

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY - Garrison's Building, McMinnville, Oregon.

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HOME AND FARM.

Don't forget to put a little salt in the soft morning feed. Fowls to do well should always be fed a little of it daily, dissolved in food.

Fried Herring: Clean them and scale and dry in a towel. Take a piece of letter paper, rub a little hot or cold butter on it, fold a herring in it, salt and pepper it and broil.

Breakfast Biscuit: One quart of flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half ounce butter; mix together; add milk enough to make a soft dough; roll out quickly, handling as little as possible, and bake in a quick oven.

When purchasing pure-bred stock give the preference to those breeds best adapted to the soil, climate and facilities of the farm.

Before starting off the hunters ascertain where a large number of ostriches are to be found. They are generally met with in places where there is a great deal of grass and rain has recently fallen.

Sponge Jelly Roll: Four eggs, one cup and a half sugar, one tablespoon baking powder, beat the whites separately and the yolks together until very light, then add part of the whites, then a cup of flour, then beat well, then a little more flour, then the rest of the whites and stir easy; put it in and bake.

Although the hogs are more sensitive to cold than other domestic animals, yet they receive less protection during winter. The most important requisite in a pig-sty is dryness.

Notwithstanding great care, pigs, and especially udders, will become smeared and lack lustre. Do not attempt to use any varnishes or furniture polishes, but take luke warm water, make soapsuds and wash thoroughly, a small space at a time, either with a sponge or soft rag, quickly rubbing dry with a larger rag.

Foremost among all fertilizers is common barnyard manure. That which gives it its peculiar value is that it contains all the plant elements, and is, therefore, fitted to nourish any crop; hence we call it a general and not a specific manure.

All seeds will run out unless kept up by selection. Many of the kinds offered as new are only fixed up by selection from old varieties.

In certain Austrian coal mines work is suspended in dangerous places during a fall of the barometer, experiments still in progress having shown that the quantity and intensity of explosive gases greatly increases as the degree of atmospheric pressure diminishes.

HUNTING OSTRICHES.

HOW THE ARAB OF THE DESERT CAPTURES BIG GAME.

The Most Favorable Time for the Chase. Preparation of the Horse-The Game in View-Methods of the Huntsmen. The Capture.

With the Arabs of the desert the chase and capture of the ostrich is the most attractive and aristocratic of the many diversions in which they indulge. The first thing attended to when a hunt is contemplated is the preparation of the horses. They are entirely deprived of grass and fed on barley for seven or eight days before the intended hunt.

The time most favorable for ostrich hunting is when there is the greatest heat. The higher the temperature the less is the ostrich able to defend itself. The Arab says that when a man stands upright and his shadow is only the length of his foot is the exact time to hunt.

Before starting off the hunters ascertain where a large number of ostriches are to be found. They are generally met with in places where there is a great deal of grass and rain has recently fallen. The hunters commence their journey early in the morning.

The horsemen divide and form a circle around the ostriches at such a distance as not to be noticed by them. The servants halt when the horsemen separate, and as soon as they see their masters in position they walk right before their prey. The ostriches flee, but are met by the hunters, who at first only drive them back into the circle.

The moment the bird falls the man quickly dismounts and cuts its throat, taking care to hold the head at some distance from the body so as not to soil the plumage. It is said the male bird utters loud moans while dying, but the female dies in silence.

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To the Arab the chase of the ostrich has a double attraction—that of pleasure and of profit. The price obtained for the skins well compensates for the expense. Not only do the rich enjoy the pursuit, but the poor, who know how to arrange for it, as well.

If a bearded crenk at each movement of the sleeper, remove the slats and wrap the ends of each in old newspapers. This will prove a complete silence.

ANCIENT ISRAEL IN IRELAND.

Did the Jews Contribute to the Population a Great Many Years Ago?

Respecting the Anglo-Israelit mania, a self-evident and undeniable proof of an early settlement of Israelitish tribes in the United Kingdom is afforded by names of towns, of a nature which historians as well as ethnologists admit. Everybody who takes to Dover, for instance, is nothing else than a dialectical form of the locality Debr (Debra, xiii, 20, Edinburgh is no doubt the Eden town, and in fact, there is an Edenic view from that town. Eboracum (York) is either the town of Eber or else Ebras, "the blessed town," with a Latin termination. But let us take London, whose derivation is still doubtful; as a Hebrew name we shall find it to be Landan, "the dwelling of Dan." Old London was, therefore, inhabited by the Danites (perhaps a part of them went over to Denmark, although not yet claimed by the Danes).

In the name of Dublin is most likely to be found a reversed form, that name seeming to be Dublin, the dwelling of Dub or Dob. This word, which means usually in Hebrew a bear, could dialectically mean a wolf (hardened from Zeb). The wolf represents the tribe of Benjamin (Genesis xliii, 27, consequently a part of the Benjamites settled in Dublin, and that perhaps in the time of Jeremiah, who, it is known, came over to Ireland, married an Irish princess, and brought over a copy of the law, which is now buried in the Mount Tara (from Tara, the law). The tribal characteristic of "ravening as a wolf" still continues to mark the descendants. It is not unlikely that Phoenicians settled also in England, which has long been suspected from the frequently employed word Bal as a prefix in Celtic localities. Could not Sydneyham mean "the home of the Sidonians"—A Neubauer in Notes and Queries.

Interviewing Henry Ward Beecher. There are probably but few newspaper reporters in this city that have not interviewed Henry Ward Beecher. The Plymouth pastor enjoys great popularity among the reporters, for he is accessible, genial, and, as a rule, talkative. He is always ready to engage in a harmless bit of chaff with the newspaper men, but he will not brook insolence. The last mentioned fact was recently impressed upon the alleged mind of a swaggering youngster who said that he represented a Brooklyn paper. A rumor that Mr. Beecher was dead got started in some unaccountable manner and spread like wildfire. Reporters by the score hurried to Mr. Beecher's house and were there confronted by the famous preacher hale and hearty. After a while again came a young man who said to Mr. Beecher with an impudent grin that he had been sent by the city editor of The Brooklyn "to find out whether Beecher was alive or dead."

"Well," said the Plymouth pastor, "I suppose you know who I am?" "Oh, yes," answered the fellow pertly, "but I would like to have it directly from you that you are not dead." "Ah," murmured the stalwart pastor as he laid a heavy hand on the young man's coat collar. The next instant the young man was held up in the air and shaken as a dog would shake a sawdust doll. Mr. Beecher set him down on the sidewalk not any too gently and quietly remarked, "Now, you can go to your city editor and tell him that you have received actual proof that I am alive."—New York Times.

All wise reform must commence with recognizing the fact of heredity, and that by that law human ills are multiplied, and by it they may be diminished. It will do little good to work for individuals here and there. Such conditions must be created as shall make a new heredity possible. That cannot be accomplished without improving the environment of those to be reached. If men live in good houses, drink pure water, are accustomed to frequent slight and contact with those who are worthy of honor, have given to them the inspirations which are essential to the best development, the result will be manifested in the next generation. The generation following the French revolution was distinguished by such an epidemic of nervous diseases as had never been known in French history. It was the result of the terrific strain upon mind and heart and nerve of those delirious years.—Amory H. Bradford in Andover Review.

A Mysterious Society "Man." A Boston man writes from Paris to a friend: "You know, of course, the exceedingly breezy volumes of descriptions of society in the European capitals, written by a certain mysterious and exceedingly outspoken Count Paul Vasil, that have appeared? Well, I have found out the identity of this mysterious 'Count Paul.' It is none other than Mrs. Juliette Adam, the versatile and vivacious directress of The Nouvelle Revue, whose salon is the center of all literary Paris. She has been absent a good deal of late, and, well, when a Parisian editor wrote to ask Mrs. Vasil for an article the other day, she inadvertently sent him an unpublished manuscript of Count Paul Vasil. The editor charged her at once with being 'man' when all Europe was speculating about, and also sent him an answer which dodges without denying."—New York Post.

Treatment of Whooping Cough. The following method of disinfection of sleeping and dwelling apartments and clothes is recommended by M. Mohr in the treatment of whooping cough. It is said to cure the cases immediately. The children are washed and clothed in clean articles of dress and removed to another part of the town. The bed room and sitting room or nursery are then hermetically sealed; all the bedding, playthings and other articles that cannot be washed are exposed freely in the room, in which sulphur is burned in the proportion of twenty-five grams to the cubic meter of space. The room remains thus charged with sulphurous acid for five hours, and is then freely ventilated. The children return the same day, and may sleep and play in the disinfected rooms.—Lancet.

Humorous But Ghastly. They tell a story of a fire in Chicago that has a certain grim humor to it. The fire broke out in a medical college, and a fireman, groping in a building, saw what he took to be some one in a moment blowing smoke. So he rubbed the face at the risk of his own life, only to find when he got there that he had rescued a partly dissected subject.

A WILD NIGHT.

HOW THE NEWS OF LEE'S SURRENDER WAS RECEIVED.

The Story Told by a Member of the Army of the Cumberland—The Boys Among the Mountains of East Tennessee.

It was near the middle of April. Darkness had settled down over the great bivouac. The bugles had sounded the tattoo. The grizzled veterans who had been squatting around the camp fires, talking over the scenes of the past, and wondering when the war would be over—had knocked the ashes from their pipes and crawled within their little "pup" tents, or their shelters made of boughs. All was still save the measured tread of the sentinels as they passed to and fro upon their beats around the sleeping army.

Suddenly there came rattling through the clear night air a sound that aroused every soldier in an instant. We had often heard it before and it always meant business. It was the long roll at division headquarters. And such a long roll as it was! The drummer handled his sticks as if he was pounding for his very life. When a soldier hears the long roll he never waits for orders. It is an alarm that has but one meaning. His duty is to get "up" and take his place in line, and to be very lively about it, too. The drums at the headquarters of each brigade took up the sound and the piercing blasts of bugles joined in the chorus. Startled from their sleep, the soldiers kicked off their blankets, and it wasn't a minute until the companies were formed, every man with his accoutrements buckled on and his musket at "shoulder" in response to the "Fall in!" of the orderly sergeants. Again drums and bugles sounded, the companies marched to the color line and the regiment was ready for action. It was a moonless night, and the darkness of the oak woods was but feebly dispelled here and there by the flickering light of the smoldering fires.

Every ear was strained to catch the rattle of shots on the picket line. No sound was heard save the bustle of the assembling troops and the voices of the officers as they gave the necessary commands. It was one of those moments of anxious suspense that test the courage of the bravest veteran.

An order from brigade headquarters dashed up and handed a paper to the colonel of our regiment. A bit of candle was found, and by its spluttering light the colonel glanced at the message. Jumping about four feet into the air he gave one wild, piercing yell that an Apache chief might strike in vain to rival. "We all thought for the moment that he had gone crazy. When he came down he handed the paper to the adjutant, letting off another yell, and told him to read it to the regiment. It was a copy of a telegram from Secretary Stanton announcing the surrender of Lee's army. The scene that followed, no words can adequately describe. The colonel and adjutant swung their hats and danced around and fairly howled. Every officer and soldier in the regiment, and in every other regiment, did the same thing. We had heard shouting and yelling before, and had done our full share of it on occasion, but never anything like that which greeted the reading of this dispatch. From one end of the camp to the other the confusion and uproar were prodigious. Men laughed and danced and hugged one another, and rent the air with every kind of noise possible to the human voice pitched in its highest key. It was as if the inmates of a score of lunatic asylums had been turned loose in those Tennessee woods.

When the yelling had in some degree subsided, from sheer vocal exhaustion, the soldiers began to cast about for other means to make a noise. It didn't matter what it was—the more discordant the better, only so that it helped to swell the awful din. Meanwhile all the brass bands were playing, though nobody could tell what the tunes were; the shriek of files and rattle of drums were heard on every hand, and the buglers strained to make themselves heard until it seemed as if they would blow their heads off. The artillery opened. Gun after gun joined in the mighty chorus until every battery in the corps was sending forth its thunders to echo among the mountains. Regiment after regiment began to fire their muskets. The men took their cartridges from their boxes, poured in the powder, rammed down the paper for wadding, and blazed away. The balls they threw upon the ground; there was no further use for them.

Perhaps you can imagine the din, but it's more likely you can't. When the soldiers had got away their cartridges they hunted up all the camp kettles and tin pans, and beat them furiously with sticks and stones, still yelling and shouting as fast as they could gather breath enough to do so. The camp was a literal pandemonium. Heaped with wood the fires blazed high, and the forest was aglow with light.

Men did all sorts of grotesque and ridiculous things. They climbed trees and yelled through the branches; they made heroic speeches from logs and stumps; they turned their clothes inside out; they rode one another on poles; they did everything that great fertility of resource in this direction could suggest. At the headquarters of our brigade a horse bucked full of eggnog was made, and the general and his staff indulged in copious libations. After several "rounds" they sallied forth and seized the instruments of the band, and formed for a parade through the camp. The general headed the procession with the bass drum, which he pounded so furiously that he broke in one of the heads. The staff officers, with horns, blew the most wilfully discordant blasts. As they marched hither and thither, regimental and company officers and hundreds of soldiers fell in behind the general and his staff, until the column of howling lunatics was a quarter of a mile long.

Four years of toiling and suffering such as others know not, of weary marches and vigils by day and by night, through fierce heat and biting storm; of facing the pitiless bullets and screaming shell, amid awful scenes of death and human anguish; long months and years that had thinned regiments of 1,000 to 100—all were past, the end had come, and before the eyes of these scarred and war-worn veterans arose in a moment blessed pictures of peace and home. Do you wonder that they indulged in these wild and extravagant demonstrations of joy? Added to these were the glad feelings of victory at last, after all

the blood and wretchedness, and the patriotic rejoicing over a nation saved by their valor and sacrifices. Let me ask if you wouldn't have been very likely to make a fool of yourself for the time being if you had been there? Let us hope that the recording angel valued her face that night.—W. F. Hinman in Inter Ocean.

Charming Tricycle Riders.

Two very pretty and very stylish looking young ladies have been making a decided sensation on the avenue by their dexterous riding of the tricycle. Both are remarkably pretty and wear handsome street costumes. One of them wears a gentleman's high silk hat, the only difference being that it is turned up on one side and has a little black feather in it. Her cloth dress fits her trim figure exquisitely, and on her wee, pretty foot she wears a long boot, like a backwoodsman. The top of her boot hides her pretty ankle, but the convenience obviates many of the objections raised to ladies riding tricycles. Her companion wears a Tam O'Shanter cap, which falls prettily about her head. Both the high silk hat and the Tam O'Shanter are kept on the ladies' heads by long, flat pins, and they go flying up the avenue without fear of losing their headgear. They each own a single tricycle, and use these in the morning, but in the evening, when the avenue is crowded, they ride a double tricycle, and cause many of the congressmen's hearts, and senators', too, by the way, to go pit-a-pat in unison with the girls' daintily booted feet on the pedals.—Washington Cor. Baltimore American.

A Censure Partly Undeserved. There is a good deal said about the idleness and so on of American young women, the daughters of parents who are well to do in the world which is undeserved. Because a girl is fond of life and its active pleasures, because she dances, is deeply interested in dress, goes to many entertainments and has what she herself calls "an awfully jolly time," in no wise is this evidence that she cannot mix with all these lighter undertakings hard work. We do not refer altogether to the endless little things which occur at home and which would cause growling and grumbling if they were left undone. But no one who has not been on the inside has any conception of how much the girls do to help their mothers and ease the burdens of their elders. The gayest and most popular of society girls are not free from these duties, and they are usually taken as a matter of course. They are undertaken without a thought of lazy, discontented repining as a general thing; when this rule does not apply I pity the man, though he be fifty times a millionaire, who marries the girl. Life is not all rose leaves to them by a very great deal.—Toledo Blade.

A Dangerous Practice. The practice of allowing children to go out at night to find their own companions and their own places of amusement may leave one in twenty unscathed and without danger; but I think that nineteen out of twenty fall down wounded or destroyed. And if there is one thing that should be more imperative than another, it is that your children shall be at home at night; or that, if they are abroad, you shall be abroad with them. There may be things that it is best that you should do for your children though you would not do them for yourselves; but they ought not to go anywhere at night, to see sights, or to take pleasure, unless you can go with them, and they are grown to man's estate and their habits are formed. And nothing is more certain than that to grant the child liberty to go outside of the parental roof and its restraints in the darkness of night is bad, and only bad, and that continually.—Henry Ward Beecher in New York World.

The religious papers are taking up what some of them call the "cooking stove apostasy." The point of their complaint seems to be that the caterer is gaining ground at the church social, and, like the political parties, they call on the country to "view with alarm" a ministry of three orders—pastor, deacons and professional cooks, the last in white vestments, manipulating the ritual of pies and cakes. Well, good brethren, and why not? Did you ever view with alarm the flushed faces of the sisters of the church who have wept themselves out from time immemorial, bent their backs and risked their tempers preparing the simple meal "for whose restoration you clamor?" If the caterer, with his white vest and white gloves, can relieve some measure of fatigue and worry on the part of the feminine portion of the congregation the church social will serve a better end than it ever has before.—Kansas City Journal.

Busy Men and Women. A busy woman who must think, who must care for others, whose heart is in her work for others, and whose life cannot be confined within four walls or any narrowing conventionalities, seeks her kind and saves her precious moments by receiving her friends upon one day in the week. The busy man, shut in his office for long hours, harassed by many cares and often flattered by foes, finds it sweeter and better for the few moments that in some attractive home, where beauty, music and flowers give him the needed poetry to mate with his prosaic cares.—Caldwell Tribune.

Awkward Hours. A bright and busy little woman, who was asked to come to an entertainment from 3 to 5 the other day, sent back word she couldn't go, for she couldn't go to heaven between those hours in the afternoon! And they are awkward hours, when you come to consider it. Only the killers, the butterflies and the gadabouts truly like this afternoon tea and chocolate visiting. For the workers it is destruction; but then, what right has a working man or woman to "play" before 6 at night!—Boston Herald.

Women as Missionaries. At Wellesley college eighty young women have expressed a desire to work as foreign missionaries; at Oberlin, about 100 signified the same purpose, and, including all these and other colleges, there are about 400 young women willing to work in the foreign field.—Public Opinion.

Ginger in the South. Ginger is said to succeed well in all the states bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, but it has not yet been demonstrated whether it will prove to be a profitable crop or not. A Florida paper makes suggestions about the method of cultivating it.—Chicago Times.

ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

THE MOST CELEBRATED REPRESENTATIVE BODY IN THE WORLD.

What May be Seen by a Visitor in the Gallery—How Business is Conducted. No Limit to the Length of Speeches. Mr. Gladstone the Chief Magnet.

A visitor goes down to Westminster, let us say on Monday, when the house of commons is to meet, at 4 p.m. (nominally), in order to see the oldest and most celebrated representative body in the world. After being elbowed about among the "strangers" (as the British public are officially designated in what is supposed by a polite fiction to be their house) and ordered about by policemen who look at him as though he was a spy or a traitor, the visitor takes his seat in the gallery and glances down into the arena. It is 4 p.m., and the speaker is in his chair, but there are few members present, and nothing seems to be doing. After a while the visitor becomes aware of a dumb show going on—a sort of pantomime in which the chief performers are a clerk in wig and gown at the table and a gentleman who stands at the right hand side of that piece of furniture. It is the reading of the private bills. If any of these should be opposed, members will flock in, and there will be a debate and division. But otherwise the chamber will be almost empty. Gradually members come straggling in and take their seats. There is scarcely room in the body of the chamber for two-thirds of the members, and therefore as the benches fill up the late arrivals take their places in the side galleries, whence they survey the scene. There are no conveniences for writing or taking notes, and as nearly every one has his hat on, a less businesslike working body it would be difficult to imagine or describe. It is more than 4:30 o'clock before the real business begins, for these gentlemen who are supposed to be devoting themselves to the service of their country are really engaged during the working part of the day on their private affairs. Their best energies are given to the stock exchange, or the law courts, or the office, or to pleasure; the drugs they kindly offer to the unfortunate country.

BEGINNING OF BUSINESS. The first indication of business is in the notice of motion, members (who are called by name), reading out the terms of a resolution which they announce they will move on a given occasion. Then comes "question time," which generally consumes from three-quarters of an hour to nearly two hours. Any member who has previously given notice of his intention may put a question to any member of the government in the house on any subject, from a momentous diplomatic incident down to the parish pump of Little Fellingington. It cannot be denied that these questions sometimes bring forth valuable information, but that information might all be printed, instead of valuable time being consumed in the answers. For be it remembered that these answers are, in at least half the instances, all written down by officers in the particular department, and the minister merely reads what has been prepared for him.

To show the absurdity of this in reference to Ireland and the consequent necessity of home rule there, a member gives notice on Monday of a question he will put on Thursday to the Irish secretary. That gentleman probably knows nothing of the subject matter of the question. He writes or telegraphs to Dublin for information and on Thursday receives a reply from Dublin which he solemnly reads in the house. It would be difficult to conceive greater inaptitude. Some of the answers given evoke party demonstrations on one side or the other, for the house is always full at question time. Whether it will be full immediately after depends upon the subject and the speaker. If there is an adjourned debate to be opened by an eminent member, most of the other members remain in place. Mr. Gladstone is, of course, the chief magnet; he attracts every one. Next in him Lord Randolph Churchill draws the fullest house; and after that erratic politician would come Mr. Parnell, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Morley, Sir W. Harcourt, Sir W. Lawson, Mr. Sexton and Mr. Chamberlain. But if an unimportant or dull man rises to speak there is a regular stampede, and where 400 or 600 men were just now sitting you will not see more than forty or fifty. The rest have gone to talk political gossip, or to write letters, or to see some of their constituents.

ARRAY OF EMPTY BENCHES.

By 7 p. m., or a little after, as a general rule, nearly all the members have gone to dinner, and the chamber presents a beggarly array of empty benches. To these empty benches and to the weary speakers the boxes and wind bags hold forth for three mortal hours. The period from 7 to 10 is generally sacred to them. They have nothing to say and they say it very badly. You have read or heard all the old dreary arguments a hundred times over; but these men bring them out as impressively as though they were stating new ideas of the most profound nature. There is no time limit to speeches in the house of commons; and it is possible that this whole three hours might be taken up by one bore, though that is not often the case. At about 8 o'clock there is usually a brief cessation when the speaker goes out for refreshment (which is popularly supposed to consist of a nutron chop and glass of claret); on his return the droning continues. At about 10 o'clock p. m. the members begin to drop in, several of them in evening dress. If a good speaker is on his legs this is a lively time; if not, several of the gentlemen who have eaten and drunk not wisely but too well go to sleep. Some time between midnight and 2 o'clock in the morning the debate is either adjourned (generally after a wrangle), or there is a division; then, as the newspapers say, "the remaining motions are disposed of and the house adjourns."

Of the house of lords I will say nothing; it is too terrible a theme. A dozen peers and three or four bishops sitting for an hour constitute the nominal session of that body. What I have written is of the "popular" house. On that chamber despatched seems to have fallen. The visitor is struck by its listless ways. With a few exceptions the members do not seem to have gathered together to do anything; the nation's business is not transacted here. You meet several good and earnest men, a very few able men; but collectively they appear to be helpless. And so things are drifting, drifting—whither, who knows!—London Cor. New York Commercial Advertiser.