to the accommoda-tions of the main building. Some of these will be used for storing purposes, but there will be several well lighted and ventilated -There is more wool grown on each sheep than formerly, the average havdoubled in twenty-five years. In 1860 the product was two and one-half pounds per sheep, while in 1885 it had sen to five pounds. This is due to marble. Inside of the marble is a thick wall of brick. The rooms in the terrace will be the grading up of the common flocks and improving them with the use of merino rams. -N. E. Farmer.

-Persons writing love poents will only word in the English languag. which rhymes with "Cupid." - Chicage Tribune.

\$100 to \$5,000 per year. One congress-He shall hate the day he was ever born startled him more. His blood boiled one man is said to have got his salary ad- as he writhes under the sharp, white, instant with rage, the next instant his vanced for a year. He had his life incruel teeth of the lion. sured for the benefit of the party who "Love blinds you, Rebecca."

arranged the transaction. The latter "Love lifts the scales from my eyes, was thus protected in the event of the father. I do love him. That you know. I love him as woman never before debtor's death, as any balance due a deceased congressman or any extra pay loved-"

"Sh, my poor child, it is in the blood. voted on his account is paid to his widow The maidens of our race love all or When a congressman is hard up and naught in naught. There is not the gentle breath of consideration to cool wants to sell "his time" he calls on the sergeant-at-arms or some other person the lava stream of passion. It is a part in a position able to accommodate him of the curse. A part of the curse!"

-usually the former-and executes his The old man turned away, took a receipts on the United States treasurer small lamp from the side bracket and for the month that, if he lives, he would left the room.

be entitled to compensation as a congressman, and makes them payable for the fire in the grate, fastened the door and windows, lighted a wax candle, put haughty sisters, what would they do? the consecutive months covering the out the lamp light and went up to her time for which his wages are advanced. Then he is required by his benefactor, or chamber. No sleep greeted the beautibroker, to take out a short-time life inful creature's eyes. She chose her des-tiny from the clear sky above her as she surance policy, so that if he should in the meantime be overtaken by the dread sat there with her arms crossed upon destroyer before the last receipt matures, the window sill reading the stars.

the usurer is made safe by the insurance "And you would borrow \$50,000?" company. Generally, however, a number of these who are hard up get The words fell in clear-cut tones of irony from the old Jew's white bearded their notes discounted through the sergeant-at-arms. The latter claims, it is said, that he gets them discounted in the

"Yes; no less, no more. Can you let me have the sum ?"

"And the security ?"

"My estate. Is that sufficient?" "It would be if-"

"Well, if what?" interrupted the

young man as an angry flush passed over his face. His very soul revolted at this task. He hated, despised all Jews. It sickened him to stand here this character largely exceeded the salat this man's mercy and answer disary of the sergeant-at-arms .- Cor. Cinagreeable questions.

'My dear young man. It is a large sum. I can not let you have it unless you give me better security than your estate.

"Explain your meaning, old man. I did not come here out of mere hu-mor. Business is my task. Will you or will you not give me the sum?" "No."

"Then I will go further. Old Isaac

will give me what I require." "Isaac is posted; oh, excuse me, I did not intend to cause you worry.' "What does Isaac know?" asked the

young man as he leaned forward. "He knows what I know-"

"And that is?"

"That your estate is incumbered now beyond its value. My dear young man. veins.

veins felt like threads of ice binding his entire being in a network of horror. And then he became more composed and his heart felt a subtle thrill, why he could not readily tell.

"I-you flatter me-" "No hollow words, young man. Yo

came here for business. Business it shall be from the word. I will loan you \$50,-000. Stop! I will give you \$50,000 as a wedding gift. Is my meaning clear?" If the old Jew's words were wrapped

in mystery before they are plain now. The Jew would sell his daughter. Marry a daughter of a Jew? Horror!

It was now late. Rebecca covered It would cause a sensation of more than seven days' duration, His proud, wife?

"You must be mad!" fell from Lancas ter's lips.

"More sane than you think. I will tread upon one of the cardinal edicts of our church teachings. I will stand by and see my child, a Jewess, a daughter of Jacob, be joined in matrimony with a Christian."

"In other words you would give \$50,-000 to see your child marry a man you can not help but despise?"

"Well, yes; if you look at it in that ways." "Rebecca, what of her?"

"She is here," said the old Jew, as a tap fell on the floor, followed by the entrance of the beautiful girl. The girl of the Orient was in the depth of her superb eyes. Upon her damask cheek blushed the roses of purest, most perfect health. Her lips, full and red, seemed formed for lover's kisses, they were so soft, plump and inviting. From her regal form depended richest folds of velvet and on her half-

upon Herbert Lancaster she became as a

timid child whose breath comes convulsively when in the presence of some be-ing above, higher, beyond earth's gods. "Rebecca, my child, approach me."

The girl drew near in response to her father's words. Her eyes were veiled with the dark, silky lashes, but her throat, face and bosom were warm with the rich blood rushing through the

"You have come for your money?"

Why did he not have the will to re-

"Father, I do not understand."

"Did he ask you for my hand?"

"He asked me for \$50,000."

she stood there in the lamplight.

"Sold me like a slave !"

to the dust."

"But you shall-"

"No; for my bride. The money I have secured elsewhere. Last night you presented to me my future wife. It was subterfuge last night. This morning all is fair and above board. I love your

"And you will become one of us?" "I tell you I love your daughter. I will become anything-a beggar for you?"

daughter-"

"I never dreamed that men of your race knew what love was. I will call Rebecca." It seemed an age before the old Jew returned. Herbert Lancaster was in the meshes of a passion such as few men dream of, let alone realize. The face of the girl was his sun, her voice was as the breeze of heaven and How would they receive their brother's her eyes were the stars in his fairest summer's day's sky. "Lost! Lost! Oh, God! She is lost!"

cried the old Jew as he tottered through the doorway and fell upon the floor at Lancaster's feet.

"For God's sake. Tell me; what is the matter?" A thin, white, trembling hand was lifted from the prostrate form. It pointed through the doorway.

Herbert dashed up the stairs, pushed aside the crowd of frightened servants and entered the room.

The roses had fled and the rounded cheeks were waxen. A faint, lingering trace of a smile parted the lips, now ashen and cold. One bared arm was extended; the other lay under the beautiful mass of jet hair. Upon the left bosom glittered in the

pale morning light the jeweled hilt of an Oriental dagger. The daughter of Jacob was dead.

Herbert Lancaster left the house of woe with his heart in sorrow and anguish. His friends in after years wondered at his changed demeanor. None knew of the tragedy of his life. He held it as sacred.-S. H. Keller in

Berin's Two Royal Theatres.

The Emperor William contributes yearly 450 000 marks to the two royal theatres of Berlin, the expenses of which are 2,500,000 marks (\$1,000,000), and in addition covers the deficit, which is always considerable, and is caused by the profitable enough. All the members of the royal family pay for their boxes. -New York Graphic.

TOMBS OUT OF REPAIR.

"Do tombs ever fall in?" "Some of the old ones get out of repair. In the early days people were allowed to build them of brick and in the most imperfect man-ner. Now we require that the tops of all tombs shall be a thick granite slab, so as to thed water. The back and accesses here the shed water. The back and corners have to be solid pieces also, and the walls have to be two feet thick with no upright joints. William S. Ridabock, of New York, is erecting one down the avenue built after the manner I have just described that will stand

for agea. It will cost \$10,000." "Will coffins that are made now last as long as those formerly used?"

"I think the old fashioned mahogany coffins would outlast by far almost any other coffin. Many of the coffins that they sell now are simply glued together-not even nailed. We've learned this from experience. After bodies have been left in the receiving vault a few weeks the glue is dissolved by moisture and the coffins come apart. Motal-lic coffins are readily affected by heat and cold and hence spring and break; that is,

they do in receiving vaults." "Does a wooden box protect a coffin!" "On the contrary, if made of pine it will "On the contrary, if made of pine it will warp quickly and catch and retain water, hastening decay. A box of chestnut will last longer than anything else underground. Even in mud and water it will hold together for years.

"Which are the best woods for coffins?"

"Chestnut and black walnut, are the most durable. But as long as a body is to remain where it is buried, it makes little differ what it is encased in."

"Do trees push their roots into graves as much as is popularly supposed?" "Some trees are bad for cemeteries—two that I have in mind particularly. They are the ailanthus and the white leaved maple. Neither of these varieties is allowed in Green-wood because the roots spread so rapidly."— New York Tribune.

Lord Randolph Churchill is a great coffee drinker, and is said to have a litballet and the opera, the drama being the gas stove of his own upon which he prepares his own cup of cotfee each norning. He thinks no one knows how to make coffee but himself .- Detroit Fron Prose manager and

## Lord Randolph Churchfil.

# New York Mercury.

bared bosom rose and fell the grandest single jewel in the city. She glided over

the floor like some Juno creature of light and glory. But when her eyes fell