

McMinnville Telephone-Register.

REGISTER Established August, 1881. TELEPHONE Established June, 1886. Consolidated Feb. 1, 1889.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1889.

VOL. I. NO. 26.

J. I. Knight. A. E. Wood. W. T. Shurtliff.

J. I. KNIGHT & CO.,

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE,
LOAN BROKERS, NOTARIES PUBLIC AND SEARCHERS OF RECORD.

McMinnville, Oregon. MONEY TO LOAN

1-808 acres 7 miles S. W. from McMinnville. Fine stock & grain ranch over 500 acres good farm land in good state of cultivation and fine pasture, with 25 head cattle or 8 head horses, hogs, farm machinery, etc. On Co. road, price \$21,000, 1/3 cash, balance 10 years at 8 percent.

1-105 acres 2 1/2 miles from McMinnville on Co. road, 1 1/2 miles from school house, good house and barn, fine young orchard & plenty of small fruit, well fenced. Price \$17,500. Terms 1/3 cash, balance 10 years at 8 percent.

1-28 acres unimproved land 3 1/2 miles W. of McMinnville, good living water. Price \$2 per acre, easy terms.

1-310 acres 3 miles S. W. of McMinnville, 32 acres in cultivation, good house and barn and all necessary out buildings, all under good fence, water piped to house and barn from spring, 12 acre orchard of fine fruit. If all sold, together price on 310 acres \$11,200, but will subdivide and sell 20 with all improvements and all valley land for \$8000. Terms 1/3 cash, balance 10 years at 8 percent.

1-170 acres first class land adjoining McMinnville, well improved, 120 acres cultivation first class dwelling, good orchard, house 1/2 mile from court house. Price \$23,000 per acre. 1/2 cash, balance time to suit.

1-100 acres 8 miles west of McMinnville, 30 acres in cultivation, under fence, first class rails on Co. road. Warranty deed, price \$600.

1-102 acres 6 miles N. W. of McMinnville, 70 acres in cultivation, 2 fields, water on Co. road, first class land in good cultivation, all under fence, no buildings. Price \$42,500 per acre.

1-100 acres 7 miles S. W. of McMinnville, on Co. road, school house, all corners, all first class land in good cultivation, all under fence, no buildings. Price \$42,500 per acre.

1-90 acres 2 miles S. of McMinnville, 50 acres cultivation, 6000 good timber, buildings fair. Price \$2200, 1/2 cash, balance long time.

1-583 acres 1-2 miles S. W. of Newberg, 280 acres in cultivation, 5 acre orchard, house fair, well watered, fine spring water. Price \$20 per acre, 1/2 cash, balance 8 percent.

1-110 acres 1-2 mile N. of Ballston, 90 acres in cultivation, balance timber, good house, 2 barns, etc. Good young orchard, 25 acres summerfallow. Price \$1500, \$1000 cash, balance time.

1-280 acres 2 miles W. of McMinnville, 200 acres in cultivation, balance good pasture, good fencing, fine spring water, fair buildings, good orchard, etc. \$1200 1/2 cash.

1-100 acres 8 miles W. of McMinnville, on Co. road, Fair house, some fencing some good saw timber. Price \$4 per acre, warranty deed.

1-40 acres 2 miles N. E. of McMinnville, small house and barn 8 acres each. Price \$1500.

1-100 acres 2 miles W. of McMinnville, no improvements but fences, fine farm land. Price \$2,500 1/2 cash, balance time.

1-320 acres 6 miles W. of McMinnville, all fenced, house and barn fair, well watered, 40 acres clear bottom land, balance pasture. Price \$15 per acre.

1-House and one acre ground in McMinnville near creamery. 1-2 story house, 7 rooms and good barn. Price \$1000.

1-800 acres 1-1/2 miles N. of Lafayette, 50 acres cultivation, 200 acres live timber land, 10 acre orchard, good house and barn, fine springs. Price \$15 per acre. 1/2 cash, balance 1 and 2 years.

1-20 acres near Bethel, good house and barn, stream of living water flows through farm. All under cultivation but 4 acres. Price \$1200.

1-6000 near good living water 6000 acres all well finished, good woodshed, well etc., 25-40 acres near Bethel. Price \$1000.

1-25-40 acres near Bethel, balance time, also 2 acres land adjoining, all cleared and fenced \$700.

1-100 acres 1-1/2 miles from Carlton first class farm land, no buildings. Price \$45 per acre. Also 62 acres all clear and fenced. Price \$39 per acre.

1-2-10 acres 4 miles W. of Carlton, 40 acres in cultivation, five acres shaded, balance timber, all fenced, fair house and barn. Price \$15 per acre. Price \$18 per acre. Price \$25 per acre. Price \$30 per acre. Price \$35 per acre. Price \$40 per acre. Price \$45 per acre. Price \$50 per acre. Price \$55 per acre. Price \$60 per acre. Price \$65 per acre. Price \$70 per acre. Price \$75 per acre. Price \$80 per acre. Price \$85 per acre. Price \$90 per acre. Price \$95 per acre. Price \$100 per acre.

1-2-10 acres 4 miles W. of McMinnville, 100 acres in cultivation, balance pasture, good house, barn and orchard, well watered. Price \$20 per acre. 1/2 cash, balance 10 years at 8 percent.

1-25-40 acres near Bethel, good house and barn, stream of living water flows through farm. All under cultivation but 4 acres. Price \$1200.

1-6000 near good living water 6000 acres all well finished, good woodshed, well etc., 25-40 acres near Bethel. Price \$1000.

1-25-40 acres near Bethel, balance time, also 2 acres land adjoining, all cleared and fenced \$700.

1-100 acres 1-1/2 miles from Carlton first class farm land, no buildings. Price \$45 per acre. Also 62 acres all clear and fenced. Price \$39 per acre.

1-2-10 acres 4 miles W. of Carlton, 40 acres in cultivation, five acres shaded, balance timber, all fenced, fair house and barn. Price \$15 per acre. Price \$18 per acre. Price \$25 per acre. Price \$30 per acre. Price \$35 per acre. Price \$40 per acre. Price \$45 per acre. Price \$50 per acre. Price \$55 per acre. Price \$60 per acre. Price \$65 per acre. Price \$70 per acre. Price \$75 per acre. Price \$80 per acre. Price \$85 per acre. Price \$90 per acre. Price \$95 per acre. Price \$100 per acre.

J. I. KNIGHT & CO.
J. F. CALBREATH, E. K. GOUCHER,
Physicians and Surgeons,
McMinnville, Oregon.
Office over Braly's Bank.

S. A. YOUNG, M. D.
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, 89.

McMINNVILLE NATIONAL BANK.
McMinnville, Oregon.
Transacts a General Banking Business.
President, J. W. COWLES
Vice President, LEE LAUGHLIN
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.

WM. HOLL,
Watchmaker and Jeweler.
Dealer in All Kinds of Watches, Jewelry, Plated Ware, Clocks and Spectacles, McMinnville, Or.

CARLIN & HIGH,
Draymen.
Goods of all descriptions moved and careful handling guaranteed.
Collections will be made promptly.
Hauling of all kinds done cheaply.

Shorthand
Typewriting, Penmanship, Correspondence, Business and Legal Forms practically taught at a low rate. The thorough work done in each of our several departments has given this institution a reputation for the highest quality of instruction, securing thousands of our graduates profitable employment. Both as book-keepers and stenographers. Students admitted at any time. Catalogue free.
A. P. ARNSTROM, Principal, Portland, Or.

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.
S. E. MESSINGER, Manager.

F. DIELSCHNEIDER,
Reliable Opposition
Boot & Shoe Dealer.
POSITIVELY
No Goods Misrepresented as to
Their Quality.
F. DIELSCHNEIDER.

THE NADJY BAR!
IN THE COOK HOUSE.
Stocked with the Choice Wines, Liqueurs and Cigars—Domestic and Imported.
The Best Bar in the City
WM. MARTIN, Proprietor.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON.
EUGENE CITY.
Next session begins on Monday, the 16th of September, 1889.
Free scholarships from every county in the State. Apply to your County Superintendent.
PARTICULARS AFTER JAN. 1, 1890.
Four Courses: Classical, Scientific, Literary and a Short English Course in which there is no Latin, Greek, French or German.
The English is pre-eminently a Business Course. For Catalogue or other information, address J. W. JOHNSON, President.

MY FRIEND THE EDITOR.

Or the Mysterious Founding of the City of Manganatus.

The most extraordinary newspaper publication I have ever had any knowledge of was a paper published up in the Sierra range about fifteen years ago called the *Manganatus Index*. The publication alluded to had mysteriously fallen into my mail box in San Francisco for over a year, and it was always a welcome arrival. It was neatly printed, carried several columns of live advertisements and had a bright, bustling air about it that always gave me a very favorable impression of the little town of Manganatus, as well as the man who edited the paper. He took a decided stand on all the current topics of the day, and on everything transpiring in the town where his paper was published he carried candor to the verge of rashness.

I never saw a paper edited with such absolute fearlessness, and I often wondered why it was that the editor was not some time mobbed or murdered. At last my business took me in the vicinity of Manganatus and I decided to make the editor a call. I was fast coming on nightfall as I neared the spot where the town was located, and I spurred my horse up the steep mountain thinking of the warm bed and excellent supper I should soon be enjoying.

My mind was full of the *Slavin House*, a hotel of very superior accommodations, which advertised liberally in the *Index*, and whose royal provender and home comforts the little paper was never weary of describing. "Only a mile more," I said to myself, as I thumped my weary beast with a good sized stick, and after another mile I repeated my observation, and so the poor horse went on checking off miles and miles, while I kept trying to persuade myself that each mile was the last.

"Strange, I thought, that I could see no lights ahead. I strained my eyes for the welcome twinkle from cottage windows that in the darkness tells the traveler of the town, but the night crept on, a little faster perhaps than the horse, and still I was alone.

Presently I came to a log cabin and my heart rose as I saw the light gleaming through the chinks. Dismounting I walked, stiff and lame, to the cabin and hammered on the door. A little, bent-up man, with a wrinkled and leathery face, came to answer and as he opened the door cautiously, I noticed that he had a cocked pistol in his hand. Seeing the pistol I said to myself: "Here is civilization."

After the little man with the big pistol had surveyed my fuddled face and tired horse, he opened the door a little wider, and then, swinging it back, with a smile somewhat apologetic in its character, invited me in. "How far is it to Manganatus?" I asked. He looked at me in a rather queer way, and then bit his under lip, as if nipping a smile in the bud.

"Is it far from here? Can I reach it to-night?" "Hardly think you can make it to-night," he replied with a tone that puzzled me somewhat; "can't you stay all night?" he added. Better stay; you can possibly make Manganatus to-night. I accepted the invitation with alacrity. My horse being provided for, I was soon absorbing the heat of a fiery fire and listening to the conversation of my new acquaintance. He was a man of very fluent expression, and possessed a fund of information on scores of topics not ordinarily discussed by men who occupied log cabins in the mountains.

While wondering who this odd character could be I heard a monotonous noise in the next room, and I certainly thought I heard the familiar sound of some one rapidly folding newspapers. My ear did not deceive me, for in a few moments a pleasant-faced little girl appeared and banded my companion a paper which he at once passed over to me. It was damp from the press, and as I opened it I read the title, "The Manganatus Index." "By industrial we thrive," he devoted to the material interests of Manganatus. Subscription \$5.00 per annum, payable in advance.

"My host smiled as he handed me the paper. "Then the town is here," I said. "Let me go to the hotel. I do not desire to trespass upon the hospitality of a stranger." "You will remain here, sir," he replied. "I blush to confess it, but this is the town of Manganatus, and the cabin you now occupy is the only habitation for twenty miles." I stared at the man in astonishment. "You may well be puzzled," he continued. "But I will explain. There is a group of mines near here which certain capitalists of San Francisco are anxious to place on the London market. They have hired me to advocate these mines, and it is part of my bargain to run my paper in such a manner that the London readers will think that a large town is flourishing in the mountains. See?" I nodded vaguely and he went on: "My imagination is not sluggish, and so I manufacture all I write. I leave no stone unturned to make the mythical city of Manganatus a live, bustling town. You will find in this issue a public meeting called to discuss the question of a new bridge across a stream that exists only in the columns of the *Index*. Here is the wife of a prominent mining superintendent eloping with a member of the city council; here is a runaway team, knocking the smithereens out of a cigar store. You will note the advertisement of the cigar store in another column. Here is the killing of 'Texas Pete' and the investigation of his death by the coroner's jury. The cause of the shooting was a dispute relative to the ownership of a mining location of fabulous richness.

We managed to make him quite comfortable, and the next morning he asked me to take the horses back of the cabin and feed them. Under his direction I went down a path about a hundred yards behind the house, making it only after considerable difficulty, for I had to clear away the snow, and there, behind some great rocks, was a good sized barn well filled with hay, and, what struck me as stranger still, five very fine-looking horses in the stalls. A few yards from the door was a bubbling spring.

"After feeding and watering the animals I returned to the cabin and noticed that the barn was entirely hidden from sight. This circumstance and the presence of the fine horses in such a locality struck me as rather odd, but I did not give the subject much thought at the time. He invited me to spend a few weeks with him, and asked me to edit his paper for him while his wound was healing. I was unable to resist the fascinations of such a novelty, and under his directions I wrote enough for the next week's issue. The copy accumulated on the hook, when it suddenly dawned upon me that there was no setting it up and so it was that being a printer myself, I fell heir to the typographical department also.

Between editing the paper and setting the type I had my hands full. We had a good stock of provisions and although the snow was so deep that we could not get our papers into the mails, we went right ahead with the edition of 100 each week, for the worried publisher said if they reached London by spring all would be well.

"Give the mining managers particular fits about not running the bullion product up to its full capacity," were his directions one day. "Charge them with covering up bonanzas; also speak of the charming weather and throw in a few quartz-mill accidents. All these things they like to hear of, and I'll give you a four-in-hand run over a child, and print some obituary poetry and then pack them into the Catholic church to a suffocation at the funeral. Have the organist play one of Mozart's requiems—that looks civilized—and also give the report of a vestry meeting at St. Peter's Episcopal church with the superintendent of a railroad company as the senior warden."

I wrote up these items as the editor lay there nursing his wound and making suggestions, and so the winter was soon whirled away. The spring came in February, and by that time he was up and doing his own typetting. We must write up a big Washington's birthday celebration, with civic parade, grand ball, and all that, and I guess I'll have to let you have done with me. I know that you are too much of a gentleman to throw a straw in the way of my liberty. Alice does not know of my past, and I hope you will forget what has happened.

I had a passion for horses which I could not overcome, and it came near ruining me. But I am done with horses and newspapers forever. Your friend, THE EDITOR.

I folded the letter, bade Alice goodbye, and the clerk led her away. A few days afterwards in San Francisco I met a man who wanted to sell me a promising mine. He showed me a map of it, and then taking a newspaper clipping from his pocket, asked me to read it, as it was a good description of the property. It was from the *Index*. I recognized the type at once. As for the article, I had written it myself.—*Sam Davis, in the Examiner.*

An Odd Meeting.
At the time of the Centennial ceremonies in New York, Mrs. Hayes and some friends occupied one box, and Mrs. Cleveland and friends another, not very distant. Colonel Corbin, a mutual friend of Mrs. Hayes, went into the box occupied by the Cleveland party. Mrs. Cleveland asked who the lady in the other box was, and on being informed, declared that she had long desired to meet her predecessor in the White House—in fact, she said there was no lady in the country she more desired to meet than Mrs. Hayes.

Colonel Corbin suggested that Mrs. Cleveland was the youngest lady and Mrs. Hayes was only a few steps away, so there would be no impropriety in Mrs. Cleveland calling on Mrs. Hayes. Mrs. Cleveland coincided with the views of the Colonel, and taking his arm was introduced in the midst of considerable confusion, but met with a very cordial reception. After a pleasant chat with Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Cleveland was escorted to her own box and Colonel Corbin returned to the Hayes box.

Mrs. Hayes expressed her gratification at meeting so charming a lady but asked "Who is she? I did not hear the name, but I think I have never met anyone who impressed me more pleasantly." The Colonel was taken so by surprise that he stood at attention for nearly ten seconds. Then he explained that the lady was Mrs. Cleveland. Mrs. Hayes was then as much surprised as the Colonel had been, and after expressing her chagrin, she proceeded to say that if there was a woman in the country that she wanted to meet more than any other that woman was Mrs. Cleveland.

The Colonel saw that advance was better than retreat, and he submitted his report to the effect that while the case was not covered by the articles of war or army regulations, he felt that he would not exceed the limits of soldierly duty if he volunteered to escort Mrs. Hayes. She approved the report, and the meeting Mrs. Cleveland's box made explanations in such a way as to completely win the heart of her successor in the White House.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Making Up For It.
"Please, sir, give me a stamp," she said at the postoffice window the clerk said. "Here it is, little girl," said the clerk as he raked in the two pennies and passed it out. She took it and walked directly to the mailing boxes and dropped it in one of the slots. "Here—what did you do that for?" called the clerk. "Please, sir, but I dropped a letter in yesterday without my stamp on it, and that's to make up for it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A SHARP PARIISIENNE.

One Hundred and Sixty-three Thousand Francs Taken.

A tall, stylish-looking, blond young woman, fashionably attired, walked into the United States Marshal's office in the Postoffice building shortly after noon to day, says the New York *Tribune*, accompanied by Deputy Marshal Telegram, who was very polite and attentive to her, but at the same time kept a sharp look-out that she did not get far away from him. She was Madam Blanche Nolle, who with her husband and a mutual friend, Paul Haimant, was under arrest, charged with embezzling 163,000 francs from the Paris banking house of Belsaire Journal & Co. She was looking attractive manner, which makes her an object of interest in spite of the fact that she is not handsome. Her features are unmarked. Her husband, a tall, stout, dark-haired man of forty, with a short beard, accompanied her.

The story of this young woman's career is like a chapter from one of Zola's novels, and shows that seemingly improbable types of character are only exaggerated portraits of real persons. Henry Antoine Nolle, who is a Belgian by birth, was for fourteen years a trusted employee of Journal & Co. and had attained the position of assistant cashier at the time when he proved faithless to his trust. His salary was ample to keep himself and wife in good style, but Madam Nolle was not at all satisfied to live the humdrum, uneventful life of the ordinary married woman.

She began to attend the Charitable races, and found the wished for excitement in betting on the best footed racers. She lost heavily, and soon involved her husband in debt. In the hope of recovering his money Nolle helped himself to funds belonging to his employers, which his wife invested in pools and lost. His situation became desperate, and about two months ago he gathered together about 163,000 francs belonging to the firm and left Paris for London with Paul Haimant, after first giving his wife the larger part of the money.

She went to Antwerp, and, unknown to her husband, took along a sweetheart, Alfred Pfan. With the latter she reached this city on May 21st, by the steamship Pennland, and registered at the San Francisco hotel under the name of Jean Larne. Pfan took apartments in another part of the city, but met Madam Nolle every day by appointment. The husband reached here three days later, and, with his wife and Haimant, went to live at Earl Rockaway. They attended the races at Sheephead Bay, and attracted attention by their free use of money and had luck which accompanied their investments on the race horses. At this time they were under the surveillance of Pinkerton's detectives, who were waiting for the arrival of the proper papers from France to put them under arrest. On Wednesday the French Consul-General obtained a warrant from United States Commissioner Osborne for their arrest, which was affected by Deputy Marshal Bernard that evening at Rockaway. Of the stolen money only 70,000 francs were recovered.

Madame Nolle at first boldly claimed that she had lost nearly all her money at the races, but after some sharp questioning admitted that her lover, Pfan, had obtained 58,000 francs from her. This was a revelation to her husband, who strongly denounced her perjury to him after covering himself with infamy to provide her with the money she wanted. When arraigned before Commissioner Osborne the accused admitted their identity, and the fact that the money found on them was not their own, but they would not admit that it was stolen from Journal & Co.

Pfan has not yet been arrested, and it is said that he is on his way to California, followed by one of Pinkerton's men working in the interest of the banking firm. The examination of Nolle and his wife had been adjourned until Friday next, but as they have expressed their willingness to return to France without causing any further trouble the accused couple were brought before Commissioner Osborne to arrange the necessary formalities. It will take some days, however, to have the extradition papers signed by the authorities at Washington.

Their alleged accomplice, Paul Haimant, will not go back without a legal fight, as he claims he knows nothing about the embezzlement. He came over on the invitation of Nolle to go into business here. "Yes, we do," laughed Mr. Alden. "We have more kings in this country than any other country in the world. We have money kings, and business kings, and railroad kings, and land kings, and merchant kings, and job kings, and many others of them who wield an enormous power. This is a great country for kings."

"The best boy's story I ever heard." "That was what a lawyer said of this story I am about to relate to you: 'It is the best boy's story I ever heard.'" "We have had a good many boys with us from time to time," said Mr. Alden, the senior member of a large hardware establishment on Market street, "as apprentices to learn the business. What may surprise you is that we never take country boys, unless they live in the city with some relative who takes care of them and keeps them home at night, for when they come into the city everything is new to them, and he is attracted by every show window and unusual sight. The city boy who is accustomed to these things, cares little for them, and if he has a good mother, he is at home and in bed in the season. And we are very particular about our boys—before accepting one as an apprentice we must know that he comes of honest and industrious parents."

"But the best boy we ever had is now with us, and a member of the firm. He is the only man in the establishment that we couldn't do without. He was thirteen years old when he was apprenticed to us, and he was with us for eleven years, acting for several years as salesman. When he first came we told him that for a long time his wages would be very small, but that if he proved to be a good boy his salary would be increased at a certain rate every year, and as it turned out, when according to agreement we should have been paying him \$500 a year, we paid him \$600, and he never said a word himself about an increase of salary. From the very outset he showed that he had an interest in the business. He was prompt in the morning, and if kept a little over time at night it never seemed to make any difference with him. He gradually came to know where everything was to be found, and if information was wanted, it was to this boy, Frank Jones, that everyone applied. The entire establishment seemed to be mapped out in his head, and everything in it catalogued and numbered. His memory of faces was equally remarkable. He knew the name of every man who came to the store to buy goods, what he bought and where he came from. I used often to say to him, Jones, your memory is worth more than a gold mine. How do you manage to remember?" "I make it my business to remember," he would say. "I know that if I can remember a man and call him by name when he comes into the store, and can ask him how things are going on where he lives, I will be very likely to keep him as a customer." "And that was the exact case. He made friends of buyers. He took the same interest in their purchases as he took in the store, and would go to no end of trouble to suit them and to fulfill to the letter everything they promised." "Well, affairs went on in this way until he had been with us eleven years, and we concluded to take him into the firm as a partner. We knew that he had no extravagant habits, that he neither smoked tobacco nor beer, nor went to the theater. He continued as at the beginning to board at home, and even when his salary was the very lowest he paid his mother \$2 a week for his board. He was always neatly dressed, and we thought it very probable that he had had up \$1,000 or \$2,000 as his salary for the last two years had been \$1,200. So we made him the offer to become a partner in the business, and suggested that it would be more satisfactory if he could put some money into the firm, and he replied: "If \$10,000 will be any object I can put in that much. I saved out of my salary \$9,400 and my sister will let me have \$600."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be beaten in competition with any quantity of low test, short weight alkali phosphate powder. Sold only in cans. **ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., N. Y.**

Children Cry for Pither's Castoria.