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VOL. III. McMinnville, Oregon, November 30, 1888.

One square or less, one insertion, \$1.00; One square, each subsequent insertion, 50 cents; Notices of appointment and final settlement \$5.00; Other legal advertisements, 75 cents for first insertion and 40 cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

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Children of Kansas City.

Professor Stanley Hall published recently the result of examinations made of very little folks in Boston schools.

Professor Greenwood made similar investigations among the lowest grade of pupils in the Kansas City schools, and a table of comparisons is printed.

The percent of children ignorant of common things is astonishingly less in Kansas City schools than in the Boston; even the colored children of the western city made a much better showing.

Another subject of investigation is the alleged physical deterioration in this country. Examinations were made of hundreds of school children from the age of 10 to 15, and comparisons taken with the tables in Muihull's Dictionary of Statistics, London, 1884.

It turns out that the Kansas City children are taller, taking sex into account, than the average English child at the age of either 10 or 15, weigh a fraction less at 10, but upward of four pounds more at 15, but the average Belgian boy and girl compare favorably with American children two years younger.

The tabulated statistics show two facts, that the average Kansas City child stands fully as tall as the tallest, and that in weight he tips the beam against an older child on the other side of the Atlantic.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Magazine.

Optim for the Yellow Fever.

Our Chinese reporter asked Dr. Yong Tye Hing, of Pull street, about his experience with yellow fever in China.

"In Kwong Tung, Foo Kien, and Kwong Si," he said, "there were a few cases of yellow fever several years ago. The fever was called by the natives 'wun bun.' It never became epidemic, owing to the people's habit of smoking opium."

"Does the smoking of opium prevent or cure yellow fever?" "Certainly it does. Wherever opium is smoked it destroys yellow fever."

"But is not the opium smoking habit as dangerous as the fever?" "No; it takes at least a year of constant smoking to acquire the habit, as all old opium smokers will testify. There might be yellow fever all over the United States, but the Chinese opium smokers would not be affected."

Dr. Li Shi Leon, of Mott street, said: "Why, certainly opium smoking cures yellow fever. I had two consins in Memphis during that terrible yellow fever scourge in 1875, who simply smoked the pipes the moment they had caught the fever, and got well in less than twenty hours. No, there is no danger of getting the opium habit if the patient does not smoke longer than six months; but, then, it is a hard thing to learn how to use the pipe."—Wan Chin Foo in New York Sun.

There are fewer sadder sights in this world than that of mates whom the passage of years has mis-mated.—J. G.

LIGHT AND AIRY.

Like Drops in an Ocean. And now two college graduates. Have spoken all their hopes rolled. Robbed firmly of their floeces.

They've come into "the cruel world" And, sadly to it state, they're fled. The greatness of the graduates Has not the world inflated.

How is it that so many things Of size can be inserted, And neither that which takes seems swelled, Nor that which gives, descends? —Columbus Dispatch.

On the Safe Side. First Omaha Man—Eh, What's that? Didn't you just tell that plumber your water pipes had frozen and you wanted him to go to your house right away?

Second Omaha Man—Yes. As I was going, between Harrison and Cleveland I—"But your water pipes, sir. Water don't freeze in July."

"Oh! Of course not. But my pipes always freeze in the first cold snap of winter, and by notifying the plumbers in July they generally manage to get there in time."—Omaha World.

The Fitness of Things. A sailor for sea And a spinner for tea; A lawyer for talk and a soldier for fighting; A baby for noise And a circus for boys, And a typewriter man for autograph writing.

A banker for chink And a printer for ink, A leopard for spots and a waffer for sticking; And a crack baseball finger; An opera singer, A shotgun, a mule and a choir for kicking. —Burkette.

A Decided Improvement. Mr. Wabash visiting friends in Pittsburg—"You are looking much better than when I saw you two or three years ago, Miss Monogahela."

Miss Monogahela—Oh, do you think so, Mr. Wabash?—Yes, there is no doubt of it. I think the substitution of nature gas for soft coal makes such a difference (hastily)—er—in the general appearance of the city, you know.—Drake's Magazine.

A Fishing Snark. In the seat at the stern of the boat, As happy as mortals could wish They sat with their lines hanging over the side—George and Laura—pretending to fish.

In the silence a strange noise was heard. "What's that?" And the skipper looked back. And the mast whispered "Hush!" when George said with a blush, "It was only a small fishing snark." —Chicago Tribune.

A Wife's Little Joke. She—"I'm so glad you can stay to tea. Such a joke as I'm going to have on my husband. He's always growling about my cooking and today his mother happened to drop in and I got her to make some biscuits. Won't he feel cheap when he begins to criticize and then finds out his mother made them herself?"

HALF AN HOUR LATER. He—"My dear, you're becoming an angel of a cook. These biscuits are as fine as any mother makes.—Omaha World.

Cupid's Geography. When we are far apart, my love, The world is very wide; But assumes a smaller shape When we are side by side.

For then 'tis so diminutive To our ecstatic view, We half imagine it was made Just large enough for two. —Life.

A Dire Threat. "Vat," said the collector for a little German band to a citizen who sat in his front window, "you no gif noddings for dot moosle!"

"Not a cent!" replied the citizen, with hopeless emphasis. "Den we blye some more, dat's all!" threatened the collector, so the citizen hastily gave up a quarter.—The Epoch.

The City Man's Attempt at Farming. A farmer I'll be, cried he, As he trudged behind the plow. I'll show these farmers how—The plow struck a stump. Oh, what a horrible thump! And back to the city went he. —Detroit Free Press.

The Wrong Medicine. Young Doctor (to patient)—That prescription I left last night, was a mistake. It was intended for another patient. Did you have it filled?

Patient—Yes, doctor. Doctor—Well, how are you feeling this morning?

Patient—Very much better.—New York Sun.

Early Economizing. His face had a look as if famine had traced Upon it the lines of privation. And one would suppose he devoutly embraced The rigors of Lent's regulation. But no—the fact is he's a miser, who's hoarding saving up for the summer vacation. —Boston Budget.

The Big Four. Miss Waldo (to Boston)—Yes, now that we have secured Mr. Clarkson, Boston can justly point with pride to her "Big Four."

Mr. Walash (from the west)—What are the names of the gentlemen who comprise the "Big Four," Miss Waldo?

Miss Waldo—Mr. Clarkson, Mr. Kally, Lowell and Holmes.—Drake's Magazine.

They Are In Season. No this year's apples yet are found In the New England states, But every night fresh pairs abound On cottage garden gates. —Boston Courier.

Exasperating Stupidity. Sloopka as an illustration of the rapid growth of western towns—Why, Blockly held a war dance right here on its Indian! Think of that, sir!

Blockly (not to be astonished)—Why, I'd thought they'd broken the vases and trampled all the shabby brown.—Harper's Bazar.

Following the Doctor's Advice. "Take rest, the trouble is you're tired!" The one addressed was wise; He straightaway with a merchant hired Who did not advertise. —Boston Budget.

Not Very Gratifying Results. Old Lady to grocer's boy—Kin you recommend this soap, boy?

Boy (hesitatingly)—Well, I wouldn't like to go far to recommend it too high, ma'am; the boss uses it himself.—The Epoch.

A Painful Duty. The days are growing shorter now, But don't it seem dreary To go, with a weeping brow, To buy your winter coal? —Sourville Journal.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Yale was organized in 1701. It has 123 instructors, 1,180 students, and 165,000 volumes in its library.

—The Yale sophomores have declared against hazing. They are entitled to commendation. Although the practice of hazing has disappeared from most American colleges, its modern prototype, "rushing," still lingers.

—The Romanists have less than 7,000 church edifices in the United States; the Baptists nearly 41,000; the Congregationalists, 4,000; Presbyterians, 13,000; the Protestant Episcopalians, 4,500; and the Methodists, 47,000.

—It is reported that the English church establishment receives yearly in tithes about \$20,000,000. Of this, \$15,000,000 goes for salaries of clergymen, and the remainder goes to hospitals, schools, church buildings and the like.

—Canon Wilberforce is reported as saying of Dublin's two cathedrals, which have been restored by the liberality of a brewer and a distiller, that they are "memorials of drink."

—St. Patrick's of Guinness's stout and Christ's Church of whiskey.

—The McCall Mission is doing a fine work in France—the Gospel in its simplicity, divested of all the intricate and trifling ceremonies of the Romish ritual. This is a new thing to Frenchmen, most of whom have no respect for Romanism, without knowing that there is another Christianity.—Christian Advocate.

—"If only more scholars would come to our Sunday-school, how much more good we could do!" is frequently on the lips and in the hearts of Sunday-school workers.

—"In only we took better care of the scholars who come, how much more faithful servants we should be!" is a sentiment that is neither heard nor acted upon so often as it ought to be.—S. S. Times.

—Warden Hatch, of Michigan State prison, said at a recent meeting of the National Prison Association: "Nothing can really be done for the improvement of prisoners unless the Christian religion is taken into the prisons. If Christ be good for anything in the world, He is good in a prison. He does more in the Michigan prison than all the discipline."

—An International Bureau of Missions has been organized, having for its object the collecting, sifting, condensing and wide distribution of fresh missionary intelligence; the establishment of a common medium for the interchange of views and comparison of methods in missionary work; the preparation and distribution of tracts, leaflets, diagrams, maps, charts, etc.; and the promotion of fraternal relations, and wherever practicable, unity of effort among all mission workers. It will be under Methodist auspices.

CANNIBAL COOKERY.

Horrible Feasts Prepared by the Natives of Sumatra and New Zealand. A friend of the writer, who for more than forty years has been in the employment of the German Government, bears personal witness to the prevalence of this custom in Sumatra up to recent times. He was once making scientific investigations in the interior of that island, and was being entertained in the most hospitable manner by the native Rajah, or chief, of the place he was then in. A feast had been made to which he was bidden, and to which he went, taking his own native servant with him.

The banquet had proceeded for some time without interruption, when at last, as crown of the feast, a beautiful brown roast joint was brought from the back of the house to the open airy place where the repast was being held. This was cut up without remark and handed round, and the Dutch gentleman was on the point of eating his portion, having raised part of it to his lips, when his servant rushed forward and stopped him, saying: "Master, master, do not eat; it is a boy." The chief, on being questioned, admitted, with no small pride at the extent of his hospitality, that hearing that the white man would feast with him, he had ordered a young boy to be killed and cooked in his honor, as the greatest delicacy obtainable, and that the joint before him was the best part, the thigh.

Early travelers in New Zealand always express astonishment when they discover the cannibal propensities of the inhabitants, that so gentle and pleasant-mannered a people could become on occasions such ferocious savages. Earle, who wrote a very readable, intelligent and but little known account of the Maoris very early in the present century, speaks of the gentle manners and kindly ways of a New Zealand chief, whom afterward he discovered to be an inveterate cannibal. He relates that he visited the place where was cooking the body of a young slave girl that his friend had killed for the purpose. The head was severed from the body; the four quarters, with the principal bones removed, were compressed and packed into a small oven in the ground and covered with earth. It was a case of unjustifiable cannibalism. No revenge was gratified by the deed, and no excuse could be made that the body was eaten to perfect their triumph. Earle says that he learned that the flesh takes many hours to cook, that it is very tough if not thoroughly cooked, but that it pulls to pieces like a piece of blotting paper if not very well done. He continues that the victim was a handsome, pleasant-looking girl of sixteen, and one he used frequently to see about the Pah.—Gentleman's Magazine.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—"Sidney Luska," the novelist, is Mr. Henry Harlan.

—Mrs. Jessie Wilson Manning, a lecturer and writer, entered the Iowa Wesleyan University at the age of fifteen.

—Colonel A. L. Rives, the father of the young Virginia authoress, is a civil engineer now employed on the Panama Ship canal.

—Editor Charles A. Dana receives a royalty of twelve and one-half per cent on each volume sold of the American Cyclopaedia, and thus far has realized over \$100,000 from this source.

—One of the most valuable books in the remarkably valuable collection of Columbia College, New York, is a copy of the first folio of Shakespeare, printed in 1623, of which there are few duplicates. Its price is estimated at \$2,500 to \$3,500.

—It has finally come out that the attribution to Shakespeare by the librarian of Stratford-upon-Avon, were really from a comedy by Shakespeare's contemporary, Chapman, entitled "The Blind Beggar of Alexandria."

—Henry James is usually systematic in his work, going to his private apartments at once after breakfast, and toiling until the noon hour. He is slow and painstaking in composing, rewriting and retouching one day what he has written the day before, never satisfied with his labor until he has applied the test of the real artist to all he has written.

—Bayard Tuckerman in 1881 was the only author in New York, according to the city directory of that year—that is, he is the only person who had himself put down as an author, although at that time Brander Matthews, Richard H. Stoddard, E. C. Stedman, Bronson Howard, Oliver B. Bugge, Edgar Fawcett, Frank R. Stockton and other well-known authors lived in New York.

—Of the pioneer editors of Illinois, the three oldest are Thomas Gregg, of Hamilton, now in his eightieth year, whose first journalistic venture was the establishment of the Carthagenian in Hancock County, in 1836; Thomas C. Sharp, who started at Warsaw in 1840, and now in his seventieth year, edits the Carthage Gazette, and James Monroe Davison, who first established the Fulton Gazette at Canton in 1843, and now conducts the Carthage Republican.

—Colonel John A. Joyce, who wrote Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poem, "Laugh and the World Laughs with You," recently said: "I have traveled in every country of the globe. I have had dealings with the white, the black and the red. I speak several languages. I have seen adversity; I know what it is now. I have been in the insane asylum and in the penitentiary. I have never yet been in a corner that I didn't get out of it. I have never been broke very long, for just when the day seemed the darkest, the dollar turned up somehow. I wonder why I was born."

HUMOROUS.

"I think my profession," said a violinist, "is by far preferable to any other, it is the easiest of all." "How so?" "Because I work when I play, and I play when I work."

"At drill a soldier spits in the ranks—Sergeant of Manoeuvres (indignantly)—"The fellow that spat, four days in the guard-house. There shall be no spitting in the ranks. We are not in a parlor here!"—Fliegende Blätter.

—Professor of class in Journalism—"What is the difference between an editorial and an editorial paragraph?" Student—"An editorial is of the same nature as an editorial paragraph, but is larger and doesn't have as much to say."—Harper's Bazar.

Young lady—"Have you a position vacant in your store for a—?" Old merchant (with hardening features)—"For a—?" Young lady (modestly)—"For a saleswoman, sir?" Old merchant (warmly)—"I have, miss. You shall have one of the best in the store."—Chicago Tribune.

—Miss Augusta Mayne (to Pat Chogue, who has just tendered her seat)—"You have my sincere thanks, sir!" Pat Chogue—"Not at all, miss; not at all. It's a duty we owe to the sect. Some folks only do it when a lass be pretty; but I says, says I: 'the sect, Pat'; says I: 'not the individual!'"—Puck.

—He (in a store)—"I'm looking for something in the shape of a diary—something in which I can record my daily thoughts and ideas upon current events." She (new clerk, and eager to please)—"Oh, yes; you won't want any thing very large, then. Here's something, three days to a page; thirty-three cents, please.—thanks."—Yankee Blade.

—Ambitious young musician (effusively)—"I had the thoughts and inspirations of the old masters in me when I composed that, professor!" Professor (sarcastically)—"So you had, Mr. Kribber. Your 'composition' contains a little of Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Handel, Bach and a score of other famous composers. By the way, what part of it is yours?"—Judge.

—Tourist—"My physician has advised me to locate where I may get the south wind; does it ever blow here?" Native—"Well, I may say as you're lucky to have come to this place; the south wind always blows here."

—Tourist—"Always? But it seems to be blowing from the north now." Native—"Oh, it may be coming from that direction now, but it's the south wind; it's coming back you know."—Ding-ampton (N. Y.) Republican.

SAVING THEIR YOUNG.

How Mother Snakes Do It When Attacked by Enemies. I have, on at least four occasions, stood by and witnessed a family of young snakes disappear down the throat of the mother. She did not swallow them; she just lay straight with open mouth and allowed the youngsters to go down her gullet with wonderful rapidity.

On such occasions the mother snake evinces the fearlessness and tenacity of most wild things when trying to save their young. She will remain quiet at the risk of her life until the last little wriggler has been taken in, and then do her best to escape. And it always seems to be the case that at such times she happens to be mighty handy to a good hiding place, such as a ledge of rocks, a hole among roots, or, if a watersnake, where she can flop into the water in an instant. Premising that I was taught from my earliest recollection to regard serpents as not only harmless and useful, but beautiful as well (all save the rattler), I will briefly narrate the incidents above alluded to:

In the first case I was called by a sensible mother, who admired rather than feared serpents, "to come and see the little snakes hide." I hurried to the spot, and this is what I saw: A large garter-snake stretched to its full length and a lot of tiny snakes rapidly disappearing down her throat.

My mother meantime had untied her apron, and, as the last little snake disappeared, she quickly grabbed the old snake and enveloped it in the apron. It was taken to the house and placed in an old lumber chest, where it was found the next day with twenty odd little ones around it, and again they took refuge in the mother's stomach. As our curiosity was satisfied, the old snake was turned out in the garden to catch bugs. Take note that the garter-snake is oviparous.

Although snakes were very numerous in the region where my boyhood was spent, and though most of my leisure time was passed in outing by flood and field, it was long before I saw a second incident of the kind, and this time the actors were watersnakes, supposed to be viviparous. [I say supposed, for I am by no means certain of it.] The mother snake was about the largest I ever saw, and I came upon her suddenly as I was fishing down a trout stream, very cautiously, of course. It was evidently a surprise, but she straightened herself, gave a short, low hiss, and lay still with open mouth. In much less time than it takes to tell it, a lot of little snakes were rushing into her mouth and disappearing with marvelous quickness. At that time I was accustomed to handling serpents, even rattlers, without fear, and with some vague idea that she would be a prize, I made a dash to capture her alive. It was rather a failure. Instead of attempting to dart overboard, as I expected, she faced me savagely, and, as I grabbed her with one hand around the body, she whisked her tail about my arm, turned, and gave me a vicious bite on the back of the hand. Although I knew the bite was perfectly harmless, it somehow looked so wicked and dangerous that I lost my grip and allowed her to escape. It may be worthy of mention that the slight wound did not swell or become inflamed and healed quickly.—Forest and Stream.

LIFE IN KIMBERLEY.

What a Traveler Saw in the Great South African Diamond Town. "The first thing I heard when I arrived at Kimberley was an English voice: 'The Transvaal Hotel, sir? Five shillings!' The voice belonged to a muscular-looking cab driver, whom I engaged. He snapped his whip and we flew over the pavements. Of course he ran into several other cabs and wagons, but he did not care for that; he was bent upon getting me to my hotel in ten minutes, and he did it.

"In the afternoon I climbed up to the roof of the hotel to obtain a bird's-eye view of the town, and saw that it was built upon a quadrangular plan, the streets being parallel to the sides of the square. The houses are constructed of baked brick; they are plastered inside and the roofs are nearly all of iron. Many of the natives, however, live in tents.

"A curious thing I noticed was that every body appeared to be in a hurry. The people are always running hither and thither. I asked the way to the mine; it was pointed out to me, and I suppose that it would have been in order for me to have run there also, but I walked to it leisurely.

"An iron wire fence surrounds the mine. Stepping inside of that I came to a pit some 300 or 400 feet deep, a funnel, so to speak. At the lowest level the Kafirs work, several white men acting as overseers. On the edge of the pit stood some hoisting machines, which are used for hauling up the excavated earth. A dull sound is continually heard, but now and then a distinct noise of the pickaxes below is audible.

"High prices are charged at Kimberley for the ordinary necessities of life, but the pay of the workmen is also very high. The laborer gets rid of his money fast enough. In the evening a number of the streets are illuminated by electric light, while from the private houses colored lanterns are hung out. The workmen go singing through the town and many of them are to be found at the public houses; but by midnight all is still."—Jewellers' Weekly.

Punishing Gods in China.

A funny story illustrative of Celestial simplicity (or superstition?) comes from Foochow in China. There is a joss-house or temple in that city, to which persons of a revengeful disposition are wont to resort when desirous of obtaining satisfaction for an injury, the deities there being credited with the power to cause instant death to those against whom their aid is invoked. After the death of the late Tartar General—the cause of which appears to have been rather mysterious—the supposition that he had fallen a victim to these particular josses was started by some of the gentry, and the Viceroy thereupon gave instructions for an inquiry to be held into the matter. The Taoist was commissioned to see the order carried out, and he went to the temple and arrested fifteen of the josses. These idols are of wood about five feet