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H. H. WELCH.

The Word "Hurrah."
What was the origin of the exclamation "Hurrah?" There are few words still in use which can boast such a remote and widely extended prevalence as this. It is one of those interjections in which sound so echoes sense that men seem to have adopted it almost instinctively. In India and Ceylon the mahouts and attendants of baggage elephants cheer them on by perpetual repetitions of "ur-re-re!" The Arabs and Egyptian encourage their animals to speed by shouting "ar-re ar-re!" The Moors in Spain drive their mules and horses with cries of "ar-re." In France the sportsman excites the hounds by his shouts of "hare, hare!" and wagons turn their horses by crying "harhau!" The herdsmen of Ireland and Scotland shout "hurrih! hurrih!" to the cattle they are driving. It is evidently an exclamation common to many nations, and is probably a corruption of "Tur sie" (Thor aid), a battle-cry of the ancient Norsemen, though some authorities derive it from the Jewish "Hosannah." The word is very often, and was formerly invariably, spelt "huzza," and its pronunciation was "hurrah."—Philadelphia Call.

A STORY OF CHARITY.

Truly a pitiful object was little Dan as he sat hunched, half fainting in the biting atmosphere. Yet but half the story was told by his tattered garments. The pinched and sunken features, the wistful look of those blue eyes and the weary, drooping attitude of that emaciated figure needed no spoken language to explain that hunger as well as cold had here an unfortunate victim. The lad could not have been much over 10 years of age; his face was fair and clean, his expression denoting a manly disposition. For more than an hour he sat there in front of the store from which he had been so mercilessly driven forth, addressing every male pedestrian with the short, business-like interrogation; "Black yer boots? Only three cents." He received no responses, not even so much as a brief negative. Some men who strode by in warm "arctics" looked down carelessly upon the shivering little fellow and smiled at the absurdity of stopping on such a day. Others wondered why the lazy little urchin did not occupy his time in the more sensible vocation of selling newspapers, and the proprietor of the store, happening to look out of his window at the hurrying throng, caught sight of the ragged bootblack and wondered why the police did not take care of such a vagabond. At last there came along one young man more observing than the rest. He saw that the poor boy was suffering from cold and hunger and his heart was touched. Stopping he said: "Well, little chap, isn't this pretty cold work for you?" "Kind'r, sir," answered the boy, as with an effort he dropped on his knees and pushed forward his box. "Have your boots blacked?" "No, I guess not," laughingly replied the young man. "It is a little too cold to stand out here." "Black 'em quick, sir!" said the urchin, looking appealingly up into the eyes of his long-awaited customer. "What is your name?" asked the gentleman, paying no attention to the box, which had been pushed close to his feet. "Dan, sir." "How long have you been sitting here, Dan?" "Bout an hour." "Why don't you peddle newspapers? No man wants to get his boots blacked in the streets such weather as this." "Please, sir, I hain't got no money to buy papers," replied the little fellow. "Oh, that is the trouble, is it? What would you do with 10 cents if I should give it to you?" pleasantly inquired the young man. As he said this he drew off one of his gloves, unbuttoned his coat, and took out a well filled pocketbook. "I would get something to eat," answered Dan eagerly. "Are you very hungry?" "Yes, sir, but I don't want nothing for myself. My mother is sick, and there ain't nothing in the house for her." "That is too bad," murmured the gentleman sympathetically, as he fumbled in his pockets for some change—there were only bills in his wallet. From one pocket to another went his hands—little Dan's eyes following each motion with a hungry expectancy—until the last pocket had been searched, and no coins could be found. "Well, now, I am sorry, my little man—and a tone of real regret gave emphasis to the words—"but I have nothing less than a \$5 bill." Little Dan's eyes became misty, and there was a suspicious quiver about his lips. But he was not chicker hearted and was no beggar. The tears that started were forced back, and the rebellious sob was choked down. With a determined toss of the head he stood erect and returned a simple "thank you, sir," to the young man's parting words. "Am sorry, Dan, but I may see you tomorrow." For a few moments longer little Dan lingered in the street, vainly appealing to the passers by for employment. But he received nothing but rebuffs and harsh words. Two ladies, attracted by his old appearance, paused to ask him why he did not go home. "I want to earn some money first," he replied; "my mother is sick." The ladies exchanged significant glances. "Too bad," said one to the other as they walked away, "that children so young should be taught the tricks of professional beggars." Soon a policeman touched the half frozen boy on the shoulder and bade him "move on," and in obedience to the stern mandate little Dan picked up his box and wearily trudged away.

empty upon the broad wooden mantelpiece. The brick fireplace underneath contained a bed of ashes—nothing more. Through the broken window the wintry blasts came at will and found a passive, unresisting subject for their cruel sport on the straw covered cot. The sound of shuffling footsteps in the corridor aroused the woman from her lethargic state, and caused her to turn her head eagerly toward the door as if expecting some pleasant arrival. The iron latch was lifted and the door swung open, admitting the small figure of little Dan. He advanced into the room softly, placed his box on the floor at the head of the bed, and, kneeling down upon it, leaned over and kissed the wan cheek of the invalid, saying in a low voice: "How do you feel, mother?" The dying woman, whose eyes were fastened intently on the face of her son, murmured, as with a feeble motion she stroked his curly hair: "Poor little Dan, you have been unsuccessful." "Yes, bad luck to-day, mother," answered the lad, endeavoring to speak cheerfully, but unable to suppress the sob that struggled up from the tender heart, touched to the quick at sight of his mother's patient sufferings. Little Dan's lips quivered painfully for an instant, and then he gave expression to his sorrow and suffering by a flood of tears. "Oh, mother," he cried, "we are starving." The only response that came from the lips of the agonized mother—herself nearly beyond the reach of the tortures of hunger—was, "My poor child! my poor child," and encircling his neck with one arm, she drew him close to her and sought to cover him with a corner of the well worn blanket, which constituted her sole protection from the blasts of cold air that came through the almost glassless window sash. "No, mother! no!" exclaimed the little fellow, resolutely starting up from his kneeling posture and carefully replacing the blanket over his mother. "You must do that. I am not very cold, and, besides, I can build a fire," saying which he drew from his pocket a match and bit of crumpled paper, which he held triumphantly before his mother's eyes. Then he proceeded to demolish his unprofitable blacking box by kicking in the sides and pulling the pieces apart with his hands. Soon he had quite a pile of splinters, and building them carefully over his bit of paper on the dead ashes in the fireplace he set fire to them, and a crackling, cheerful blaze was the result. "Look, mother, isn't that glorious?" he cried, turning eagerly to receive his mother's approbation, forgetful for the moment of all his troubles in the glowing heat. A sad, tender smile rested on the mother's face, and she was about to reply, when the door was pushed open and a woman's voice exclaimed: "Mercy on us, what a place!" Two richly dressed ladies crossed the threshold. It seemed to them as if they were in a den of thieves. They were members of the Percival Square Church Relief society, and a sense of duty had impelled them to visit the old tenement building. Little Dan advanced toward them, and with instinctive politeness motioned for them to draw nearer to the fire. "We ain't got no chairs," he said, "but we are so glad that you have come." Mrs. Zealous and Miss Prim exchanged deprecatory glances, and the elder lady, turning to Dan's mother, inquired feelingly: "Are you in great need of anything?" "We have nothing, madam, but what you see here," was the answer. "Neither my son nor myself has tasted any food since yesterday morning." "And my mother," interposed Dan, "is very, very sick." "This is suffering indeed!" said Mrs. Zealous to her companion. "We must do something to relieve these people." "I do not want for myself," said the dying woman. "I shall soon be beyond the need of earthly care, but my poor boy! please take care of him, ladies; please keep him from want." "We most assuredly will, my good woman, and we will help you also," responded Miss Prim, with some warmth. "Mrs. Zealous, we must bring this case to the attention of the society without delay." "Yes, it shall receive attention the very first thing to-morrow, and I am exceedingly sorry that I have no change with me, for I suppose you are hungry, my little man," continued Mrs. Zealous, placing her hand on Dan's head. "Yes'm, purty hungry," answered the boy, with a look full of disappointment and grief. "Well, keep up your courage," cheerily responded Miss Prim, after she had searched her portmanteau in vain for some money. "We will come to-morrow and bring you something." Little Dan made no reply. Long suffering had made him patient and brave. As the two missionaries of organized charity descended the rickety stairs to the street he silently crept to his mother's cot, and, kneeling on the floor, wearily laid his head beside hers on the pillowless straw tick.

After a brief pause Mrs. Zealous took the floor and read from her gold bound tablets some memoranda concerning half a dozen poor families that she had visited. She asked for an order on the society's treasurer for \$20, to be expended in the purchase of food and clothing. The appropriation was unhesitatingly made. Mrs. Goodheart, a gentle faced lady, next narrated a touching incident of poverty and distress that had come under her observation the day before. She had thought best to relieve the sufferers without drawing on the funds of the society. Mrs. Closestasked for \$2 to buy a pair of shoes for her washerwoman's little girl. The ladies exchanged significant glances, but no one voted against the appropriation. Mrs. Quicktemper regretted that imperative social engagements had prevented her from giving any attention to her district, but the next week she hoped to be able to devote almost entirely to the good work. "Mrs. President," said Mrs. Zealous, "Miss Prim and myself took the liberty yesterday of encroaching upon Mrs. Quicktemper's territory, and we found one of the most deplorable instances of human suffering that can be imagined," and the lady proceeded to describe in minutest detail the visit of Miss Prim and herself to the home of little Dan. "Did you not do anything for them?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Goodheart, after the recital was finished. "Ahem—well—no. Nothing more than to try and cheer them up. You see, I had no change with me, and then I thought it would be better to bring the case before the society, particularly as it was not in my district," explained Mrs. Zealous. "And yet you say they were starving," said Mrs. Goodheart, in a tone of gentle reproach. "Yes, they were very destitute," answered Mrs. Zealous, shortly. "I would like to inquire, Mrs. President," said Mrs. Quicktemper, with some show of feeling, "if it was not explicitly given out at the last meeting that each lady must confine her work to her own district?" "It was," politely replied the presiding officer. "And yet Mrs. Zealous and Miss Prim deliberately intruded upon my district," said Mrs. Quicktemper, glaring angrily at the offending ladies. "We had canvassed our own districts most thoroughly," exclaimed Mrs. Zealous and Miss Prim in unison, "and we—" "Very thoroughly, no doubt," interrupted Mrs. Quicktemper, coldly. "I don't understand what you mean," answered Mrs. Zealous, with spirit. "Don't you, indeed? Well, I hope you will understand me when I say that I am capable of attending to my own district." "You have not, it appears, troubled yourself about your district up to the present time, my dear Mrs. Quicktemper." "You force me to remark, my dear Mrs. Zealous, that what I do, or what I do not do, is no concern of yours." "Perhaps not," indignantly replied Mrs. Zealous, "but when I see people starving—" "Well, you didn't help them any; did you?" "No, I—" "Then, what are you talking about?" "Mrs. Quicktemper, I had always thought you to be a lady." "I have always known you to be a very officious person, Mrs. Zealous." "Mrs. Quicktemper, you are a very impertinent woman." "Mrs. Zealous, you are a meddlesome old thing. I can't bear you." "I do not wish to have any further talk with you," said Mrs. Zealous, striving to keep calm. "Nor I with you, madam," saying which Mrs. Quicktemper, with flushed face and snapping eyes, changed her seat and turned her back upon the unfortunate subject of her ire. "Ladies! ladies! pray cease this angry altercation," appealed the president. "You forget that our work is of a Christian character." Mrs. Zealous apologized for her heated language, but said that she could never forgive Mrs. Quicktemper for the insult she had put upon her. Mrs. Quicktemper tartly replied that she desired no forgiveness, and it being apparent to the members of the society that the two ladies could not be reconciled, a motion to adjourn was put and carried. Action in the case of little Dan and his mother was deferred until the next meeting. It was snowing, and the blustering winds had piled the white drifts high in the streets. The warmly clad ladies as they were driven rapidly to their homes in their robe filled conveyances forgot—all save one—the picture that Mrs. Zealous had so faithfully painted of poor Dan and his dying mother in their attic room. That one was—

covered the rough board floor with a cold white mantle. The little iron cot in the corner was partly concealed by the fast falling shadows of the approaching night. Even there, too, the snow had found its way and nestled in queer little drifts about the outstretched human form on the cot. At the head of the bed knelt little Dan, his face pillowed upon his mother's bosom and his thick brown curls radiant with glistening snowflakes. No sound was heard, not even the breathing of the two unconscious figures in the corner. The wind outside had died away, and the snow fell lightly and silently into the street below. "Hurry, John, and get up a good blaze!" spoke Mrs. Quicktemper. And John with his foot cleared away the snow from the fireplace, and on the ashes of poor Dan's box soon had a bright, roaring fire. The sparks danced merrily about, and formed a striking contrast to the shifting snowflakes outside. The glimmering light chased the dark shadows away, and revealed distinctly every object in the apartment. Mrs. Quicktemper stepped forward with outstretched hand to awaken the sleeping objects of her bounty, but, tardy charity. A gesture from John, whose quick eye had instantly in the light read the fate of mother and child, caused her to pause, and with blanched cheek and tearful eyes she heard: "Too late, mum—they be dead."—New York Times.

THE BUBBLE AT THE BRIM.
Oh, see it gayly smiling and lightly dancing up,
How winsome and beguiling it peeps across the cup!
Beware, or 'twill enchant you as it beckons from the rim—
"Come, kiss me, darling, can't you?" laughs the bubble at the brim.
How tenderly it flushes, how modestly it files!
It aces a maiden's blushes when dreams of love arise;
It softly sings and glistens, like the shining seraphim—
But woe to him who listens to the bubble at the brim.
Perhaps 'tis beauty's finger that fills the rosy glass;
How sweet it is to linger, how hard it is to pass!
'Tis late to curse the revel when the lights are burning dim.
You are bartered to the devil by the bubble at the brim.
—Samuel Mintura Peck, J.

Pulmonary Diseases in Berlin.
The death rate from pulmonary diseases increases alarmingly in Berlin from year to year. The climate is certainly unfavorable for all with the least tendency to weak lungs. The atmosphere has a greater percentage of moisture than that of almost any other city on the continent. Rain and fog alternate. In the early morning the mist is so dense that one's clothes become damp and his skin unpleasantly moist. The streets, even in the hot months of summer, are seldom dry, but usually dank and wet, emitting a vapor which frightens the weak lunged. Catarrh has been called the curse of America, but Berlin people easily hold their own in that complaint. It is safe to say that every one who has a cold from the beginning of October till the end of April, and even during the summer months, owing to the changeable weather, few are entirely exempt. Though the weather has been exceedingly damp, as already stated, no snow has yet fallen, and winter underclothing has been unnecessary. Last year several inches of snow lay on the ground on Thanksgiving day. The country for miles about Berlin is flat and unbroken as a western prairie, and the ground being very sandy—Berlin, in fact, is built upon sand—the roads are very heavy where not well cared for, which, however, is the exception rather than the rule. The statistics of the Moabit hospital, recently published, show that no less than one-fifth of the inmates are consumptives. In this hospital alone the number of lung diseased patients reached 550, being seventy-four more than last year, and 13.5 per cent. of all who had been under treatment against 10.5 per cent. in 1885. The death rate rose as high as 42.2 per cent., only 13.3 per cent. being discharged as cured. Upon the whole, the number is not encouraging for the inhabitants of Berlin, and certainly deplorable considering the annual increase of the population.—Berlin Cor. New York Tribune.

A VERY REMARKABLE FIGHT.
Four Elephants Against One Man—A Showman's Daring—The Hot Iron.
"While traveling through the country with Barnum in 1881," said a veteran showman, "I witnessed one of the most remarkable fights on record. Four elephants against one man, and in the water, too. In July or August, 1881, our show struck the pleasant little city of Ottawa, Ills. You are, doubtless, aware that elephants are extremely fond of bathing. For some little time before coming to Ottawa they had been deprived of that pleasure. No sooner were they unloaded from the train, however, than their sharp little eyes caught sight of the river and the news was trumpeted about in elephant language from one to the other. They were very restive all day and betrayed great anxiety to bathe, and as soon as the afternoon performance was over the under keepers marched them to the river bank. I assure you many seconds did not elapse before the whole herd, twenty-three in number, were splashing and dashing in the water like a lot of school boys. Such a strange sight naturally attracted the attention of the townspeople and the farmers who, with their families, had driven in to see the show, and I doubt ever presented such an animated appearance as on that day. "After a while the keepers shouted 'Mile up,' which in elephant phraseology means fall in. Nineteen immediately swam to shore, but no amount of shouting could induce the other four to return. Men were sent with rocks to the bridge and the entire circus force swarmed along both river banks trying with stones to turn the huge beasts in the direction of the canvas, but all in vain. As a last resource the chief trainer, George Artingstall, was sent for. The poor fellow had been sick in bed for over a week with malaria, but on learning of the difficulty immediately dressed himself and came to the bank. Calling each elephant by name he ordered them to 'Mile up.' For a moment it looked as though his command would be obeyed, for the elephants, recognizing his voice, halted and seemed to waver in their course. Albert, the oldest and biggest, however, settled the matter by uttering a loud snort of defiance, and led by him they once more started up stream. Seeing at a glance that he could do nothing on shore, Mr. Artingstall made for the dressing room, from which he soon emerged dressed in tumbler's tights, and placing the elephant prod or fork between his teeth, boldly swam out to the elephants. "Used as we were to strange sights we yet almost held our breath at this daring act. When within a few yards of them Artingstall again shouted 'mile up,' but without effect. Then, seeming to lose his temper, he sprang upon the back of the nearest one and commenced using his fork for all he was worth. Pretty soon a cry of rage came from the animal, upon which the trainer jumped from that one to another, repeating the fork performance until, after at least ten minutes of fierce fighting and jumping, the elephants crouched peccavi and swam tremblingly to the shore. Once there the keepers soon had them under subjection, but Artingstall, who had displayed such intrepidity and courage, sank into a dead faint the moment he touched the shore. Well, I can't exactly say, but certainly the menagerie tent smelt of burnt elephant for at least two weeks afterwards."—Chicago Tribune.

Count de Lesseps in Washington.
The count was in the best of form. His gray moustache was well waxed and drawn out at the ends as fine as a needle point. The count has a great nose which runs nearly the whole length of his face like a rabbit's nose, and when he smiles much, which is very often, the nose overshadows everything else, and his little eyes peer out peculiarly from a focus of wrinkles which seem absolutely to reveal in the fun which brings them into play.—Washington Post.

A "Humanophone" at a Fair.
At a recent church fair in Worcester there was great curiosity to see and hear the new musical instrument, the humanophone, which was exhibited in the large anteroom of the hall. The instrument proved to be young ladies representing the tones of the scale, arranged behind a screen, showing only their heads and shoulders. They wore white masks reaching to the mouth, and around the neck of each was suspended by a ribbon the number of the scale represented. A young lady stood in front, who, with a wand, played tunes by pointing to the one whose number was the tone wanted, which was promptly uttered. Rounds and other pieces were sung, making a unique and amusing affair.

Fire Department Horses.
The life of a horse in the fire department may last as long as if he were employed at any other kind of work. The most trying period or time is the first year. More department horses die during their first year than in any other. The excitement kills them. They cannot get accustomed to the hurry and hubbub, the flames, the smoke and the general uproar with which they are surrounded, and they die, as men often die, from fright or worry, superinduced by the excitement. Some horses, though, last for years. The work is not much; they have as a rule only short runs, and the periods of rest are longer than in the case of horses employed for ordinary draft purposes. If it were not for the excitement there would be no reason why they shouldn't last longer in the fire department than elsewhere.—Assistant Fire Chief in Globe-Democrat.

The meeting will please come to order," called the dignified matron who officiated as president of the regular weekly meeting of the Percival Square Church Relief society. "At our last meeting, ladies," spoke the president, "a resolution was adopted providing for a systematic plan of charitable work. The city was divided into districts, and each member of this society was assigned one district, with the understanding that she should confine herself to that particularly defined field of labor. We are now assembled for the purpose of listening to your several reports, and to act upon whatever recommendations may be made concerning the appropriation and expenditure of money. This