

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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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. Lowest Rates to Chicago and all points East.

Northern Pacific Railroad.

And see that your tickets read via THIS LINE, St. Paul or Minneapolis, to avoid changes and serious delays occasioned by other routes.

Northern Pacific Railroad.

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The only FIRST CLASS BAR

McMinnville, is opened

Where you will find the best of Wines and Liquors, also Imported and Domestic Cigars. Everything neat and Clean.

COOK'S HOTEL,

Where you will find the best of Wines and Liquors, also Imported and Domestic Cigars. Everything neat and Clean.

The St. Charles Hotel.

Sample rooms in connection. Is now fitted up in first class order. Accommodations as good as can be found in the city.

CITY STABLES,

Third Street, between E and F McMinnville, Oregon.

Henderson Bros. Props

First-class accommodations for Commercial men and general travel. Transient stock well cared for. Everything new and in First-Class Order.

Great English Remedy.

Murray's Specific.

A guaranteed cure for all nervous diseases, such as weak memory, loss of brain power, hysteria, headache, pain in the back, nervous prostration, wakefulness, leucorrhoea, universal lassitude, seminal weakness, impotency, and general loss of power of the generative organs.

W. V. PRICE, PHOTOGRAPHER.

Up Stairs in Adams' Building, McMinnville, Oregon.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE.

WM. HOLL,

Proprietor of the McMinnville Jewelry Store, The leading JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT, YAMHILL COUNTY, Third Street, McMinnville, Or.

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

Office and residence on D street. All calls promptly answered day or night.

TONSORIAL PARLOR,

Shaving, Hair Cutting and Shampooing Parlors.

FLEMING & LOGAN, Prop's.

All kinds of fancy hair cutting done in the latest and newest style. All kinds of fancy hair dressing and hair dyeing, a specialty.

CIGARS

Ever in the city.

MEMINNVILLE NATIONAL

Transacts a General Banking Business.

President, J. W. COWLES, Vice-president, LEE LOUGHLIN, Cashier, CLARK BRALY.

Sells exchange on Portland, San Francisco, and New York.

Interest allowed on time deposits.

Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

ARE YOU GOING EAST?

If so be sure and call for your tickets via the

Chicago & Northwestern Railway,

"FAMOUS ROYAL ROUTE"

It is positively the shortest and finest line to Chicago and the east and south and the only sleeping and dining car through line to

Omaha, Kansas City, and all Missouri River Points.

Its magnificent steel track, unsurpassed train service and elegant dining and sleeping cars has honestly earned for it the title of

The Royal Route

Others may imitate, but none can surpass it. Our motto is "always on time."

Be sure and ask ticket agents for tickets via this celebrated route and take none others.

No. 4 Washington street, Portland, Or.

MR. BERGH ON DUTY.

Interfering in Behalf of a Fallen Horse.

Under Arrest—A Surprise.

On the corner of Avenue A, he observes an overladen horse vainly struggling with a towering load of heavy boxes.

The horse has fallen down and the brutal driver is endeavoring to beat him into a perpendicular position.

His efforts are fruitless. A crowd has gathered around the scene and various street gamins are encouraging the driver to still greater cruelty.

Mr. Bergh presses his way into the center of the throng.

"Take off half those boxes and your horse will get right," he exclaims.

"I'll go without that," is the unfeeling reply, as the driver's blows fall with redoubled force upon the animal's head.

"Stop beating him, and do as I tell you, or I'll arrest you."

"At this cry of derision goes up from the crowd. An officer arrives at this moment and gruffly inquires the cause of the disturbance.

"Officer, arrest this man!" orders Mr. Bergh.

The officer looks first at one of the men and then at the other. He is acquainted with the brutal driver, of whom he seeks the full particulars of the affair.

"My horse fell down," he explains, "and as I was getting him up this man interfered."

"Officer," interposed Mr. Bergh, calmly, while the crowd enjoys the scene with hilarious delight, "I order you to arrest that man."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," returns the officer, "but I'll arrest you. Come with me to the station house."

"Wait until I take this man's name and number and I'll go," replies Mr. Bergh.

This information is soon obtained, and the pair start for the station. Before they had gone two blocks the officer, who was nonplussed at the prisoner's willingness to accompany him, began to fear that he had been led into a blunder.

"I don't know as I care about arresting you," he remarks.

"Yes, you do. You interfered with me in the performance of my duty and now you must take me to the station house."

"I don't want to. You can go."

"I will go and you shall go with me. If you won't arrest me, I'll arrest you."

"Yes, in tones of the deepest amazement.

"Yes," displaying his gold badge as an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

"Are you Mr. Bergh?"

"It makes no difference who I am. You come with me."

At this point in the journey the officer's composure entirely gave way. He begged and pleaded. He said it would ruin his future. He was a new man on the force. He did not see the driver beat his horse very much. He had a wife and five children who would starve if he was discharged. At last Mr. Bergh's pity was touched. Taking the man's name and number and warning him that a repetition of such lawlessness would result in a prosecution, he left him and walked to the direction of the abattoirs on Avenue A—Brimingham Northrup in New York Mail and Express.

Well Up in Banking.

Business Man—Now, don't forget; deliver this note to the president of the Millionaire bank. On no account give it to any one else. Go right to the president and hand him this yourself. Don't let any of the clerks take it.

Messenger Boy—Don't you fear. These clerks can't fool me.

"Eh? Ever carry messages to banks?"

"Often."

"How do you find the president?"

"Look for the cow in the shabby suit."

JOHNNY'S COMPLAINT.

Our preacher says—"of course he's right."

It's very wrong to tell a fib.

(So mother's taught me ever since She rocked me in my little crib.)

That's why I can't just understand Why in his sermons he will run Along like sixty when he's said:

"But one word more and I have done."

When first I heard him say those words They made me glad, for I, you see, Was fond, for little folks like me, Enough for little folks like me.

But gracious! I was quite surprised To find he'd only just begun.

When pausing for a breath, he said: "But one word more and I have done."

I wonder what he'd think if I Should say, when at his home I'd sup: "Just one plug more and I have done."

"Then eat his wife's preserves all up? I guess he'd say what I meant: 'I'd have to say I was in fun'

Just like he must be when he says: "But one word more and I have done."

—With WA pipe, in Richmond Dispatch.

WONDERFUL INSECTS.

Providing Living Meat for Their Young.

Marvelous Instinct Displayed by Some Members of the Wasp Family—The Study of These Little Creatures of Absorbing Interest.

"There is nothing new under the sun," wrote the wise man; but who would have thought that the secret of preserving fresh meat, which we are all now anxiously trying to find out, was known and practiced ages ago by the wasp family, and that in a way much more clever than we can ever hope to attain?

It is not strange in itself that the solitary wasps, that is, the species in which each builds its own nest, though they feed entirely on honey themselves, know that the young grubs which will come from their eggs need animal food? For after flying about among the flowers ever since they left their cocoons, these sand-wasps, toward the end of July, begin to barrow in the soft sand, and when they have formed a chamber they lay an egg in it and provide flies, spiders, grasshoppers or beetles for the young larva which is soon to be born.

Some bring the food in piece by piece as their child is ready to feed upon it. The Bembex, or bee-wasp, may be seen doing this in most parts of the world.

When she has scooped out in the sand the chamber in which her young grub is to be born and pass its youth—a smooth, oval cell, at the end of a short passage—she comes out and flies away.

But she soon returns with a little golden-green fly in her grasp, flies straight to the right spot in the sand, enters, and placing the fly on its back within the oval chamber, she lays upon its flank a tiny, sticky egg.

Then she comes out and again closes the door of the passage, for she knows that in twenty-four hours the grub will be hatched, and, finding its food ready to eat, will devour and devour, till, in about two days, nothing will be left of its victim but the debris of skin and legs and wings.

Here we have no preserving of meat. We must go to another group to find the skillful meat-preservers. Here the Sphex will serve us, that curious genus so easily known from common wasps by the thin stalk which joins the abdomen to the rest of its body.

There are large and small sphexes, some of which feed their grubs on small grasshoppers, while others attack even a good-sized locust; but one and all they are skillful practitioners, and know how to paralyze without killing, so as to leave their prey stored up in a fresh state till the grub needs it.

This time we must not go to loamy sand-banks, but to a gravelly soil, or to places where tufts of grass bind the sand together and make a shelter over the doorway of the cells. Then, if we listen carefully, we may hear the busy hum of some twelve or twenty Sphex sand-wasps, each digging out her separate home, although they work together for company.

It is harder work than that of the Bembex, for the ground is close and firm, but each one with her powerful jaws digs into the ground, often lifting out even a small stone and placing it aside, while, with her forefeet, she clears in front, throwing out the gravel with her hind-legs, and redoubting her efforts and her humming song, whenever a tougher piece of ground calls for all her strength.

In a few hours she has made a gallery some inches in length and bent like an elbow near the opening to keep out wind and rain, while at the farther end she has made an oval chamber, with walled-smooth walls and floor and ceiling.

And now she goes for her prey. This time it is a grasshopper which is needed for the grub, and, as some unwary little chirper is singing his song, he is pounced upon by his small but terrible enemy.

There is a struggle as the two roll over and over, now one on the other on the top, but at last the wasp conqueror and the grasshopper lie upon his back.

Then follows a curious operation. Turning her head to the grasshopper's all the wasp seizes the end of his abdomen with her mandibles and holds it fast, while with her feet she keeps his legs down. Then bending her slim waist so as to bring her sting under her she gives three stabs, one in the neck of her victim, one further back between the first and second pair of legs and the third still nearer to his abdomen.

In a moment it is done and the grasshopper resists no more, though his body still lies very slowly and his legs

move vaguely and feebly. The wasp then smooths her ruffled wings, and prepares to carry him away.

Pressing her body against his she clasps him firmly with her legs, and soaring into the air with a victim far heavier than herself flies straight to her chamber. Here she lays him down outside and runs in to see that no harm has happened in her absence, for she has left her door open. Then she returns, and putting her head out seizes him by the antennae and drags him in.

Once safe in the chamber she places herself upon him, and lays her sticky egg upon his thorax where the grub may safely begin to eat as soon as he is hatched. Nor is her work yet finished. A second, a third, and sometimes even a fourth time she makes the same journey, bringing each time a grasshopper stabbed with three blows, and placing them all in the cell closed up safely.

But she does not leave the gallery. Side by side with this cell she now begins another, and only when four chambers are made and supplied each with an egg and food for the grub when hatched, does she come out and close the gallery?

Now what has she done? It will be, at least, three or four days before the first egg will hatch, and ten or twelve days more before the grub has finished eating the three or four grasshoppers.

But long before this, if the grasshoppers were dead they would have become dry and juiceless in a warm place, and rotten and putrid in a damp one, so that the grub could not eat them. But they are not dead.

Fabre, a French entomologist, such spent years in studying these insects, found that after a month and a half these strong grasshoppers are still fresh and their limbs are flexible. Nay! for more than a fortnight their antennae and legs may often be seen to move.

Paralyzed throughout and thrown into profound unconsciousness, yet the prey is living still, so that the larva from the time when it first comes out of the egg, till its last meal before it spins its cocoon, has fresh and living meat prepared for its table.

Here is indeed a marvel! and by imitating it M. Fabre found out how it is done. By taking a metal pin, with ammonia upon it, making a corrosive liquid, and pricking the grasshopper in the three spots chosen by the Sphex for her sting, he was able to paralyze the insect as she had done.

For this clever little insect stings exactly in the three places where under the grasshopper's body are gathered the centers of nerve matter from which the nerves spring. In this way she completely disables her victim, while her stabs are just of the right strength to paralyze but not to kill. M. Fabre found that if the operation was carelessly performed, the insect died, yet so far as he could discover, no Sphex ever by mistake kills her prey.

One more fact, and our wonder at the skill and instinct of these creatures reaches its height. The Sphex Languectocien, which is rather larger than the yellow-winged Sphex of which we have been speaking, kills a good-sized locust for her grub, and stores only one in each cell. Now as this victim is very large compared to herself she can not fly with it, so she catches it first, and afterwards excavates her chamber near. Then she has to drag him into it by his antennae, and as he is large and strong, his legs and mandibles still moving after he is stung are very dangerous to her.

Yet probably if she stung him moer he might die, for this is not now she gets out of the difficulty. Getting astride him, she presses his neck till the joints open, and then with a firm stroke of her mandibles she presses upon the collar of nerve matter collected round the throat.

In an instant her prey becomes quiet, she has stunned the locust, and she has done the same effect as a blow on the brain does to a man, and this lasts for some time. But it does not kill, nor even permanently injure the nerve ganglia, for M. Fabre found that afterward, when in the cell, the locust had recovered from the pressure, and his limbs and mandibles moved as before.

Now we might imagine that all this movement would be dangerous to the young and tender grub, and so it would if the careful mother had not placed the egg upon the locust's thorax exactly, and so when the grub is hatched it eats at ease upon the spot most paralyzed until it has gained strength.

Nor is it only the grub which profits by this arrangement. Much as we might admire the cleverness of these sand-wasps in keeping their prey alive, yet it would be very horrible if we could suppose that the grasshopper or the locust were suffering lingering tortures. But, on the contrary, the very parts attacked and paralyzed are the nerves, the parts that feel, and just as a patient under chloroform has his nerve-centers for the time deadened, so that though he may struggle under the hands of the surgeon yet he knows nothing of it, so the grasshopper, feebly moving his legs, can not be supposed to feel the bite of his destroyer, who begins his meal upon that very part most strongly paralyzed and as he feeds destroys still more surely the power of suffering.

Such is the history of the meat-preserving sand-wasps, and yet it is not half told. For the Sphex is only one among a whole group of these insects; some of which feed on caterpillars, some on flies, bees, spiders or beetles, and each and all of these know how best to paralyze their prey.

The beautiful Cerocoris, which feeds upon weevils and on some lovely red-colored metallic beetles called Buprestis

attacks her prey quite differently from the Sphex. For the quiet, passive beetle does not need to be attacked in a rush like the nimble grasshopper; he trusts to his solid armor to protect him. Yet the Cerocoris has found out the weak joints.

Coming face to face with him, she seizes him by the snout and pins him down, and as he cramps up his legs with fright she presses his back strongly with her forelegs so as to make the rings gape under his body, and turning her sting under gives one and only one blow between the first and second pair of legs, and from that moment the beetle moves no more.

Why then only one blow? Because in these beetles the nervous centers are all gathered together in this one spot, and as the Sphex has learnt where to plant her three blows, the Cerocoris knows where to strike her one deadly stab, leaving us in bewildering wonder at instincts which have become so true, so unerring, that not even a drop of poison is wasted in providing "living meat for insect larvae."—Youth's Companion.

A JEWELER'S CHAT.

Some Illustrations of the Significance of Several Old Watch-Charms.

A Western Jeweler—"Did you ever notice the peculiar watch charms worn by many people? You have! Well, just ask a few of them what may be the significance of some oddity which dangles from their watch chains and you'll often hear an interesting yarn. I've made it a practice to learn the history of every charm worn by such of my customers as were sufficiently well known to me, and you can almost use me as an encyclopedia on that subject now.

"Among some of the odd things which have come under my notice was a bit of rope strung which hung from the chain of a successful criminal lawyer of this place. It was once part of the rope which I hung a client of his, and he carried it as a warning for himself, I suppose. At any rate I never heard of another of his clients who departed this world by the 'home route.' Our chief of police here also had an odd charm in the shape of a miniature policeman's staff, richly jeweled, which was made from the first staff ever carried by him when an ordinary policeman, many years ago.

"About the most ridiculous curio I ever saw was a little sealed glass tube mounted in gold, which contained a few shriveled, stringy looking fibers. They were nothing more than a few straws taken from the stables of the Queen of England by an enthusiastic American admirer of royalty who was making a visit to the household.

"A funny story is told of an American who once ascended Vesuvius during an eruption. Approaching too near, the rash tourist found himself suddenly almost surrounded by slowly flowing lava, which settled and sent forth its stench only a few feet from his point of observation. Not at all daunted, our countryman took a nickel from his pocket, pressed it against the surface of a rapidly-cooling lava block and breaking off the piece containing the coin rapidly beat a safe retreat. He subsequently had the impression mounted, and delights in nothing more than to tell of his adventure."—Jeweler's Weekly.

IDENTIFYING A TRUNK.

A Careless Traveler Finds His Baggage by a Revelation.

A passenger over the Lake Shore who had lost his baggage check was called upon yesterday to pick out his trunk from fifty others in the baggage room. He succeeded in establishing its identity after awhile, but when asked for a list of contents he went to pieces at once.

"Have you any clothes in it?" queried the official.

"I suppose so, of course."

"Any valuables?"

"There is a watch, but I've forgotten how it looks. I guess it's silver, though."

"Any books?"

"I guess so, but I ain't sure."

"Well, what are you sure of?"

"Gimme ten minutes to think."

He took fifteen and walked up and down, and at last a revelation came.

"Say, I've got it!" he chuckled, as he came back.

"Well?"

"Well, if that's my trunk there are six new ether-decks in a green box right on top."

"Any peculiarity about the cards?"

"You bet! That's where I'm sold. Every pack has a marked back, for I bought 'em to bamboozle the country chaps out of their shekels. I am going out of here with a hog show, and after the show I play poker. Just look for them cards."

The trunk was opened and the cards found as described, and the owner whispered:

"Might I have the audacity to hope you won't gimme away on this? Christopher! but you order see how the suckers do bite at this season of the year!"—Detroit Free Press.

Fearfully Big Feet.

It was an Irish lady who once amused her auditors greatly by remarking in a rural tone, in the course of a conversation on the size of feet: "My foot are fearfully big—regular cubic feet."

Talking Down the Tube.

Patron—Give me a piece of pie and a glass of milk.

Waiter (vehemently)—One clock weight and a chalk quarry.—Nebraska State Journal.

A man discovers when he isn't wanted a tardy patron (reason). The woman discovers it instantly, wily.

ORGANIZED THIEVERY.

A Peruvian Company Whose Object is the Plundering of the Dead.

A limited liability company has been formed at Mellendo, with a capital of \$40,000. It is called the Compania Anonima Exploradora de Las Huacas del Inca, and its business is to be the searching of the old buried grounds of the Peruvian Incas, for buried treasure in money or other valuables. It has received a concession from the Peruvian authorities, and proposes to go to its work in a systematic, business-like fashion. The field of the company has been pretty well worked over already by the hordes of hap-hazard plunderers from all parts of the world, who have looted to Peru from the times of Pizarro till the present day, but there are yet some very substantial legions of buried wealth that has not yet been discovered. Under the old Castle of Cuzco, for instance, Felipe de Pomares tells that there is a vault containing figures of all the Incas worn in fine gold, and that in his own day they had been seen by a certain Dona Maria de Esquivel. She, the story goes, was married to a descendant of the Incas, and reproached him with being too poor to support her properly. This, at last, so irritated him that he led her blindfolded through many winding passages into a room where she saw wealth such as no mortal ever dreamed of, and asked her what she thought of that for a poor man's nest-egg. When Humboldt was exploring the neighborhood of the Temple of the Sun, at Cuzco, a poor lad, a descendant of the ancient kings, told him the story, which is still current among the Indians, that the golden chair of the Incas was sunk in the baths at Paltamarca, and that there are gardens with artificial trees of the purest gold beneath the temple. These gardens, by the way, are mentioned by the earliest historians of the Conquest. Humboldt's lad, when asked why he did not seek this hidden treasure, said that it would do him no good if he found it, but would only cause his neighbors to hate and injure him. "We have a little field," he said, "and good wheat." That contented him. This same spirit seems to have animated all the descendants of the ancient race of Peru, and encourages people like those who have just put \$40,000 into the Society Exploradora to hope that only a part of the ancient treasure has ever been discovered. It is alleged that when the rebellion of Pumacocha, in 1814, when, according to the story of an old woman of the Astete family, told to Mr. Markham some thirty years ago, her father having been a colleague of Pumacocha and present at the time, Pumacocha entered the council chambers laden with gold and dripping wet, from a journey he had made into the bed of the Huatany to a cave filled with golden figures. It was always believed then, according to the historians, that the rebel chiefs had some such store to draw upon; and it is certain that after his final defeat Pumacocha offered the thieves a pile of gold bigger than that of Atahualpa, the ancient chieftain, as a ransom for his life. The offer was declined, and he died with the secret unrevealed, at least to his conquerors.

This Atahualpa, it is a matter of history, when in captivity, offered a room filled with gold as a ransom, but Pizarro demanded double the amount, and the Incas agreeing, sent messengers all over the kingdom to bring it. These messengers, on their way to the capital, heard that Atahualpa had been strangled, and they threw down their loads of gold, and, it is said, buried them somewhere in the mountains of Llanganati, to the northwest of Quito, though no search has ever revealed the spot. Then there is the golden chain of the Incas, every link as thick as a man's arm, and its