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McMINNVILLE OREGON.

Harding & Heath.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Copy, per year, in advance, \$2.00
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Entered at the postoffice at McMinnville Oregon, as second-class matter.

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Physician & Surgeon,

McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

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

DR. J. C. MICHAUX

Practicing Physician and Surgeon,

LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

Jan. 21, '88.

DR. G. H. SMITH,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

Surgery a Specialty. v7-49

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OF McMINNVILLE, OR.

JACOB WORTMAN, President.

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June 21, 1878.

McMINNVILLE NATIONAL BANK.

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Transacts a General Banking Business.

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Sample rooms in connection.

Is now fitted up in first class order.

Accommodations as good as can be found in the city.

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Opposite Cook's Hotel, Third Street,

McMinnville, Oregon

McMinnville Baths and

TONSORIAL PARLORS!

C. H. FLEMING, Prop.

All kinds of fancy hair cutting and hair dressing done in the latest style.

All kinds of hair dyeing a specialty.

Special attention given to Ladies' and Children's work.

Shaving, 15 cents

I have just put in the finest baths ever in the city, where you can find hot or cold baths always ready.

I also have the largest and finest stock of imported and domestic cigars in the city.

Third St. McMinnville, Or.

W. H. Logan,

TONSORIAL ARTIST,

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Hair cutting in the latest styles. Cutting of ladies' and children's hair neatly done.

For a good shave or shampoo give us a call.

All the Latest Novels

Can be Found at the

NEWS STORE.

A Full Stock of Musical Instruments and Stationery Always on Hand.

Third Street, McMinnville, Or.

CITY STABLES,

Third Street, between E and F McMinnville, Oregon.

Henderson Bros. Props

First-class accommodations for Commercial men and general travel.



Your Life

Is in danger while your blood is impure. Gross food, careless personal habits, and various exposures render miners, loggers, hunters, and most frontiersmen peculiarly subject to eruptive and other blood diseases. The best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A powerful alternative, this medicine cleanses the blood through the natural channels, and speedily effects a cure.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$3 a bottle.

No Everybody

That wants a Cook, Parlor and Heating Stove, remember you can find the best assortment in the county at

HODSON'S

And at prices that defy competition.

If you want the best Iron Roof in the world Hodson puts that kind on and warrants them.

If you are going to want any Galvanized Iron Window Caps, or Galvanized Iron Corice, or Ornamental Iron work of any kind remember that Hodson's shop is the

Only Place in the County

Where such work can be done.

Bring on your drawings and get estimates on work, warranted first-class and to your satisfaction.

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Millinery AND Bazaar Store.

WHERE?

OPPOSITE GRANGE STORE

Where will always be found all the latest styles in season. Also a nice line of Bazaar Goods such as is usually kept in a millinery store, and I would respectfully ask a share of public patronage. I will also say that I have engaged the services of Mrs. Starr, who will be pleased to meet her former patrons.

MRS. A. BURT.

—By Using—

Grissen's Cash Cards

You save 7 per cent. or, on every Fifteen Dollars Mdse. Bought —You Receive— \$1.00 in Mdse. Free!

Remember at C. GRISSEN'S.

OVERLAND TO CALIFORNIA.

VIA Southern Pacific Company's Lines

THE MOUNT SHASTA ROUTE!

TIME BETWEEN Portland and San Francisco 39 HOURS!

California Express Trains Run Daily

BETWEEN PORTLAND AND SAN FRANCISCO	
LEAVE PORTLAND 4:00 pm	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO 7:45 am
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Local Passenger Daily, except Sunday.	
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Pullman Buffet sleepers, Tourist Sleeping Cars.

For accommodation of Second Class passengers attached to express trains. The S. P. Company's Ferry makes connection with all the regular trains on the East Side Division from foot of F street.

A MILLIONAIRE ON TRUSTS.

It is worth while to inquire into the appearance and growth of trusts and learn what environments produce them. Their genesis is as follows: A demand exists for a certain article, beyond the capacity of existing works to supply it. Prices are high, and profits tempting. Every manufacturer of that article immediately proceeds to enlarge his works and increase their producing power. In addition to this the unusual profits attract the attention of his principal managers or those who are interested to a greater or less degree in the factory. These communicate the knowledge of the prosperity of the works to others. New partnerships are formed, and new works are erected, and before long the demand for the article is fully satisfied, and prices do not advance. In a short time the supply becomes greater than the demand, there are a few tons or yards more in the market for sale than required, and prices begin to fall. They continue falling until the article is sold at cost to the less favorably situated or less ably managed factory; and even until the best managed and best equipped factory is not able to produce the article at the prices at which it can be sold. While continuing to produce may be costly, the manufacturer knows too well that stoppage would be ruin. His brother manufacturers are of course in the same situation. They see the savings of many years, and perhaps as the capital they have succeeded in borrowing, becoming less and less, with no hope of a change in the situation. It is in soil thus prepared that anything promising relief is gladly welcomed. The manufacturers are in the position of patients that have tried in vain every doctor of the regular school for years, and are now liable to become the victims of any quack that appears. Combinations—syndicates—trusts—they are willing to try anything. A meeting is called, and in the presence of immediate danger they decide to take united action and form a trust. Each factory is rated as worth a certain amount. Officers are chosen, and through these the entire product of the article in question is to be distributed to the public, at remunerative prices. Such is the genesis of "trusts" in manufactured articles.

In transportation the situation, while practically the same, differs in some particulars. Many small railway lines are built under separate charters. A genius in affairs sees that the eight or ten separate organizations, with as many different ideas of management, equipment, etc., are as useless as were the two hundred and fifty kings in Germany, and, Bismark-like, he sweeps them out of existence, creates a great through line, doubles the securities stock, the interest upon which is paid out of the saving effected by consolidation, and all is highly satisfactory, as in the case of the New York Central. Or a line is built and managed with such sagacity as distinguishes the Pennsylvania railroad, and it succeeds in developing the resources of the state so extensively that upon a line of three hundred and fifty miles between Pittsburg and Philadelphia it nets about thirteen millions of dollars per annum. Twelve millions extra are expended in making one of the best lines in the world out of a road which was originally designed as a horse railroad.

We do not call our railroad combinations trusts, but they are substantially such, since they aim at raising and maintaining transportation rates in certain districts. Trusts are confined to no country, and are not in any way dependent upon fiscal regulations. The greatest trust of all just now is the copper trust, which is French, and has its headquarters in Paris. The salt trust is English, with its headquarters in London. The wire-rod trust is German. The only steel-trust that ever existed was an international one which embraced all the works in Europe. Trusts either in transportation or manufactures are the products of human weakness, and this weakness is co-extensive with the race. We have given the genesis of trusts and combinations in their several forms. The question is: Do they menace the permanent interest of the nation? Are they a source of serious danger? Or are they to prove, as many other similar forms have proved, mere passing phases of unrest and transition? To answer this question let us follow the operation of the manufacturing trust which we have in imagination created, salt or sugar, nails, beams, or lead or copper; it is all the same. The sugar refiners, let us say, have formed a trust after competing one with another through years of disastrous business, and all the sugar manufactured in the country in existing factories is sold through one channel at advanced prices. Profits begin to grow. Dividends are paid,

HE COOKED IT IN THE SADDLE.

How Bridle Dan Prepared a Hasty Meal.

Last week the *Sun* told of a "Cowboys' Convention," now being held at John Dorris' museum on Eighth avenue. Broncho John and his boys are about as festive a lot, when you come to know them, as ever enjoyed the freedom of this town. A reporter visited them again and made the rounds with John himself.

"This is Bridle Dan," said Broncho, pointing to a keen-eyed, long-haired individual, who sat twisting horsehair into bridles. "He is the swiftest rider on the plains—a sort of centaur cyclone." Dan, on being questioned, was loth to speak at first, but finally unbosomed himself.

"Well, I allow that I hev rid in a leetle hurry betimes. 'Bout the hurreedest ride I know of was onct down in Arizona. The Apaches chased me for three days. I couldn't leave the saddle day or night, and hed to purvide my provisions and cook them as I rid—"

"Get provisions and cook them as you rode! How on earth did you do so?" queried the listener.

"Why, the easiest kind," retorted Dan; "that kentry has mighty fine cattle a-layin' round loose. I set just ride up to a steer, cut a steak outen him as I went erlong, gerwhoop! and jest lay it under the saddle till the friction fried it, fer I wuz a-go'in'! The coffee 'wa'nt no trouble. I jest carried a canteen—I always does—and a bag of ground coffee. I went so fast the water boiled, and I'd jest drap in some coffee, and thar I wuz! The Injuns dropped dead so reglar like that they jest laid er line along for the surveyors and it is now called Bridle Dan's trail—ever cross it?"

The question, accompanied by a merry twinkle in Dan's blue eyes, was addressed to the reporter; but as he was looking for a grain of salt to take with Dan's steak and story, it went unanswered. Dan is a modest fellow, but in truth he has seen much Indian fighting and carries numerous scars.

Arizona Frank is a very intelligent young man, whom one would never suppose to be the terror that he is. Frank would rather fight than eat, and probably he has taken part in as many hair-raising contests as any living man.

To use Broncho's expression: "Frank is full of holes." He was shot through the head at Horse-shoe canyon, New Mexico, April 4, 1882, and the ball, a forty-five-caliber one, plowed the top of his skull wide open from front to rear, leaving a gap in which the reporter's finger laid easily. Frank was a United States scout at the time, and, in company with Broncho John and Lieutenant McDonald and six other scouts, was trailing some of Geronimo's red devils. The Indians fired upon the party from ambush in the canyon and Frank was wounded.

"Broncho saved my life," said Frank. "He rid me straight."

"Rid me straight" was all Greek to the reporter until Broncho in his careless way informed the puzzled one that practice and observation had made him more or less of a surgeon. "Whenever a man is shot," said he, "keep him in the position in which he was struck, if practicable, and, should he topple over, place him in the original position as soon as possible. Keep him thus until surgical aid arrives, and in nine cases out of ten you will stop internal hemorrhage and save a life. I rode Frank upright in the saddle for forty-six miles to a surgeon. My arm was powerless for two days after, I had to hold so long and so tightly."

"Yellow-jawed Mike" is the euphonious cognomen of a slim-waisted Westerner who has charge of the buffalo broncho, or half horse and half buffalo. Mike says he was so christened from having lived on leather for six weeks at one stage in his career. "I wuz snowed in in the Rockies," said he, "and had to pound leather with my jaws. I jest ate my ole boots, and lived on 'em, too, but they gave me the liver complaint, and the galls out there call me Yellow-jawed Mike ever since, and won't have me 'cause they allow I'm tuff!"

Big Jeff is another hero. His chief ornament is his proboscis. That organ is an iris-hued ornament, although Jeff is strictly temperate. He says he was chased by a rampant prairie fire at one time that came pretty near "getting him." He rode just far enough ahead of the fire to keep his pony's tail sizzling until he reached the edge of a precipice. The grass grew to within six feet of the edge, and as Jeff had to stop there he turned his horse's head to the fire. "Them thar flames," said Jeff drawlingly, "tried mighty hard to get me; ef my nose wa'n't so tarna big I'd a fooled 'em; but I had to stand thar, and my nose stuck out. Of course it got sizzled, and here it is." Jeff exhibits his nose and the stump of the pony's tail as evidence of his fire fighting.—*New York Sun.*

THE BEAUTY SLEEPS AGAIN.

Only a Short Spell of Waking After Thirty-Four Days' Slumber.

The Attica sleeper woke up Tuesday after having slept thirty-four days and fell asleep again Wednesday. She is still enjoying her nap. Physicians are puzzled by her case, her strange illness having lasted more than a year.

The "Sleeping Beauty" of Attica, N. Y., as she is called, awakened from one of her long trances Tuesday morning, after a nap of thirty-four days. The case puzzles the physicians greatly. Some call it hysterics, but Dr. A. H. Nichols, of that village, says that, although he has read up all cases that have any bearing upon the subject, nowhere can he find the parallel of this one.

While on a visit to relatives in the eastern part of the state in August, 1887, Mrs. Emma Althouse became suddenly ill with what the family physician called a severe case of dysentery. This was followed by inflammation of the bowels, causing the formation of abscesses in the bowels and stomach. When these abscesses had been relieved the patient usually fell into a sound slumber lasting at first about three days. She would then be partially awake for a day and a night, after which she would again gradually sink back into a trance lasting from seven to eleven days. During the entire period of her illness it cannot be remembered that she has sat up once, but her mind has been sufficiently clear at times to briefly converse with her physician.

"Oh, I am so tired; I must go back to sleep," she would say.

"How long are you going to sleep this time, Emma?" he would ask.

"Oh, I don't know; I won't wake up for ten days."

In this way she has usually predicted the length of each trance, never awakening nor allowing herself to be awakened by the doctor's efforts before the period announced. The food taken by the patient during her entire illness would hardly have kept an infant alive a month. She can retain no solid food whatever, and it is with the greatest difficulty that a spoonful of milk and coffee can be administered. On Sunday evening, March 11, 1888, she sank into a trance. In the eight days prior to this sleep she partook of more nourishment than in all the six months preceding, being a little over a glassful of milk, administered in teaspoonfuls. While in this trance her teeth were closed as firmly as a vise, and all efforts to pry them open to administer food were unsuccessful. The first few days her body was somewhat flushed but later she had a perfectly colorless appearance, and her hands when lifted fell back like lead. A great many visitors called at the house, and some skeptical persons, desiring to convince themselves of the reality of the trance, left the black and blue marks of some severe pinches on the right arm and cheek. Some of the marks were the size of a half dollar. Besides, in several places on her arms and cheeks, skeptics thrust needles and pins into her flesh.

On April 20th she awakened from this trance. After she had gained strength the physician questioned her in regard to what she had seen during her long sleep. She knew that her grandfather had died during her sleep, although no one had mentioned a word about his death in the room where she lay. Her friends say that she seems to have clairvoyant powers while in the trance condition.

From this time the patient had short sleeps or trances, lasting from eight to ten days, until January 3d last, when she again fell into a long sleep. Electric batteries were applied and every resource known to medical skill was tried, but she remained in a state of trance up to about 10 a. m. on Tuesday last. When she awoke it was only to fall from one faint into another. These spells were accompanied by heavy bleeding at the nose.

The *World* correspondent, accompanied by Dr. Nichols, paid the patient a visit, but found her too weak to speak or move, although apparently conscious of everything that went on about her. Dr. Nichols examined her and found her pulse to be 84, weak and unsteady. She lay awake until Wednesday noon, when she made motions to her attendant signifying that she was going to take a nap, and she dropped asleep within five minutes. Her sister did everything to keep her awake.

A visit to the house on Bennington hill this evening found her again fast asleep, but her sisters feel confident that she will awaken in a few days at the furthest. Mrs. Althouse is the eldest daughter of John Toms, a mason, who resides on Bennington hill, a short distance from the main street of the village. She is twenty-five years of age and

TAMING LIONS.

Pezon commenced life as a miner, but soon tired of working underground, so he hired himself out as a farm hand. He was a young fellow of muscle and soon gained local celebrity as a tamer of unruly cows, bulls and horses. One day the farmer trapped a wolf and then Pezon tamed it. Then he got another wolf and a young bear, trained them also, put them into an ox cart and with this primitive sort of menagerie started off to give exhibitions at country fairs. One day at Bordeaux he heard of a sea captain, whose ship had just come into port, who had a lion that he wanted to sell, so Pezon bought the fellow. That was his first lion, now he has at least thirty of all ages and sizes. He owns a country house near Montreuil and is rich enough to retire from business. Bibbel is another famous local lion tamer who has made a fortune with equal rapidity. He is the owner of a villa at Asnières, where the only things suggestive of his calling are pictures of lions, painted by Rosa Bonheur. His daughter is pretty, with just enough of Romany blood in her to give a gipsy type of beauty. She is an only child and will have a large dot when she marries. She has been brought up to her father's profession, but has also received a careful education, and has a diploma which entitles her to teach school should she care to do so.

Much nonsense has been written about the secrets of lion tamers, such as that they drug their animals before entering the cages, or that they tame the beasts with the aid of red-hot iron bars. There is no truth in such stories, and in spite of the fact that lion tamers are now and then attacked and sometimes killed, most of the animals they exhibit are quite harmless. The principal secret of lion taming is confidence; it is this which secures the man control over his animals. Pezon and Bibbel begin by studying the animal carefully, and when the lion has become used to seeing them they enter the cage. The training is accomplished by taking a whip and forcing the lion to do what is wanted. It is a curious fact that lions which have been caught wild are easier to train than those born in captivity, even though the latter animals may be tame enough to be trusted outside their cages. This is nothing, however, that no lion tamer who knows his business will ever think of risking with an adult animal, for they are a treacherous lot, and just as likely as not it is the moment when he is apparently the least dangerous that the king of the forest will select for making his attack.—*Paris Corr. New Orleans Picayune.*

SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

The following is one of the most brilliant paragraphs written by the lamented George D. Prentice:

"The fiat of death is inexorable. There is no appeal from the great law which dooms us to death. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forests, and the flowers that bloom and wither in a day, have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear as grass and the multitude that throngs the world to-day will disappear as footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadows fall across their pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smiles was the sunshine of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although the passage may lead to Paradise. We do not want to go down into deep graves, even with princes for bedfellows. In the beautiful drama of 'Ion' the hope of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful mind. When about to yield his life a sacrifice to fate, his 'Clemathe' asks if they should meet again, to which he responds: 'I have asked that question of the hills that look eternal—of the stream that flows forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirits have walked in glory. All are dumb. But as I gaze upon thy living face I feel that there is something in love that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemathe.'"

Mr. Blaine would cut a great figure in the cabinet at this juncture. How his resonant, war-like whoop would electrify the land.—*New York World.*

It is becoming increasingly apparent that there is to be no division on party lines on the Samoan question.—*Boston Journal.*

married, but was separated from her husband before her illness. She is rather a pretty woman, plump, with a very round face, blue eyes and light brown hair.

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