

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

SEMI-WEEKLY

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WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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Some good Church members to the contrary notwithstanding.

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The only first class, and the only parlor-like shop in the city. None but

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

H. H. WELCH,
An insect tramp.

A supposed house-fly parasite (*Hypopus muscarum*) has been found by a French naturalist, P. Megnin, to be in reality no parasite, preying upon the fly's body, but simply the common cheese-mite (*Tyroglyphus scio*) availing itself of the first means of transportation to new sources of food supply. The creature, with a remarkable power of adaptation to environment, becomes greatly changed on attaching itself to the fly or other animal, but assumes its original form and multiplies rapidly, on reaching suitable feeding-grounds. This discovery explains how fresh cheese can become infested with mites, even when carefully placed on a shelf away from all suspected sources of contamination.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

Judge to the plaintiff—"Who was present when the defendant knocked you out?" Plaintiff—"I was."—*Chicago Herald*.

Sam Bear, of Santa Fe, owns the champion cinnamon bear of the Territory, but they are not related.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is annoyed at the fact that he has been quoted in a Boston paper as saying that Emerson came from the "daintiest" instead of the "daintest" sectarian circle of the time. Robert C. Winthrop is also displeased at the substitution in print of "Alderman Sydney" for what posed in manuscript as "Algernon Sydney."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Colonel J. Arroyo Knox, one of the editors of *Texas Siftings*, is said to smoke twenty cigars daily. That's what makes him so funny.—*N. Y. Times*.

The late Emory A. Storrs could not save money. His annual income was twenty-five thousand dollars a year, but he left no personal estate.—*Chicago News*.

Rev. Moses A. Hopkins, recently appointed Minister to Liberia, used to be a hotel porter in Pittsburgh, and prepared himself for college while in that employment.—*Pittsburgh Post*.

Mr. Spurgeon has at length completed "The Treasury of David," which he commenced to write twenty-one years ago. He has also in the press a new work entitled, "Storm Signal."

Oscar Wilde has written a poem about his baby, beginning with these lines:

"O baby boy! three eyes are like mine own,
As blue as heaven, as tender as the dove."
—Calvin E. Stowe was a fine scholar, the first in his class in college, of great wit, a most attractive speaker and once very prominent before the world. But the fame of his second wife—author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—became so great that he seemed to fade all out, and was finally only known as "Mrs. Stowe's husband."—*Every Other Saturday*.

Robert Bonner is past sixty and worth \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000. No man is better satisfied with his paper, his fortune, his Presbyterianism, his horses and himself. And he ought to be, having begun as a type-setter, without friends or influence, and having achieved his present position by unflagging energy and perseverance.—*N. Y. Journal*.

Perhaps the most notable example of a story which was offered to publisher after publisher only to be returned to its author, is that of Robinson Crusoe. It was at last "printed for W. Taylor," at the shop in Pater Noster Row, MDCCLXIX. It proved a gold mine for the plucky publisher. He made a profit of one hundred thousand pounds out of the venture.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Mr. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, recently told a correspondent that literary activity in the United States is on the increase, and that about one thousand more copyrights have been granted during 1885 than at a corresponding time in 1884. This increase is largely due to the great number of articles copyrighted by newspapers and magazines. Of his "American Almanac," Mr. Spofford said: "It has not a very large circulation. The library edition reached last year about eighteen hundred, and seven thousand of the paper edition were sold, the last, however, at so cheap a price that they barely paid the cost of publication."—*N. Y. Post*.

Humorous.

Rufus Hatch says that the farmer is the best of the situation. So he is, but still the boys will get away with the apples occasionally.—*Philadelphia Call*.

The great advantage of being rich is that a man can wear old clothes without exciting remark. There are other trifling advantages, but not worthy of mention just now.—*Toloto Blade*.

"I can't make head nor tail out of this letter from George," remarked Mr. Porcine to his wife. "I'm not surprised," returned that estimable lady, "George stutters so badly, you know."—*Chicago Rambler*.

Passenger—Oh, Captain, is there any cure for seasickness? Captain—Oh, yes; sure cure. Passenger (as steamer pitches and rolls)—Give me some quickly. Captain—Only cure I know of is to lie on your back on green grass and look at the stars.—*Philadelphia Call*.

A dry-goods advertisement says: "Everybody knows that Faile's Franconia is crowding hard upon goods grain & ilk." We beg leave to differ with the statement. There are no doubt a dozen persons right here in this town who are not aware that such a momentous occurrence was eventuating.—*Norristown Herald*.

Wife (at a late hour)—Well, where in the world have you been? Husband—To tell you the (hic) truth, m' dear, some of the (hic) boys at the (hic) vacations, oils gone 'way on your back on green grass and look at the stars.—*Philadelphia Call*.

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TOILET ACCESSORIES.

Well-Chosen Collars and Ruchings and Other Popular Neck-Wear.

A pleasing effect is often more successfully produced by some one or two well-chosen accessories of the toilet, than by any other means. Apparently trivial, these additions frequently change, for better or worse, the entire costume; and a toilet otherwise appropriate is sometimes ruined by an unfortunate touch, while a costume is often rendered dressy by some happy idea in the way of a tasteful accessory.

One will select a very beautiful collar, collarette or fichu, at the store, and find upon trying it on at home all its beauty vanished because it is so unbecoming. There are many ladies who think they do not look well in anything but a standing collar, and others who wear ruches upon all occasions, and I know a lady who has adopted the wearing of an inch-wide ribbon tied close about the throat in a small bow with ends. This is worn just below the high dress-collar, and is generally of white satin ribbon. It always looks neat and is very becoming to the wearer. The same lady eschews cuffs altogether, and only upon dress occasions wears a ruche in her sleeves. Upon the street she wears long-wristed gloves and at home a pair of neat bracelets, and always appears well dressed. She says cuffs are not her style, her arm and hand look better without them, and she has the good sense to dress herself to the best advantage. This is, however, an exception, as but few ladies would consider themselves properly dressed without collar and cuffs.

The upright linen collar, with ends slightly pointed and rolled over, is again presented, while the English collar, with ends lapping, is also regarded still fashionable. Independent collars of bright colored velvet are favored, and some of these are embroidered with small beads and edged with large ones. A bow finishes the front, same color as the collar.

A dressy accessory that can be worn with any plain corsage consists of a plastron for the front, a pointed plastron for the back and a doge collar, the whole made of pink crepe trimmed with fedora lace. A pretty ruche and jabot is made of Oriental lace in a delicate pattern. The high collar is fully plaited. A very long jabot is formed of two rows of the lace set around and over a foundation, very full, and down the center are clusters of very narrow ribbon loops, the whole effect being quite dainty.

A very effective fichu can be made at home at a comparatively small cost. It is pretty in pompadour lace in one of its heavy patterns, and is also very useful made in black lace. The lace should be six or eight inches wide, and long enough to fall around the back, so as to hang gracefully, and also according to the length required in the front. It should be cut to form pointed ends. Upon the inside edge place a fringe of narrow lace. This forms a very dressy accessory to be worn with summer wash dresses, the neck of which could be turned in V-shape, which would improve the finish of the whole.

All sorts of neck ruchings are worn. Folds made in plain cotton serim are also favored and these made at home are very inexpensive. Serim, from forty to forty-eight inches wide, costs from fifty to eighty-five cents, according to quality, and will make about nine yards of "ching." It must be cut exactly bias, in strips about two inches wide, the edges folded together and lighty basted. Two folds are used together, so two widths may be cut, which is the most economical way. A strip of lawn or nainsook can be used for a binding, which should cover the cut edges and be stitched on. Satin, crepe de chine, grenadine, gauze or crepe lace can be made in the same way, and aside from the time consumed in making them cost but a trifle compared with those that are bought by the yard.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Arbor day has been observed in Colorado, Wisconsin, West Virginia, Indiana, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Florida, Kansas, Minnesota, Michigan and Ohio. The observance of the day, promoted as it has been by State school superintendents, has been a wonderful stimulant to tree planting. In Nebraska, the banner State, there are growing over 700,000 acres of trees planted by human hands.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

In Boston is being erected a gymnasium to be used exclusively by women. It is one hundred by seventy-nine feet, has six bowling alleys, a good tennis court, a perfectly-appointed gymnasium hall, a running track of twenty laps to the mile, made of a patent composition of glue and felt; hot and cold water baths, and, indeed, every appliance that women could desire in a gymnasium, even to a piano. Miss Mary Allan was the author of the project.—*Boston Journal*.

Claus Spreckels, the sugar king, having contemptuously returned the decorations conferred upon him by King Kalakaua, that impetuous and bery monarch forthwith knighted Mr. Herman Bendel, the head of a rival sugar house in San Francisco. It seems to be a case of "sugar" all around.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

A correction: Office boy—I couldn't get in through the door so I clum in the window. Employer (with a significant emphasis on the "clum")—You clum in the window, did you? Well, clum, then.—*Tid-Bits*.

SOMETHING MISSING.

Unfavorable Conditions Under Which a Young Couple Began Housekeeping.

Mr. Youngman, of St. Anthony Hill, married a very pretty and sweet little lady a few days ago, and he furnished a house to establish her in as soon as the nuptials were completed. He was congratulating himself on having bought every thing that would be needed in the proper running of a well-organized household, and was not a little surprised on the second morning after the wedding by his wife handing him a card on which was written a list of articles which she requested him to bring home when he came from work. The list ran as follows:

Stove polish.
Hard soap.
Oatmeal.
Curtain fixtures.
Picture hooks and cord.
Coal sieve.
Rolling pin.
Dust pan.
Broom.
Stove brush.

Paper eight-ounce tacks.
Mr. Youngman reads over the list and tries to remember that he bought all of these things when he furnished the house, but he can't.

"Hadin' you better go down with me and order them yourself, darling?" he says.

"No, no, dear," she replies. "You can get them well enough."

"But I might not get just what you want," he suggests.

"Oh, you goose," she says smilingly, throwing her arms around his neck and dropping a kiss on his lips. "You know I'd be satisfied with any thing you buy me."

"I wouldn't be single again for any thing," mused Mr. Youngman, as he tripped lightly down stairs.

That noon Mr. Youngman brought home the desired articles and laid them on the table. Mrs. Youngman looked over the articles and said:

"Oh, Will, what did you yet this kind of stove polish for? It isn't half as good as the other, and this soap, why, my mother would never have that brand of soap in the house. How much'd you pay for this oatmeal?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"Twenty-five cents! Why, you can get splendid oatmeal for fifteen cents a package."

"Those curtain fixtures are an inch too wide for the windows. I wonder you didn't know that."

"Oh, you got green picture cord, didn't you? Well, I won't use it. I always want red picture cord."

"That coal sieve is too coarse. It'll let half the good coal through it. Why didn't you think of that?"

"That rolling pin is altogether too heavy. I wanted a light one."

"I was in hopes that you'd got a bronze dust pan, instead of this yellow one."

"That broom is too heavy. A lighter one would have done just as well, and it wouldn't have cost so much."

"The brushes by that stove brush are too stiff. I wanted a softer one."

"Oh, Will, why didn't you get galvanized tacks; these iron ones rust out so quick. They ain't good at all."

Mr. Youngman waits until his young wife gets through, and wondering what has brought such a change over her since morning puts his arms around her and says:

"What is the matter with my little wife?"

Her dainty head falls on his shoulder and between the sobs that shake her slight frame, she says:

"Wi-Will, I feel so b-a-a-d. I wanted to make some bi-biscuit this noon, a-a-and got the wa-wa-water and sa-a-alt and ye-ye-yeast, but there's something mi-mi-missing and I can't think wha-what it is."

Mr. Youngman smiled quietly, and clasping his young wife to his watch-pocket he placed his lips to her ear and whispered "flour."—*St. Paul Globe*.

AN INGENIOUS TOAD.

How He Managed to Make a Feast of a Fiercely Struggling Worm.

I was one day digging up a tree with Prof. Bardwell, in order to transplant it. Two or three other professors stood looking on. I called their attention to an old toad near by, and advised them to watch him. They laughed, but, on my questioning them, confessed that they had never seen a toad eat. I threw him some small earth worms as we threw them up with the spade. The professors were as delighted as children to see the dexterity with which he snapped them up. Presently I turned up with one spadeful of earth an enormous earth worm. I threw it to the toad, and observed in him the most decided evidence of reasoning power and executive ability that I ever saw in an animal. At first he watched as a toad always will, in the case of a large worm, the two ends of the worm alternately, in order to see which was the head. The worm is rough one way and smooth the other, therefore his head can be put down the toad's throat easier than the tail end, and can not be pulled out again half so easily.

When my toad had decided which was the head he transferred it by one flap of his tongue to his stomach, and instantly nipped his jaws tight together. The major part of the worm being in the air, writhed about and twisted itself around the toad's head. The toad waited until the coil was loosed, and then gulped down half an inch more of the worm, and took a fresh nip with his jaws. But there were many half inches in this enormously long worm; and when the toad had succeeded by successive gulps in getting down more than half its whole length into his stomach, his jaws began to grow tired; and he could not prevent the worm from working his way partly out again between the gulps. Presently the worm was working out much faster than the toad could swallow.

My sympathies were with the toad; partly because he was higher in the scale of being, but chiefly because I had petted toads, and felt as though my own honor was at stake. I was beginning to fear lest I should have the mortification of seeing the worm escape. But I did injustice to the toad; his genius rose to the occasion. He brought his right hind foot up against his abdomen; grasped through the walls of the abdomen his stomach, and the worm within it; and, at each successive gulp, took a fresh grasp with his foot, thus holding the worm from going out, and soon succeeded in swallowing the whole.—*From a Paper by Thomas Hill, D. D.*

THE TEXAS GIRL.

A Lone Star State Editor Tells What He Knows About Her.

If there is any thing we know less about than we do it is the girl, and of this the girl is glad, for there is nothing she hates to be known about her so bad as the truth.

We have been acquainted with her for a long time and watched her pranks from afar, seen her out the "pigeon-wing" and knock the "back-step" in the back yard, when she thought she had no spectator, but still we don't know her.

From the time she is big enough to swing on the gate and tie a ribbon in a double bow-knot she begins to locate a sweetheart, and she keeps this up until he is located in the back yard exercising his talents discussing stove wood. She may be a little dull on mathematics, but invariably solves the problem of putting a No. 5 foot in a No. 3 shoe.

She will wear out two old dresses running around to find out how to make a new one in the latest style.

She will walk three blocks out of the way to get a peep at her beau, and then pass by without looking at him.

She will attend church, listen with absorbed interest to eloquent and pathetic sermons, then return home and expatiate upon the horrible fit of Miss Snow's new basque.

She will go to the table, mince over delicacies with the most fastidious taste, then slip back in the kitchen and eat a raw potato.

She will wear out her best pair of shoes dancing all day, then attend a ball at night and complain of being out of practice.

She will be the most devout creature on earth, and hate the ground that Sallie Grimes walks on.

She will be industrious and economical for a month, then spend her savings for a red ribbon.

She will slouch around the house for a week making preparations to look neat on Sunday.

She will flirt with all the best young men in the neighborhood, and finally marry some knotty-headed Jim Crow.—*Castro (Tex.) Anvil*.

A novelty of the amusement season in New Orleans the coming winter will be white balls, a custom borrowed from Spain and France. All the women must attend dressed in white only, with white ribbons and white laces and flowers.—*N. O. Times*.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The chief of a tribe of Digger Indians worships a stone churn as his god.

Mr. Benjamin Carpenter, '88, of Chicago, has been elected leader of the Harvard Glee Club.

The First Presbyterian Church, of Cincinnati, O., has begun the erection of a branch to be known as the Pilgrim Chapel.

Papal Rome has witnessed the laying of the foundation of the twenty-second Protestant house of worship within her limits.

Garabed S. Azhderian, an Armenian, is making his way through Amherst College by selling Oriental embroideries, scarfs, etc., sent him from home.

Professor Whitney, of Yale, has more than ten pupils in his Sanscrit class, the largest class in this language ever brought together in this country.—*Hartford Courant*.

The Congregational Sunday-school committee averaged one new Sunday-school each day of last year, and these have developed into churches at the rate of one each week.—*N. Y. Witness*.

Rev. Alexander Mackay Smith, of New York City, has been elected Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of Kansas, Episcopal Church, by the Diocesan Convention of the Episcopal Church in that State.

Zuig Lee, a Fort Worth Chinaman, who has been converted to Christianity, is trying to convert the Chinamen of Dallas, Texas, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of that place.

Vermont school-children will be given temperance text-books at the State's expense by the terms of a recent act of the legislature providing for the appointment of a commission to buy such books for use in schools.—*Troy Times*.

In the Methodist church at Emporia, Kas., on Thanksgiving Day, a mortgage which had long rested on the church property, and which had been canceled the day before, was publicly burned, the congregation singing the doxology.

At a recent spelling-match in Cheshire, Conn., selected pupils from all the schools were tested on their knowledge of fifty pages of the spelling book. At the end of an hour twelve competitors were left, and the committee deserted the book and tried to floor them with any thing they could think of, but were unable to put down a single one. The prizes were then distributed among the twelve.—*Hartford Post*.

Rev. S. H. Fellows, of Norwich, has a genuine old pitch-pipe used 100 years ago in New England choirs and singing-schools. It is a rectangular box, made of mahogany, 5 1/2 inches long, 2 1/2 inches wide, and 1 1/2 inches thick. At one end is a little mouth-piece, and at the opposite end a slide, the size of the interior of the box, which regulates the pitch. Upon the slide are letters of the scale, and by pulling it out to the desired letter and blowing on the mouthpiece a mellow, flute-like note is produced. It has a range of over an octave.—*N. Y. Sun*.

WIT AND WISDOM.

The more you check a spendthrift the faster he goes.

The great high-road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing.—*Smiles*.

The man who is good-natured all day does more for the race than he who wins a battle.—*Petersburgh Index-Appal*.

A wise man—He travels through life on the pleasantest plan. Who tries to steer clear of all his worries and jars. Who does for humanity all that he can. And gives up his seat to a girl on the cars.

The leading dentists in Russia and Germany are Americans, and they probably have the French and German tongue at their fingers' ends.—*Commercial Bulletin*.

A learned man must write and speak a long time before he can show his learning to the world. A fool can show his ignorance at the first pop.—*N. O. Picayune*.

"Maria," said her father, "William asked me for your hand last night, and I consented." "Well, pa, that's the first bill of mine you haven't objected to."—*N. Y. Sun*.

It is an powerful easy to discriminate between a wise man and a fanatic. De wise man belongs to your party; de fanatic to de opposition.—*Brother Gardner's Observations*.

Says a fashion note: "Monkey muffs are again in favor." It was certainly time that these musical accompanists were protected from the rigors of cold weather.—*Boston Transcript*.

"I say, Fatty," exclaimed one gamin to his fleshy companion, "is it yer mudder wot makes yer so fat?" "Naw, of course it haint!" was the reply. "It's my fodder."—*Whitehall Times*.

Mr. Winks—I set 'in your house-keeper's journal a couple of lines which I think you ought to ponder, Mrs. Winks. It says, 'If you always wish to be poor, scrape kettles with silver spoons.' Mrs. Winks—Oh! I never do such work! "I hope not." "No; I pay a girl to do that."—*Ogona World*.