



WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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STANFORD'S MAIL.

Character of the Innumerable Missives Received by the Benevolent Senator.

Senator Leland Stanford, who is a frequent visitor to New York, employs a sharp-witted ex-journalist in Washington as his private secretary to sift out of his daily mail the letters of cranks, dead-beats and beggars, and keeps three or four shorthand writers busily engaged in preparing the answers to those that require attention.

"I believe the Senator would own one-half of the land in the country if he bought all that was offered," said his private secretary. "I don't believe there are many land-poor men left between the two oceans whom we have not heard from. And we are always assured that a big fortune is impatiently waiting for the Senator to pick up. But it is not land alone that Mr. Stanford's correspondents offer to sell him. Every person who has 'a rare bargain' in anything and who has bored his friends and pestered every body else whom he could get at and failed to dispose of it, unsuccessful speculators of every sort, projectors of new railroads who have got to the ends of their ropes but have not got their lines completed to anywhere, organizers of financial, commercial and manufacturing enterprises, to say nothing of the numberless solicitors for aid for all sorts of educational, benevolent and religious institutions that are in financial straits, all write to him."

And these letters do not all come from American correspondents. The fame of Senator Stanford's millions and of his more than princely generosity has gone beyond the sea, and brings him every week great packages of letters bearing foreign postmarks. A curious one received a few days ago was dated at St. Petersburg, written in bad French and signed by a man who said that he was a Russian Count, who offered to sell a large slice of the Czar's empire. I have forgotten how many millions of acres he said there were. The beauties of this vast domain, its untold agricultural and mineral resources and the delights of its salubrious climate, were described by a master hand. Inclosed with the letter was a formidable-looking official certificate, covered all over with seals and attestations, setting forth that the writer had a right to sell the territory he offered, and the names of high Russian officials and representatives of foreign governments in St. Petersburg were given, to whom Senator Stanford was referred and invited to write or telegraph in regard to the Count's responsibility. The Senator will not probably make the purchase this year.

Perhaps one-half the letters that come in Senator Stanford's mail are from women, and a study of this part of his mail reveals some curious phases of human nature and discloses some strange workings of the human mind. It is interesting to note how nine out of ten of these female correspondents begin their communications with the same stereotyped sentences or phrases: "I know that you will consider it presumptuous in me to write to you." If the writer is a married woman she always declares that she "writes this letter without the knowledge of her husband."

A peculiarity of the women's letters is that they go all around Robin Hood's barn before they come to the thing they want to say. A woman who wanted money enough to buy a new piano, instead of saying so right out, prefaced her request with a narrative of her family history, a history of the piano she had, the usage it had been subjected to, its getting out of tune recently, her efforts to restore it and the cost. This was followed by a profusion of excuses for addressing a letter to the Senator, a re-mention of her trials and struggles, and, finally, after wading through pages of irrelevant matter, the request for the money was found by the reader in the last two or three lines.—Z. L. White, in Philadelphia Press.

William Labor, a Pennsylvanian, made fun of the big trees in the Yosemite Valley, and John Ashton, a guide, felt it his duty to stab the scoffer twice in the right arm.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The New York Mail says that one of these days people of every nation will have their theater in New York.

The City Council at Blackshear, Ga., has fixed the price of a liquor license at \$10,000. No saloon keeper has settled there as yet.—Chicago Tribune.

A New York court recently decided that where the foreman of a cloak factory, backed by two lady assistants, declares a cloak to be a fit, the customer has nothing to say in the matter.

A new charitable organization in New York is called "The Good American Diakonessen," an adaptation from the German. Its purpose is to train women to become intelligent nurses of the sick poor.

The Southern Practitioner says that the gelatine capsules used in the administration of unpleasant medicines are insoluble in alcohol. For this reason it is useless to give medicine in this form to inebriates or for some days after the excessive use of spirits.

New York City has an odd character who delights in fooling people by posing as a wax figure. He is over forty-five years old, dresses well, and is often taken for a wax figure, as he sits with an umbrella or cane across his lap and a programme in front of him. The superintendent of the museum thinks of putting him in the catalogue.—N. Y. Tribune.

Boston people will find it difficult to believe that the following advertisement appeared in the Evening Post, of Boston, in 1742: "To be sold by the Printer of this Paper, the very best Negro Woman in this Town, who has had the Small-Pox and the Measles; is as hearty as a Horse, as brisk as a Bird, and will work like a Beaver. August 23, 1742."

The old-fashioned country clergy of England who had glebe lands believed in rotation of crops. Many years ago an Archdeacon visited one of these clergymen and was horrified to find that the churchyard was sown with barley. Intending to rebuke this desecration, he said in a severe tone: "This must not occur again." "O, dear, no!" replied the bucolic rector; "it will be turnips next year."—N. Y. Tribune.

In the New Britain group of islands in the Pacific a man is forbidden under any circumstances to speak to his mother-in-law, and he must even avoid her if possible. He must walk miles out of his way so as not to cross her path, and if he meet her unawares he must hide his face. The most sacred oath in vogue among the natives was when a man invoked upon himself, for a breach of sacred pledge, the terrible fate of having to shake hands with his mother-in-law.

There were but few soldiers in the war," said Captain Campbell, "who were not card-players, and they nearly all liked to own a deck, but they had a dread of being killed with a deck on their person. Whenever we heard the cannons begin to boom and the guns of the picket-men begin to clatter, we knew that a battle was coming, and you would see men by the hundreds drawing their cards from their pockets and throwing them along the road."—Indianapolis Journal.

A touching incident occurred on the day preceding Mr. David A. Watson's death. The patient old man had been growing weaker and weaker, the vigorous constitution he inherited from his sturdy ancestors with difficulty relaxing its tenacious grasp upon life even after years of illness, and with a sigh of ineffable weariness he said to his wife: "Have you seen my good friend Death anywhere about here? If you see him, tell him he will be very welcome." The next day his "good friend" came.—Boston Letter.

Roson ivy leaves grow in clusters of three. The five-leaved ivy is harmless.

Between chicory, scorched peas and poison, the average coffee drinker leads a hard life.—Boston Globe.

Many writers of original poetry appear to have been left over from last year. Perhaps 1885 will be more sickly.—Detroit Post.

Mrs. Newgood (in the picture gallery): "This, Aunt Eunice, is a real old master." Aunt Eunice: "Well, I shouldn't care if it was; it's just as good as some of the new ones."

Eight days, it is said, are required to cut a diamond, but after a young lady gets the diamond it does not take her more than three days to cut all her poor acquaintances.—Boston Globe.

In advertising the greatness of this country, one of the largest manufacturers says the total production of cigars in the United States is about 3,000,000,000 a year. This is quite a puff for us.—Troy Times.

Science: A girl who could spell Deuteronomy And had studied domestic economy. Went to skate at a rink. And as quick as a wink She sat down to study astronomy.—Boston Sunday Courier.

The most fashionable bridal necklace just now is a string of pearls. How thankful we bachelors ought to be that leap year is past, and that we are safe for three years. By that time the style may change to something that will fit our salaries better.—Lowell Citizen.

AGRICULTURAL.

Devoted to the Interests of Farmers and Stockmen.

Roots for Cows.

Taken simply in a sanitary view, roots may be called the most valuable crop the dairyman can raise. Especially are they useful at this season when the cows are coming fresh and that dreadful disease, milk fever, is threatening the most valuable members of the herd. It is a pretty well admitted theory now that the best preventative of milk fever is a cool and non-milk-producing diet at the time of parturition, and there is nothing can supply this demand so well as roots of some kind. The lives of a few valuable cows saved by feeding roots would more than pay the extra cost of growing the crops, to say nothing of its general value for milk production and excellent effect upon the health of the herd. Admitting the cost of the crop in labor and manure, for it cannot be profitably grown without an abundance of both, at the same time every dairyman should grow a patch of them in proportion to the amount of labor and manure he can afford to devote to the purpose, if for no other reason than those named above and the good effect roots always have on the flow of milk by adding a valuable variety to the cows' rations. So abundant is the yield when properly grown that even a small patch will produce enough roots to answer for sanitary feeding for those cows that are coming in calf and about whose welfare the dairyman has good cause to be anxious. While it is true that this needs careful cultivation and becomes expensive on the land that produces a super-abundance of weeds if the work has to be done by hand, yet there is much to be gained by making a wise selection of the land to be devoted to the purpose, and there are cultivating land machines, as the wheel hoe, that will do the work while the plants are small and most of it afterward. At any rate no dairyman can justly consider himself thoroughly educated in his line of business until he has given the root crop a thorough trial and intelligently determined whether or not his farm and surroundings are adapted to the growth of this crop.

Early Potatoes.

The potato requires more expenditure for both seed and labor than any grain crop, and it follows that it should be planted on rich soil. It is not safe to manure late potatoes heavily with fresh stable manure, as its fermentation in the soil makes just the conditions in which the potato-rot fungus flourishes; but in rich land from previous manuring this danger does not exist. For early potatoes the land can scarcely be made too rich. The crop, if marketed before rot, in even the most unfavorable season, can do serious injury. Fresh manure is often of great benefit to early potatoes on land that is amply fertile to produce a crop without it. As it ferments it keeps the soil moist, which for early potatoes set during the extreme heat of the summer is a point of the greatest importance. Moisture is apparently a greater necessity in making an early potato crop than fertility, though rich soils are apt to keep more moist in dry weather than those less fertile. The most successful potato growers partially insure their crop from severe drought by subsoiling. This requires extra labor, but the reservoirs of moisture thus stored in the subsoil keep the potato tops fresh and green long after those on land not subsoiled have withered from combined heat and drought. Subsoiling is a partial protection against the potato blight. It saves the plants from the sudden extremes of temperature which prevail in shallow soils, they being the most common cause of the blight.

Tomato Culture.

Break the ground deep—be sure of that—and work it mellow, mixing with the soil all the manure that can be spared from other crops. Mark off the rows five feet apart; put one or two shovelfulls of rich, well-rooted manure every three feet in the rows, working it well with the soil, and set the plant in this; set it deeper than it was in the bed. Before taking the plants up, wet the bed thoroughly and take up as much soil with the plant as possible. Set in cloudy weather if you can, and when it is warm. The least check the plants receive the better. As soon as the plants start to grow, begin to cultivate them. Cultivate the balk, or space between the rows, cultivate deep and thoroughly, raking the ground level. Cultivate every three days if the weather will admit. Remember, tillage is earliness; tillage is manure. As soon as the lateral suckers appear keep them off. At the second or third cultivation top-dress the ground with hen manure, or if not plenty put it around the hills. Keep the vines well and nicely tied up to stakes. As soon as the fruit begins to form go through the vines and take off all the imperfect and deformed fruit. It takes the strength of the roots to make them, that should go to the growth of the perfect fruit, and they will injure the sale of the good fruit.

Notes.

It is estimated that California's 1887 wheat crop will amount to 50,000,000 bushels.

California has 4000 wine growers and 160,000 acres in vines, which gives employment to 40,000 people.

Take prunes, for instance, for consideration. The importation of prunes into the United States last year was about 60,000,000 pounds.

There are many large hop yards in Jackson and Josephine counties which are in better condition than last year, owing, perhaps, to the high prices received for the last crop.

Frank McCown, living near Waitsburg, W. T., recently lost a number of calves with an unknown disease. The calves act as if they were poisoned; are sick but a few minutes; whirl around, froth at the mouth, emit blood from the nostrils and fall down dead.

H. H. Turner, of Linden, Cal., has half an acre of English gooseberry bushes, which are very profitable. Last year he had 150 bushels and sold the fruit at fifteen cents per pound, while other varieties brought but seven cents. Now he has 600 bushels on the half acre. The berries will be ripe the first of June, and about the size of walnuts. Mr. Turner has raised his fruit without irrigation.

It is a common practice with many farmers who are fattening hogs to feed them all they will eat three times a day. This system of feeding is based on the theory the more the hog eats the faster he will put on fat. This theory may be plausible, but it is true only to a certain extent. Hogs are voracious animals, and the most of them will eat more hearty, fast-forming food than they can wholly digest and assimilate for the formation of meat. All extra food amounts to nothing except for manure.

The proper feeding of the orchard is yet a matter not generally understood. Circumstances in the matter, as in all others, alter cases. Some soils contain a large amount of vegetable matter. The trees make a rapid growth and an excess of wood, but bear no fruit. Stop feeding them with stable manure. Mineral fertilizers and perhaps root pruning are needed to induce the trees to yield fruit instead of wood. Phosphorus and potash are the great remedies. Wood ashes contain both, and its application, even in large quantities, is always safe.

A cross of the Dorking and light Brahma makes excellent capons. They should be hatched as early as possible and kept until fully grown. The best time to sell is in February and March, during which periods the prices are often as high as fifty cents per pound, while choice capons will weigh from twelve to fourteen pounds each. The proper crosses should be used in order to produce large capons. Leghorns, Hamburgs, black Spanish and other small breeds are worthless as capons. Only the large breeds should be used.

There are about 20,000 hives of bees in Los Angeles county, Cal., and the most extensive and profitable apiaries are found in the mountains. Los Angeles city has an ordinance imposing a fine of \$500 upon any one keeping bees within the city limits. Wine-makers object to bees because they gather about the wine presses in the buildings used for winemaking, so that they annoy the workmen. The average yield of honey per hive is about 260 pounds for the season. Much larger yields are reported from single hives, but in any very large apiary there is always found some hives that are poor honey-producers, and thus the average yield is reduced.

Like the cow, the great American hen seems not to be making a very successful effort at holding her own, and in 1876 allowed her foreign sister to outlay her to the extent of \$630,000 worth. This was discouraging, and evidently the poultry yards on this side of the Atlantic lost heart, for in the next five years the importations almost doubled, reaching in 1881 the total value of \$1,200,000. The same process was repeated and in 1885 the importations had again doubled, the value being \$2,476,672. The moral of these figures is so obvious that the farmer's wife, immersed in household cares, should have no trouble in discerning it, while the chicken yards all over the country should receive renewed attention.

Good milk of average quality, according to Voelcker, contains from 10 1/2 to 11 per cent. of dry matter and about 2 1/2 per cent. of pure fat. It yields from 9 to 10 per cent. of cream. Milk that contains more than 90 per cent. of water and less than 2 per cent. of pure fat is naturally very poor or has been adulterated. When milk contains from 12 to 12 1/2 per cent. of solid matter and from 3 to 3 1/2 per cent. of pure fatty substance it is rich; and if it contains more than 12 1/2 per cent. of dry matter and 4 per cent. or more of fat it is of extra rich quality. Such milk throws off from 11 to 12 per cent. of cream in bulk on standing for twenty-four hours at 62 deg. Fahrenheit, as has been proven by the experiments of Professor Willard and others.

COAST CULLINGS.

Devoted Principally to Washington Territory and California.

Montesano, W. T., is going to have a creamery.

A boy named Tommy Morton was drowned at Sacramento, Cal.

F. Diers, lately from San Francisco, was beheaded by a freight train at Auburn, Cal.

Bob Ford, the slayer of Jessie James, is a waiter in a cheap restaurant in Santa Fe, N. M.

An Indian girl killed a cougar that measured ten feet from tip to tip near Grangeville, I. T.

A section hand named Conroy was run over and killed by a locomotive at Anaconda, Montana.

E. Murne, a logger, was fatally stabbed by a man named Shearer, at New Westminster, B. C.

A silver ledge has been located at Tiptop, A. T., which is said to run 2000 ounces of metal to the ton.

The Northern Pacific railroad is preparing to build coal bunkers at Ellensburg, W. T., to cost \$10,000.

The three-year-old son of a Mrs. Treble was burned to death by his clothes catching fire, in Seattle.

The people of North Yakima, W. T., are taking timely action with the view of holding another fair next fall.

Willie Pinkham, a vinyardist at St. Helena, Cal., committed suicide by drowning himself in a tank of wine.

One hundred and sixteen men qualified as marksmen at the Walla Walla garrison during the month of April.

Pointman, the largest horse in the world, died at Petaluma, Cal. He was owned by a company and valued at \$5000.

A. J. Aldrich, H. E. Williams and A. J. Taber lost their eyesight by an explosion in a smelter at Helena, Montana.

Between San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara, Cal., there are 1100 men at work on the Southern Pacific extension.

A boy named Leon Gracie was accidentally shot and killed by a boy named Edward Cady, 12 years of age, at Middletown, Cal.

The Indians at the Treadwell mine, Juneau, Alaska, struck again for higher pay. All were discharged and white men employed.

Since a bounty was placed on jack-rabbit scalps last November, Tehama county, California, has paid out \$2270 for 15,134 scalps. It will be discontinued.

Nelson Bennett is getting ready to lay the rails for the Tacoma street railway. He has also secured a franchise for a street railway in Butte, Montana.

A carpenter named John McCormick, engaged on the Bear River bridge, near Colfax, Cal., fell from it, a distance of sixty feet, and was instantly killed.

Jacob Hamel, a young man, was found at Monterey, Cal., dead from a pistol wound in his right temple. Hamel was a hard-working man, but addicted to drink.

Robert Cobban, a brakeman, attempted to board a moving train at Stuart, Montana. He fell under the wheels and lost his right leg and died the following morning.

At Butte, Mont., Jack Rowand, a quarter-breed Indian, shot at a bar-keeper, the ball passing through his arm and into the arm of Joseph Bussier, who died the next morning.

The Mormon church at St. David, N. M., was completely demolished by an earthquake. Seventy-eight school children, who were in the building at the time, barely escaped with their lives.

It is said that it will take 1,000,000 ties to widen the track on the Utah & Northern railroad between Pocatello, Idaho, and Silver Bow Junction, Montana. Those for the south are sawed in Oregon.

While Gus Berdine and Gus Peterson were driving across the railroad track at Tacoma, W. T., a switch engine struck the carriage, killing Berdine and the horse and slightly injuring Peterson.

Stephen Kelly, a farmer, was drowned at Prosser, Yakima county, W. T. He was driving down the incline to the ferry and slipped his fractious horses with the lines. The animals broke into a run. The ferry had no end chain or gang board, and horses, wagon and driver went into the Yakima river. One horse swam ashore dragging its dead mate and the wagon, but the man was lost.

J. F. Smith, of Eagle Rock, I. T., while attending a session of the Probate Court, found a tender place in the carpet of the floor, and stepping upon it found himself making a rapid descent below. The prisoners confined in the jail immediately under the office had procured a razor and succeeded in cutting a hole in the floor above to effect an escape. The discovery made frustrated the plan.

AN EVIL OMEN.

A Polish Superstition Which Has Been Imported Into This Country.

There is a venerable superstition among Polish people that when a crow alights on a house it portends death to one or more of the occupants. When, about eight o'clock the other morning a couple of birds of this species were desecrated calmly perched on the roof of one of Poland's sons on Racine street, north of Brady, the neighborhood, which is inhabited almost entirely by Poles, was thrown into the greatest excitement. In less than a half an hour the street was filled with people, the proportions of the crowd attracting the attention of the police. Hostile demonstrations caused the sable-hued birds to fly to an adjoining roof. Up popped an upper story window in the next house, a woman's hand appeared, and in evident alarm the woman waved an apron menacingly at the "birds of evil omen." Instead of being frightened away the crows took the waving of the apron as a mark of welcome and changed their position from the roof of her neighbor to her own housetop. By this time the excitement of the crowd below had grown to a fever pitch. Women were shedding tears or mumbling a prayer, while little children clung to their skirts, unable to make out what was the matter. Men and women gathered in knots, all gesticulating and jabbering at once, but all keeping a weather eye open and a pocketful of stones ready in case the birds should steer for their own premises.

Finally the crows began to fly from house to house, and then there was a shower of stones as thick as hail, men, women and boys being engaged in the fusillade amid the most indescribable excitement. The birds flew from house to house until they had taken in the entire square. Finally they distanced their yelling pursuers.

As the people returned to their homes many offered prayers for themselves and families. One old man who believes in the superstition said in his broken English:

"It must be so, now, that we all die. You see, some terrible sickness spread among us."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Oldest Bank Note.

The oldest bank note probably in existence in Europe is one preserved in the Asiatic Museum at St. Petersburg. It dates from the year 1399 a. c., and was issued by the Chinese Government. It can be proved from Chinese chronicles that, as early as 2697 a. c., bank notes were current in China under the name of "flying money." The bank note preserved at St. Petersburg bears the name of the imperial bank, date and number of issue, signature of a Mandarin, and contains even a list of the punishments inflicted for forgery of notes. This relic of four thousand years ago is probably written, for printing from wooden tablets is said to have been introduced in China only in the year 160.—Christian at Work.

"I really can't sing, believe me, sir," was the reply of a young lady to the repeated requests of an empty fop. "I am rather inclined to believe, madam," he rejoined, with a smirk, "that you are fishing for compliments." "No, sir," exclaimed the lady, "I never fish in so shallow a stream."—Chicago Ledger.

"Mary Ann, did yez get that job yez answered the advertisement fur in the papers as a lady's wash lady?" "Faix, I donno, Mrs. McGinty; me social engagements has prevented me from callin' on the parties. But I snot them me kyard de wisite, as they call it, and I expects to hear by Chewstey."—Rambler.

How's Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy Liver. When the Liver is torpid the Bowels are sluggish and constipated, the food lies in the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headache ensues; a feeling of lassitude, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmons Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy Liver than any agency known on earth. It acts with extraordinary power and efficacy.

NEVER BEEN DISAPPOINTED. As a general family remedy for Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Constipation, etc., I hardly ever see anything else, and have never been disappointed. In the effect produced; it seems to be almost a perfect cure for all diseases of the stomach and bowels. W. J. McLEOD, MACON, GA.