

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING. PUBLICATION OFFICE: One Door North of 3rd and E Sts., McMinnville, Or.

WESTERN TELEPHONE.

VOL. III.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, AUGUST 10, 1888.

NO. 16.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One square or less, one insertion... \$1.00

The Great Transcontinental Route. Northern Pacific Railroad.

Cascade Division now completed, making it the Shortest, Best and Quickest.

The Dining Car Line. The Direct Route. No Delays. Fastest Trains.

Northern Pacific Railroad. And see that your tickets read via THIS LINE.

General Office of the Company, No. 3 Washington St., Portland, Oregon.

The only FIRST CLASS BAR in McMinnville, is opened.

COOK'S HOTEL. Where you will find the best of Wines and Liquors.

The St. Charles Hotel. Sample rooms in connection.

CITY STABLES. Third Street, between E and F McMinnville, Oregon.

Henderson Bros. Props. First-class accommodations for Summer and general travel.

Great English Remedy. Murray's Specific.

Wright Bro's. Dealers in Harness, Saddles, Etc., Etc.

PATENTS. Agents, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted.

WM. HOLL. Proprietor of the McMinnville Jewelry Store.

YAMHILL COUNTY. Third Street, McMinnville, Or.

S. A. YOUNG, M. D. Physician & Surgeon. McMinnville, Oregon.

W. V. PRICE. PHOTOGRAPHER. Up Stairs in Adams' Building.

ARE YOU GOING EAST? Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

"FAMOUS ROYAL ROUTE." It is positively the shortest and finest line to Chicago.

The Royal Route. Others may imitate, but none can surpass it.

Mrs. H. P. Stuart. THE LEADER IN MILLINERY.

TONSORIAL PARLOR. Shaving, Hair Cutting and Shampooing Parlors.

FLEMING, & LOGAN, Prop's. All kinds of fancy hair cutting done in the latest and neatest style.

CIGARS. Third Street McMinnville, Oregon.

MCMINNVILLE NATIONAL BANK. Transacts a General Banking Business.

Character Training at Home. It is well for our moral reformers.

Wright Bro's. Dealers in Harness, Saddles, Etc., Etc.

DARKNESS HAS UNKNOWN TERRORS. An incident with a Moral that Happened in a Minneapolis Hospital.

A woman's voice almost screamed forth from the room in one of the Minneapolis hospitals.

She appeared to be greatly frightened. The pleasant faced young woman officiating as nurse rushed to the window and pulled up the curtains at her wild cry.

"Thank," said the trembling girl, and in a moment she was far off again in a dreamland.

"That little episode may seem a trifling queer to you," said the doctor to a visitor who was accompanying him on his rounds.

"I wish to explain a little. I've had many years' experience in a professional way with these women. There is nothing under heaven that they fear, well or ill, so much as darkness—not even death.

During my visit to the park I passed a Japanese funeral procession that was quite novel. Before reaching the procession my attention was attracted to what seemed to be the spasms of a crowd of people.

Japanese Funeral Customs. During my visit to the park I passed a Japanese funeral procession that was quite novel.

Each for himself, say these sectaries: There is neither right nor duty, no social or political or religious hierarchy.

For example, if any one of Shishkin's children were the same mother. I am not one of you, and I wish to know nothing of you.

These sectaries are advocates of all that is selfish, and they are not only selfish, they drink no spirits and do not smoke, so they do not spoil the natural beauty of the intellectual faculties.

For a Gentle Corpse. In Boston nothing is held to be too good for a gentle corpse. Two coffins, just now in process of construction by a local manufacturer.

On the top of each coffin is carved a coat of arms, and every available inch of the interior is beautified by the cutting tools.

Advice to the Anglo-American. The average Anglo-American may survey himself in the glass with satisfaction as he contemplates his Poole made suit, his Norfolk jacket, his covert coat, his Knickerbockers, his harris stockings, his dog skin gloves, his black-topped walking stick, his rimless eye-glass, his white "spats" and his gypsey set rings.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

RUSSIAN FANATICS. A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS SECT.

The idea of Nihilism Pushed to the Extreme Limit—Some Strange Beliefs—Political Social and Financial Methods—A Curious Specimen.

The interesting sect of "Negators" offers to us the spectacle of a strange religious pessimism. The doctrines of this sect push the idea of nihilism and of negation to their extreme limit.

Each for himself, say these sectaries: There is neither right nor duty, no social or political or religious hierarchy.

For example, if any one of Shishkin's children were the same mother. I am not one of you, and I wish to know nothing of you.

These sectaries are advocates of all that is selfish, and they are not only selfish, they drink no spirits and do not smoke, so they do not spoil the natural beauty of the intellectual faculties.

For a Gentle Corpse. In Boston nothing is held to be too good for a gentle corpse. Two coffins, just now in process of construction by a local manufacturer.

On the top of each coffin is carved a coat of arms, and every available inch of the interior is beautified by the cutting tools.

Advice to the Anglo-American. The average Anglo-American may survey himself in the glass with satisfaction as he contemplates his Poole made suit, his Norfolk jacket, his covert coat, his Knickerbockers, his harris stockings, his dog skin gloves, his black-topped walking stick, his rimless eye-glass, his white "spats" and his gypsey set rings.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

Feed Douglas at 30 Years. Feed Douglas has just entered his 31st year. He told me the other day that he marvelled at the fine preservation of his faculties.

IN THE SADDLE. EQUESTRIANISM AND ITS RAPID GROWTH IN THIS COUNTRY.

How Roller Skating Rinks Are Utilized. Hints to Horseback Riders—The Model Saddle Animal, His Gait and How to Control Him.

The frequent mention of numbers of clever horsemen among the leading society people has naturally revived the many experiences of the cavaliers of the past, and it is doubtful whether in peace or war that history can produce any more or better examples of horsemanship than the present day affords.

Jack (to young Callow)—That old gentleman we just passed seemed to know you, Charley.

Young Callow—Yes, he's my father. Jack—Why didn't you recognize him?

Young Callow—To tell the truth, old boy, I never do in the street. He comes of a rather poor family, y'know.—Epoch.

New York Newspaper All Turn Up. New York Newspaper Proprietor—Mr. Overwork, did you attend the opening of that new co-operative factory at 7 o'clock this morning?

"Did you get a report of the workmen's mass meeting at 10 o'clock, view the parade at 11, attend the labor committee at 12, and interview the forty-five labor leaders I marked out for you this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir; makes about ten columns." "You have just come from the evening session of the workmen's federation, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; am at work on the report now. It will make about three columns." "Good. When that is done make a tour throughout the tenement districts and be sure to have some startling disclosures ready for the printers before 2 o'clock in the morning; then rush out and—"

"Bog pardon, sir; but we reporters have just organized a branch of the Knights of Labor and we will hereafter refuse to work over two or three hours a day." [Proprietor falls in a fit.]—Omaha World.

The New Boy. A policeman, who was passing through an alley leading off of Elizabeth street, saw half a dozen boys on a fence looking into a back yard, and when he asked what they were doing one of them replied:

"Waiting for a boy." "Belongs to the family just moved in." "What's the matter with him?" "Oh, nothing; we're just going to see about something."

The officer passed around to the front, and from this position he saw the "new boy" come out and the highest lad on the fence drop down. The two went at it hot and heavy, but presently the new boy came out on top, and all the others dropped down into the yard and offered him a little of their apples and declared him a good fellow. He had tested and found sandy.—Detroit Free Press.

Fiction Stranger Than Truth. Caller—How would you like a thrilling detective story? Publisher—They always take well. What has been your line, Indian stories, medieval novels or—

"I am not a writer by profession; I am a detective." "Won't do. These true stories never read well." "I am a Chicago detective."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; thought you were going to offer me a history of some brilliant piece of detective work. Let me see your romance."—Omaha World.

In a Contemplative Mood. "Why so contemplative, papa mine?" said the beautiful Miss Wabash to her father, the eminent Chicago pork packer; "is your mind upon business cars yet?"

"Yes, dear," he replied, pushing her away gently; "and you mustn't disturb me now. I have perfected a system by which I can make silver-plated favors for the german, and I am trying to think out something that will waste the grout from running entirely to waste."—New York Sun.

None of Them on Hand. Mrs. Saverion Riche in her store to salesman—I want to look at a pair of furrials. Salesman (doubtfully)—I don't think I know what you mean, madam.

Mrs. Saverion—Oh, yes, uncle, in French and Indian maul and valencienness; just too lovely for any use!—New York Sun.

A Curious Finnish Myth. Dawn and twilight are not evenly made divisions among untutored peoples. But they are personified in a curious Estonian myth among the Finns. It is related in this story that the sun is a torch lit up every morning by Uko, the dawn, and put out at dusk by the night.

A Very Annoying Habit. Wife—John, you have a very annoying habit of saying, "What's that?" whenever you are spoken to. Can't you break yourself of it? Husband (reading)—Er—what's that?—Epoch.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Robert Garrett is on his way to Russia. Paul de Chailly has settled for good in England.

Robert Louis Stevenson was paid \$5,000 for his last novel. Senator Stanford affects the low cut vest of olden times.

Gladstone is said to have got \$250 for a magazine article. The Duke of Marlborough is again in pecuniary difficulties.

Speaker Carlisle has just paid \$24,000 for a house in Washington. Minister Phelps will not return to England until the middle of June.

Tommyson is again at work, and, it is stated, at a poem of some length. Governor Risk, of Wisconsin, stands six feet three in his stockings.

Postmaster General Dickinson is extremely fond of the game of tennis. "Perinard the Silken" is the nickname at Vienna for the prince of Bulgaria.

Fortinard de Lesseps, the great engineer, is extremely fond of taking cold baths. Mr. Balfour, the Irish secretary, used to be nicknamed "Clara" at school and college.

Governor Hill's first business venture was selling apples on a train, at the early age of 9. President Ingalls uses a sand glass to time speakers when the senate enforces the five minute rule.

Frank Sauts, brother of Edgar Sauts, the novelist, has command of twenty-one different languages. The sultan went into mourning for Emperor William, although it is contrary to Turkish custom.

The papal jubilee has turned out to have been very expensive. It cost the Vatican about \$1,000,000. Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, now in his 86th year, is a very feeble, and his end is fast approaching.

Confucius is claiming to be a direct descendant in the twenty-second generation of the famous Confucius who gave China a religion. Karl Formes, the famous basso, who has lived in America for the past thirty years, has been engaged to sing at the approaching London season of Italian opera. He is 73 years of age.

Justices Lamar and Harlan are the only members of the United States supreme court who do not own houses in Washington. Mrs. Lamar, however, is wealthy, and intends to buy or build a house at the capital.

Dr. Carlo Gerardi, husband of Mme. Gerster, the opera singer, has received the order of the Crown of Italy from King Umberto in recognition of the value of the doctor's work on the United States—two large volumes.

California papers are holding Israel Matthews up as a simple case. Ten years ago he found a \$2 bill on the streets of San Francisco and restored it to its owner. Today he is worth \$50,000 and runs the biggest faro bank in Montreal.

Senator Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, was first sent to congress in 1850. There is not a man in either house whose congressional career dates back so far as his. He has served two terms in the senate and is ready to run for another.

Mr. Isaac Pitman, the "father of shorthand writing," is now 70 years old. He is almost an idiot, using no words, being, perhaps, the only man of any kind in religion he is an earnest Swedenborgian. He is an early riser and a hard worker.

Now that Gen. Boulanger has been turned out of the army, he is entitled to a pension of 10,000 francs a year, and 2,000 francs additional as a grant officer of the legion of honor. His parliamentary salary will be 9,000 francs, leaving him 21,000 francs in all.

Vienna bread has made many fortunes and one of \$50,000 came to Count Zag, who died recently in Vienna. In 1842 he established the first shop for Vienna bread in Paris, and from the gains he had prayed, \$5 apiece, and hundreds were purchased by the aristocracy of London.

Immediately after Emperor Frederick left San Remo the sultan sent him a collar, consisting of nine hazel nuts with inscriptions from the Koran, over which devils and devils of the palace had prayed, and which, as the sultan assured the crown prince, would cure him as if by magic.

The wealthiest man in the northwest is James J. Hill, of St. Paul, president of the Manitoba railroad. His fortune of \$10,000,000 has been made in the fur trade, the past ten years in railroad speculations and real estate. Mr. Hill is 51 years old, and bids fair to double his wealth before departing this life.

Crown Prince William, of Germany, had an opportunity of displaying his hatred for everything English the other day. In which dislike his own mother is included. He had a sudden attack of nose bleeding, and several members of his suite offered handkerchiefs to stop the flow. He refused assistance, with the remark: "The more of this English blood I see the better."

Oscar Wilde and his wife are a very ordinary looking pair of mortals, according to a London correspondent. He has grown so stout as to be absolutely unrecognizable, and the latter, while she dresses with a degree of individuality, is by no means the picture of artistic loveliness that one might reasonably demand that the wife of the apostle of the revolver should be.

Rev. Robert Collyer was 27 years old when he came to this country. He brought his bride over with him in the steerage. For nine years he worked as a blacksmith in Pennsylvania, then he became a local Methodist preacher, but later he became a Unitarian, and went to Chicago, where he soon made a reputation, and was then called to the Church of the Messiah in New York.

The little king of Spain is a constant source of distress to the French and English. A few days ago he was lost for hours, and, as has been related, was finally found in a cupboard. Not long after he was taking his midday repast of bread and milk. Not liking the flavor of the milk he suddenly seized the dish and poured its contents over the nurse who was feeding him. Then his majesty laughed in a mocking, haughty way and ran off to play with his toys.

Henry Greville (Mme. Durand), in an interview in Paris on literary topics, explains the part of the baron's guests at home which he first came to Paris. His poverty was extreme. She narrates that he was once compelled to remain in bed a week, his clothes having been pawned and he not having money to redeem them. He then contented himself with a few scraps of food, and he was so miserably poor that he had to beg for his next meal with the sin, and the degradation of Paris, has discovered his whole life.